

Best Friends
(How *Elda* and *Daise* Became Best Friends)



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"Good morning, may I have some water, please?" a soft voice whispered.

"Who said that? Not you! No, you can't speak! Really, did you say something," asked Sara, who was surprised to hear such a soft, smooth voice in the garden.



Would you believe the voice Sara heard came from a plant? Yes, her very favourite rose plant!

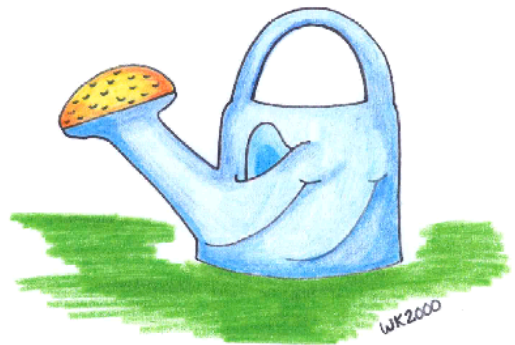
While Sara was standing close by her mom's rose garden enjoying the beautiful morning, she heard, "good morning, may I have some water, please?" She was sure these words came from the beautiful bright purple rose—her favourite plant! She knew she wasn't dreaming.

Puzzled, Sara asked, "Why do you want water? It rained so much last night!"

"Beneath the surface, my roots are dry and I am thirsty," the rose replied.

Still baffled, Sara answered, "OK."

So she went into the garage, took the large blue container in which her mom



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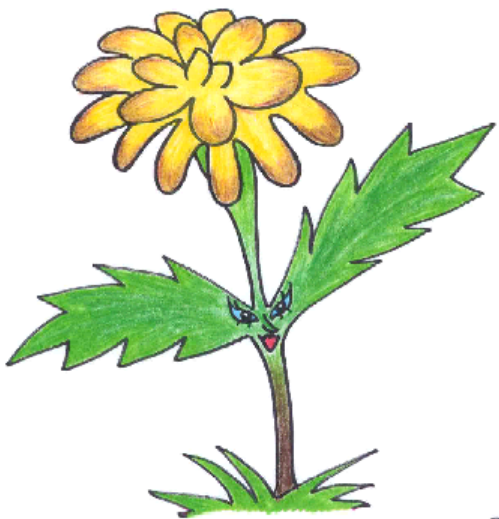
mixes organic fertilizer, and filled it with water. Outside, she poured the water at the root of the purple rose plant.

"Ahhhh! "This is so good. Please do this more often!" the rose said while smiling. Sara thought she was going crazy because she was speaking to a plant! Still, she said, "Sure, I will."

Next morning Sara and her mom were in the garden when she heard a pleasant, soft, sound like a whisper that sounded like: "Why didn't you pour me some water too?"

"Mom, what did you say?" Sara asked.

"Nothing," her mom replied as she went inside the house.



"Hey you! I am speaking to you. What is your name?" asked the daisy plant.

"Oh my! Another talking plant!" My name is Sara."

"That's a nice name! Mine is Daisy Cutalia Ingonail. But you can call me Daise." the daisy plant said.

They talked a bit, then Daise said: "I have a big favour to ask you! I hope you will

help me."

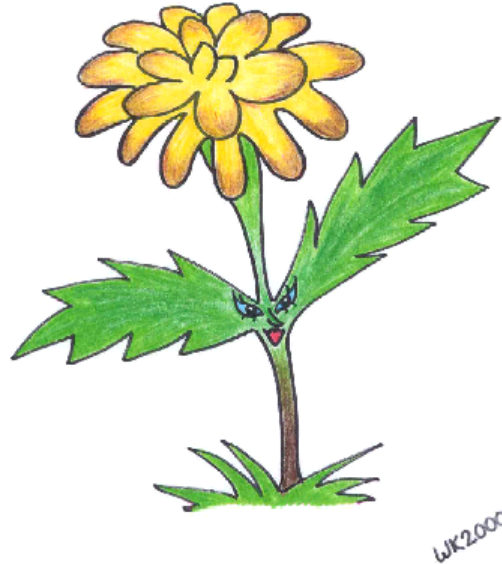
"I am listening." Replied Sara.

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"Would you move me closer to Elda?
She is the beautiful purple rose
plant—her actual name is Bethelda."

Although she is Sara's favourite plant,
Sara didn't know her name. "Anyway,
we don't need to talk about this now."
Sara thought.

"What do you mean move you! Mom
planted you where you are because she
wanted you there. Why should I move
you?" Sara replied.



"I want to move closer to Elda for three reasons. First, I want to become her best friend. Second, I would like her to tell me how to stay beautiful like her. Third, I want to share the same plant food from the soil close by her," said Daise. *(This is very odd, isn't it? Plants talking to humans like this! Keep on reading and let's see what happens!)*

Now Sara was really confused! But, she continued speaking: "How do I move you? You are not furniture! What will my mom say if I move you?"

Just then Sara remembered something her mom told her many times when she was younger: "If someone asks you to do something that doesn't seem right, like disobeying your mom or dad or calling others names, ask yourself two questions. *First, "what would Jesus do (Sara wore a WWJD bracelet)?" Second, "Is there a grown-up around that I*

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can trust to help me to decide to do the right thing?" Not just any grown-up, but one I can trust!

While the moving discussion was happening, Sara's mom and dad went to the shopping centre leaving her two brothers with her: Joshua, eighteen and Billy Bob, seven.

"Joshua is here; he is a grown-up, and he is someone I can trust," thought Sara. But, she didn't want to ask him about this because he might laugh at her and tell her plants don't talk. (*That wouldn't be nice of Joshua but Sara understood that her request was very strange!*)

Sara prayed and asked Jesus what to do. She believed He said it was OK so she decided not to ask Joshua. She would move Daise and explain to mom later.

"Daise, how do I move you?" asked Sara.

"Simple. Just follow these three instructions:

Number one - Get the small fork from the shed - the one that your mom uses in the garden.

Number two - Draw a circle around me. You know how to draw a circle! Right?

It's like a round doughnut! From my stem, this circle should be the same distance all around as two of your footprints. Get it! Put your left heel by my stem and your right heel at the tip of your left shoe. Sara, do you understand? Daise asked. 'Yes, I do understand,' Sara replied with confidence.



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Number three - After you draw this circle, take the fork and dig into the ground on the circle line as deep as the length from the tip of your middle finger (this is your longest finger) to your wrist. Now Sara, please stop and think about this. If you do not follow what I say, you could hurt my roots badly. Please be careful."

Sara understood what Daise said. She was a good student at school and knew about circles and squares and stuff like that. Still, she was worried about what Daise didn't say. Where—the exact spot—would she re-plant Daise?

Slowly and thoughtfully she walked to her room and changed into older clothes. She was a bit confused, but wasn't worried because she knew God would agree with what she planned to do.

She took the fork and a small shovel from the shed and returned to the garden. After walking back and forth in the garden a few minutes, she came to a decision about where she would transplant Daise. Phew! She was relieved!

As Daise requested, Sara dug a hole as deep as the distance of the tip of her longest finger to her wrist and a circle as wide from her stem as the size of two of her footprints.

As she dug the hole she started singing. She was happy she made this decision.

After digging for about two minutes Elda, her favourite purple rose,



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shouted, "What are you doing? Why are you making a mess in my space? Stop now!"



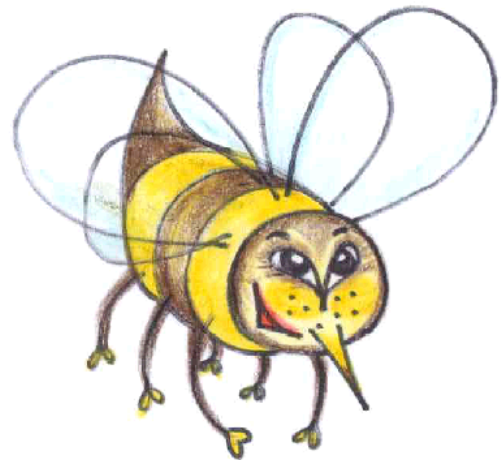
In a calm soft voice Sara said, "Your friend Daise wants to move close to you."

"Daise? Who is Daise? I don't know Daise!" shouted Elda.

Sara's mouth opened wide. Her jaws fell. Her eyes grew large. She looked up in the sky and said: "What? You mean . . . No! Is Daise making all of this up!"

Sara ran to Daise and shouted. "You lied to me. You said you knew Elda. You . . . you . . . err . . . err . . ."

"Wait just one minute!" interrupted Daise. "I didn't lie. I didn't say Elda knew me. Neither did I say Elda wanted me to move. I asked you to move me, and you assumed Elda would agree. I am sorry to say this, Sara, but I must; you didn't listen carefully when I spoke. Before you decide not to move me would you please listen to me!" cried Daise.

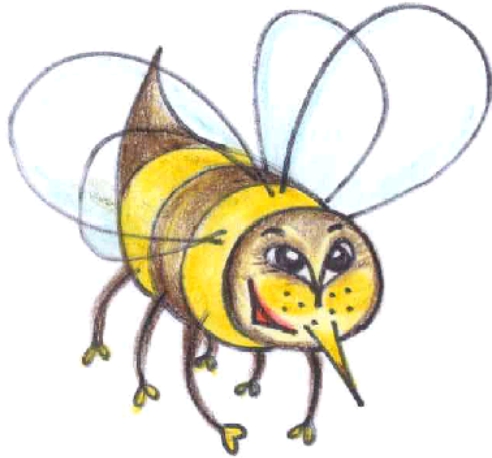


"Bumblejim told me Elda was very sick . . ."

". . . Who is Bumblejim?" shouted Sara, interrupting Daise.

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"He is the bee who takes food and medicine from one plant to other plants. He tells each of us what's happening in the garden. He is like our news reporter. He is also like our flying doctor." Daise said in a sad voice. "Last fall he told me the bright purple rose, Elda, was very sick. No medicine or food from other plants can prevent her from dying.

But Bumblejim said the one thing that will save her is the beautiful substance that I put in the soil, Goosenath. But, there is one problem. I must be close to Elda for my Goosenath to reach her. Because of this, Bumblejim said I should ask someone to move me close to her. Now will you move me?" asked Daise.

Sara moved Daise and immediately poured two bucketsful of water in the soil by her stem. Daise almost drowned—*did you know that plants could drown?* Feeling happy and pleased, Sara trotted inside leaving Elda and Daise to get settled.

Next morning before sunrise, Sara rushed outside. She heard great laughter coming from Daise and Elda. When she went to greet them, she was amazed by what she heard!

Elda thanked her for saving her life and continued: "I didn't know that anyone would do anything that could kill himself to save my life.



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Sara, do you know Daise could have died when you moved her? But still she wanted to move close to me to save my life! I am so grateful, especially with the great news I got last night. Just before you came this morning, Bumblejim came by to tell me I got enough Goosenath from Daise to make me well again. Thank you, Sara."

Sara smiled and said, "Really, this is so cool! *It is sort of like what Jesus did for me and you, only, He did more!*"

The end.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but to save the world through him-John 3:16-17 (NIV)

The genesis of this story:

Before going on a business trip from Montreal to Delhi, India, my then seven year old granddaughter, Adrienne, asked me to write her a story about "how a rose plant and a daisy plant became best friends." On the Montreal-Frankfurt leg, I wrote this story. At breakfast the morning after I arrived, I forgot I had to email the story to my daughter. As I excused myself to go to my hotel room, my Norwegian colleague asked about the story and asked for a copy for his six year old daughter. One year later, he said his daughter loved the story so much, he and his wife read it often ("excluding the God part"), and his wife, a graphic artist, wanted my permission to illustrate it.