

Marist Minute

An elderly neighbour knocked on my door the other day with the most magnificent pinkish red rose - one she had grown from a cutting. Hers was a touching gesture and very much appreciated. She stopped for a cuppa and a chat - sharing some of her story. What a tough life she has lived, what a survivor. Her story reminded me of a poem by Tupac Shakur - *The Rose that Grew from Concrete* - a reflection on how he survived growing up in a ghetto.

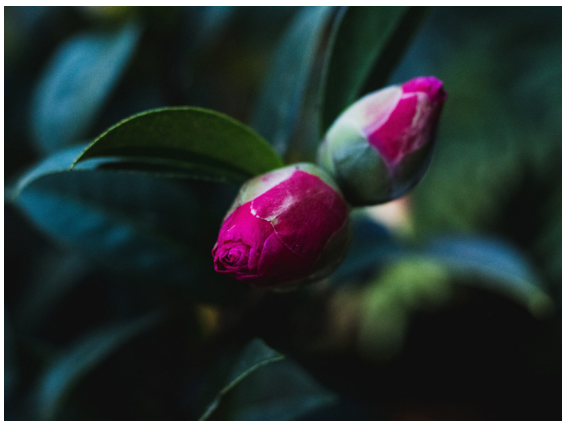
The poem describes ways in which someone can blossom and flourish and grow despite coming from a place that is cold and stark and heavy. In this poem he uses a rose, a thing of beauty, a seed of love growing through a crack in the concrete. My neighbour is not bitter about her past, but is the blooming rose in our community, delivering flowers and meals to those in need.

Pope Francis when talking about sowing seeds of love says that “the Lord, with his grace, makes us bear fruit, even when the soil is dry due to misunderstandings, difficulty or persecution or claims of legalism or clerical moralism. This is barren soil. Precisely then, in trials and in solitude, while the seed is dying, that is the moment in which life blossoms, to bear ripe fruit in due time.”

The Rose that Grew from Concrete

Did you hear about the rose that grew
from a crack in the concrete?
Proving nature’s law is wrong it
learned to walk with out having feet.
Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,
it learned to breathe fresh air.
Long live the rose that grew from concrete
when no one else ever cared.

Tupac Shakur



Journal Questions:

How has your life blossomed through tough times?

How do you keep your dreams, goals, spiritual life alive and growing?

Who have been your roses or your thorns?