

"The Beautiful Daisies"

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June 22, 1993

Today is June 22, 1993. The Shasta daisies are about ready to bloom in my garden. I should put that in the plural form and say gardens. I have daisies in many gardens: along the fence in my back yard, in the herb garden, in the garden in the middle of my circle drive, in front of the guest house, along the fence by the parking lot of the fish farm. They are certainly one of my very favorite flowers. My mother taught me to love them.

Mother always told us about the beautiful daisies she had at her wedding in June of 1931. She said that she went into the fields and picked bushel baskets of daisies to decorate the church. Her descriptions made it all sound so wonderful and romantic. Whenever I see daisies, wild daisies in the fields or big Shasta daisies in groomed gardens, I think of Mother's descriptions.

For birthdays, as get well gifts, for Mother's Day, as "just Thinking of You" occasions, Mother would receive daisies from her children and grandchildren. She had a quilt with daisies and dishes with daisies on them. Daisies are such a happy flower with the lovely white petals and bright golden center atop the lacy leaves on tall stems.

Many times I have sent daisy bouquets to my friends and they are so pleased. When I tell the florist to arrange three to five dozen daisies for a bouquet, I will invariably be asked, "What would you like to go with them?"

My response is always, "Just a note".

Mother had beautiful bouquets of daisies at her funeral in February 1990. People remembered. Her maid of honor from her wedding attended the funeral and I was elated to finally meet her after all these years. Mother had always referred to her as O'Shea, her maiden name, and her former college roommate from Kalamazoo Teacher's College.



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Photo Caption: Alex and Rachel Liberacki's wedding portrait, 1931

I approached O'Shea just before the funeral mass and said, "O'Shea, I am so pleased to meet you. You have always been such a good friend to my mother. She often told us of the beautiful daisies she had at her wedding. Do you remember them?"

O'Shea's response to me was, "Do I remember them? Yes, very vividly. Your mother thought they were so beautiful. She picked them in the fields. I personally thought they were weeds." She then patted my hand, looked into my eyes, and gave me a big smile.

Yes, they were very good friends. Only very good friends could agree to disagree on such an important matter and remain in contact over these many long years.

Each time I see a daisy, I still think of mother and her love for them. Since meeting O'Shea at the funeral, I also think of this wonderful friendship — and I smile.

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