

Weed or Flower?

by
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"Weed or flower?" I wondered. Hmm... This was how my weekend started. My only agenda item was to transform into super-gardener and enjoy the great outdoors. I told my wife to sleep in while I played groundskeeper. The kids weren't up yet and I was going to be one with nature. My equipment - shorts, shoes and a hoe. What a wonderful life. What a day to be free.

Back to the problem at hand. "Weed or flower? Hmmm.. "When in doubt, pull it out," is my motto. Must be a weed. Yep, those big old ugly leaves have to be a weed," I convinced myself. So out it came by the roots, then another, then another. Heck, this country gardening living came easy to me. Anyone could do it. I began whistling a happy tune pulling out those nasty weeds. Mr. Sun was on my side. His radiance shone upon me. Mrs. Bluebird flew by to pay her respects. "Don't be a stranger," I yelled. Even Ms Rabbit came by for a quiet interlude nibbling at some of my weeds.

Then my neighbor came over for a chat. "Good morning neighbor," I chirped. "Good morning to you," said my neighbor. With a funny look on her face she then asked "Can I ask you a question,". "Sure, fire away" I said as I wiped my brow. "Ummm... why you pulling out all your Hydrangea?" she asked. "My what?" I blurted.

"All these plants you are pulling out of the ground. They are perennial flowers called Hydrangea and they are beautiful," she continued. I stuttered for a moment and said "but it's June and there are no flowers on it. Are you sure these aren't weeds". "Oh yeah, I'm sure," she said. The lady that lived here before you moved here last fall had the most beautiful flower garden here filled with Hydrangea.

"Look I was having such a good morning and I doubt my wife knows the difference so can this just be our little secret," I asked incredulously. "Oh sure, it is rather difficult to tell the difference sometimes" she said rather unconvincingly.

"Well since you know so much about flowers, are these things that I'm not pulling out over here... I mean these are flowers, right?" I asked. "No those would all be weeds," she said, barely containing her bewilderment. "You really ought to just take all this out," she said pointing to the only things I left standing.

My mood suddenly became serious. "You mean I've been pulling out perfectly good flowers for the last 30 minutes and keeping the weeds." I groaned. "I hate to tell you this but ... yes and I think those are some fairly expensive plants you've pulled out," she said rather sympathetically.

"Replant? Do you think I can replant some of these that I just pulled out," I asked. "I

don't know but it's worth a try I guess. Uh-oh, my dog is barking. I better go let him out. Feel free to ask me before you pull anything else out," she said as she began walking away.

After replanting 3 weeds, I mean plants, I became frustrated. "Darn, these things wilt fast. They won't stand back up," I cried. Then I gazed over at the field behind me that was nothing but a sea of dandelions. "You know, that field looks really beautiful," I said to myself. Perhaps flowers are in the eye of the beholder. What's one person's weed is another person's flower," I began rationalizing. And as I leaned my chin on top of my hoe, I began daydreaming that I was the great dandelion defender and no one was allowed to cut down those beautiful yellow flowers.

Just then my wife came out to investigate. "Hunny why are you pulling out all the Hydrangea," she asked trying to contain herself. "Oh it's a long story. I obviously don't know what I'm doing. I never even heard of these flowers before. Say, did you ever hear of dandelion soup? I think that field over there is calling my name.



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