

The Gardener

By Adriana Holland

My grandfather was a gardener
He loved that garden more than anything
His garden was his peace, pride, and joy

I loved watching Paw Paw in the garden - it was his happy place
He started by cultivating the ground, then he sowed seeds in love
He watered the dirt every day and then waited for his garden to grow

He was a patient man
As each plant grew he would get more and more excited
He nurtured every plant in some way
Some required more attention and affection
Some grew just fine on their own with an occasional watering
Some required *a lot* of pruning
He loved each plant differently, but equally

Though he was very protective of his garden, pests would try to eat away at the plants and
storms would knock them down
Some plants were damaged from the pests and some did not survive the storm
But he never stopped tending to his garden
That garden was his lifeline

Sometimes he would just sit in his garden to enjoy being in the presence of something that - by
the grace of God and my grandmother - he had created and sustained
He was so very proud of his garden
My grandfather was a gardener
He loved that garden more than anything
His garden was his peace, his pride, and his joy

My grandfather was a gardener
WE are his garden