

Where is spring? Plan your garden's future for the hereafter

One day I wear shorts and have my air conditioner on about 68 degrees. The next day I am sitting in front of a blazing fire with my fuzzy house shoes. The news media reported that Punxsutawney Phil did not see his shadow and it's been over three weeks since that prediction, so come on Spring! My daffodils have been blooming for at least two weeks now and the green grass is beginning to come up



Peggy's Take

in our pastures and I can just SMELL spring. Of course, mostly all my 'last year' flowerpots. Look as if they have been sprayed with Round-Up as the dead flowers fall over the sides of all the pretty colorful pots. My herbs are beginning to come up and turn green and wild onions and weeds are aplenty. Spring has to be so close. I wish I could go back up into Montgomery County where my grandmother's old house place sits but the trees and vines have taken over the land and it is just impassable now. If I could find the old place and I could find the old ever flowing spring from where she carried water so many years ago, I know the persimmon tree would be blooming. That is how we

always judged spring's arrival. That and the row of "butter and egg" daffodils that grew and bloomed all over the hillside in front of her old house. I remember my granddaddy dropping the old wooden bucket into the deep well in her front yard and pulling up the most refreshing water as we drank from the old community aluminum dipper. If possible, I believe I miss that place more this time of year than any other. As we pulled up to her house, you could hear her

saying, "Jessie, is that the kids?" Then she would kiss my forehead and he would kiss my hand.

As I age, with grace, I hope, I try to everyday give my grandchildren something, some treasured memory of me that they will someday talk about and remember me in the same way. I try to spend as much time as I can with them and go to different places and events with them as allowed. The trip to New York City last year with two of them is a memory that they will never forget, and neither will I.

I have a couple of grandsons who text me every night just to say goodnight and tell me that they love me. How marvelous is that? One of them even adds "Muah" before he signs off.

What's going to happen to my garden, tools, and books when I move on to another Eden?

As Victory Garden host Roger Swain, observed, "Few gardens outlive the gardener for long; but many plants outlive the garden."

Not trying to be ghoulish in this hopeful season of Spring regeneration, but for decades I've helped people who inherit or buy an established property deal with the floral carcass of a highly personalized garden. I've walked them through what needs doing to keep it working and looking acceptable while converting it into a usable space for themselves.

For the most part, the trees and shrubs remain, but the bespoke plants in custom-

We love roasted vegetables and with spring coming, I am sure, there will be plenty vegetables.

Roasted Vegetables

- 2 cups broccoli florets
- 2 cups chopped squash
- 1 zucchini quartered
- 1 bell pepper chopped
- 1 red onion chopped
- 3-4 T. Olive oil
- 4 cloves minced garlic salt and pepper

Mix and toss well and spread onto a baking sheet lined with parchment paper and bake 425* for about 15 minutes.

*Peggy Sims is a life-long resident of Attala County and columnist.

and about. Hope he will be feeling well again soon. We miss him when he is away.

It was a joy to see Mrs. Lorraine Hicks Burrell in church at First Baptist Church Sunday night. We hope to see her present lots. We sure like seeing and being with Teresa Murphy and young daughter when she comes up from Jackson.

*Judy and Donald Broyles recently visited Jo Ann Robinson in Milton, Florida. They helped Jo Ann with her grandboys, Gabriel, 4, and Gavin, 16 months. The boys' parents went on a cruise and had a great time. Judy and Donald took the kids to the beach and Chuckie Cheese with good weather for the visit. Gabriel wanted them to move to Florida so they can see them all the time.

*Mrs. Emma Breazeale is very much enjoying her oldest nephew and his wife, George and Janet Jones, living in Louisville, Mississippi after relocating from Las Vegas, Nevada. They visit her frequently and go on road trips occasionally. Mrs. Emma's granddaughter and her husband also visited for spring break this week.

*News Submitted

made beds usually simply melt away, fading reminders of the ephemeral nature of gardens.

I've seen the overgrown shrubs, tangled flowers, and piled pots and fading plant labels languishing in the shed, and large libraries of once-cherished gardening books, old tools, and yard art, all too personal to be of use to anyone, sadly discarded for want of takers.

This is particularly important for those determined independent gardeners (DI-Gr's) who tend to amass a lot of stuff, planted every which way and over-accessorized. Theirs can be real messes to deal with later. Believe me, it can be heartbreaking.

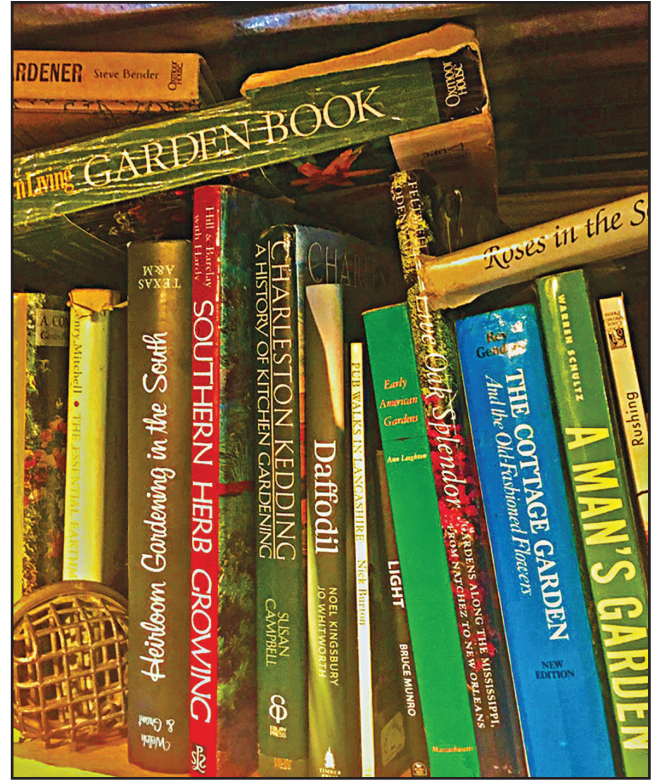
My own quirky cottage garden, a gallimaufry of unique design features, folk-artsy accessories, and weird plants collected over a horticultural lifetime, fits me like a glove. I anticipate what to do, when, and how, and understand how it progresses through the seasons and matures over the years.

But I am aware that much of it would overwhelm my grown children, or new owners. I don't want my treasured surroundings to become their jumbled burden, have no desire to push a high-maintenance haven onto those who come after.

They might not know that the water garden needs annual leaf removal or it will stink, and those heirloom daffodils need leaving alone until their foliage dies down or they won't flower the next year. Without regular thinning those precious wildflowers, planted deliberately



FELDER RUSHING



Passalong Garden Library

for beauty and pollinators, can quickly become overgrown weeds.

They'll probably want to replant the lawn, which took me years to gradually replace with walks, decks, mulch, and flowerbeds. And no-one wants my style of fencing which includes custom-cut panels of corrugated metal. Or my dozen or so bottle trees.

What I'm getting at is I am thinking ahead and have developed a written plan - with photos - on what needs doing to make the garden presentable to someone with less peculiar tastes and who may not appreciate gardening as much. Someone who wants their own stuff.

I've let it be known to family and close gardener friends that some of the plants, especially the rare ones, should be divvied up, in the right season, and spread around elsewhere. Some shrubs and trees can remain as garden bones ('scuse the pun); but

to create a neater landscape, the rest are mostly removable clutter. The mid-garden decks and walks can be eliminated and the area sodded with grass; the custom fence can go, or be replaced with a neater picket.

Most of the bottle trees are worthless, but three are Stephanie Dwyer creations and should be donated or sold. Oh, and nobody needs to know where the dog is buried, but I wouldn't dig up that old rose shrub any time soon.

If you are a gardener, think about proactive responsibility. It's one thing to "gather ye rosebuds while ye may..." But it's also a good idea to share what you can, while you can. And have a plan for what's left behind.

Felder Rushing is a Mississippi author, columnist, and host of the "Gestalt Gardener" on MPB Think Radio. Email gardening questions to rushingfelder@yahoo.com.

DURANT NEWS

by Rowena Hill

Mrs. Sammy (Shirley) Higginbotham of Clinton and others visited my home during the week. My sweet dog, Sassie ran in front of a log truck and was instantly killed last Monday. Shirley drove up from Clinton for several days to soothe our hurts. We all loved Sassie very much. She will surely be missed for a very long time. Hope a good friend will give us another just like her. She was loved by the entire family and we are sad and will miss her for a very long time. We visited the kennels in Jackson but didn't get another like her.

We are really enjoying Libby and Bro. Ed McDaniel while they are here and he is preaching at First Baptist Church. I and others would like them to be here permanently, but don't expect that.

I spent last Friday night and Saturday in Clinton with Shirley, Sammy and Jay. Mark and Joey came down Saturday and we celebrated Mark's birthday by eating Mexican food together, which we all enjoyed. Jackie was unable to join us. Jay is to come for the

week next week.

Our Sunday school class is thankful Mrs. Cynthia Bratcher is recovering from a recent fall. She is a good teacher and we miss her when she's unable to come.

Mrs. C.H. Blanton, Jr. hasn't been feeling very well since her return from visiting in Arkansas. We are very glad to have her home again and look forward to being together in Sunday school.

Prayers and best wishes to Miss Bobbie Bunch. May God bless and give her strength.

Remember to pray for all the people who are in nursing homes that we love and care for lots. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crowder, Mrs. Lucy Howell and others who I can't think of off hand. But pray they can return to their home again soon.

Friends of Jasper Edwards are glad to have him home again to work a while. Hope he won't be sent to another town for work any time soon. We miss him.

Mr. Eddy Johnson has moved to Jackson. We are going to miss seeing him out

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