

# Patricia's Garden

By Sandy Kemsley

The glistening droplet slowly traveled down the cheekbone to the tip of Patricia's chin. The Georgia sun was hot and steamy. One more plant and I'll call it a day, whispered Patricia. Patricia planted another geranium in the antique pot in the corner of the red brick patio. Finished, thought Patricia, as she stood back and admired her handiwork. Gardening gave Patricia much joy. She loved getting her hands into the soil and painting the landscape with hues of reds, pinks and blues.

As she watered her plants tears came to her eyes. Last year at this time Josh was with her. He was running around splashing water all over with the hose. Oh how I wish he were here, I miss that little guy, she thought. Josh was Patricia's grandson. He was tall for his age and often could entertain himself for long periods of time. At grandma's Josh would play outside for hours and water the garden. His dad got transferred and moved the family to Kentucky. They will be here next month Patricia thought. The garden will be in full bloom by then.

An ant tickled her arm bringing her out of her thoughts. No sense fussing about all that now. The sun is out and the garden is planted. Just then the phone rang. Patricia quickly wiped her hands and answered the phone. "Hi, I was just thinking about you!" Patricia's smile was as bright as the Georgia sun. It was a good day.

Patricia has different feelings while she is planting her garden. Explain them and give examples from the story.

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How does she feel at the end of the story? Why?

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