

DAYS OF OUR GARDENS

Yesterday we learned that Jennifer and Rick had split up after Rick sent her a dozen red roses. Her last words were, “He knows I wanted pink.”

Word, today, is that Rick is dating the new cashier at the garden center and Jennifer has fallen in love with a seed salesman she met at the flower and garden festival.

Meanwhile, Harry is in some serious trouble. He sent a load of manure to his wife with a card addressed to his girlfriend and a new wheelbarrow to his girlfriend with a card addressed to his wife. He’s going to have a tough time explaining that to both of them. His best friend, Marvin, made the comment after bringing Harry’s wife home from the movies that, “He’s in deep ****, literally and figuratively”. Marvin has always had a way with words, at least that’s what Marilyn, his new girlfriend, said Saturday night.

We now join Madge and Linda under the oak tree in Madge’s backyard.

“Linda, I am so bored with my landscape,” said Madge.

“I know what you mean, Madge,” replied Linda. “I was just saying that to Frank the other night.”

“Frank?” questioned Madge. “I thought your boyfriend’s name was Tom.”

“Oh, that was last week, Madge. A limb broke off my bottlebrush tree in that windstorm last week, and I had to call in a tree surgeon. Here’s his card.”

“Frank Wickham, P.D.?” asked Madge. “What’s the P.D. mean?”

“Plant Doctor, silly.”

“Do you think he could help me with my landscape?” asked Madge.

“Oh, honey, there are a lot of things he could help you with. He helped me in more ways than one, if you get my drift.”

“Drift?” asked Madge. “Isn’t that a new kind of rose?”

“Madge, Madge, Madge. One of these days we’re going to have to have a long talk.”

The following week, Frank Wickham, P.D. came to Madge's home to look at the broken limb on her live oak.

"Just let me have a look at it, ma'am," said Frank.

"Please, call me Madge."

"That's odd, Madge. You said this limb broke off in the bad windstorm a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, will my poor baby live?"

"What's odd about this is that it looks like someone tried cutting into this with a saw and the weight of the limb broke it the rest of the way."

"Can you save it?" asked Madge, with her eyes fluttering.

"Saving lives is my business," answered Frank. "I'll have it repaired in a jiffy."

"After you get it fixed, will you take me to lunch?" asked Madge.

"I'm sorry, Madge, but I'm due over at the Gardens Hospital set. Abigail's *Neoregelia* 'Passion' has offsets that are ready to go, and it requires my fine surgical hands to perform the separation procedure. Perhaps another time."

“Will you come back, Frank?” asked Madge. “If I saw ... I mean if we have another windstorm and another limb breaks?”

“I will always have time for a beautiful tree and a beautiful lady,” answered Frank.

The next day Madge called her friend, Linda.

“Linda, you were so right. Frank is dreamy. You’re so lucky.”

“Frank and I are old news, Madge. My dog didn’t take to him, so I dumped him.”

“I’m so sorry, Linda,” said Madge, somewhat unconvincingly.

“That’s okay, Madge. I took my dog to the doctor yesterday and now I’m seeing that new veterinarian they have there. He’s gorgeous.”

In another part of town, Maxine DeVry and her friends, Jane and Martha, are having lunch at Vito’s Café.

“I am so depressed,” said Maxine.

“What’s the matter, Maxine?” asked Jane.

“It’s my lawn,” answered Maxine.

“What about your lawn?” asked Martha.

“I just found out that my Cashmere Zoysiagrass doesn’t produce viable seed,” replied Maxine. With more tears than the finest theatrical performance, Maxine just seemed beside herself.

Giving her a hug, Martha said, “It’s okay, Maxine. Just let it out. We will always be here for you.”

“Yes, dear sweet Maxine,” said Jane. “We will always keep you in our thoughts.”

“Thank you,” managed Maxine. “You are such dear friends. I must get to my plant psychologist to see if there is anything I can do for my lawn in this dreadful situation.”

“Please be careful driving over there, Maxine,” said Jane.

“Yes, goodbye,” said Maxine.

After Maxine left the restaurant, Jane said to Martha mockingly, “Oh, I’ve just found out my Cashmere Zoysiagrass doesn’t produce viable seed.”

“Oh, whatever shall I do,” added Martha.

“Serves her right,” said Jane. “Always bragging about her lawn, saying she feels sorry for anybody with a mere St. Augustinegrass yard.”

“Maybe it’ll bring her down a notch or two to us common lawn owners,” added Martha.

Meanwhile, over at John’s Garden Center, Sid Frazer sees his friend, Bob Porter, in the adjacent aisle.

“Hey, Bob. Long-time no see.”

“Yeah, man, it has been a while,” said Bob.

“Doing a little landscaping, Bob?” asked Sid.

“Yeah, I had to come get a few more Liriope to finish along the front walk. I’ve got a potential buyer coming tomorrow and I’m desperate to get the house sold.”

“Is something going on?” asked Sid. “Why are you so desperate to move?”

“Well, we’ve been friends for a long time, so this is just between me and you, okay?”

“What’s going on, buddy?”

“Well, I got into a little trouble with my garden gazebo business, and I had to borrow some money.”

“Okay, Bob. So, you had to borrow a little money.”

“Well, it wasn’t exactly from a traditional lender,” said Bob.

“Who gave you the money, Bob?”

“Frankie G.”

“Frankie G., the bookie?” asked Sid.

“Yeah. If I don’t have the money for him by the end of the week, I’ll be in big trouble.”

“Big trouble, like Johnny G., his brother, the enforcer?”

“Yeah, so you see why I’m kind of desperate to sell the house to get the money to pay him off.”

“I’ll follow you home and help you get these Liriope planted,” said Sid. “Have you got a will?”

That is all we have time for today. Will the next episode bring an end to Bob’s troubles? Will Harry be returning for another program? Will Linda keep her new boyfriend for more than a week? Will Maxine ever resolve her turfgrass re-productive issue? Tune in tomorrow for another exciting episode of ‘Days of Our Gardens’.