

## **Grandmother Flower** Have You Shared Your Flowers Today?

My grandmother has been “radar-ing in” since late spring. I first recognized her presence through continually “being shown” flowers, her flowers—bouquets of them. “*Ok, dear grandmother, spirit-being that you are, I’m listening. What message does your energy hold for me?*” I ask...and then listen carefully.

My grandmother, gone for almost 40 years, was stern and seemingly cold and distant, a widow who ruled her four daughters with an iron fist, even on her deathbed. She never played with her five grandchildren, never had much to say to us, but she did odd little things for us, that revealed she cared. Flowers are what my grandmother did for me.

When I was seven my family relocated a couple hours drive from her. Weekend visits were common. Always, immediately prior to our departure, the sweetest of rituals, my grandmother would grab her old, worn kitchen knife with its cracked wooden handle, head for her flower garden and proceed to cut a big bouquet of flowers—zinnias, bachelor buttons, Shasta daisies, strong scented peonies, lilacs, cosmos, a few pink roses, whatever was at hand. She’d hand the bouquet unceremoniously to me with the stem ends wrapped in wet newspaper, then waxed paper, and finally a bit of knotted string. I’d hold the bouquet firmly in my hands, completely lost in the scent and colors (and unknowingly the intense vibrational energy that flowers afford) until we arrived home. From there, I’d separate the bouquet into small bunches—being mindful to harmonize colors—put each bunch in a designated vase and spread the vases around the house—as I’ve continued to do throughout my life.

Once again, this spring, I’ve turned soil for my new flower garden, bringing starts with me from my previous abode across the country. It became crystal clear to me as my new garden slowly came to life that, yes, I’ve gardened because among flower energy is where I naturally commune with *the God force*. (The vibrational force of a hillside of daffodils, or a blooming linden tree and I’m vibrated right out of my body and into a larger world—as in my childhood.) Life has always given me a place to grow flowers—and enough to share—even if little more than a sunny window sill or a roof top. It was pointed out to me again, as I worked on my new garden, just what an insatiable need and habit I’ve always had for sharing my flowers (or plants) with anyone and everyone. I tried selling my plants at yard sales a few times. It was never the same as giving them away.

Again, as spring phased into summer and with grandmother’s energy ever-present, I observed the succession of color: the prairie smoke open its first blossom—a soft, floaty pink, then the forget-me-nots—beacons of blue, giant iris—rainbow magic colors, wild columbine, garlic chives, blue flax... I continued to “listen” carefully to Grandmother’s energy. Those bouquets of flowers, given to me in my not-so-bright childhood by my seemingly stern, cold grandmother had been a gift beyond gifts. As with trees and creeks and birds, flowers have consistently been a vital means to connect to “my other world”.

I continue to “listen”—listening carefully with my “third’ ear and with my heart, super-nova alert style. “You are being told something you already know,” I was informed. Being told what I already know is always a sign that I have to understand from way out in space, not from my linear mind. I continue to tune in from “outer space”—a place where one becomes one with the understanding itself.

Ok, I know this: flowers are transformers, beaming in information from “out there”. The concept “flower power” is no joke. Every color that can be found in flowers has its own individual energy charge. Ok, I know this. Suddenly I’m being reminded of once when I was confronted with a display table full of tiny vases, each one containing a single hybrid hibiscus, each hibiscus a different color—a living array of color, a “light show”. The energy coming from these hibiscus blossoms was wondrously cacophonous, stupefying, like being hit with a collection of mini-volts of rainbow lightening. I remembered that I had been caught between wanting to stay there for ever and needing to bolt. Afterward, I was “super-charged” for days. It was way back then that my obsession to wear nothing but clothes made of real live flowers, live energy color on my body, was born. It became nigh impossible to wear manufactured colors—dead colors.

So...my entire life, I’ve had to be surrounded by flowers. Yes, I’ve been receiving information from them. Yes, their vibrational energy fuels my spirit. Yes, I’ve traveled into their depths uncountable times and they’ve spoken to me of many things from their medicinal qualities to the state of the planet.

Thank you Grandmother Flower for having “radar-ed in”. With review complete, the message wanting to be “brought to light” is now crystal clear: *Flowers are suns of consciousness here on Earth. They fill our lives with beauty, joy— God-stuff light. Can we each be a flower? A transformer? Can we be a “sun” (or son), an offspring of consciousness? If we all shared “our flower selves,” can we imagine what a wonderfully super-charged colorful world we’d have? Have you shared your flowers today?*