

Packing

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It is September and summer is ending and I am packing to return to Massachusetts tomorrow. Such mixed feelings! I have a very busy fall coming up and it is hard to leave these long solitary days and the occasional visits from good friends.

When I'm gone I will be still be tended here by Mark, who is doing some carpentry for me; and Craig, who made the masterpiece of a sign...not yet installed...that will go over my barn door; and John, who is painting the house and barn this fall; and Lucia, whose crew will put the gardens to bed for the winter.

The gardens! They know fall is coming, too. Here is a wonderful hydrangea that begins as white, then seeps onto pink, and now, in September is a deep rose that matches the light at dawn.



And the Chinese saw purple as a color of mourning, for the word for purple is the same as the word for death and





My new garden in front of the house, and the new garden in front of the house.