

PATRICIA'S GARDEN



A glistening droplet slowly traveled down Patricia's cheekbone to the tip of her chin. The Georgia sun was hot, and the air was steamy. *One more plant and I'll call it a day*, thought Patricia. She planted a final 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 was Patricia's great joy. She loved getting her hands into the soil and "painting" the landscape with hues of reds, pinks and blues.

Although Patricia loved gardening, tears came to her eyes as she watered her plants. Last year at this time, her grandson Josh had been with her. He had been running around splashing water all over with the hose. *Oh, how I wish he were here. I miss that little guy*, she thought. At Patricia's house, Josh would play outside for hours and water the garden. He could entertain himself, and it was also fun to do projects with him. He used to come every day in the summer to play and to help with the garden. Then his father got transferred and the family moved to Kentucky. *They will be here next month*, Patricia thought. *The garden will be in full bloom by then. Josh will think it is so pretty. But I wish he had been here to garden with me.*

An ant crawled along her arm, tickling 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. It was Josh. "Hi, I was just thinking about you!" said Patricia, and her smile was as bright and warm as the Georgia sun. It was a good day.

