

A basket of pelargoniums hangs from a pole to create a ball of fiery sparkle.

Leaning the ladder against the trunk and bending the branches to almost breaking point, I filled my basket with the sweetest as well the greenest cherries, leaving only the top branches for the birds. A garden is to share, after all. The squirrels attacked my two loquat trees, but not before I was able to pluck enough of this luscious Mediterranean delicacy for our own personal pleasure. (FYI: loquats have large pits that will sprout into trees when spit into the garden. That's why I have two trees instead of the one I actually planted!) The deer noticed that the gladioli had sprouted and began their dine-around, therefore I uprooted the corms to replant in my fenced back yard. My bucked was filled to the brim with hundreds of gladioli cormels. Six hours later, I had free sword lilies in all the right places. Picnicking on the patio, we watched two bucks stand on their haunches stretching for the Asian pears. "There is plenty for all," I declared, while everyone at the table enjoyed their acrobatic antics.

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Lacy oak leaf hydrangeas thrive in the mottled shade.





