

美國送來的 紅玫瑰

網絡上流傳着這樣的一個故事……
故事始於一束玫瑰、一個愛玫瑰的
妻子，和一個細心的丈夫。
每年情人節，妻子都會收到丈夫送
的一束紅玫瑰，今年也不例外。然而她
知道，這是最後的一束玫瑰。她永遠再
沒有機會和天國的丈夫見面……

Red roses were her favorites, her name was also Rose.
And every year her husband sent them, tied with pretty bows.
The year he died, the roses were delivered to her door. The card said, "Be my Valentine", like all the years before.
Each year he sent her roses, and the note would always say, "I love you even more this year, than last year on this day. My love for you will always grow, with every passing year."
She knew this was the last time that the roses would appear.
She thought, he ordered roses in advance before this day. Her loving husband did not know, that he would pass away.
He always liked to do things early way before the time. Then, if he got too busy, everything would work out fine.
She trimmed the stems, and placed them in a very special vase. Then, sat the vase beside the portrait of his smiling face.
She would sit for hours, in her husband's favorite chair. While staring at his picture, and the roses sitting there.

A year went by, and it was hard to live without her mate. With loneliness and solitude, that had become her fate.
Then, the very hour, as on Valentines before, the doorbell rang, and there were roses, sitting by her door.
She brought the roses in, and then just looked at them in shock. Then, went to get the telephone, to call the florist shop.

The owner answered, and she asked him, if he would explain, why would someone do this to her, causing her such pain?

"I know your husband passed away, more than a year ago," The owner said, "I knew you'd call, and you would want to know. The flowers you received today, were paid for in advance. Your husband always planned ahead, he left nothing to chance. There is a standing order, that I have on file down here. And he has paid, well in advance, you'll get them every year. There also is another thing, that I think you should know. He wrote a special little card...he did this years ago. Then, should ever I find out that he's no longer here, that's the card...that should be sent to you the following year."

She thanked him and hung up the phone, her tears now flowing hard. Her fingers shaking, as she slowly reached to get the card.

Inside the card, she saw that he had written her a note. Then, as she stared in total silence, this is what he wrote...

"Hello my love, I know it's been a year since I've been gone, I hope it hasn't been too hard for you to overcome. I know it must be lonely, and the pain is very real. For if it was the other way, I know how I would feel.

The love we shared made everything so beautiful in life. I loved you more than words can say, you were the perfect wife. You were my friend and lover, you fulfilled my every need. I know it's only been a year, but please try not to grieve.

I want you to be happy, even when you shed your tears. That is why the roses will be sent to you for years. When you get these roses, think of all the happiness, that we had together, and how both of us were blessed.

I have always loved you and I know I always will. But, my love, you must go on, you have some living still. Please...try to find happiness, while living out your days.

I know it is not easy, but I hope you find some ways. The roses will come every year, and they will only stop, when your door's not answered, when the florist stops to knock. He will come five times that day, in case you have gone out. But after his last visit, he will know without a doubt, to take the roses to the place, where I've instructed him, and place the roses where we are, together once again." ❀