

Feb Laity Minute by Kelly Price

I love plants. I have numerous plants around the house and I bet many of you do, as well. My house has been known to boast little plants, big plants, and quite a diverse range of types. To me, plants bring life to a home, offer a calm atmosphere, and bring massive amounts of joy. But, there's one problem.

I am very good at killing them.

It is actually fairly sad. When I bring a new plant into my home, I get so excited. This new, beautiful plant is something I can nurture and watch grow, right? I always pledge to do my best to keep this one alive. I conduct research on how to feed it, what light to give it, and when to water it. But somehow I always mess it up. Yes, a few have made it, but so many end up "going back to the earth" in the woods behind my house. I try to take solace in that at least the latest victim has company with the others that went before it. I try to think its final resting place not as a plant graveyard, but more of a plant heaven.

While I love most all plants, there's one I love the best. That plant is the peace lily. This plant was first introduced in Europe around 1870. The official name, "Spathiphyllum" is derived from the Greek words "spath" (spoon) and "phyl" (leaves). The peace lily is known to symbolize not just peace but healing, hope, and sympathy, rebirth, and virtue. That's a tall order for one little plant. I love this species so much, I have several works of art displayed throughout my house of peace lilies. At least I can't kill those.

In the corner of my living room, near a mirrored wall, sits one of the beloved peace lilies. Many would consider it as being in the medium to large category. I have killed too many little ones, so I went for a bigger one when I purchased this one thinking it would be substantial enough to overcome any unintentional thing I did to it. Sitting in this corner, it generally receives ample sunlight and I do my best not to overwater/underwater it. When I bought it, about a year ago, it had a few pristine white flowers. (They are technically called "spathes" but we will go with flower in this story.) They lasted for a long time and I admit it was sad to see them go. But, it was time and they had done their job. I couldn't wait for the new ones to appear, though.

So, the wait began. I waited and waited some more. The massive green leaves were beautiful and healthy, but where were the new white flowers? What was I doing wrong? Surely, I am not feeding it correctly. Does it need more food? Maybe I should read it a story.

Eventually, I gave up waiting on the flower. I figured I better just count my lucky stars that I haven't done something to make it end up in the plant heaven behind the house. I stopped looking for the new growth and decided it was pretty just the way it was.

But, one day, I was making my way to the living room and there it was. THERE IT WAS! A new, tall, unopened flower. Where did this come from, I thought? How could I have missed it until now? Did this thing grow in one day or something? It didn't matter. It was there, ready to bloom. Ready to greet the world and show us its glory. It has overcome the Kelly Plant Curse.

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I'm sure you can see all kinds of life lessons within this story. These may include: perseverance; look around or you'll miss the beauty right under your nose; rebirth. But, that's the beauty of it. You can see your own story in it. Learn our own lessons. Find meaning as it relates to us. Its story is your story. Its lesson is your lesson.

As for me, my lesson was learned. Even if I do end up helping it meet its demise at some point, "The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of God will stand forever (Isaiah 40:8).

