



Here is the story behind the name the "Blue Roses":

Having four visiting family members, my wife was very busy, so I offered to go to the store for her to get some needed items.

I scurried around the store, gathered up my goodies and headed for the checkout counter, only to be blocked in the narrow aisle by a young man who appeared to be about sixteen-years-old and possibly mentally-challenged.

I said, "Hey Buddy, what's your name?"

"My name is Denny and I'm shopping with my mother," he responded proudly.

"Wow," I said, "that's a cool name".

"How old are you Denny?"

"How old am I now, Mommy?" he asked his mother. "You're fifteen-years-old Denny."

I continued to talk to Denny for several more minutes about summer, bicycles and school. I watched his brown eyes dance with excitement, because he was the center of someone's attention. She told me that most people wouldn't even look at him, much less talk to him. I told her that it was my pleasure and then I said something – I have no idea where it came from.

I said, "There are plenty of red, yellow, and pink roses in God's Garden; however, 'BLUE ROSES' are very rare and should be appreciated for their beauty and distinctiveness. You see, Denny is a Blue Rose and if someone doesn't stop and smell that rose with their heart and touch that rose with their kindness, then they've missed a blessing from God."

May I suggest, the next time you see a BLUE ROSE, take the time to smile.

What a difference a moment can mean to that person or their family.

Always remember, BLUE ROSES are beautiful, special and rare...

If anyone know the author of this lovely and inspiring story, please let us know so we can give them the credit due for such an inspiring piece.

