

Gardening and gardens

A day spent finishing a gardening job for a chap who used to be a farmer and is now taking an interest in playing piano, which is quite brave for someone in his 70s. Sometimes, people are with you but they are not with you. This chap was full of concern about his forthcoming practice with others in a small musical group. He was worried that his playing would not be up to standard and we, physical beings working in the garden, were a sideshow. I noticed that he did not say goodbye to me, though he did to Françoise. I wonder if I had something wrong or not lived up to his expectations or maybe he was simply pre-occupied.

It is a little bit disconcerting to be physically with someone but knowing their mind is elsewhere. The question for us all is, do we give people full and complete attention and the answer in most cases, myself included, is not really. We listen to other people, just to see what element of their responses will enable us to click in with our views and practices and knowledge. I have various gifts, but if I needed to lose them all except one I would choose the art of listening, which requires that you enter yourself of a go and the need to make your point and just listen to another soul rolling out their agenda.

Went to an evening talk by the chief gardener of Wells Cathedral Gardens, a building that goes back to 1206 A.D. Underneath the building. They found some Roman ruins. An atmosphere of a place cannot be constructed by a PR campaign, but I honestly believe the best atmosphere, and indeed the worst atmosphere, is in the walls, in the ground, in the very air and it builds up over decades and centuries. This coming Sunday, there is a Rare Plant fair and we shall go and also see the wonderful displays of spring flowers such as daffodils and tulips.