



## An Earth Piece

Wait! We are the intelligent ones. Do we know better? (*I hope to God.*) Who on earth will outlast the best of us?

**Answer: Mother Nature**

We in the northern locations learn to wait for answers. Emerging from Winter takes time, months! The snow and chill subside. There are signs, signs of life, yet weeks go by and our visual senses are craving for Mother Nature to “do something!”

Wait! She is doing something. I’ve noticed that some ants have created a pile of sand; something is at work. Birds are singing, immigrants from the South, happy, ready to work and build a family.



We put out the welcome mat: some seeds, some water, some lint, some

hair, some dried grass and straw. They are grateful — more song.

Bees and insects arrive from somewhere.

Wait! They will need flowers. In my feeble attempt to aid Mother N., I find my shovel and approach the ground. Each stab of the soil disturbs a stone or pebble. I give thanks for their journey from the

glaciers and, taking a lesson from the ants, place them aside in a pile. Now I can dig deeper.

You’ve got to see, if you dig deeper, there is another world at work; Mother’s earthworm, of course, is nibbling away in the dark on luscious twigs, leaves, whatever — kitchen scrapes if they are lucky. How gracious we should be to the earthworm. A person can get distracted while discovering and forget to press on to the planting of flowers.



### The Process

Take care. Refine the bed of dirt. Get your fingers dirty. It’s nature’s way. Sprinkle some enriched soil on top; moisten it. The seeds, let’s say “Baby’s Breath,” no bigger than a period, should be spread evenly, says the envelope. Right! Best done on a day with no wind. This whole process can be humbling if the neighbors are watching you either standing on your head or kneeling in reverence to the task below.

Seeds are planted. Now we must wait.

“Mother N, are you watching? I’m counting on you to do the rest. Move the worm, grow the seed, call the bees and insects. Tell the birds that seeds will be there for them again in the Fall and Spring.”



Wait, it seems the birds and bees, insects, and worms are smarter than we, yet they neither read nor write. Perhaps we need to dig deeper.

Do you suppose that we could grow to listen, along with the flowers? Listen to the wind. Is it upset? If it had more trees to catch its breath, could it rest there? Is the sun too hot on our skin and eyes? Do we need to repair the ozone cloak around the earth? Are the whales disappearing because their signals are jammed with radio and laser signals? Are too many of their family being snatched for profit? Etc. etc. etc.

**Dear Mother,**

**If we start now to change our response to your generosity of nature, will you wait?**

**We have good intentions growing.**

**Your loving children**