Digging Deep with Cynthia Brian
Growing wisdom

By Cynthia Brian

“Never does nature say one thing and wisdom another.”—Juvenal

Excited about the glorious weather at the beginning of May, I spent two days getting out the patio furniture from storage, washing it thoroughly, and adding fresh, comfy pads to the chaises and chairs. My husband power-washed the patio on Mother’s Day as I hung the double hammocks and finished the outdoor decorating in preparation for family barbecues and garden gatherings. My entire landscape had exploded with magnificent blooms of roses, azaleas, rhododendrons, bearded iris, peonies, pelargoniums, sedums and African daisies. The horse chestnut and locust trees were laden with cascades of white flowers while lavender and jasmine scented the air with the fragrance of heaven.

My weather app reported sprinkles on the horizon but Mother Nature had torrential rains planned. As the gray skies opened and the downpours continued, I scrambled to store the furniture, pads and hammocks under our awnings and in the shed, but not before everything, including me, was drenched. Another lesson learned ... we can’t stop the rain ... nor do we want to.

Actually, I am always happy when it rains as my garden gets a big drink of life-giving liquid. In those weeks of warm sunshine, the ground had quickly dried out, making it difficult to weed, to plant, and to dig out my rocks that had been buried in the winter mud. This wet weather provided another opportunity to get my chores done more easily, albeit wearing a semi-waterproof hat and jacket.

The seeds scattered in April never sprouted. I’m not sure if they drowned or were washed away with the copious amounts of rain or if the birds dined on them.

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