

Thank You for Blooming

For those whose names I almost lost,
whose faces faded into paper and time,
whose lives survive now
in census lines, ship lists,
gravestones, and old photographs—

thank you.

Thank you for crossing mountains
you did not know how to cross.
For boarding ships
when the shoreline behind you
was everything you had ever known.

Thank you for walking roads
that held more questions than answers.
For carrying grief quietly.
For working tired hands
through seasons that asked too much.

When life scattered you
like seeds in a hard wind,
you still chose to take root.

You built homes.
You planted gardens.
You raised children.
You kept faith.
You kept going.

You bloomed where you were planted.

And now I stand here—
part branch,
part blossom,

part answer
to prayers I never heard spoken.

I may never know
all that you endured,
or all that you surrendered
so that someone after you
might have a little more light.

But I know this:

I am here.

And for that,
for every mile,
every sacrifice,
every ordinary act of courage—

thank you for blooming
where you were planted
after life scattered you there.