

From Ken Brown
BrownLinesTM

BLOG & NEWSLETTER

For the love of letters...Calligraphy with a variety of tools.

FLOWERS FOR MY FLORIST.



My sweet friend, BJ, the flower lady, has passed away. She left quietly yesterday, July 5, in Paris, Texas. For every flower she touched and for every soul she endeared herself to for decades, there is an angel with a bouquet awaiting her arrival.

BJ

For many years in our little town,
a lady was known all around.

Her name was Betty Jean, but some of us called her BJ.
Just your average beautiful lady with no pretense of being so.
She had an infectious laugh and frequent smiles
that made visitors who came from miles
feel welcome.

Pure genius was BJ
in building a bouquet.
Where Kirk crossed Third, just behind the Presbyterian Church,
and from the First Christian Church,
diagonally across,
she was the boss
at Flowers by Betty Jean.

In an old two-story house converted for selling flowers
BJ spent countless hours
in her own special ways
fashioning bouquets.
Be it a bud in a vase
or a wreath to grace

a casket, BJ had a special touch everyone loved so much.
When news was heard someone had a joy
or sad dismay,
people would call her to deliver a beautiful bouquet.

I loved visiting her shop.
Often I'd stop just to say hello and enjoy

the fragrant scents that came from buds and blooms
standing on stems in various rooms.
Most were kept in coolers at just the right cold,
waiting to be assembled 'mongst greenery and ribbons to
touch heart and soul.

The years have come and gone in their fleeting way and now,
no more will there be flowers from that gracious lady, BJ.

Yesterday I visited her in a place
where the face of most there wore but a blank stare.
As I approached her, I somehow felt she wouldn't know,
so I knelt beside her wheeled chair and said,
"Hi BJ, I'm Ken. I really miss you."
Though her eyes were hollow and sad, her face brightened with
that BJ smile and she said, *"I miss you too."*
I stayed but a moment and left her a small booklet of poems decorated with
flowers,
hoping in her lonely days she'd recall her happier hours.
It brought a tear to my eye as I walked across the room, then turned to wave
goodbye.
She waved back and, though I don't know if she knew me,
mine was a better day because I stopped to
see BJ.



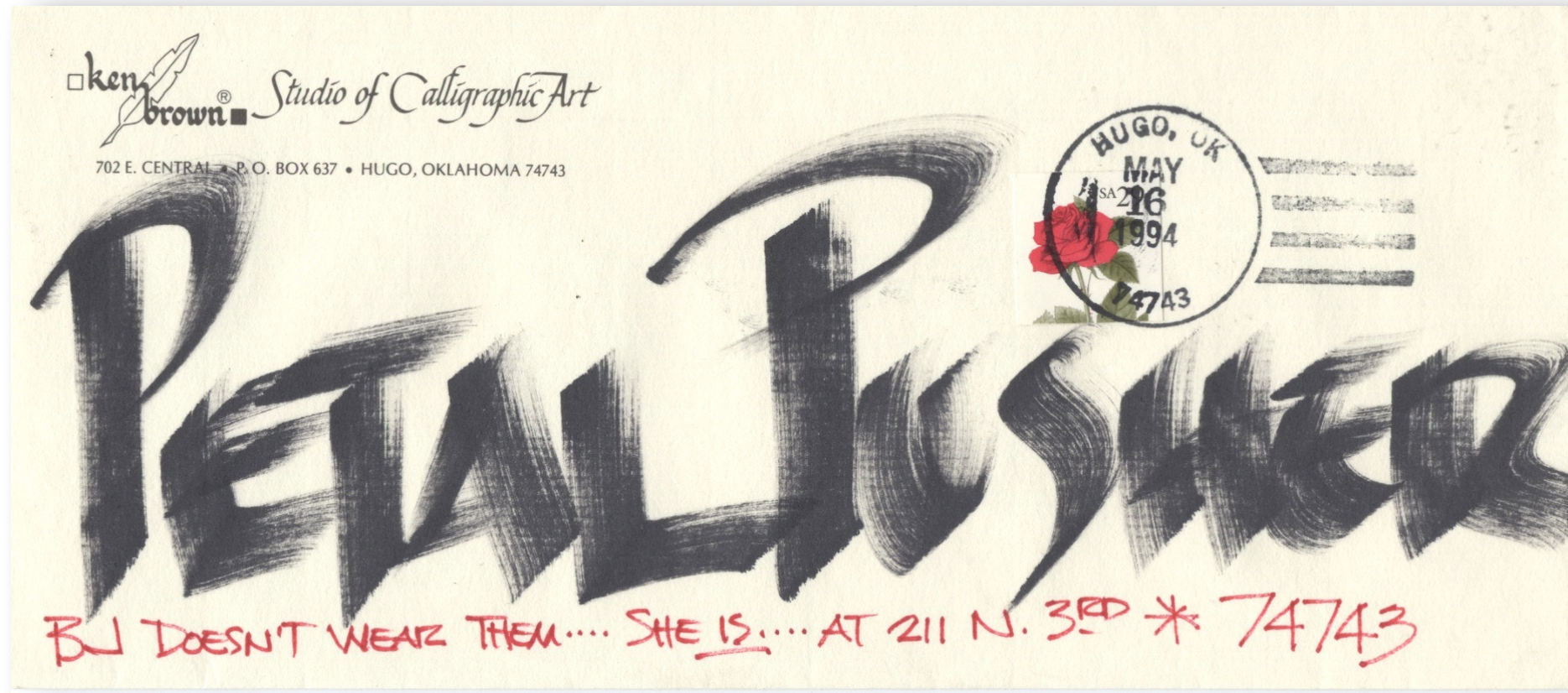
MAY SHE REST IN PEACE
July 6, 2011

From Ken Brown
BrownLines™

BLOG & NEWSLETTER

For the love of letters...Calligraphy with a variety of tools.

ENVELOPES TO MY FLORIST.



From Ken Brown
BrownLinesTM



Calligraphy and the U.S. Postal Service have been part and parcel of so many of my promotional activities. I've sent everything from wooden shutters to boat oars, to claw hammers and golf clubs through the mail...UNWRAPPED...with the

correct amount of postage attached to each item. Often, missives that WERE wrapped or enclosed in an envelope got some special attention with my pen or flat brush. On the following pages are envelopes sent to my favorite florist of all time. Each was dashed off quickly with markers in a most informal style, but to stand out in her mailbox.

She is old enough to be my mother and I remember her from the time I was a small child in our home town of Hugo, Oklahoma. When I first saw her, she impressed me as being a beautiful woman with great charm and grace, and someone you loved to be around.

I'm not sure how long she was a florist but that's how I remember her best. When our business was flourishing in Hugo, after a 14 year beginning in the Dallas area, I used her creativity countless times. Often, when I'd get her monthly statement, I'd send the check in an envelope I knew she would appreciate....and probably save. She did.

Cand'e, her daughter, found several of my crazy envelopes in a box recently and sent them to me for posterity. Some are over 20 years old. What sweet reminiscences they've created for me! Her business has been closed about 4 years but the memories linger of how the lady was so special to me, and countless other individuals and families in good times and sad times.

Wanted you to see them as a reminder how powerful something so simple can be. She and the post office loved to see my unpredictable envelopes and nary a one ever failed to reach her, no matter how brief or obscure the address may have been. Kudos to the postal folks in Hugo!

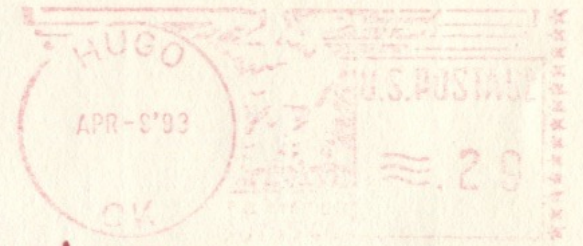
In no particular order, I share them with you here.

-Ken

From Ken Brown
BrownLinesTM

□ ken brown[®] Studio of Calligraphic Art

702 E. CENTRAL • P. O. BOX 637 • HUGO, OKLAHOMA 74743



TO THE LADY WHO MAKES THE WORLD'S BEST

BrownLines

— AT 211 N. 3RD IN ZIP CODE 74743

ken brown®
Studio of Calligraphic Art
P.O. Box 22 • McKinney, TX 75069



THE FABULOUS

SMELLS

WAPTING FROM BEHIND THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH COME FROM A RAINBOW OF ROSES AND
ORCHIDS AND TULIPS AT BETTY JEANS IN HUGO 74743

From Ken Brown
BrownLinesTM

Ken Brown Studio of Calligraphic Art
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To The Lady With
The Prettiest Flowers
211 N. 3RD * HUGO 74743





STUDIO OF CALLIGRAPHIC ART
P.O. Box 22 • McKinney, TX 75070

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... POCKET FULL OF

ROSES

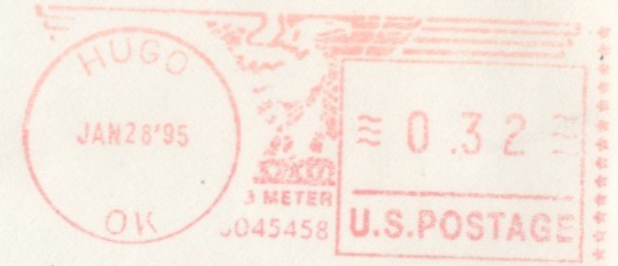
CAN BE FOUND AT FLOWERS BY BETTY JEAN
STILL BLOOMING AT 211 N. 3RD IN HUAO

74743/3821

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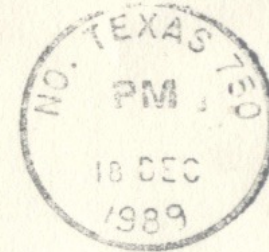
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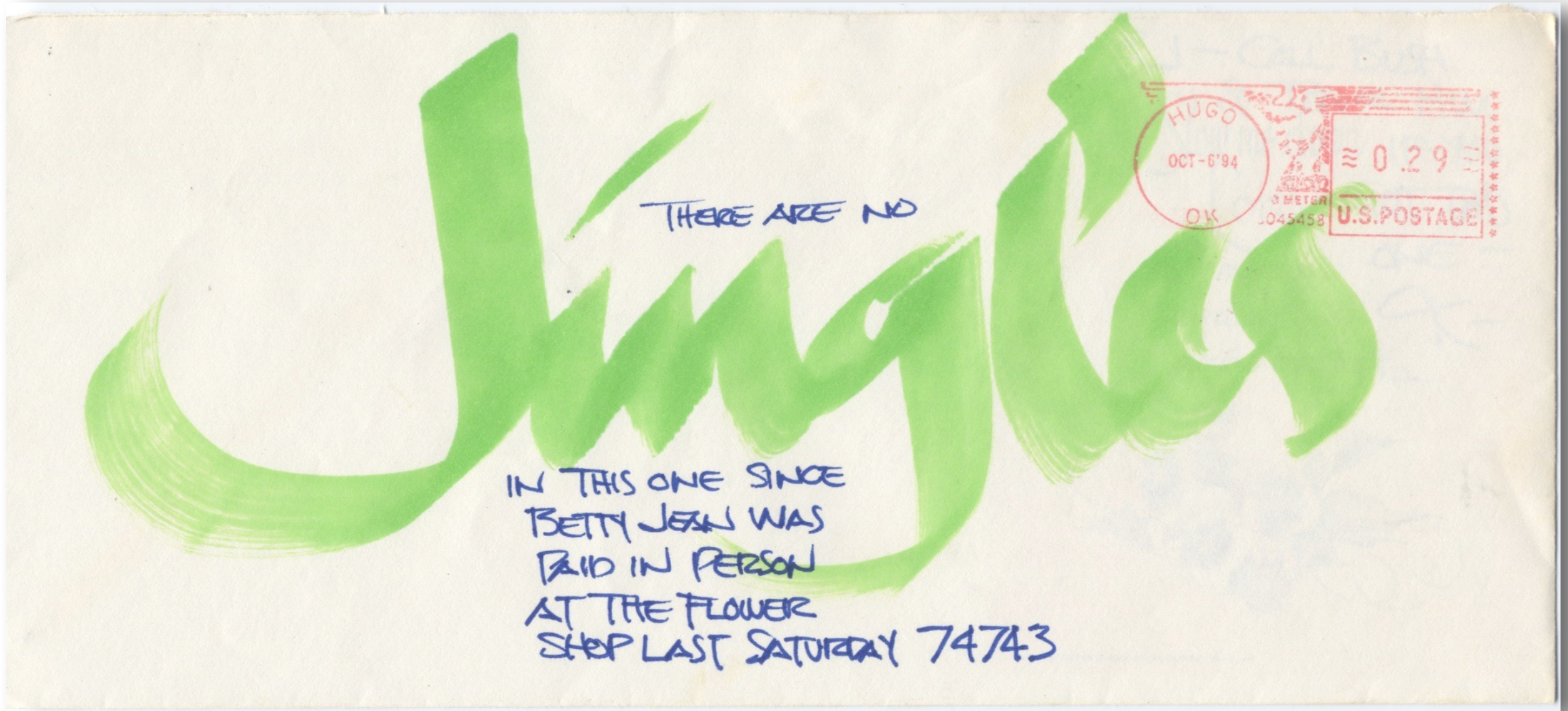
DAZIK
FLOWERS

CAUSE RAIN THAT MAKES BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
GROW AND FIND THEIR WAY TO BETTY JEAN
74743

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Roses are Red
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
GODIVAS ARE WONDERFUL
AND BETTY JEAN IS TOO ELEVEN NORTH THIRD
INS HUGO, OK 74743



ken brown®
Studio of Calligraphic Art

404 "E" McKinney Parkway • P.O. Box 22
McKinney, TX 75069

HUGO
AUG 10 '84
OK
J METER
3045458
0.29
U.S. POSTAGE

PLEASE, PLEASE, DON'T
EAT THE
Daisies

BUT DO GO INHALE THE HEAVENLY AROMAS
WAFTING ALL AROUND 211 N. 3RD * 74743

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B-J SELLS

RETAINS

AND BLOOMS AND STEMS AND LEAVES IT ALL BEAUTIFUL
AT 211 N. THIRD * 74743

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ALL HERZ LOVELY CREATIONS
RISE FROM



DIRT

TO BECOME RAYS OF SUNSHINE BEAMING FROM
211 N. 3RD ST. * 74743

From Ken Brown
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To Betty Jean, whose
flora and fauna cheer the
sad and happy alike.

211 N. 3RD * HUGO, OK 74743

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PAUL SUED



BJ DOESN'T WEAR THEM.... SHE IS.... AT 211 N. 3RD * 74743

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THE
BLOOMER
Lady
211 N. 3RD
74743

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THE STEMS WITH SHARPEST



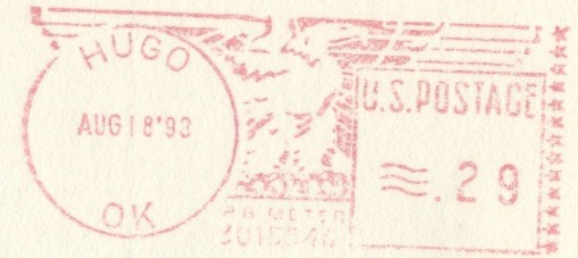
THE
STEMS WITH SHARPEST

OFTEN BEARZ SOFT ROSES FROM BETTY JEAN
74743

From Ken Brown
BrownLinesTM

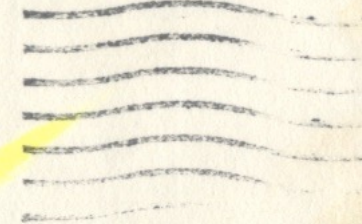
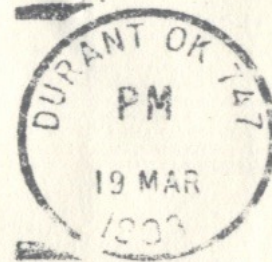
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Flower Lady
211 N. 3rd
74743

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PLEASE DON'T EAT THE

DAYS

OR DAFFODILS, OR DAYLILIES BUT SAY HI TO THE
HYDRANGAS SPROUTING IN THE SPRING AT B-J'S
PLACE BEHIND FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 74743

