

THE ROSE

It was an absolutely wonderful late spring day. The like of which we had not seen in many years. As I sipped my first cup of coffee of the day, the birds were singing so loudly, I just had to see what they were so excited about. I stepped out my back door being careful not to let the door slam shut behind me and more importantly making sure I did not spill the steaming black gold that was in my cup.

The breeze was blowing just hard enough to make the leaves on the trees; well they just sort of quivered. But it was enough to fill the air with the smell of recently bloomed flowers of every kind. The only way you could tell there had been a teeth chattering storm the night before, was the smell of rain in the air that mingled with that of the flowers. And there were the puddles that brought every low place level. Which I carefully made my way around, as I headed over to the prize of my garden, the most glorious red rose anywhere, a red so deep it looked as if you were to cut it, surly it would bleed. My wife often tells me that I think more of that flower than I do her. I chuckled to myself as I started to make my way back to the house.

About half way back I stubbed my toe on something in the lawn that was not supposed to be there and spilled my coffee. "I was not quit done with that." I said to myself as I added to the puddles on the ground with the remaining coffee in my cup.

Once I was back in the house, I started the rest of my morning ritual. The first thing I did was to turn on the weather radio just to keep up with all the storms lately. Then I turned to go into the kitchen to get me another cup of coffee. But before I could get there a warning tone pierced the tranquillity of the morning.

"This is a warning alert for the brown county area." the computerized women's voice was trying to make what she had to say as painless as possible. "There will be strong winds and large hail." She then just repeated herself. My mind was whirling, all I could think was, what about my rose!

I raced over to the kitchen window. You see when I planted my rose I purposely placed it where it could be seen from the window in the house that offered the best view.

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