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Intermediate Composition

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Every Rose has its Thorns

This world moves past us as quickly as a gust of wind blows past a garden. Within the garden, houses the lives of hundreds of different flowers, each starting as a miniscule seed. Like the insignificant seed, I view the individuals in our world with the same notion. As if each person sprouted from a seed, so many people are too busy wrapped up in the process of blossoming into a beautiful, unique flower that they don't have the time to watch the ones around them growing as well. Each individual person is living his or her own life, every one with a hidden story. You will never know the sacrifice, stress, or worry molding your neighbor's actions, until you take the time to watch and listen. Respectively, it is important to take the time to stop and smell the flowers around you before judging a situation by the flower's appearances. My mother is my strong-willed, beautiful blossomed rose because of her enact sense to care for others. This has propelled me to become a determined individual with strong willpower to recognize the light in any situation.

Looking back on my youngest days, my mother would take me outside to our garden and we would dig, plant, and water the beds that would soon develop into spectacular buds. Every two feet, we would glide across the grass and move on to create life in the next. The only bush that didn't require our attention was the rose bush. It sat in the corner of our front yard that my family now refers to as our "Mother's Day Bush." The name stemmed back from years ago when we planted and watered the seed, but the bush never seemed to grow. However, just when we had given up on it, the rose bush developed on its own. Even

today, despite what the weather calls for, our one corner rose bush never fails to sprout on Mother's Day weekend. Each bud will open up and blossom to the biggest, brightest pink and red roses that anyone has ever seen. I can still imagine playing in the front yard on Mother's day, and just as a gust of wind would blow past, you could stop and get a whiff of the succulent rose's perfumes blowing through the air. That radiant smell of fresh, perfect roses always brings me back to playing carelessly on Mother's Day.

Like the force behind a huge gust of wind, my mother is a strong-willed fighter. However, you would never know that by passing by her on the street. She will smile back at you and tell you to "have a good day," and even as a stranger, you will smile back and go about your separate ways. Even as a strong and independent woman, my mother always has the most delicate touch. One would never know all the battles in which she has reigned triumphant by the touch of her warm, smooth skin. Her soft hands will glide across my back and hold my hand if I begin to show the slightest amount of worry. I couldn't begin to count the number of times I have curled up in her arms, my sobbing wet eyes drying instantly upon nestling in her arms.

Sadly, my family has had some of the most traumatic things happen to the people that we hold dearest to us. As a teenager, my mother had to witness the murders of both of her siblings. Though the tragedy still lives on today, my mother never shows her weaknesses. Instead of bottling her feelings up, she finds a way to overcome each and every hurdle that comes her way. My mother is a fighter. She fights off all of the bad in a situation, and spins the situation to our advantage. She has instilled the same notion within me, her youngest daughter. Never focusing on the grey, she holds her head high to the sun, which

provides nutrients to help her grow. My mother's skeleton stands tall and is laced the toughest, purest skin. But even the most delicate rose has its hidden thorns.

It is said that:
"If you love a flower, don't pick it up.
Because if you pick it up,
it dies
and it ceases to be what you love"
-Osho

But I beg to differ that a rose, in particular will live a beautiful life even after it is plucked from its roots. Unlike any other flower, a rose is beautiful all throughout its life cycle. Coming home from work, my mother loves having a bouquet of roses shaped in a vase. Each one arranged in an intricate combination that makes for a mesmerizing view. But the buds themselves strike me personally, for they come alive to brighten a room once the petals unfold from one another. But roses, in particular to any other flower, have the shortest blooming period. This must be because they hold their greatest beauty even after death has entered the vase. A rose may hold its head down in sorrow following death, but even when the petals drop down, the resilient rose will hold its posture, and surely so will the thorns as well.

The love a mother has for her daughter is incomparable to any other love. This is proven to come true under any circumstance. But when a child tests his or her mother, the manner in which the mother responds shows the most about her character. Back in 2002, April Fool's Day was a day unlike any other day to me. Having an entire day to cook up tricks and play them without punishment was the most exciting thing I could wish for. This day in particular, was the best weather you could ask for. The sun was shining, the grass had that freshly cut smell, and our dogs were running through our yard. Taking advantage

of the weather, my mother decided to grill-out on our back porch. Hot dogs and hamburgers on the grill are literally my favorite food among anything else. The combination of warm weather, amazing food, and April Fool's tricks were more than I could handle. I had plotted my yearly trick on my mother days prior, and looking back now, I should have stirred up another. Although it sounds silly, I took my mothers favorite perfume, Tea Rose and I filled the perfume with crushed Cheetos. While trying to suspiciously force my mother to use her perfume, she clearly realized my trick.

While most parents would have called their child's bluff and punished him or her for their actions, my mother did not do so. Instead, she simply played along with my joke and sprayed herself with her Cheeto-infested perfume. Of course, eight year-old me instantly snickered in amusement of successfully pulling this trick off. However, later that day, I over-heard a conversation that I will remember for the rest of my life.

Tracy (Mother's friend): "Did Staci really ruin your expensive new perfume? That was a brand-new bottle! You didn't even seem bothered by that trick!"

Mother: "You know, sometimes it's not about the money or the little things. If Staci had known that she ruined something new, she would be distraught. Staci didn't play the prank realizing she ruined the perfume! Seeing her laugh as I played along means more to me than a perfume ever will."

Overhearing this conversation ran chills up my spine. This made me realize that the amount of compassion that my mother has in her heart outweighs anything else. To continuously put your children ahead of yourself just to see that child smile is so humbling.

In addition to realizing to make the best of things, my mother has taught me to never, ever give up on my dreams. She has taught me to continue to fight through anything

that life demands, but that we must never show our fears. Life will throw you the most horrific things within your lifetime, but the way one respond to those occurrences is what defines your character. My mother has had to fight through some of the most wicked things that anyone could ever have the burden of experiencing. However, I know that each trauma has shaped her into the strongest and most caring woman. A rose would never willow over a huge gust of wind.

While a rose may look like the most simplistic flower to live, it is the most unique in every way. What other delicate flower survives the coldest, harshest winter? None other than the rose. Decomposed life within the soil nourishes the rose with dead parts of the earth that creates a continuum. Creates a cycle of life. Side by side, my mother and I slave hard tending to the garden. With nothing but each other's company and a pile of miniscule seeds, we create a beautiful, brilliant life. Gardening with my mother has instilled the meanings of birth and the cycle of life. How my mother processed tragedy, she has taught me to recognize the light throughout the darkest situations. These days, we get wrapped up in the little things that mean nothing in retrospect. Next time you see the rose bush perked up in the corner of a garden, do not forget that even the most delicate beauty shelters harsh thorns.