

My beautiful sunflower



Songs, like flowers, often grow from a small seed,
says **Bryn Haworth**

My wife loves to garden. She can spend hours out there and lately, since she's taken to gardening with her iPod, I even saw her dancing with the fork! It was a lovely sight. She's planting seeds at the moment and will nurture them and watch them grow, and then plant them outside so we can enjoy them.

I don't 'get' gardening. I appreciate it looking lovely and like to feed the birds and help mow the lawn, but I'd rather sit in it than work in it. I prefer Hoovering or washing-up to messing around in the garden. Maybe I just don't want to break my nails? I do like to write songs though; but where do they come from and how do they grow? Let me tell you the story of a song I wrote called *Sunflowers*.

Two birthdays ago (I won't mention which), I got a camera, and the next morning I went out into the garden looking for something to photograph. I started with a few flowers, but then I couldn't help but notice this tall sunflower at the back of the garden. It was looking so gorgeous that I had to shoot it. I got a mini step ladder, so that I could get really close and spent over an hour taking photos. I felt like the paparazzi going after one of those celebrity girls on the front of supermarket magazines.

Eventually, I got one really good shot of her and printed it out and stuck it on the fridge. She looked beautiful. Next day I thought "let's see if I can get a better one", so I went out and took lots more shots, but she had changed and the light wasn't as good, so I couldn't better the previous day's picture, but I kept my eye on her.

That weekend I was contacted independently by two American friends who I used to be in a band with back in the early 70s. They both mentioned how they thought those days were the best they'd ever had, despite them having had very successful careers since, and I had to agree with them that they were great

times, but it got me thinking, and the seed of an idea for a song started to grow.

As the summer months went by, the sunflower, battered and torn by weather and age, lost her youthful glory and started to look rather sad, but I could see that her big heart was still strong and that she was about to drop all her wonderful seeds to the ground.

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The events of that summer made me reflect on my own life and how short my time on earth is. Youth is beautiful and should be celebrated, but I wouldn't want to 'live' there. New memories are made each day and the storms of life have only made me more appreciative of the incredible gift of life God has given each of us. "This

is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it" (Psalm 118:24).

Just as sunflowers turn their heads to follow the sun – their source of life throughout each day, I pray that the Holy Spirit will help us to live well by looking to Jesus, our source, and hopefully our lives may leave some good seeds behind that others will nurture and cause to grow into tall 'Son'flowers.

Oh, by the way, I sat down and wrote these ideas out as a poem and then decided what kind of melody and rhythm to put the words to, and out of the soil of these ordinary, everyday events grew a song called *Sunflowers*.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go and dance with my wife in the garden. ■

* Bryn Haworth is a guitarist, singer/song writer and worship leader.

His new CD *One Way Ticket* is available September 2010 from www.brynhaworth.com

