

2006 Children's Essay Contest

Young rose lovers once again answered the call to express their admiration for America's floral emblem in words and art. Blue ribbon winners in each of two age groups will receive rosebushes, with honorable mention winners receiving a special gift from the American Rose Center Gift Shop. For information on how to enter the 2007 Essay Contest, see page 26.



Roses — A Sacred Treasure for All

by Saiema Alam, Age 12
Vistal, NY



“Americans have always loved the flowers with which God decorates our land. More often than any other flower, we hold the rose dear as the symbol of life and love and devotion, of beauty and eternity,” wrote Ronald Regan in 1986, on the law that officially declared the rose as the national flower of the United States of America. Indeed, these words are very true and explain much. Ronald Regan, alongside the entire world, had much attestation to prove that roses were a vogue flower.

Roses appeared in our world about 35 million years ago. They were first cultivated in Asia, and have ever since been extremely popular. From commoners to royalty, people have planted roses for ages of ages. They have treasured and loved and respected these symbols of love, peace and friendship. We give red roses to our loved ones, plant them on the graves of our people, and place them on our altars. Many famous, important and well-respected people love roses, and for this, we do too. As the first president, George Washington bred roses. He named many of these flowers after his mother, many of which we still grow today. Roses have always created a wonderful sensation.

Roses bear the weight of being the national flowers for many countries, and being the state flower for many states. Iowa State, New York, North Dakota, and of course the U.S. call the rose its flower, but so do many foreign countries such as Korea and England. Cultures all around the world honor these flowers. The rose is vogue world-wide and many cherish it.

“The American people have long held a special place in their hearts for roses. Let us continue to cherish them, to honor the love and devotion they represent, and to bestow them on all we love just as God has bestowed them on us.” Ronald Regan wrote. For these numerous and various reasons, and many more, the rose is our national flower, our treasure, our love, our token of peace and friendship. Roses welcome the world with their radiance and eternal beauty. We have always embraced these delicate flowers with open arms, and so we shall continue to do for eternity. Roses symbolize love, and loving roses is a deed that we shall continue to act out for eternity.

The Rose and the Marshmallow

by Andrew Grant Zucker
Age 7, Scarsdale, NY



Once there was a red rose who was very hungry so the rose went out for a walk to see what she could find. What she found was a marshmallow in the woods. She ate it all up and went back home. A little girl found her and picked her and she gave the rose to her Mother. When the Mother looked at the rose she asked this little girl “Why is this rose so stuffed?” The little girl explained that she didn’t notice that but it must be that the rose ate a marshmallow.

The Mother thanked the little girl and put the rose in water in a vase. They all went to sleep and when they woke up the next day they went to see the rose. And they got a big surprise...the color of the red rose got mixed up with the white marshmallow and the rose turned pink! That’s how we get different rose — when the people who grow roses mix colors. The end.

**Artwork by author,
unless otherwise noted.**

Why I Love Roses

by Marian Stephanie Isbell, Age 5
San Diego, CA



I like them because they smell good. I have my own rose and its name is 'St. Patrick'. I like it because I go to St. Patrick's Church. It is yellow and my favorite color is yellow. We have other ones in our garden too. I like to look at the roses and look for bugs with my brother. Every day when I go to school before we get in the car we look for bugs.

I like to share my roses. I like to give some to my teachers and my friends when they bloom. We brought pink and red ones for my friend Charlie's mom. We brought a 'St. Patrick' rose for Miss Barb at church. Her favorite color is yellow too.



Nothing Short of the Rose

By Taylor Linnea Massey, Age 12
Durham, NC



Dedicated to Peter Moskonas

God's design, altered by time,
Petals defining beauty, thorn embellishing a perfect crime.
Unfolding perfectly before dropping to the ground,
Withering away, so that more might grow and bound.
What's God's favorite flower you impose?
Why, nothing short of the Rose.

Heaven's mantelpiece is in my backyard,
An Angel's grace sent along with a card.
The simplicity of the Rose is out of our touch,
Is hoping to capture one a little too much?
What thrives to life in Jesus's palm
Wither and dies in my own.

One gift that I wish to be mine,
Something that cannot be bought but wishfully sought,
What is this that makes my own abilities bland?
The grace and purity of a gardener's hands.
Sowing what is so tiny and young,
And hoping it grows as big as the sun.

And this is what I hope for, one day of my years:
To be just like those gardeners I see, bringing forth
something new to the atmosphere.
For they grow the Roses that welcome those to life's bright light
Or dismiss those who have fought the good fight.
So who is fit for this due, which one shall be the one chose?
Why of course, nothing short of the Rose.

Class Awards

AGE 9 & YOUNGER
Beth Adkins' Class
Sutton, WV



Special Recognition:
Katelyn Arnett, Age 6
Robbie Boyce, Age 6
Jeremiah Harris, Age 6
Haley Sartin, Age 6

AGES 10 — 12
Jill Reese's Fifth Grade Class
Henry J. Kaiser School
Oakland, CA



Special Recognition:
Oluwasegun Nalls Agbeti
Ian Alexander
Alexis Carney
Kindness Nwakudu
Nicholas Smith



Art by Liliana Schaefer, Age 5, Laurel, MD

Rose Island

By Grace Ann McCurdy, Age 10
Shreveport, LA



Once upon a time there was an island. Not just any old island. Rose Island. Rose Island was very unique. It isn't on a map. No one knows where it is except the roses that live on it. The water that surrounds it is nice and cold the way roses like it. The weather is always sunny and it rains a couple of times a day. There always is a perfect temperature. It never is dark on Rose Island. There aren't palm trees there but giant roses in soil. There isn't sand just soil. The houses are roofless so sunlight and rain can come through. The rooms are empty besides the mounds of soil for the roses to rest in.

One day Mayor Don Juan announced the Rose Island was going to have the first annual "ROSE-A-PALOOZA". He said that it would be like a street fair. Miss American-Beauty would be there taking and signing pictures. All the shop owners would have a booth selling some of their merchandise. There would be the AROMATHERAPY shop and a lot of other shops there.

All of the buds were very excited. At Pink Peace elementary school the buds couldn't stop talking about "ROSE-A-PALOOZA". Sierra Skye and Minnie Pearl were also talking about it. "I think I might wax my thorns," said Sierra Skye. "Oh, me too." Said Minnie Pearl. Lady Elsie May was the teacher at Pink Peace a very kind and patient woman was also very excited about "ROSE-A-PALOOZA". But, she told the children to stop all the talking and start practicing their lessons.

It was the day of "ROSE-A-PALOOZA" and every rose was excited. Everyone was on their way to the event. When they got there they were in a bit of a thorny situation. It had just rained and the roses were at "ROSE-A-PALOOZA" soaking their roots a bit. Then a group of weeds showed up. Weeds were a rose's greatest fear. They made all the roses terribly thirsty. All of the roses were scared out of their stems. So they all were running



Art by
Sarah Catherine
Zucker
Age 5
Scarsdale, NY

2007 Children's Essay Contest

All children ages 12 and younger may take part in the contest. They may use their own theme, or choose one of these:

- Why the Rose is America's National Flower;
 - Why Roses Are the Symbol of Love, Friendship, Beauty and Peace;
 - Why I Love Roses;
 - Why My Parents or Grandparents Love Roses; or
 - A fictional story about roses.
- Entries may be accompanied by a drawing or painting.
 - Essay should be no more than 400 words.
 - The deadline for submitting entries is June 30, 2007.

Entries must be accompanied by the following information on a separate page: child's name, age, school grade, parent's name, address and parent's phone number or e-mail address for notification of winners. This information must be included on a separate sheet of paper, not on the essay.

Entries should be mailed to:

Children's Essay Contest American Rose Society • P.O. Box 30,000 • Shreveport, LA 71130

A Fictional Story About Love and a Blue Rose

By Ashley Whitaker, Age 11
Knoxville, TN



Dedicated to Bob and Glenda Whitaker

Did the blue rose appear right before our eyes and we didn't even notice it? To find out the answer to this keep on reading...

Once upon a time there was an orphan named Bob Whitaker. His mother had died just recently of cancer. The last day together they had spent at their pond with a picnic. She had enjoyed looking at her favorite roses there with him. While they were eating she told him that if something happens to her he should take one of her rose buds with him. She told him how to cut the bloom diagonally and how to care for the rose by keeping it watered.

There was also a young man named Dean Hoddnett, who also planted roses. Every year there was a national rose contest. Dean not only entered every year he also won first place every year. Dean was very rich, snobby and spoiled. He had two gardeners who helped him take care of his roses. His mother and father were also champion rose winners.

Bob's rose bush was just starting to bud. Bob found a spare newspaper the previous day and read about the National Rose Contest. He planned to enter. The rose contest was going to be held in Las Vegas, Nevada. He was going to have to transplant his rose bush.

Bob caught a train that afternoon to Nevada. When Bob got to the train station he saw a young and pretty girl about his age sitting on a bench all alone. The girl looked sad and lonely. Bob went over to sit with her. Her started asking her a few questions. Bob found out that she was also an orphan looking for new parents. She was going to Nevada on the same train as him. The girl's name was Glenda Pipkin. Their train arrived 15 minutes late. While they were on the train they each talked about what they had done in their life. A few hours later the train arrived in Las Vegas, Nevada. Bob asked Glenda to come and join him to attend the National Rose Society Contest. Bob registered that night to enter the contest under "The Most Unique Rose" category.

The next morning all the contestants were preparing their roses for the contest. They were getting nervous and feeling the pressure of the big event. Bob was happy to see Glenda join him later in the morning. It made him feel not so alone at the large event.

All of a sudden there was a large cheer that "arose" among the rose contestants. When bob looked up he saw a young man standing at the entrance. He heard others saying: "It's Dean Hoddnett...King of Roses ...He never loses ...I hope he doesn't enter into the same category I did nor I'll lose for sure." Another rosarian said, "I heard that one of his gardeners developed a new rose and he is entering under 'The Most Unique Rose' category. Bob couldn't help but feel more pressure in his stomach, but he became more determined than ever because of what he was doing for his mother.

The judges began reading off the various winners of different categories. Dean Hodnett kept winning every category. The judges finally called the winner of "The Most Unique Rose" category. Bob's heart sank as he heard Dean's name being called out. But the Judge was suddenly interrupted by another judge who whispered something into his ear. "I am sorry but the winner of this category goes to Bob Whitaker and his special blue rose."

Glenda and Bob began jumping up and down and shouting for joy. Bob suddenly remembered Dean and shook hands with him. Glenda walked over to Dean He looked upon her admiringly. Glenda instantly liked Dean very much. Dean asked Glenda if she wanted to come and live with him in his mansion. Glenda immediately said "Yes!" Bob looked at Glenda sadly. Glenda whispered something into Dean's ear and he nodded. Glenda came over to Bob and asked if he also wanted to live with Dean. Bob also said "Yes!"

It's been around 30 years since that fateful day. Bob married Glenda and they had three kids named Glenda, Lee, and Mary. They also have eight grandchildren. In fact, I'm one of them.

So now you know the story of the blue rose and love. The end.



Honorable Mentions

Morgan Espenship, Age 11, Tigard, OR • Liliana Schaefer, Age 5, Laurel, MD
Sarah Catherine Zucker, Age, Scarsdale, NY

