



The Magic of the Mourning Flower

Cara Fernandez



There was once a wise and wonderful old woman. Hers was a life well lived, with great joys, deep sorrows and few regrets. She loved deeply and was deeply loved. She knew and shared many wondrous things. Although my words do not do hers justice, the Magic of the Mourning Flower is one of the gifts she shared with me. It is a gift I share with you now, on her behalf.

“When you lose someone that you love, allow the mourning flower to help ease your pain. It matters not they walked on two legs or four, if they spoke with words or with their eyes, for love is love. In every life where there is love shared, there will come a time of sorrow. There can not be one, without the other. Whether by frailty or simply fate, one who is loved must leave us behind. It is a loss you feel in your heart, your soul and your world. It is a time when you feel life is to be forever cast in gray. No matter the consoling and doting by others, it is a loss that you experience like no other and it is a pain that only you can release. This is the time that you need the Magic of the Mourning Flower.

Let it be a special flower, one that is not yet in full blossom. Let it be beautiful, but it needs not be perfect, because truly nothing can be. Place the flower in a favorite cup or a small vase. Slowly fill the container with water, as if releasing tears from your heart. As you do this, allow yourself to see not just its' beauty and but how fragile the blossom is. As is life. Place the flower next to your bedside. During the flower's time with you, let it be the last thing you see before you sleep and the first when you wake.



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On the first night, look upon the flower and allow yourself to deeply, truly feel your loss. Let the pain, the anger, the regrets, flow through tears and sobs. As for the one you have just lost, you will also find that old sorrows and losses also flow through. It will be a most difficult night. Immerse yourself in your pain, but, through your tears force yourself to see the beauty of the flower beside you.

On the second night, again allow yourself to feel the pain. However, this night, force yourself to feel past the pain. With each tear that falls, remember the one you've lost. Remember, the first time you saw them, the first time you held them, remember why they were special and why you were special because of them. With each night that passes, gaze upon this flower and remember. Just as the bud will open, the pain within your heart will lighten. Soon, you will find that the comfort and beauty of the memories will come without the tears.

The only truly enduring gift that one living being has to give to another is love. And there can be no more precious a gift to give or a legacy to leave.

As the flower's beauty fades, as is the nature of flowers, so will the rawness of your pain, as is the nature of loss. When the flower is faded and it is time to let it go, take the flower to a cherished place, a place that was special to both of you. Slowly remove the first petal, cast it before you, say their name aloud and that you love them. Cast the remaining petals one at a time. With each petal remember, a special time, a special trait, or a special feeling that you shared with the one you lost. When the petals are gone, lay the stem and leaves upon the ground as though laying you pain to rest. Walk away and do not look back. As you leave, tell the one you have lost that they were loved, they are loved and they forever live on in your heart.

Now, in times to come when the pain is again raw, because that is also the nature of loss, or when you simply need to feel their presence, go to this special place. Close your eyes, picture the rose when it was most beautiful and picture them in their beauty during their time with you. Say their name aloud. Their



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essence will come to you on a breeze and bring comfort. If you cannot go to this special place, close your eyes and picture the mourning flower as it began to open, to blossom just for you. Speak to them. You will feel them by your side. For truly, one who is loved is never lost, is never gone from the heart or the soul of the one who loved. That is the nature of love.”

Of all the flowers in the world, she would choose the white rose as the mourning flower. She said that it was special among all the flowers. Cultivated and cherished over ions by our kind. She felt its simplicity and complexity had the ability to touch us like no other. This flower symbolized a very special and powerful type of love, a penetrating and timeless love, a love pure of heart and a love that can transcend death. The white rose represented a relationship where two individuals communicated without words and shared a bond that transcended life. She would also tell you that if it were possible, this is the flower your loved one would give to you, now.

I visit with my grandmother through the magic of the mourning flower. And I thank her.

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