

Happy Gardening

In late winter, every year, Frank (the husband) says, "I think that I'll cut the garden back this year."

I just nod say, "Mmhmm." And think to myself, "Yeah right."

But this past winter he said, "I really mean it."

Same response from me, "Yeah right."

Well he got the garden plowed, and it looked the same size to me—definitely not smaller. He had to wait a few weeks to rototill it. Okay, so now it's rototilled. And guess what? It's still not smaller.

But wait, he has another huge patch back by our barn. It's called a potato patch, and it's ready to go. Nope, it's not smaller either. We have five long rows of potatoes back there. But wait for it— wait for it— there's still lots of room back there. Hmmm!!!

"I know," he says. "I'll plant corn, beets, carrots, green beans, and yams."

I'm thinking, "Boy, I'm glad that we're going smaller. I should have known better when he bought a smaller rototiller. He said the big one whipped him around. Smaller rototiller=space between rows is smaller=more rows=more garden.

Now back to the smaller garden by the house. Yeah right. It has cucumbers, zucchini, tomatoes, pumpkins, brussel sprouts, broccoli, cabbage, peppers, cantaloupe, and onion. How? I don't know about you, but this is not a small garden by any means— So much for cutting back. You see, he doesn't have to freeze, clean or cook any of this stuff. He just eats it. I wonder what next year will bring. I'll let you know next if I get through this year.

'Til next month "happy gardening"

Judy