

# How Can The Flower Bloom?

By Ronnie W. Wolfe – May 8, 2015

For Funeral of Mary King – Jackman-Kercheval-Meyers Funeral Home  
May 11, 2015 – 11:30 AM – Interment at Gibson Cemetery, Bright, Indiana

One day someone gave me some seeds for beautiful “Forget Me Not.”  
“The weather has to be good, you know,” she said, “quite wet and hot.”  
I placed them in my pocket slowly with much consideration,  
And thought I might plant them soon with a heart of expectation.

The ground was warm that sunny day, when I put the seeds in the ground.  
I planted them and watered them oft, to see if they’d abound.  
They grew and grew through sun and rain and wind that wandered by,  
I saw them reach with sure intent toward the watching sky.

When drought came in, the Summer held a hardline Summer pain.  
I wondered if “Forget Me Nots” were praying for the rain.  
I thought that, if no rain would come, the flowers would wither soon;  
I wondered of them oft and said, “How can this flower bloom?”

A lady lived on earth for years, trod through this same hot sun.  
She walked with faith above her goal, believed the Living One.  
Drought came by and heartaches more as the ages passed her by;  
But she did not look away from Him Who liveth in the sky.

Some wondered oft of this frail body, growing older soon  
And asked amidst the final days, “How can this flower bloom?”  
The zephyrs came, the rain fell low, my flowers bloomed just fine.  
Never mind the drought and wind; they bloomed, and they are mine.

But never shall we ask this lady if she met her goal or gloom,  
Nor when she suffered here on earth, “How can this flower bloom?”  
For she has grown from God’s good seed and blossoms show their face,  
And now in God’s eternal garden will gladly take her place.