

I couldn't decide what I should do for a topic this month so I almost let it go until the weather turned nice. I finally got a chance to get in the garden. The garden has always been my escape at the end of a day or on a weekend. I could always think, review things, dream, plan and just enjoy the outdoors.

When Adam left us, I tried to garden like usual but it didn't work. There was no escape from what had happened. All the thinking, dreaming and planning wasn't working. I sort of gave up on the one thing I loved most.

A few weeks after that awful day, I found a card with a poem that said what I was feeling. I read it and reread it. With the weeds becoming unbearable, I decided to try gardening again. Wow, what a difference when I approached my favorite hobby with a new outlook. I would read that poem every time I needed a boost to remind me that what I once enjoyed could be enjoyed again with new purpose.

My hope is that you will read the lines to this poem and find a new way to enjoy your "garden".

The garden has been my therapy.  
Here among the flowers and the bright fruit,  
When the light is brand new and everything is fresh and wet  
And the leaves are beaded up with dewdrops,  
I work in the household of nature and refresh my spirit.  
It seems to me that every weed I pull is  
A bit of grief I am learning to set aside,  
A tear I've weeded out  
So that good cheer can grow again.

- Jeanne White

Have a Heavenly Mother's Day,  
Barb