

Wednesday 22nd January 2020 - Pattern and Substrate

A water pipe burst in my road just this week. It was depressing to see water spurting out from under the tarmac. The ground had frozen with the clear night skies. Bournemouth Water were quick to respond. The inspector left markings on the pavement; a large yellow asterisk and sky-blue lines. A language of symbols for the men who needed to dig the hole and find the leak. The road had a stream running down and reminded me of Chard where a running brook keeps the main street gutters clear constantly. The leak was found and blocked. A beach of orange sand had appeared along the street reminding that we live on heathland. Exciting to remember that we only borrow the land on which we live. That's where the word substrate comes in. I was told the sandy, rocky soil a few feet down was the substrate.

I can't remember which pattern encouraged me to spot some in the Hengistbury Head garden today. Fibonacci came to mind. A wonderful name something to do with mathematical records of how natural growth occurs.



Sitting here in the garden I am distracted from writing, by the number of birds on the feeders: Goldfinch, Blue tit, Great tit, Robin, oh and there's Jenny Wren skipping into the rockery. Last week we could hear the sea but today there is a dead calm. The sheep were bleating loudly as Rangers brought a group of children to feed them. As they finish, the calm is broken by birdsong and distant fog horns.

Back to pattern. Lupins by the beehive, a whorl of a plant in the meadow. However, I think the birds have it today. We are lucky to have such a variety of natural joy in the same place and completely free.



We look forward to chatting with you.

The Volunteer Gardeners at Hengistbury Head Wildlife Garden