

Grandma's Corner

Gardens Of Love

Well, it's springtime again, and the flowers are starting to bud with all their bright, beautiful colors and sweet fragrance. This is also the time of year when we start refreshing our gardens for the new season. You know, Grandmas have always been the expert gardeners of life. We sow all kinds of seeds during our lifetime and put in all the labor to ensure a good crop. We till the soil for the young ones just coming into the world. We pull out all the weeds and crab grass that's choking the new buds--like that mother who doesn't know when to walk away and not hit that child.

We can always find the right words to say to soothe her and cuddle her while wrapping her in our special love shield. We have that extra special plant food, that's known as Sunday dinner at Mama's house. That's when we sprinkle bits of nurturing wisdom and knowledge about who the family is and what each of us mean to the family. Every now and then we have to use a stick and some twine to hold up a weak stem. But, the more we turn that love soil and nurture with kindness, that stem gets stronger until it can stand on its own. Then the next thing you know, it's growing buds of its own. Then comes the harvest season.

That's when Grandmas can sit back and look at the blossoming garden busting out with new seedlings. Grandchildren playing in the yard. Smell the fragrance of new love in the air from the newly married couple still on their honeymoon one month later. We will teach them to plant their own garden of life. We prune those that are ready to be cut. The grandson going off to college in another town. He doesn't know it, but we put a little extra plant food in his suitcase-- a picture of me holding him and reading the Bible. That will get him every time temptation comes knocking. Well, my work is done until next season. Until then, remember I Love Ya Much.

Grandma