

爷爷的兰花两年没开

读《春天的花》的时候，我总忍不住翻回写花开等待的那几段。书里有的花被春风一吹就开，有的花要等很久，等雨、等暖、等自己攒够了力气。作者说，等待的花不是懒，是在攒劲。我觉得这一段像是写给我爷爷那盆兰花的。

爷爷爱养花，小院子的矮墙上摆着十几盆。去年春天，爸爸给爷爷带回一盆兰花，几片窄叶子，跟草没什么两样。爷爷把它放在光软和的地方，也不怎么浇水。我问爷爷它什么时候开花。爷爷说兰花慢，今年可能不开。果然，一年过去，它一朵花也没开。墙上的石榴花开过又落，落过又开，那盆兰花还是老样子，只是多了几片新叶子。

我替爷爷难过，甚至觉得这盆兰花根本不会开花。爷爷照旧侍候它：松土，开窗透气，冬天把它搬进屋里。第二年开春，我去爷爷家，他把我叫到墙边，指着兰花叶子的根部。那里有一个米粒大的花苞，尖上带一点红。爷爷说，你看，它开始了。到了四月，那个花苞长高，开出两朵淡粉色的花，不大，但是很干净，凑近了才闻得到一点香。

《春天的花》里写，每朵花有自己的节奏，不能拿快花的标准去量慢花。爷爷的兰花等了快两年，等的日子里它在长叶子、长根、攒力气。第一年不开，不是它不好，是它还没攒够。爷爷懂这个，所以他不催。我以前一段钢琴曲子练不会就发火，数学跟不上就掉眼泪，现在想想，那些时候我也在长叶子。

书里说，等待的花开得也好看。那两朵兰花开的时候，爷爷笑着拍了很多照片。我明白了，等待不是白等，等待是花在长的时候。读这本书，我想起了自己的风信子、自己的向日葵，还有爷爷的兰花。我们都像小苗，安安静静地长，等自己的时间到。

Grandpa's Orchid Waited Two Years

While reading "Flowers of Spring", I kept returning to the passages where the author writes about flowers that wait. Some flowers open as soon as the spring wind arrives, and some wait much longer, waiting for rain, for warm weather, for themselves to grow strong. The author says a waiting flower is not lazy; it is gathering strength. I felt this passage was written about my grandpa's orchid.

My grandpa loves flowers, and a dozen pots line the low wall of his small yard. Last spring my father brought him an orchid. It had a few narrow leaves and looked no different from grass. Grandpa set it where the light came through softly and hardly watered it. I asked when it would bloom. Grandpa said orchids are slow, and this one might not bloom this year. Sure enough, through a whole year it opened nothing. The pomegranate flowers on the wall bloomed and fell and bloomed again, while the orchid stayed as it was, only adding a few new leaves.

I felt sorry for grandpa and even thought this orchid would never bloom. He kept caring for it anyway: loosening the soil, opening the window for air, carrying it

indoors in winter. One day in early spring of the second year, he called me to the wall and pointed at the foot of the orchid leaves. There was a bud the size of a grain of rice, its tip tinged red. Grandpa said, see, it is starting. By April the bud grew tall and opened two pale pink flowers. They were small but clean and elegant, with a light smell you could only catch when you bent close.

"Flowers of Spring" writes that every flower has its own pace, and a slow flower should not be measured by the standard of a fast one. My grandpa's orchid waited nearly two years, and during that waiting it grew leaves, grew roots and stored strength. It did not bloom in the first year not because it was bad but because it had not gathered enough. Grandpa understood, so he never rushed it. I used to get angry when a piano piece would not come to my hands, and cried over slow math. Now I think those were my days of growing leaves.

The book says the flowers that wait bloom beautifully too. When those two orchid flowers opened, grandpa smiled and took many photos. I understand now: waiting is not wasted time; waiting is the time a flower spends growing. This book made me think of my hyacinth, my sunflower and grandpa's orchid. We are all small plants, growing quietly, waiting for our own time to come.