

Our Covid Garden

By Cindy Peters

The Pandemic was so confining in the beginning, so our teenage granddaughter, her dad, my husband and I decided to plant a garden. I was told there was a long wait list for a garden spot at Windsor Gardens and none would be available. Our granddaughter Aspine was doing some outdoor volunteer work at a Bethel Lutheran Church on Airport Blvd and Colfax Avenue in Aurora. As we worked with her at that church, we noticed a nice framed-in garden spot by their playground.

We received permission from the church council to use the garden spot. So, the work began as we made several trips to Home Depot to purchase soil, garden tools, garden gloves, fencing, etc. Aspine and her dad had started some chives, jalapeños, various herbs, and mint from seeds that we transplanted into the garden. We also planted cucumbers and hybrid tomatoes. We were able to obtain water from the church parish home next door. We were all first-time gardeners, so we did seek advice from veteran gardeners and from the internet.

We were exhausted as we worked so hard the first day using a hoe, planting, and watering. Just as we arrived home there was a message from Windsor Gardens that a garden spot was now available on the East lawn. Well, it was bad timing as we had already planted, or we probably would have taken it. We did not have the time or energy to operate two gardens. We hope next year to get a garden plot on the west lawn of Windsor Gardens. My husband called our garden the Covid Garden because had it not been for Covid we never would have started a garden. It gave us something to do outdoors and it was a nice ride out in the country to work on the garden.

We were so proud of our little garden. But then the plague hit. First it was the grasshoppers which we had to get rid of. Then it was the rabbits, so we put fencing around the sides of the garden. Then the birds began to eat our ripe tomatoes. So, we put fencing on the top of the garden. Finally, we thought the plague had ended and the garden would survive. However, after all our blood, sweat and tears the garden has only produced a cup of mint and six small ripe tomatoes (two of which the birds had partially eaten). We now only have three small green tomatoes on the vine and time will tell if more will be produced.

After this garden experiment I have huge admiration for my friends, relatives and ancestors who were successful farmers and gardeners. I learned a few things along the way that despite a less than successful garden, I like gardening. I learned that it was quality time with some of my family. It was exciting to see something that we planted begin to grow.

Will we ever plant another garden? Hopefully, we will plant again if a garden spot opens at Windsor West Gardens. In the meantime, happy gardening, and harvest time to my fellow gardeners.