

WILL THE FLOWERS

LEAVE THE GARDEN?



PREFACE

[WILL THE FLOWERS LEAVE THE GARDEN?](#) is a children's story for seven year olds and upwards.

It is a Christian story and primarily suitable for reading to groups of children. As part of a Nature project, young people would benefit by reading and looking at books illustrating the flowers and plants mentioned in the story.

For younger children's active participation, show them how to make a fist. Then, every time they recognise a flower, as the story is read to them, let them open their fingers like petals unfolding. Encourage them to enjoy and learn about gardens, the names of the flowers and the rich diversity of plants that beautify a garden habitat. The story is educational and eco-friendly enabling children to understand the need in the 21st century to preserve the environment.

In the *Garden of Eden*, God made everything – *very good*. Like Creation's first garden, this story radiates God's blessings of peace and joy. Included in the story are the names of friends living near the locality of the garden.

The flowers, herbs and shrubs exhibit many human characteristics; the story introducing the need for respect and personal responsibility.

DEDICATION

The story entitled [WILL THE FLOWERS LEAVE THE GARDEN?](#) is dedicated to Mary Jane for her seventh Birthday on May 19th, 2007. May the story bring this child, who lives overseas, and other readers the Lord's rich blessings of happiness, laughter, enjoyment and well-being.



WILL THE FLOWERS LEAVE THE GARDEN?

CHAPTER 1

THE GARDEN

Eric Wood and his wife Maisie were enjoying their lovely garden one glorious Saturday morning in early summer. They were relaxing on comfy cushioned chairs under the canopy of a large, flower-patterned umbrella above a small round table – just right for outdoor meals. Between the couple, little Marguerite Wood, their one week old pride and joy, was fast asleep in a quilted Moses basket.

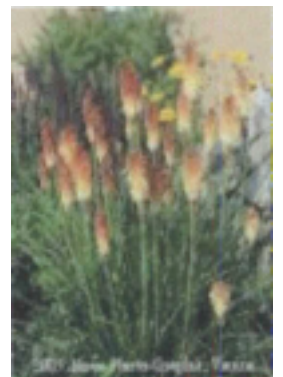
"It's 10.30 and time for coffee. I'll get it now," said Eric.

"We'll have some biscuits as well," he added with a smile, as he went inside.



Maisie thought it was lovely to be waited upon and to rest outside with the promise of a refreshing drink, especially since recent days had been hot with very little rain. Even so, the yellow clematis on the wooden trellis nearby was doing well. One long stem, full of large buds and seven beautiful flowers, trailed down almost reaching the ground. Maisie sensed somehow that this clematis stem was special like a golden thread or cord. Butterflies fluttered near it and except for the hum of insects and bees, the twittering of birds, there was hardly a sound – until her peaceful reverie was suddenly disturbed.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Her eyes gazed upwards at a bumble bee; bump, bumping into the flower patterns on the underside of the umbrella as it tried unsuccessfully to escape. The more Maisie watched the buzzing bee, the more the flowers on the umbrella seemed to have faces which smiled at her. They were just like the smiling flowers in the garden! The colourful pansies, violas and a rather short Red Hot Poker, growing in a clump near the bird table, had especially broad smiles. Maisie smiled back at them, for with baby beside her, she was so happy. Then, like clouds scudding across a windy sky, the pansies, violas, the Red Hot Pokers and to her astonishment all the other flowers in the garden were on the move. Right before her eyes there was a-moving and a-going with flowers, stems, stalks, twigs and branches walking about in the garden. "What's going on?" she wondered, murmuring to herself with a sleepy yawn as her eyes gently closed.



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"MARCH OF THE FLOWERS! Make Way! Make Way!" the flowers shouted in unison and all with smiling faces upturned to the sun. The answer came to Maisie at once, for this unusual gathering was a Make Way March for the King – like the March through the town last Saturday. Yes, it's a Make Way March for Jesus, the Prince of peace and King of kings; not of people this time but of flowers in joyous assembly.

Every flower was there on holiday for this special day. They were all meeting together in preparation for the March down into the town. The garden was bright with countless numbers of coloured flags, balloons and banners. Many banners of Honesty shone like cream silk in the sunshine. On their oval-shaped silvery moons, wonderful words of Love, Peace and Joy were printed in rainbow colours for all to see. Thousands of flowers were waiting expectantly, patiently waiting in the garden for the March to begin.

There were several hours to wait before the March was due to start. All the flowers had happy smiles, especially the pansies, violas and the little Red Hot Poker. Standing patiently all over the garden were many brightly dressed Chrysanthemums looking after their offspring and occasionally wiping Baby's Tears with wisps of gossamer. All the mums and dads had plenty of flowers for helpers. Loving and tender Molly Myrtle was especially good at helping and caring for them all. Sitting on the grass there was a clump of daisies showing little Daphne and Veronica how to make daisy chains.



Mrs. Lia Lavender looked after her grandson and also Sweet William (Bill for short) as they played together under the apple tree in full blossom. Young Miss Hazel Twig, wearing a nut-brown dress decorated with gold tassels, looked after Lily and Iris most attentively. Timothy Thyme (called Tim by his friends) was allowed to follow on behind, holding a purple clematis stem for a kite.

"Tim, don't forget to keep up with us," called Miss Twig.

"I don't want you getting lost in all this crowd - and watch your kite on those rose thorns."

Suddenly a playful gust of wind blew through the garden, shook the flowers and made all the fruit trees CLAP their hands with joy. Timothy Thyme got such a fright that in a split second he had lost hold of his kite. Up it went into the air right above his head.

Tim made a frantic leap to catch the stem - but it was no use.

His purple kite soared in an upward spiral across the garden, over the trees, above the houses and away to the town. As his kite rapidly

disappeared out of sight, Tim could do nothing but stand and stare at the sky in sheer disbelief. At last, he muttered sighing with great disappointment,

"If you'd been a boomerang, you would have come back to me!"

Timothy Thyme went on staring longingly up at the sky until he could stare no more. Then after some thoughts and a few tearful blinks, he regained his usual bright and cheerful smile.

Veronica and Daphne were just about to give Tim one of their balloons when Miss Twig said kindly,

"I'll try to find you a flag or another kite before the March starts, Tim."

Now Maisie Wood had noticed everything. She quietly got out of her comfy chair and, without disturbing baby Marguerite, snipped with a handy pair of scissors that long and lovely yellow clematis stem swinging to and fro in the gentle breeze on the trellis.

"Here's a new kite for you, Timothy Thyme," she called and added,

"It's very special, so hold on to it!"

"Oh, I will - and thank you very much Mrs. Wood. It's super! I promise, I won't let go of this kite and I'll keep it away from those thorny roses."

Maisie smiled at him and solemnly whispered -

"Never make a promise, Tim dear, unless you're sure you can keep it."



CHAPTER 3

FLOWER FRIENDS AND FAMILIES



In the garden there were many different kinds of flowers.

Yellow Primroses linked leaves with the Christmas and Lenten Roses, for time and the seasons did not seem to matter.

One thornless rose was looking after a few miniature roses. Several energetic climbing roses were scrambling happily together over walls and fences and back again.

The Queen roses walked sedately on a golden carpet kindly made by the Rose of Sharon, so beautiful with its long stamens.

All the roses had lovely friendly smiles but because of their nasty cruel thorns they kept chanting the Royal Law –

"Love your neighbour as you love yourself."

Mr. and Mrs. Holly from next door overheard and soon joined in, together with all the other prickly plants and bushes.

Waiting by the red roses, Mrs. Rosemary Bush, wearing her green outfit trimmed with pale blue lace, was inviting the neighbours to join the March.

On the rockery, St. John's Wort was busy as usual visiting friends.

The Herb family was well represented, as the Mints seemed to be spreading out in all directions.

Clumps of Chives, as they waited patiently, kept tossing their purple heads with joy.

Basil and Dill walked side by side with wise old grandmother Mrs. Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Parsley and numerous friends and relatives.

Monsieur Tarragon had flown in from France especially to take part in the March.

"Bonjour! Bonjour!" greeting everyone he met, as he kindly distributed heart-shaped silvery balloons to all the younger ones.

Auntie and Uncle Borage were a most punctual couple and kept looking at the Thyme.

"What time is it, please?" they asked.

"Twelve o' clock," answered Mr. T. Thyme, looking quickly at his pocket watch and feeling rather hungry.

Mr. and Mrs. Thyme and their son Timothy Thyme, tightly holding on to his special kite, expected the Torch Runner to arrive in the garden at one 'o clock, precisely.

The procession would then be greeted by John Marjoram, the town's Mayor.

Oh, how the flowers were enjoying themselves on holiday!
Smiling faces radiated happiness everywhere, for there were many varieties of Peace,
Sweetness and Joy.

In the garden there were no stuck-up or conceited flowers and so no arguments, quarrels or
calling names spoiled the day.

No flower in this happy crowd was unkind or ever called their Antirrhinum– SNAPDRAGON;
and the little Red Hot Poker did not poke any of his friends.

The flowers from the different countries lived at peace with each other.

Bright African Marigolds walked in unity with Japanese Anemones, each holding aloft glowing
Chinese Lanterns.

"We don't want any dreadful dividing walls between our countries," said Uncle Borage to
Monsieur Tarragon.

"And a smile is the same in any language," added much respected, wise old Grandmother
Sage.

Sweet violets waited in the shade. Colourful wallflowers, noted for their reserved and gentle
nature, kept to the back of the border by the Cotswold stone wall.

In all this friendly company none of the flowers or bushes pushed to the front or bullied anyone,
for they all needed and loved one another.

"Would you like to fly my special kite, Basil?"
asked his friend, Timothy Thyme.



"No thanks, Tim! Uncle Borage has just given me a splendid
star-spangled red balloon," replied Basil gratefully.



Timothy Thyme looked at his watch.

"It's only quarter past twelve," he said.

"There's plenty of time before the March starts," remarked Basil.

"Well, let's go round the garden and say, Hello to all our friends," cried Tim, "and we'll do some litter picking at the same time.

There won't be any – but there may be some burst balloons lying around."

It was not easy threading their way through that large crowd of plants. When they reached the end of the path, there were lovely wild flowers in the wild part of the garden. Red and yellow poppies waved their petals in the breeze. Sweet Honeysuckle covered the old fence at the top of the garden, with Ivy busily climbing up and over the wall at the corner.

By the compost bins, flourishing clumps of pink foxgloves were happily singing and waving at everyone – especially at Linda Lupin, the most beautiful of all the lupins.

Tim and Basil had just reached this spot, when a long-tailed black and white bird suddenly flew down into the apple tree.

"Chat – chat – chack!" he squawked, startling the two friends.

Basil almost tumbled into the nearby bird bath and Tim accidentally fell backwards, breaking the stem of that little Red Hot Poker!

"Oh, sorry! I'm so sorry," he apologised.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Basil, recovering his balance.

"Well, we'll need to tie up its broken stem with a splint," answered Tim.

"What about my balloon string?" suggested Basil.

"That's a good idea," replied Tim, as he carefully hung his special kite on the bird-table.

Using the balloon string, Tim and Basil began to tie up the broken stem, but it was not easy, took a long time and much concentration.



"Chat – chat – chat – chat – chack!" chattered the magpie harshly,

His beady eye was fixed on Tim's special kite. Attracted by the golden colour, that thieving magpie flew on to the bird table to peck off, one by one, the seven beautiful flowers!

This time Tim didn't fall backwards, but Basil, without thinking, let go of the string and in a split second both balloon and the little Red Hot Poker were airborne!

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" shouted Tim, as he started to chase the thieving bird.

But it was too late. The chattering rascal had flown away.

Poor Basil could do nothing but wave a sad farewell to his balloon tied to the little Red Hot Poker, now flying high above their heads. Tim sadly retrieved his damaged kite from the bird-table. Together they began to pick up the fallen golden flowers.

"I can't tie THEM on!" Tim exclaimed in despair.

"Well, let's float them in the bird-bath," suggested Basil, trying to be helpful.

"They'll look like golden, floating water lilies."

Tim agreed and so they gently placed them in the water.

"Goodbye," said Tim to the seven beautiful flowers.

"I've broken the little Red Hot Poker and now I have broken my promise to kind Mrs. Wood," he added unhappily.

"What am I going to do?"

"Every cloud has a silver lining," answered the wind in a whisper, as a few spots of rain began to fall in the garden.

"Yes, that's true!" thought Tim with the beginning of a smile.

"I've still got my kite and it's still special – but Basil, you've really lost your red balloon!"



Even though it had just started to rain as Tim and Basil began to wend their way back to the herb garden, the flowers continued to sing, rejoice and dance to music.

Lily and Iris were ringing the Bluebells, giving Tim and Basil the idea to ring the larger Canterbury Bells as they passed by.



The Daffodils played their golden trumpets, dancing up and down with joy. All the other trumpet-shaped flowers sounded forth as if in competition with a March wind.



A fanfare announced the arrival of Mayor Marjoram, as the Torch Runner, an exceptionally tall and sturdy Red Hot Poker, came into view.

The rain that had started as a fine drizzle, when grey clouds merged together drawing a curtain across the sun, had now become a heavy downpour. Thanks to the rain, the three water butts by the house and garage were gurgling away and filling up nicely.

By this time, the Torch Runner had become soaking wet.

Nevertheless, on he came, on and on, up the hill towards the garden. His Red Hot Poker top, however, looked more like a candle flame than a burning torch.

At once, the Mayor, the stewards and Malcolm, the Chief Marshal, together with all that waiting crowd, realised the brave Torch Runner was not going to make it!

His flickering flame was just about to go **out**!

The flowers lowered their faces into their leaves and with bowed heads, as if to say

" We have a problem, Lord."

Wise old Grandmother Sage declared, "Have faith and believe!"

The answer came at once and dramatically, when Basil's red balloon tied to that little Red Hot Poker unexpectedly came into view.

It came in as if to land – but got caught instead on a rose thorn and – BURST!

BANG! Five, four, three, two, one, ZERO!

"We have **LIFT OFF!**" shouted the amazed flowers as that ordinary little Red Hot Poker suddenly rose high in the air like a rocket.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried the flowers as the little Red Hot Poker ascended into space. The garden below was showered with coloured stars and a trail of fiery sparks, as if from a comet's tail.

The little Red Hot Poker continued to zoom through the sky in a rainbow arch towards the oncoming Torch Runner and, like a burning taper, rekindled his dwindling flame.

Now with his flame as bright as ever, the Torch Runner entered the garden to loud *Hallelujahs* and resounding cheers of delight.



Meanwhile, the little Red Hot Poker made a good soft landing on a large patch of moss in a neighbour's garden. There, Malcolm the Chief Marshal found him safe and sound and carried him shoulder high, through cheering ranks of flowers, back to his place beside the now broadly smiling pansies and violas.



Suddenly the rain stopped as quickly as it had begun.

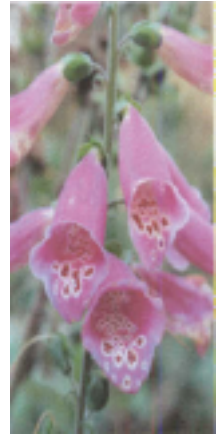
"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted the flowers.

In a speech, the Mayor congratulated both Red Hot Pokers to the sound of thunderous applause and joyful songs of praise.

By now it was 1 o'clock and time for the March to begin. The Torch Runner set off, like a herald, with his Red Hot Poker flame burning as brightly as before, to lead the procession of flowers down the hill into the town.



There were thousands following the Torch Runner. The flowers, without exception, had beaming smiles, as they happily marched, skipped, hopped or ran to keep up. Groups and clusters of many different varieties were kindly and efficiently marshalled along the route by Malcolm, the Marshal, helped by the tallest border perennials – namely Sunflower, Hollyhock. and numerous Michaelmas Daisies.



The Pampas grasses raised high their feathery plumes for flags.
All the members of the Fern family, waving fronds like palm trees, kept shouting,

"Hosanna! Hosanna!"

Hundreds of banners and balloons were to be seen.

The air was filled with songs of rejoicing, much cheering and clapping with the trumpet flowers making triumphant sounds.

Tim and Basil were happily marching along together. They were both holding on to Tim's special kite. It was now a glorious golden banner flying high in honour of Jesus, the King of kings; the large buds having opened in the sunshine.

In that vast crowd even Tim and Basil could be heard calling out –

"Make Way! Make Way for the King of kings!"

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"Maisie! Maisie! Wake up! Wake up! Here's our coffee," interrupted Eric.

"Oh, I've had such a lovely dream," answered Maisie –

"a story all about the flowers in the garden."

"Well, something's been going on, for there are flowers in the Birdbath!" remarked a rather bemused Eric. "It must be that Magpie bird again up to his usual tricks."

Maisie just smiled, for she knew and added,

"One day, I'll tell my dream to our little Marguerite and I already know what she will say."

"Please, tell it again and tell it the same!"