

In the Winter Garden

by Margaret Gatehouse

Well the shortest day has passed. I'm not sure if you mark that on your calendar, but I do. Even though the weather usually deteriorates after the shortest day has passed, I cheer myself by thinking today there was 2 minutes and 8 seconds more daylight than yesterday.

I think I am a bit like a bee. When I began beekeeping, I learned that bees do not like windy or rainy days and they get tetchy when they're cooped up for too long. That's me! No wonder I like bees.

My garden is sodden. I have been trying to empty a plastic pond at the top of our garden and carefully put the water from that pond, one bucket at a time, into the pond at the bottom of our garden. I have to do it this way, because it is full of tadpoles. I feel a bit like King Sisyphus pushing the boulder up the hill. I empty bucket after bucket into the downhill pond, then it rains and I feel like I must begin again. [<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sisyphus>]



Yes, I know what you're thinking; why didn't you do this earlier? Well I was recently gifted a tree; a beautiful Ginkgo biloba. I wanted to plant it close to the house so that I could enjoy its Autumn colour, and the best and only place was where the pond now resides. The pond sits behind a small hedge so it has never really been enjoyed (except by frogs) where it is.

I will move the pond to where frogs and humans alike can enjoy it, near our "Pavilion Garden". (Actually, this is just a bit of lawn with a market umbrella where we play boules on sunny days, but in my imagination it's very grand.)

I will get that pond emptied; I just have to go faster than the rain. By the time I finish emptying the pond, the days will be approximately 56 minutes longer and by the time poor Colin finishes editing this, the days will be one hour and 52 minutes longer. Sorry Colin!
