

## Unrepentant Flowers®

Resting on the couch, I absentmindedly turn my head toward the table near me.

Suddenly I acutely behold the flowers there.

No longer seeing them just with my eyes, I now feel them with my body, I worship them with my soul.

Bursting with riotous color, unrepentantly joyous and alive, they stand boldly in a silver vase, pushing out all fear and doubt from my mind.

If they could sing it would be one word, “hallelujah”, “hallelujah”, repeated over and over, mantra-like, for all the world to hear.

If they could dance, it would be a tarantella, fast and furious and joyous.

My breath balks.

My heart hesitates.

How can I sit next to such beauty and not feel the presence of God?

How can I exist here in the temple of their presence and not feel grateful to be alive?

Why am I not living like those flowers?

Red, purple, rose, yellow, with long green blades, they do not hide themselves and their goodness.

I long to be like those flowers.

Full to the bursting with radiance and joy, unafraid, and simply my authentic self.

If love could have form and color, it would be those flowers.

How I long to love with such a spirit, to celebrate the day and fill it with even a moment's joy.

Maybe someday I can humbly learn to trust my own flowering.

Then I will gladly dare to give myself to life, as freely as the flowers gave themselves to me.