

Sherwood

By Marilyn Reeves

Shortly after my second husband Gil and I were married in 1976 his company offered him a promotion, but accepting the new position meant having to transfer from Denver to Dallas. Being a Colorado girl and unaccustomed to living in a humid environment, I found the move to be somewhat traumatic. I'd never been so hot ... nor so cold ... as I was during the time we lived there.

But there was one compensation: a brand new house! It was a modest, three-bedroom, two-bath ranch-style home – which, at nearly \$30,000, was all we could afford at the time. But I had sold my little house in Lakewood and Sullair offered us a generous move-in allowance, so for the first time in my life, I was able to let my inner interior decorator out to play.

I had sky-blue carpeting put in throughout the house, and matching sky-blue drapes hung in the living room and the adjoining dining room. We bought several pieces of new furniture including a beautiful sofa with a woven floral pattern, a nice dining room set with matching china cabinet, and some casual furniture for the third bedroom we used as a den. And for the kitchen, a modern formica table in canary yellow and white, with matching vinyl swivel chairs.

In the corner of the living room, near the brick fireplace, I hung a couple of spider plants in matching sky-blue pots that nestled, one above the other, inside a double-cradle macramé hanger, which I had made myself (back then, macramé was all the rage!).

And in front of the dining room window sat “Sherwood Forest,” so christened by my sister Rosie, who had given it to me, and which had somehow survived the move.

Sherwood wasn't really a very showy plant. In fact, it was a bit ungainly. I think it was actually an outdoor ivy – the kind you see covering the walls of old brick buildings. I was quite fond of it, however, and enjoyed watching it grow. I just hadn't been aware before of exactly *how* it grew.

We all know that plants can move. People who live on farms talk about listening to the corn rustling out in the fields as it grows. And the leaves of house plants will gradually turn toward the sun. But I never expected this ...

One day I was sitting in the living room reading a book when I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. When I looked up, I witnessed something astonishing: one of Sherwood's tendrils was reaching – up, up, up – towards the ceiling and then wrapped itself around the drapery rod, which was a good five feet above the planter.

I was awestruck! I couldn't believe what I was seeing! Then I began to wonder: Can plants *think*? Are they somehow able to *see*? How in the world did that silly old ivy KNOW that drapery rod was up there? It's left me baffled ever since.