

THE PAPER FLOWER



Dear Jim, Kay and Annie,

I want to tell you about a paper flower.

In 1935 at a large high school of 3,000 students in Pittsburgh, PA, a young man was elected class secretary. As he walked to the front of the room and a young girl saw him for the first time, she knew he was the most wonderful, perfect boy in the entire school. She was not far from wrong. He was never again elected secretary. The next three years he served as president of the class, president of the entire student body, was elected to the National Honor Society in his junior year, and won the award for outstanding senior.

But back to 1935—this girl knew that if he ever noticed her, it would be a very special moment. A few weeks later as she hurried to a class, this young man caught up with her and said, "I have something for you." He was wearing a dark brown sweater and had a bright yellow paper flower tucked into it. He placed it in her coat buttonhole. They were both fifteen. I am sure you know this was your Father. In the past sixty years there have been many flowers—orchids, roses—but no flower has been more beautiful to your Mother than this yellow paper one.

by Lois C. Rial