

The Lesson of the Daffodil Lady

My daughter telephoned several times last spring to say, "Mother, you must come see the daffodils before they are over."

I wanted to go, but it was a long two-hour drive. "I will come next Tuesday," I promised.

Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. When I walked into Carolyn's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren, I said, "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these children that I want to see bad enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly and said, "We drive in this all the time, Mother. I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car. It's just a few blocks," Carolyn said. "I'll drive. I'm used to this."

After several minutes, I had to ask, "Where are we going? This isn't the way to the garage!" "We're going to my garage the long way," Carolyn smiled, "by way of the daffodils." "Carolyn," I said sternly, "please turn around." "No, sorry," she said.

After about twenty minutes, we turned onto a small gravel road. I saw a hand lettered sign that read, "**Daffodil Garden.**"

Before me lay the most glorious sight. The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns - great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, saffron, and butter yellow. Each different-colored variety was planted as a group so that it swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. There were five acres of flowers.

"Who has done this?" I asked Carolyn. "It's just one woman," Carolyn answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory.

We walked up to the house. On the patio, we saw a poster.

Answers to your Questions:

50,000 bulbs
One at a time, by one woman.
Began in 1958.

I thought of this woman that had worked for years, planting one bulb at a time to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountaintop.

Still, just planting one bulb at a time, year after year, had changed the world.