

## ROSES

Maggie was in her front garden with her beloved roses. She's a carer and her work had dried up now Nora had been moved into a care home by her daughter. It was the month roses appeared. Beginning with tight buds like unassuming green nuts, then specks of colour against the sky. Her favourite was rich deep purple like paint made from dark days of Winter rest and a scent that transported her faraway.

'We'll be turning off your water for 5 minutes via a central stopcock'. Said a workman from the road standing on her front path. They'd been working that week causing the road to close. 'Love your yellow roses.'

'Awh, thanks, that one's called Doris Day'

My Mum grew Roses, she's called Doris!' he laughed. 'I must buy her some. She doesn't get to see many now. Yellow with a scent was her favourite.'

'Is she in a care home now?'

'Yes, she is as it happens.'

Do *you* grow roses?

No, I'll buy them.'

Maggie watched him go smiling. She thought to herself, supermarket roses don't smell. She wandered through into her back garden spying out the new roses and dead heading. She had several yellow ones – so beautiful. She felt them saying thank-you for her care. She wanted to share them with the workman and with his poor Mum who couldn't grow them anymore. These roses demanded to be shared. She found wrapping paper, put the bunch in a bag and went to find the man, road digging. Catching his eye, she held them up. He froze, confused and embarrassed as she beckoned him over. He put down his shovel. Maggie smiled, realising his mis-understanding.

'I've picked these for your Mum. You said she loves yellow roses and these are for you to give her! I work with the elderly, she'll appreciate them. Supermarket ones have no scent. If she lives in a care home she'll be missing her roses.'

'For my Mum?'

'Yes, for you to give her!'

'That's so sweet.' He looked around, obviously feeling self-conscious.

Take them, don't leave me hanging.

'But I can't visit her until next month. These won't last. Such a kind thought ....I'll tell her. But you keep them.'

'Oh.... That's a shame. Sounds like she's not local then.'

'She's local, Camberwell Court, but I've no time.'

'It seemed meant to be. You spotting them in my garden.'

“Doris Day’, yes!. I’ll mention that to her. thank you.’ He smiled and grabbed his shovel.

Maggie went back and sat down thoughtfully, repeating the name of the care home to herself. ‘That’s the same care home that Nora’s been moved to. These roses have got Doris’ name on them, she’s got to have them. I also need to see Nora. I’ll pick red roses for her. I never, these roses will bring happiness today. Maybe Nora and Doris can bond over them, can’t wait to see them both!’ She grabbed her coat, and after picking another bunch of roses, left for Camberwell Court.