

I skipped, feeling my feet cold from the December chill. My mom bellowed out from the kitchen, "Honey, a letter from grandma." I instantly raced around. It said, *To Grace*. I turned it around, looking at the sealed creases, my mind blank as I cautiously ripped the sharp edges. My eyes peered the note nestled in the perfect package. I laced my fingers around the note and pulled. I wisely unfastened it. Words appeared on the page as I smiled. The note pronounced, Dear grace, Happy Birthday! I wish you could be here with me, but I must wait till summer. London is grand here but not as grand as you! Till we meet again, Love Rosie.

The sun sliced through my eyes as I walked up to the small cottage. It had been a year since I had seen my Rosie. "My little Gracie she!" she pronounced. We gave each other a deepened hug. Her periwinkle eyes swept through mine. We laughed and talked all afternoon. After dinner, we went outside. The midnight sky sparkled across our skin. "You're all grown up," she said with a sad smile. "I'm only twelve," I replied. "I want to show you something." She tugged me to her little shed. As she pulled down a white envelope my mom shouted, "Sweetie it's time to go!" Rosie looked at me as she said, "Well, maybe another time then." I nodded as we raced back. "You promise to write me every day?" she asked. "I promise," I said. Then she closed the door and I looked back, not knowing it was the last special place with Rosie.

I had written to Rosie every day until her she sent me her last letter on June 23. I was fourteen when I found a note on my bed. It uttered, Dear, Grace, I want you to know I love you so very much! Every time I look at my hands, I see your hands positioned on mine. I ponder my life thinking of what you would be without me one day. I know you'll plant seeds of love. The next visit I have with you I want to show you something. Till we meet again, Love Rosie. That night my mother said that Rosie had passed away.

A couple years passed, and I was traveling to college! Tears pricked my mother and fathers' eyes as they said goodbye to me. I slid out of a hug. I then bounced to my dorm. I peered around as I focused on something. I saw a

dusty pink letter settled behind a boo. I fastened my hands around it is taking it out. I peered at the letter taking in the words from my grandma a second time. I breathed, silently sobbing. I then realized that Rosie was going to give me something. I jumped as I declared, "Rosie can't give it to me."

"I'm going to London!" I shout to myself. I flew to London and my hands stuck to the wheel of the rental car. The house came in view. I slowly stepped out of the car. I looked up at the simple house and hesitated and then lunged toward the door. The door swung open as bland colors swarm around my face. I raced toward the back and then turned motionless from what was in front of me.

I stepped out onto the lawn. The grass felt cool and comforting between my bare feet. The interesting flowers grew frantically all over. It was the resting place of butterflies. I lunged to a little spring of water the once sleeping butterflies twirled all around me. Sprouting around a tree was blood red roses. My eyes fell onto a little shed. My brain instantly clicked into a memory and fell out. I remember Rosie taking down a white envelope but saving it for another time. I dived to the shed opening the squeaky door. my eyes pounced around the small room I darted discovering a box that said for Grace on it. "Ah Ha!" I drew the box down uncovering the delicate flaps, my eyes widening of what was inside. Nothing.

I walked back inside slamming the front door. I stride toward my car but get stopped by a lady that was putting up a sign. It said, **for sale**.

I gritted my teeth. "They can't sell this house!" I scream to her. "They can ma'am," said the lady in a snarky voice. I calm as I say, "Why is it going to be sold?" "The person who was living there died. But she was going to get evicted anyways. "Well, if you want to save it, you must raise a thousand dollars by Friday. I gathered my strength and said, "I will give you the thousand dollars." "How?" she asked me. I will plant seeds of love. She raised one eyebrow as she walked away.

I went back to the shed still feeling that emptiness heavy in the room. A great idea was stirring in my mind. I would plant baby roses in little pots and then sell them. "I have two weeks," I say. Very day the water trickled down and the sun poured on the plants. It was Thursday and time to sell.

I set up the petite stand in the yard. I then noticed a family that seemed stressed. I went over to the sour clan. "Hello," I start. "Hi," the mom says in annoyance. A baby was in a frenzy while a young girl was tugging on her dress. I leaned over to the dimple cheeked baby. She looks up. "What's wrong?" I ask in a sweet voice. The baby pouts. I look over and grab a small

rose. I hand it to her as she smiles. I say, "What's one little flower going to do?" The mom tilts her head in thankfulness. Then she walks away. I notice that several people that day seemed stressed. I simply walk over, say hi, then give them a rose. Kindness arose in my heart each time I provided them with the flower. Their heart relaxed to say thank you and then walk away. I went back to the stand to see no more roses.

"What am I going to do"! I scream. I lunge backward in worry. As soon as I do, I see all the people I gave the flower to standing as one. "what is all this"? I ask. "we were all having a bad day and you were the one who cheered us up, a lady stated. "We want to give back to you, so we are giving you the thousand dollars." My mouth dropped and I cried, "Thank you so much, But how did you all know about this?" "Them," she said while pointing. I turned to see my mother and father. I ran to them swooping my arms around. We laughed as we pulled away in tears I said, "why- how- I- ". "Shhh," she whispers kindly. We walked to Rose's house. My mother invited all the people inside as we went to the garden. Everyone's eyes were in shock from the amazement. My mother handed me a note as she said, "This was from Rosie".

Dearest Grace, I have always wanted to share this with you. I know my time with you will come to an end. I tried to tell you when you were young, but the time always slid. If you are reading this then you already know what I wanted to show you. You have already seen it. I am giving you this garden, to share my love with world. Till we meet again, Love Rosie.