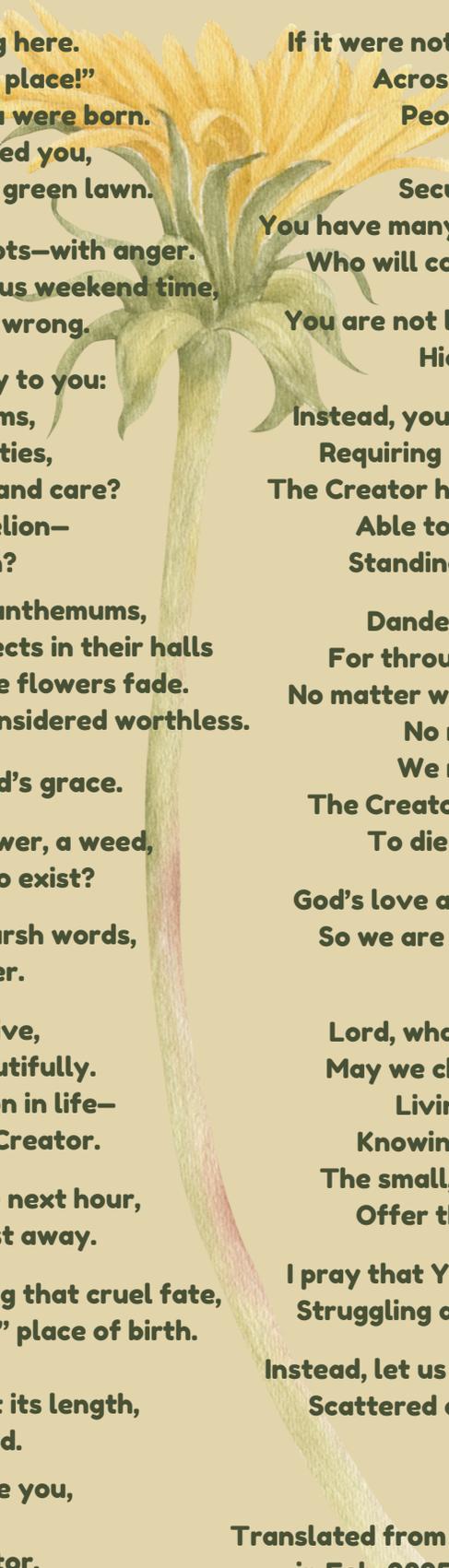


Ode to the Dandelion

by Biho Hong

FOR ALL WHO ARE OPPRESSED



They say, "You don't belong here.
You're growing in the wrong place!"
Yet you had no choice where you were born.
Perhaps a gust of wind carried you,
Dropping you on someone's lush, green lawn.
And so, they pull you up by the roots—with anger.
Cursing you for stealing their precious weekend time,
Though you have done no wrong.
It's an unfathomable mystery to you:
Why are chrysanthemums,
Especially the rare varieties,
Treated with such reverence and care?
While you—a simple dandelion—
Experience such scorn?
They spend money on chrysanthemums,
Displaying them like precious objects in their halls
And replenishing them when the flowers fade.
But you, because you're free, are considered worthless.
It's like how people reject God's grace.
How dare they call you a wildflower, a weed,
And try to deny your right to exist?
You pay no attention to their harsh words,
Their jeers and laughter.
Instead, as long as you live,
You will strive to bloom beautifully.
Because you know your mission in life—
Given to you by your loving Creator.
Maybe tomorrow, or even in the next hour,
You will be uprooted and cast away.
But you don't live in fear, anticipating that cruel fate,
Nor do you lament your "wrongful" place of birth.
For you know that
The true measure of life is not its length,
But how well it is lived.
Though people may despise you,
You have faith that
In the heart of the Creator,
Your place is assured.

If it were not so, He wouldn't scatter your kind
Across every hill and every field.
People may try to erase you,
But you stand firm—
Secure in the knowledge that
You have many brothers, sisters, and descendants,
Who will continue to carry the torch of life.
You are not like the flowers in the greenhouse,
Hiding from wind and rain.
Instead, you have grown hardy and resilient,
Requiring no special care from the world.
The Creator has given you a tenacious life force,
Able to survive in harsh conditions,
Standing strong through the storms.
Dandelion, I salute and honor you.
For through you, the Creator shows me:
No matter who we are or the color of our skin,
No matter how insignificant
We may seem in others' eyes,
The Creator chose to sacrifice His only Son
To die for each of us on the cross.
God's love affirms the value of our existence,
So we are not swayed by others' praise or
condemnation.
Lord, what are we that You care for us?
May we cherish every moment You give,
Living each day fully for You,
Knowing that even the wildflowers,
The small, scattered blooms and grasses,
Offer their sweet fragrance to You.
I pray that You teach us not to waste our time
Struggling and complaining about our worth.
Instead, let us offer ourselves as living sacrifices,
Scattered and blooming wherever we are—
For Your glory.

Translated from Biho's original Mandarin poem (1986)
in Feb. 2025 to celebrate her 80th birthday.

蒲公英頌

美和

獻給所有受壓迫的人們

他們說：「你長錯了地方！」

然而你卻沒有選擇的餘地：

也許一陣風把你送到人們的綠草坪上，
於是，他們狠狠地把你連根拔起。

人們也許詛咒你剝奪他們週末寶貴的時光。

雖然你並沒做什麼錯事。

你實在不懂，與你相似的菊花，寒菊...

他們卻這樣地禮遇及寶愛？！

花錢特意地去買它，供奉在廳堂，
難道只因你是免費的，便遭到如此地輕賤。

正如人們唾棄神白白的恩典。

他們憑什麼說你是野花，是雜草，

硬要把你生存的權利奪去，

你卻全然不介意，他們說些什麼？

只要有朝一日，你仍然活著，

你就拼全力要把你的花開得美好。

因為你知道造你的主給你的使命。

也許明天或下一秒中，你便被連根拔起，

然而你卻不為那等待著你的殘酷命運擔心

也不為你生不逢「地」而自怨自艾，

因為知道生命不在乎長短，乃在乎內容。

人們雖然唾棄你，但你卻相信在造物者的心中，

你仍佔一席之地。否則祂便不會滿山遍野地，

充滿你的族類。

人們也許可以把你除掉，

然而你卻知道，

你還有許多的弟兄姊妹或子孫，
可以前撲後繼地傳遞生命的火把

你不像溫室的花，不怕風吹雨打，

也不需要人們特別的呵護；

造物者給你堅忍的生命力，

可以突破惡劣的環境，

使你堅強的在暴風雨中站立。

蒲公英啊，我歌頌你。

因為由你身上，造物者讓我看見，

不管我們的膚色紅，白，黃，黑，

不管在別人眼光中，我們是多麼的微不足道，

造物者卻不惜犧牲祂的獨生愛子，

為我們在十字架上死了，

這樣的愛，叫我們能夠肯定我們存在的

價值，而不在于他人的毀譽。

主啊！我們算什麼？祢竟顧念我們。

但願我們都能珍惜祢所賜的每一分秒，

紮紮實實地為祢而活，

因為知道野地的花，祢也眷顧

小花小草，也能獻上它們的馨香之氣。

求祢叫我們不再浪費許多時間，

掙扎及抱怨我們存在的價值，

而能將自己獻上當作活祭--為榮耀祢而活。