

A pandemic project.

It was early spring 2020, and we were in the local hardware store picking up tools for repairs around the house. On our way to the checkout, you picked up some packets of seeds that caught your eye. "Should we buy them?" You asked me. A vegetable garden was something we had always talked about but never got around to doing.

"Why not?" I replied. It's not like we had anything else to do, and whether we wanted to admit it or not, the promise of growth and new life mended some of the frayed strings in our hearts from seeing so much loss and death in our world.

Several months passed, and the prickly green scent emanating from the plants we seeded worked its way up to our noses and filled our heads with fantasies of vines heavy with tomatoes, broccoli as lush and thick as forests, and pumpkins three times bigger than the ones for sale at the grocery store.

When back to school ads started playing on the radio, and the first leaves began to lose their green colouring, the garden began to resemble a cornucopia of sun-drenched produce. On further inspection, the pumpkins were lumpy, the zucchini stunted, and the beans were withered. It didn't matter to us though. The garden had provided us with normalcy through tough days and tedious months. A means to stop boredom ended up becoming a beacon of light in dark times.

Kate LeRoy



*Im glad your garden brought some peace. Good idea!*