

# Roses for Mama

Years ago, a country song entitled *Roses for Mama*, written by C.W. McCall, described a Mother's Day event when a man – driving through Georgia on his way to a vacation in Florida – stops at a florist shop to buy his mother a bouquet.

He knows he should visit his mother, but he has more exciting plans, so he decides to send her flowers instead.



At the florist shop, the man encounters a little boy attempting to buy flowers for his mother. When the man spots tears in the boy's eyes, he asks what is wrong.

"Mama loves roses, and today's her birthday," he explains. "I haven't seen her in almost a year. I live with Grandma now. But I promised Mama some roses, 'cause I talk to her all the time. I wanted to give her five, 'cause that's how old I am. But the lady said I couldn't buy 'em with just a dime."

The man was moved and told the lady at the florist shop to give the boy what he wanted and charge the cost to him, then bought his own mother a bouquet to be sent to her in Chapel Hill, Tennessee.

On his way out of town, the man was driving by a cemetery and was surprised to see that same little boy kneeling by a grave. He stopped his car and walked over to the boy. Looking up, the boy smiled and said, "This is where my Mama stays. She says she sure does thank you for these pretty roses."

The man walked to his car and drove straight back to that flower shop.

"Lady," he said, "have you sent those flowers to Tennessee?"

"No, not yet," she replied.

"Well, never mind," he said. "I'll just take them back with me."

This is a story of love – love of the little boy for his deceased mother, love of the man for the boy and what he was experiencing, love of the man motivated to give up his plans and instead visit his mother.

And love is what compels us to do what we do: Love for our residents, love for fellow associates, and, primarily, love for God who called us to serve Him in this way.

– Beecher Hunter