The Gardener.

The garden was her life. The unfolding seasons as reflected in the changing patterns of what grew and died and returned newborn seemed to her the unfolding of her inner being, parts no longer needed now discarded as outgrown, ever developing in all its glory and becoming ever more stunning in her mind's eye. Each day she would tend some new area, revisit an old; there was never any pattern, but simply as her gaze rested and impulse took her, perhaps as guided by some unseen Hand.





With care and love she gratefully nurtured all the plants, removed weeds, cleared stone wall, seeded, planted, rested and reflected, cleansing and nourishing her soul.



And as the garden grew more beautiful,

so did she……..

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