

**Virginia May (Baird) Maynard**

The day  
June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1991  
Spring flowers are in full bloom  
And mother passed away

Her children were her life

She was a master of the flowers  
Developing the most beautiful gardens

Her special touch  
Cultivated the natural beauty  
Of each setting

Loving, caring hands  
And a perceptive eye  
Saw only the true potential  
Of each bud

In return, each plant  
Bearing its beautiful blossom  
And greenery  
Gave her immense satisfaction  
And pleasure

In her garden  
She raised three special flowers  
Each unique in their own way.

To each she gave  
A passionate love  
And care  
Which demanded consummate skill  
And patience  
Until their late bloom

In each blossom  
She found special beauty  
And the essence of life

In their prime  
Each blossom spread its seeds  
And bore fruit  
Each of equal beauty  
In her eyes

Of this she found  
Special gratification  
For her life's work

As each flowering season ends  
Does hers

Leaving the fruit  
Of her lifetime effort  
To spread her special love  
And beauty to the world

With honor and love  
This responsibility is born

And with each new springs first blossom  
Her special love will be remembered  
Cherished  
And reflected upon the earth

We love you mom

James Gregory Maynard - 1991

