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QUEENIE AND THE PETUNIAS

By Irvin L. Rozier

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This is story number 33 (out of 50) from my book, My Walk with the Lord, published Nov 03.

Matthew 5.4 "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

A few weeks after Mama died (Jan 01), a beautiful golden retriever showed up at my house. She had obviously belonged to someone but my brother-in-law, Joe, who lives nearby, and I had no inkling to whom she belonged. Obvious, too, was her impending motherhood. This dog was the kindest and sweetest natured dog that I have ever seen. Her personality reminded me of Mama. I named her Queenie because she looked like royalty.

She was a neighborhood dog. Queenie would make the rounds every day to visit with the neighbors and get her treats. Mrs. Kelly, who I wrote about earlier, especially liked Queenie.

Soon she had eight beautiful puppies. After they were weaned, we had no trouble finding homes for these lovely pups, half lab and half golden retriever. My nephew kept one and named him Cocoa.

On May 20, 03, I had taken Cocoa and Queenie on their morning run. I would drive the golfcart and they would have a ball running, chasing squirrels and birds. That morning, Queenie even chased up a wild turkey. We came back, and I was talking to my sister, Joanne, when we saw a truck come by and heard a loud thump. Normally, Queenie didn't chase vehicles, but she ran right in front of that truck and was killed. I buried her and placed a little white cross over the grave and wrote on it, "Queenie, May 20, 03; Sent from God."

Queenie appeared right after Mama died, and I believe that was one of the many ways God comforted us in our time of grief. When Shirley, my sister, and Joe saw the date on the cross, Joe said "Today, May 20 would have been my Daddy's birthday. He died in 1970." Shirley said, "Today, May 20, in 1986, was the day Granny Winn (Mama's mama) died." Queenie's grave site will soon have beautiful flowers growing on it. I'm asking God to let them grow in the memory of what Queenie meant to us.

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About the same time Queenie showed up, I noticed some flowers blooming around my electricity pole. I took a closer look as I had not planted any flowers there, and it was unusual to see greenery in late January. In early February, they bloomed again. They were petunias, one of Mama's favorite flowers. Despite the cold and the frost, they continued to bloom. Now, over two years after Mama died, I have them growing everywhere. Mama planted many seeds in her lifetime. I believe that this was God's way of expressing His comfort to us over the loss of Mama. It also showed and reflected the beauty of her life.

James 1.17 "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Irvin L. Rozier, Captain (Ret), US Army still serving as a soldier in God's Army

My book is listed with amazon, barnesandnoble, booksamillion

preacher, author, retired CPT, US Army

A Bad Hairdresser Day

By David Leonhardt

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by: **David Leonhardt**

"Hey everybody!" Hairdresser Lady called out. "It's The Happy Guy."

"Don't try buttering me up, Hairdresser Lady," I warned. "It's not going to work."

"What's not going to work?" she demanded.

"You can't cover up your gross incompetence with a 'Hey everybody' cheer."

"Gross incompetence?"

"That's right. Just look at my head. Go ahead, take a real close look."

"Why, it's a family of sparrows. What a lovely nest," she grinned.

"No, over here."

"My, my. If it isn't a bald spot," she giggled. "Should I give it a shine?"

"That's just what I mean, Hairdresser Lady. Ever since I've been coming to you this past couple years, I've been losing hair. What have you been doing to it?"

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"Er, nothing. Just a little growth formula."

"Growth?!? My hair isn't growing. It's falling out."

"The growth formula is not for your hair, silly. It's for your scalp," Hairdresser Lady responded.

"Growth formula for my scalp?"

"To make you look taller," Hairdresser Lady explained. "You do look kind of short, you know."

"How will growth formula on my scalp make me look taller?"

"Just look in the mirror. Already your head is starting to stick up out of your hair," Hairdresser Lady pointed out. "You look taller already."

She was right. I did look taller. "That stuff really works?"

"It works wonders on my petunias," Hairdresser Lady asserted.

Saaaaay, wait a minute. That's not a growing scalp. That's a receding hairline! "I don't believe it. You

are NOT putting growth formula on my scalp. I am just losing my hair."

By this time, Hairdresser Lady was rolling on the floor with laughter. And I still had no idea what she was doing to make my hair fall out.

"I'll bet this is a secret trick to reduce your workload. The more hair falls out, the less you have to cut."

"Less hair to cut, but more face to wash," she chirped as she dunked my head under water. Deep under water. "Actually, you don't look too bad. Your hair is just getting thin here and there, and you have a lot more vacant real estate above your eyes. But most of your hair is clinging on...for now."

It was that last "for now" that sent shivers down my spine. Already I could see how much hair I had lost since she became my hairdresser. What diabolical anti-hair plot could she be preparing to unleash upon my head? I feared all my questions would soon be answered when she brought a new tray to the counter in front of me.

"What's all that stuff? I demanded.

"These are your new hairdressing supplies: tar, a very large black brush, and a cheese grater," she smiled as she opened the tar lid.

"What's in that?" I was panicking.

"Don't worry," Hairdresser Lady whispered. "Nobody will know that it's not really...hair."

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I lunged toward the exit. As the door swung closed behind me, I heard her call out, "Don't you even want to know what the cheese grater is for?"

Looking back, the whole situation seems ludicrous. My hair was not falling out because of Hairdresser Lady. It was falling out because of middle age. After all, they didn't have hairdressers in the Middle Ages.

Yesterday, my wife asked me when I last got my hair cut. I told her it had been a while. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," she puzzled. "Your hair seems to be growing quite long."

I think I shocked her when I began jumping up and down, shouting, "Yes. It works. Yes. Yes. Yes. No more hairdressers! No miracle petunias! No growing scalps!"

Still, every now and then, I wonder — just what was the cheese grater for.

The author is David Leonhardt. Sign up for his weekly satire column up at

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