

The Yellow Rose:

A Black & White Story

Once, there was a *black boy* who lived with his parents. He wasn't close to his parents, for they were always busy and always working.

While his parents were away, he stayed with his grandmother. He really loved his grandmother and it was because of the constant love she gave him.

Whenever he was at his grandmother's house, he noticed she would always dust off a certain picture of a yellow flower.

"Grandmom, why do you always dust off that picture? What's so special about a yellow flower?" the boy asked.

"It's not just a yellow flower. It's a *yellow rose* and to me it's a symbol of faith and love," his grandmother answered.

She continued and said,

"Faith and love must always be our center."

That was the moment the boy would never forget and when the day that his grandmother passed away, he kept the picture of the *yellow rose* close to his heart.

After a few years have passed, the boy reached the age where he wanted a girlfriend. He was told by his parents to find a girlfriend who is black, not white because black and white shouldn't be together. So, the boy decided he wanted a black girlfriend, until he seen a *white girl* with a *yellow rose* in her hair.

The boy knew that he shouldn't approach her because of what his parents told him, but the *yellow rose* was something he couldn't ignore.

He said to her,

"I really love the flower that's in your hair."

She replied,

"Thank you. It's a *yellow rose*. To me, it's a symbol of faith and love."

The boy couldn't believe what he heard. At that moment he introduced himself.

"My name is Ray. What is your name?"

She replied and said,

"My name is Ann. It's nice to meet you."

Ray and Ann suddenly became close. They shared many moments together: Moments of laughter, of deep

conversation, of missing each other when separated, even cute moments of awkward singing and dancing to music. To them, the relationship they shared seemed so natural and so right, but that wasn't the case for the boy's parents.

"I don't want you to see that white girl anymore!" his mother said.

"You are making a big mistake," his father said.

While understanding where his parents were coming from, Ray still refused to let them influence his feelings for Ann. Yes, Ann is white, but Ray believed that any girl who can see the beauty of a *yellow rose* will always be worthy of his love.

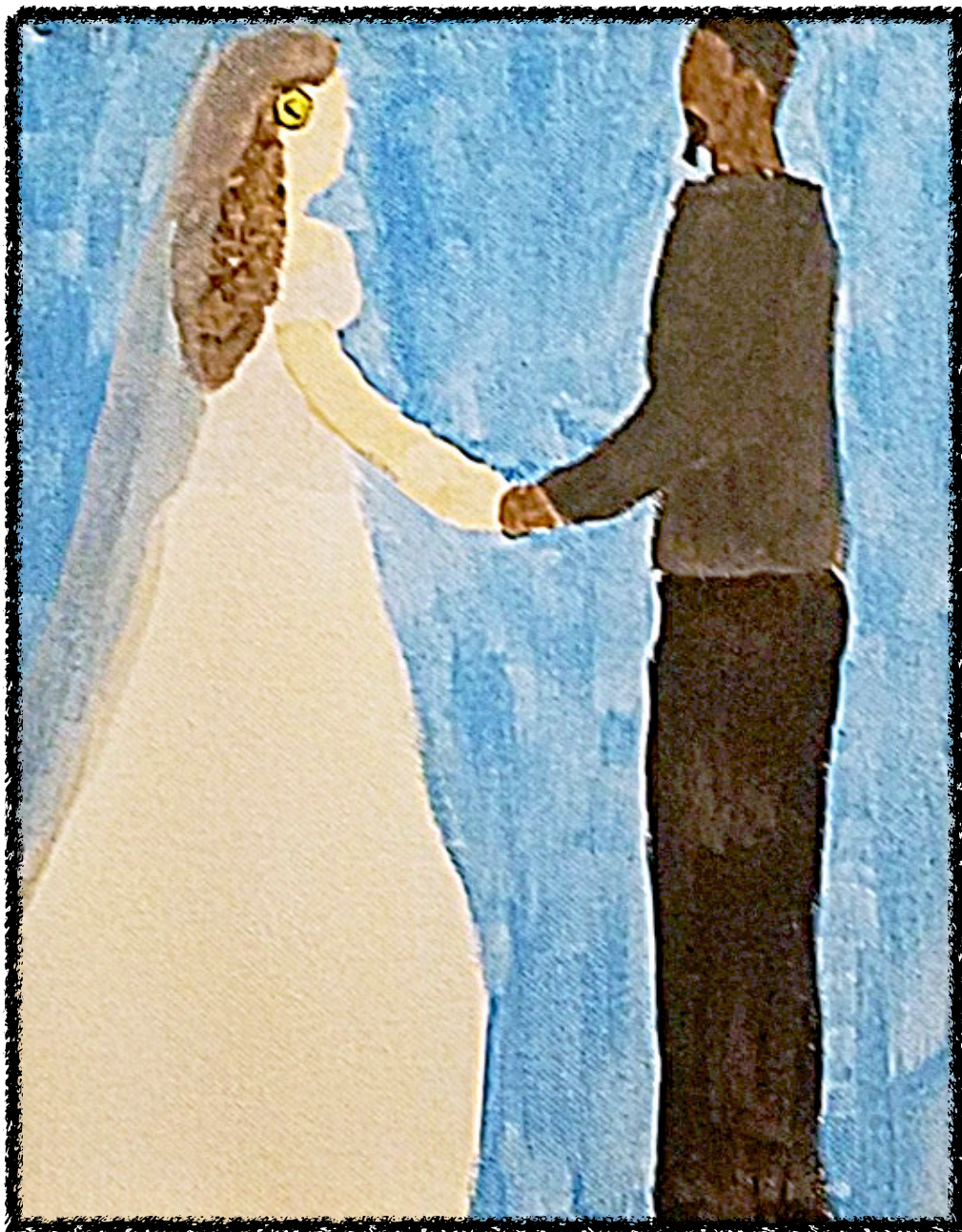
The next time Ray and Ann met, Ray told her about his parents disagreeing with their relationship. Ann also told Ray that her parents disagreed as well.

"We both love our parents, but they just can't see beyond their prejudice. What should we do?" Ann said. Ray looked at her, smiled, then said,

"There's only one thing we can do. We must allow our faith and love to always be our center."

So, in a year's time, Ray and Ann decided to get married. However, their marriage still wouldn't be enough to change the prejudice of their parents, but Ray and Ann continued to pray that their story of *The Yellow Rose* will be the bridge between a *black* and *white* world.

THE END



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