

Yellow Flowers for Mickey

One afternoon, three children – two boys and a girl – entered a flower shop. They were about 9 or 10 years old, raggedly dressed, but at this moment well-scrubbed.

One of the boys took off his cap and gazed around the store somewhat doubtfully, then came up to the person who owned the store and said, “Sir, we’d like something in yellow flowers.”

There was something in their tense, nervous manner that made the florist think that this was a very special occasion. He showed them some inexpensive yellow spring flowers. The boy who was the spokesman for the group shook his head. “I think we’d like something better than that.”

The store owner asked, “Do they have to be yellow?”

“Yes,” the boy answered. “You see, Mickey would like ’em better if they were yellow. He had a yellow sweater. I guess he’d like yellow better than any other color.”

The man asked, “Are they for his funeral?”

The boy nodded, suddenly choking up. The little girl was desperately struggling to keep back the tears. “She’s his sister,” the boy said. “He was a swell kid. A truck hit him while he was playing in the street.” His lips were trembling now.

The other boy entered the conversation. “Us kids in his block took up a collection. We got 18 cents. Would roses cost an awful lot, sir – yellow roses, I mean?”

The florist shop owner smiled. “It just happens that I have some nice yellow roses here that I’m offering special today for 18 cents a dozen,” and he pointed to the flower case.

“Gee, those would be swell! Yes, Mickey’d sure like those,” the second boy exclaimed.

The man added, “I’ll make up a nice spray with ferns and ribbons. Where do you want me to send them?”

The first boy responded, “Would it be all right, Mister, if we took them with us? We’d kinda like to – you know – give ’em to Mickey ourselves. He’d like it better that way.”

The florist fixed the spray of flowers and accepted the 18 cents gravely. He watched the youngsters trudge out of the store.

And he felt within his heart the warm glow of the presence of God, for he had remembered anew the meaning of the words of Jesus, *“And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me”* (Matthew 25:40 KJV).

– Beecher Hunter

