

THERESA'S COUNTRY GARDEN

100%
Organic

by
Theresa Jones

THERESA'S THOUGHTS

On Love, Life and Gardening



When you're a Gardener you look at the world in a different way to those who *don't* garden. Colours feature hugely. You pay attention to them. For instance, I think of *Home* and immediately I see the *red* front door which greets me and Mum's new *white* car...like the bandage on my leg where I knocked myself...

Gardeners are concerned with appreciating and creating things of beauty. Growing things. You take one thing, like a seed - plant it, look after it and before you know it you have something else. A living, breathing flower or vegetable or, even a tree. So, it's an art form really. With Mother Nature giving you a helping hand, if you work with her.

It was Dad who taught me about gardening. It is what I remember best about him. His garden. When I was little I would help him with the flowers...

Gardens and flowers are beautiful things. And I have come to love beautiful things. Pretty things. Like jewellery. You'll not see me out without my bangles, necklaces and rings. It's like I'm wearing my own garden of colours when I put them on. Always bright colours. Like the hairclips in my hair, or my painted nails and make-up. Making the world that little bit more colourful. That little bit more beautiful.

Gardeners are practical. Of course, if I am gardening or doing anything else which may spoil my treasured bangles... my jewellery goes into a safe box until I'm ready to wear it again! **But being practical is not limited to the garden!** If there is rubbish that needs clearing from the tables, I'm your woman! Got a cough or a sneeze? Here's a tissue! It feels good to you, feels helpful and friendly to others and keeps everyone (in the garden) happy!

Gardening is about using your hands to create things... To make the world more beautiful. So, when I'm not gardening, I like to turn my attention to other creative hobbies. And I make sure that I always have them with me. In a bag. I carry it everywhere **and share them** with anyone who may be interested. In there, you'll find a box of photos. Ones of me, looking happy. A favourite of mine is of me on a swing when I was a girl. In my dad's garden of course! I also have a special cup that I like best. Then there's my sewing. I love to sew! And weave. I draw too – pictures of my house and

teddy bears. And a calendar I made, with pictures of me doing different things throughout the year. Me at the museum... me cooking soup... eating my salad (I like apple in my salad)... me in my green cardigan... me with the spider-plant I grew... and cooking a Christmas cake. Finally, there's December and me all ready for Christmas dinner dressed up in Christmas jumper and brooch. Colourful, see!

If you're a Gardener, you appreciate life and add to it... a bit like the apple in my salad. Making the most of what you have. Really tasting everything. Which now has me thinking about hot chocolate! What a treat that is!

Gardening takes you outside of yourself, takes you outside! I love to walk. Especially by the river. I like to be outside. Like the girl on the swing...

You know that there is more to a garden than flowers and always more to learn. And so, I grow vegetables too. Which of course, means there are lovely chutneys and sauces to make as a surprise to take home to Mum.

There is a way of gardening called, Companion Planting. Companions go together. Support each other however is needed. Just like me and Mum... We have a big television at home and Mum and me like to watch the programme called *Deal or No Deal*. But, before it comes on, I make a cup of tea. Then we watch it together.

I put the kettle on, for Mum and Me. Make us both a cup of tea. One sugar for her. And NO sugar for me...

That's the Deal (Or No Deal!)

Gardening is a celebration of life! Isn't that what the birds in the garden are doing every day when they sing? Celebrating life? I like to listen to music and I love to sing too. Every Friday afternoon. It's singing time. *Ring of Fire* and *Money, Money, Money...* We get together like the birds in the garden. To celebrate all that is good in life.

It was Dad who taught me about gardening. It is what I remember best about him. His garden. When I was little I would help him with the flowers. And now, since he's gone I go with mum to his garden. And we take him flowers...