

Why Do I Garden? May 1, 2016

I garden to experience the process of growth. I love the feel of rich soil as I spread it around strong roots, then press it against those roots, anchoring them. I love settling plants straight and tall in their pots, and then watering them so that the soil will embrace their roots and dissolve the air pockets trapped around them. I love ridding plants of dead leaves and blossoms, searching for withered vines, branches, and shoots, and then removing them - certain that this will allow the plant to put all of its energy into the production of new leaves and buds.

I love waking each morning and going to see the perkiness of well-fed and watered plants and seeing how they've used the night to prepare for the morning. I love discovering new leaves and buds. During the spring transition period, I love taking my plants out into the morning sun, certain that they will use its rays to make themselves strong and beautiful.

I love that what I do with plants brings me the reward of seeing them unfold their beauty before me. I am a part of their chain of growth. Gardening makes me realize that I am just like those plants: I am fed, watered, pruned, given night-time to self-cultivate and sunny days to nourish me. Like my plants, I flourish under my gardener's care.

