

My Mother Grew Roses.....

This time of year the things that remind me most
of my mother are the spring flowers that are blooming.

My Mother Grew Roses...

For as long as I can remember she had rose gardens.

I remember as a child watching as my mother worked in her rose beds.

I remember she turned the soil under each rose bush ever so slightly.

I remember the smell of fresh pine mulch in the air as she mounded it around the stems.

I remember my mother would feed the roses and unwind a long garden hose to carefully water each
individual plant by hand.

I remember walking along side my mother; down the long line of roses, inspecting everyone.

They were red and yellow, pink and peach. The petals on the old blooms would fall ever lightly to the
ground as the new fresh buds were popping out.

My favorites were always the deep crimson red roses.

They looked so regal and soft like velvet.

I remember my mother and I would lean down and smash our faces into the larger round roses smelling
the sweet fragrance of the centers.

I remember fresh bouquets of her garden roses adorning the kitchen table.

And I remember upon my mother's casket were mounds of
deep crimson red roses, the symbol of love and sorrow.

Written by Gina Brown