

THE PINK ROSE

Sometimes in life events happen to you that you can't forget.

One such event occurred to me this early April that will always be etched inside my memory.

At that time, my daughter came home; she is in the second grade, carrying a single pink rose that her new friend had given to her in school. Like most seven year olds, she insisted that I take the time to smell the rose and then placed it in a cup. The cup and rose were placed on my desk next to my computer.

Now I have to confess, usually being in some sort of continuous work mode, I thought of this as some sort of silly affection. I am more of a person of efficiency and practicality, which most likely explains why I am an engineer.

But to appease her, I complied and let her put the rose on my desk. When she wasn't around, I quickly picked it up and transferred it to the kitchen island.

Now, I most likely developed my efficiency and practicality trait when I was about 14 that is when I started working at Robert's Farm in West Bridgewater. I would wake up at 3:30 am every morning seven days a week rain or shine. I changed into my clothes and headed out into the dusty fields in the black of the night. In the early morning, I picked corn to supply Shaw's supermarkets all the way up the eastern coast to Maine. I remember working so long that both my feet would hurt. Those days were hot and long and I spent the better part of my youth working this type of job.

The farmer that owned and operated the farm was Sunny Parker and well, to be perfectly honest, there was very little that was sunny about Sunny. Now, today is a different era, I would not recommend this to parents to instill a work ethic into their kids. Kids today should not be leaving their house in the dead of the night, in the early morning, to head off into the fields like I did in the 70's. The times are not as innocent as they were back then and it is dangerous to have a kid leaving this early in the morning alone. There are far better and safer ways to earn some money for the summer then working on a farm seven days a week all summer long.

So that day in April, I observed with the same type of persistence I had shown in delegating the rose to the kitchen. Emily, my daughter, displayed the same type of persistence in placing it back on my desk!

I thought for a minute or so of something I hadn't even thought of before! That just maybe it wasn't so inefficient or silly at all. Maybe this rose, I thought ...perhaps...meant just a little bit more!

And then what happened...? Well they say that my heart grew two sizes that day. That rose still has a place at the corner of my desk. To remind me to take the time to smell the roses all year long.

Scott Ames, Stewardship Chairperson