

There are girls who are daisies. Perky and smiling, with their faces open and cheerful to the world around them. Like the daisies whose petals never close, these girls seem to welcome the world and all its people with wide open arms filled with friendship and cheer.

Some girls are sunflowers. They stand tall and graceful, reaching up to the sun, their friend. They can bend with the bad times in their lives, just as sunflowers can bend with the wind. But they're never broken—they spring back with hope and faith. We should always look up to our sunflower girls—they're blessed with an inner strength and optimistic outlook.

And then there are the roses among us. These are the girls who might seem to be a little cold sometimes. They have the defenses of sharp words or cool looks. But wait. Those defenses are just like the roses' thorns. They only protect the real flower, one who is actually very delicate and fragile. Have you ever pressed a rose petal? They bruise easily and so do these girls. But you

only have to push the thorns aside gently and then you'll see how truly beautiful this girl is. There's none who can compare!




### **BEAUTY & STRENGTH**

How often have violets gone unnoticed? They're plain and simple, with no outstanding characteristics it seems. But then, one day, you look a little closer and you discover something. There are girls like violets! You realize they are special. Why? Because their beauty and strength comes from their simplicity. They don't need any flashy fragrances. They're simple and true—waiting patiently to be loved.

Orchids are something else. They're different and mysterious. Haven't we all known girls like this? They're foxy, but cool. They're in a class by themselves, always knowing

how to act and when. They seem to be the most unusual looking, with the type of beauty that doesn't follow fads or what's currently "In". They know who they are and they don't have to pretend to be anything else. But don't think that they're cold and too far off to touch. These girls, like orchids, just need a closer look and a little time to realize that underneath all that foxiness, and coolness and self-assurance is a very simple person! She is a person who happens to have been blessed with something unusual—whether it's looks or personality. All she's waiting for is for someone to realize that she doesn't want to be admired and praised from afar—she wants to be touched and loved.

Wow! It must be springtime! There's something in the air that's made me a poet. But that's what happens when I start talking of my "favorite bouquets"!

The next time you see a flower garden, I hope you'll try my secret. It makes the beauty twice as nice—knowing there are people who are nature's "blossoms". Aloha until next time, Michael. 

### **DAVID—TRAPPED! Continued from page 32**

fears were realized when he got to the kitchen and examined the smoking pot—his beautiful dinner was ruined beyond repair!

Sadly, he threw the spaghetti he had just bought on the counter and began rummaging through the refrigerator. It looked like a bologna sandwich for dinner tonight! Well, he didn't feel really hungry anymore anyway. Obviously this just wasn't his week!

The pink envelope caught his eye as he put the sandwich on a plate, and with a sigh, he brought it into the other room too. When he ripped it open, a photograph fell out with the letter. It was of David and one of the fans he had posed with last week. She was a tiny blonde girl with a shy, sweet smile—he remembered her as being much more quiet than the other girls she was with.

David took a bite out of the sandwich and began to read her letter. Then he put the sandwich down and read the letter over again, the only sounds in the room were the ticking of the clock over the fireplace and the pages turning in his hands.

"My gosh..." he said softly, re-reading the last paragraph for the third time.

"Since mom died I've had to be a mother to my five little brothers and sisters, and so many times I've felt trapped, even though I love them more than anything. I don't get to do any of the fun things with my friends anymore. That's why being able to go and meet you, David, was so wonderful! You were so kind and nice; even though you were so busy you still took time out for me. It made me ashamed for feeling

### **HER MESSAGE TO DAVID:**

sorry for myself. My family needs me, and from now on I'm going to do everything possible for them! Those little kids love me and depend on me, and it makes me very proud. I'm going to do *all* I can to deserve their love, and I owe it all to you!"

David's dinner sat on the coffee table untouched as he sat back on the couch for a long time, looking

at the photograph he held in his hands. On the back she had written, "MARIA AND DAVID" in the same, square block letters. No last name, no address.

### **HE'S GRATEFUL TO HER!**

"Wherever you are, little Maria," David said softly, "I'm the one who owes *you*! Your letter has taught me a very important lesson about fans, and love, and most of all, myself..."

Very carefully, he folded it and put it back into the envelope. This was one letter he was going to keep forever! He checked his watch, finding to his amazement it was only 7:30. He was hungry again, but suddenly that sandwich didn't look good at all!

Well, he'd make another batch of spaghetti, he decided, jumping to his feet and starting for the door. He'd have to go out and buy more sauce, but he didn't mind. He might even run into some more fans and get a chance to say hello... 