

We bedded her down in the soft sweet-smelling soil. The pink flowers fluttered as if saying "Thank You." After giving her a drink of clean clear water, we said "Nighty-night," and left her to Mother Nature for the evening.

This miniature rose with her bright green leaves showed magic at the get-go. She had waved her leaves as I passed her by in the nursery. Her flower buds opened in toothless smiles as I searched her surroundings. She worked her magic. So, I bought her.

It was the right decision. She has grown to love her new home. The Vine Maple bush cushions her from the onslaught of winds and torrent rainfalls on one side and the bird fountain offers droplets of water from the bathing birds on the other side. Her bed is a perfect fit. Nature provides.

Sometimes...well most days I forget about her. Irrigation water reaches her somehow. Perhaps, Springtime rainwater drips from the sky, onto the leaves nearby, then onto the flower bed allowing her to bath in the moisture from Mother Nature. Whatever the process, the perfect fit for her keeps her thriving and growing.

Like the beanstalk in the "Jack and the Beanstalk" fable we will soon be able to climb her stalk and reach the rainbows in the sky. She is now 15 feet tall. A major feat for a mini rose. She towers over the Vine Maple bush. We no longer are able to cut her flowerets for a living room vase.

Sunshine caresses her pink petals as early morning signals the start of a new day. However, hot sun beams beat down on her new growth stinting her rose color. She is so tall there is nowhere for her to hide, nowhere for her to find shade until evening swallows her pain and relief puts her to sleep. Cooling evenings embrace her as she breathes in nighttime moisture and comfort.

A miniature rose should stay small. The delicate petals should remain subtle. Sure, some of the flowers are trimmed away from the plant to decorate a tiny corner on the kitchen countertop vase, however, there is tap water to feed the cut flowers. They are adored.

Summertime heat plays with the outdoor foliage. Miniature roses are among the first to dry up. No amount of water will keep them producing buds and fulfill their need to open with their toothless grins.

Miniature roses, whether pink, red or purple cannot keep away the sunshine on a hot day. Tall and short, plants reach toward the sunshine that feeds them and then dries them.

So we sprinkle water on her roots, we sing encouragement to her and then add more water attempting to keep her "in the Pink" for a longer time. We attempt to keep this summertime Miniature Rose embedded in our memories.

Lana Russ (photo included)

