

Wednesday 4th December, 2019

It was the quality of the December sun that inspired us to move to Bournemouth. Today reminds us of that. The golden light on the Silver Birch is magical and fleeting. Shadows at this time of year show shapes and colours which are not seen in the warmth of the summer sun. It is calm and quiet up here at Hengistbury Head Wildlife Garden. The birds, I wish I could identify them, can be heard squeaking and chirruping.



At this time of year all the blemishes on the window glass can be seen clearly. Apparently, it's one of the best times of year for landscape photography with the crispness of the light. Reds and yellows are enhanced on these still mornings.

It's amazing how Michaelmas Daisy stems look bright red in some areas of the garden. In other corners they are yellow, rivalling the red and lime green dogwoods. The orange Midwinter Fire dogwoods are small and establishing. Even the varied browns of the Aster stems and Silver Birch sparkle as the sun shines on them.

My Dad thinks that trees are at their most beautiful without their leaves. Against the clear bright skies their delicate shapes and details can be seen. Sunsets, which we often miss in the lighter months, create colourful backdrops to darkened skeleton trees.



We wish you happy, bright gardening and look forward to seeing you soon.

The volunteer gardeners at Hengistbury Head Wildlife Garden.