

Topic: Simplicity

Serenity in My Garden  
*by Liz Gibbons*

As the morning sun beats down on me as I pull weeds crowding in on my basil and rosemary plants, I welcome the tranquility that I begin to feel. So that I could arrive here fairly early I had a simple breakfast of fresh mango, raspberries and blackberries. So delicious and so easy to prepare. I had pushed myself to come over to the garden. I was not feeling very energetic and really wanted to relax in my condo. But that is often how I feel. Once I am working in my garden a sense of contentment and renewed energy comes over me. I reflect on how connected I feel to the earth. So much of humanity has lost contact with nature. The simple life of many prior generations who lived in harmony with our earth home is rare in these modern times.

I marvel at nature's abundance. The tomato plants are loaded with small green tomatoes. I anticipate the day when I will be able to bite into their juicy goodness. Not much can beat the taste of a fresh ripe tomato just off the vine. The green beans are in bloom. The pepper plants are budding and one, a variety of pepper I have never grown before called sweet banana because of its pepper's shape and color, has seven nearly ripe peppers. I wonder if they will taste any different than bell peppers. The sprawling zucchini plants are beginning to flower. Radishes beckon to be pulled. Beets, carrots, and cucumbers are developing nicely. I eagerly look to see if some bok choy seeds I had to replant a few days ago have stirred from their dormancy, but so far no shoots appear. I appreciate the bright yellow flowers in all four corners of my neighbor's garden. They add a bright note to my morning, and the very tall sunflowers in another garden send their happy vibes. My hands smooth the soil as I plant a few parsley seeds hoping the heat will not be hard on them.

As I water my garden a yellow butterfly flutters by followed by several bees. I am happy to see some bees. I notice a rabbit resting in the shade cast by my neighbor's garden. S/he lies motionless. I sense the rabbit is okay and is just getting out of the hot sun. S/he eyes me warily. As I water my plants I send a cooling spray in its direction. S/he jumps back a bit but then resumes a restful position in the shade. I ask the rabbit if it was the critter who chewed on one of my pepper plants causing its demise. I get no answer.

I feel very grateful to have a garden plot. It helps keep me centered in these days of chaos and also offers human contact with others with whom I get to chat as they tend their gardens.