

## **THOUGHT FOR THE DAY - Angela Jordan**

It is quite a trend nowadays for flowers not to be present at funerals but donations given to a charity especially if that person has died of an illness i.e. cancer. Whilst I totally understand and empathise with that sentiment, I can't help feeling we are missing the point of flowers at a funeral/cremation.

Flowers, especially at this time of the year, are so beautiful. They spring up from a previous dead looking shrub, or from a seed or bulb out of dry earth. They stretch out and reach for the sun or heaven. Then they reach their full glory in majestic splendour. Then they fade and die, leaving the memory of their colour, fragrance and beauty to all of those that have enjoyed them. I think of the blossom that is around now and one of my favourites, the magnolia tree. Flowers draw up their nourishment from the ground to make them grow and thrive, as well as the sunshine of course.

I am often amazed at a florist's artistry and skill adding to the flowers beauty when looking at a wreath. So clever, intricate weaving together of the flowers showing off their colours.

It is perhaps not surprising some flowers have symbolic meaning, the daffodil for Marie Curie, and of course the poppy for remembrance of our war heroes. Their vibrant red; the colour of spilt blood that was shed on the battlefields, that was turned and churned by the soldiers' feet and horses which made the poppies grow. New life out of carnage and destruction.

I have never seen an imperfect flower. I suppose you could count a four leafed clover, but they are supposed to be lucky. I think we can sometimes forget we are also part of God's creation too. I think he looks at us and does not see our many faults and imperfections. He knows better than anyone how flawed we are, but he sees the glory, the beauty in us that he has created, just like the flowers.

We too should draw nourishment from above - spiritual nourishment and reach up to heaven to achieve our full glory.

To me flowers at a funeral are symbolic of life and death. Hopefully in life, like the beauty of flowers, our lives have touched others, may have brought meaning, joy or beauty to those we have met. Like the wreaths, we can achieve beautiful things when we work together. Flowers reflect what life is about.

I hope when I die I have plenty of flowers as this will show my life has touched others lives, I hope, in a beautiful and meaningful way.