

Renewing the Seed

Flowers of a variety of colors and histories brighten our lives each summer as we enjoy the beauty of the grounds surrounding our house in northern Wisconsin.

This year one lone sunflower appeared and was designated “a volunteer”; a plant or flower appearing without human planning or planting. This special flower grew close to the house and attracted attention with its large, golden head as we awaited the maturing of its seeds.

Suddenly, one early morning this beautiful flower face was gone leaving only a green forlorn looking stem, fading into the other greens with the loss of the life giving yellow that made it distinctive and a joy to behold.

What had happened? Who would be so bold, so pernicious to destroy beauty and the hope of a maturing flower? The culprit was soon discovered with stories of a squirrel seen nibbling on the pedals and evidence clear on the stem of the gnawing that had severed the plant’s flowering head.



An emptiness filled me as I gazed at the green remains and remembered the joy brought by the bright yellow flower, now mangled in the dirt below. The seeds were gone, not given time to mature, and this plant’s promise of regeneration and the possibility of giving new life was no longer attainable.

Hope of another flower could come only from another mysterious “volunteer” seed finding its way to our garden. Life could come from other seeds, other plants still untouched and left to grow and mature, generously producing seeds to continue the circle of life.

The picture of this flower, its lively color of promise and its tragic end, came to my thoughts as I watched a film presentation of young women caught in the web of human trafficking and forced into prostitution as sex slaves. I watched the bright faces of young girls, hopeful and trusting, as they were led to believe they were going to a new country to find work that would enhance their lives and bring fulfillment to their dreams. I saw the green stem bereft of its brightness and hope in the destruction of the flower as I watched the faces and

heard the stories of these women, now robbed of their dignity and filled with a sense of desolation as they struggled to put together lives shattered by their experiences of slavery.

Where will hope and new life be found for them and for so many thousands who are now experiencing lives destroyed through the horror of human trafficking so prevalent in our world today.

Called by our faith in a loving, compassionate God, we are the seed bearers of hope through our becoming informed and taking actions in whatever way possible to eliminate human trafficking in our world. We are the ones who can protect the maturing flower of young lives and bring new life to

those persons struggling to recover from a devastating experience of being a victim of human trafficking.

How will you and I be a “volunteer” seed bringing unexpected beauty and delight to the gardens of others lives?

