

My dad was a keen gardener and when I was young I used to love helping him in the garden. One of my dad's favourite plants was the Bleeding Heart. One day he told me a story about this plant and whilst telling me the story he dissected the flower to demonstrate the story.

The story of a broken heart...



"There once was a young man who fell dearly in love with a beautiful and wealthy maiden. He made her lavish gifts to try to win her love. Firstly, he gave her a pair of the most luxurious rabbits to keep as pets.



These she took happily, but declared she could not love him. Still, he couldn't bear to give up hope, and he made her another gift of slippers made with the finest silk.

She received the slippers but told the young man her feelings would never change towards him. Desperate, he spent the rest of his small savings to send her the most beautiful pair of earrings he could buy.



The maiden took the earrings, but still refused to marry the young man. Torn, and bereft, the young man knew finally that he had no more to give and so he took his knife and pierced himself through the heart.

The first Bleeding Heart plant sprung from the place where he died."

I now have Bleeding hearts growing in my own garden, What I loved about the story was the way my dad used the flower's anatomy to demonstrate the key moments.

I also liked the tragic ending because it showed the strength of the maiden who knew what she wanted from life and was not prepared to compromise. I could relate to this and still do.

This story is in memory of my dear dad who passed away in 2014.

Here is the story, which I have since found on a few blogs and websites. It originates from Japan, and has been made into a book. On one blog, I found the images above, which will give you an idea of what my dad did when he was reading the story to me.