

WE GREW A GARDEN

Lenna Peterson and Clifford Peterson

We grew a garden. It was hard. I sweated! I passed out!! And now we have a garden. Isn't it a pretty garden?

Despite initial obstacles such as hungry chipmunks decimating a good half of my original sunflower plantings, this garden has been a great success. There are around six hundred surviving potted sunflowers and more growing in the ground. We hoped that they'd be blooming by the opening weekend, but Nature did not cooperate.

Thanks to my father's ideas of first keeping the pots off the ground on a wagon and then enclosing them in a fence, most plants escaped the hungry deer. All the plants have been growing well thanks to generous amounts of sun and heat (along with rain and persistent watering). We've combated Japanese beetles, potato bugs and unwanted plants with elbow grease, not resorting to pesticides or herbicides.

The labyrinth was originally inside the nearby barn, drawn with some friends on a fall afternoon and bricked in some weeks later. With much assistance in the brick-moving department, my mother and I



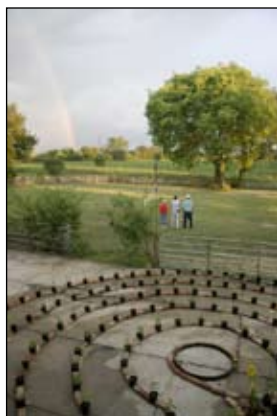
reconstructed it outside. The different colors of sidewalk chalk indicate our false starts and mistakes, and those will wash away as it rains.

The spiral to the left as you enter acknowledges that sunflower seeds grow in Fibonacci spirals. We interspersed potted sunflowers among the bricks, and, as the weeks go by, the sunflowers will begin to bloom. Walking the labyrinth will be a celebration of these beautiful flowers.

It all begins with a garden, and a vision of a paradise regained or lost.

We are creating a place for return to nature, contemplation, and walking, for nurturing, blossoming, and healing, and for action and creation.

Labyrinths pathways lead inevitably to the One of the center, avoiding the puzzlement of



mazes and their multiple choices.

We built our labyrinth with recycled barn bricks and added dwarf sunflowers from the nearby garden.

The geometry of both the labyrinth and the sunflower reflect the forms and rules of nature and culture.

As you walk, listen, and you will find that you are free to choose.