

Wednesday 4th March 2020 - "I can hear the grass grow."

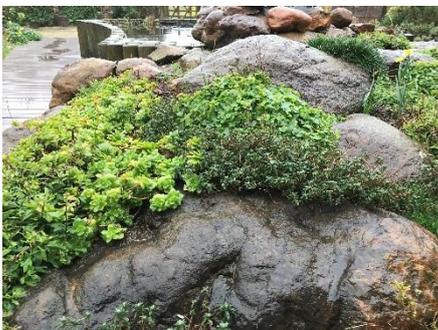
On the radio this morning, this song was playing. What a lovely thought, hearing the plants grow. The changeable weather is affecting us but the daffodils are still blooming. The snowdrops are over now while we wait for the Fritillaries to flower.



Primroses of both yellow and white smell lovely and remind me of disused railway tracks in my Devon youth. Many were closed in the 1960s yet nature continues to make use of the banks.

Dogwood is cut at this time of year to ensure bright, new coloured growth for the autumn. Often short cuttings will make new plants just by being stuck firmly in the ground. There is a bright light lime-green *Cornus* (dogwood) and a deep red too.

At one end of the woodland some wild daffodils have been damaged so a little red dogwood fence has been woven. Its fun to use what has grown, in a creative way. The colour sings, especially with the light and rain.



Walking around today, the stones on the rockery show an array of ruddy colours. Silver birch trunks look beautiful and the texture is heightened by the rain. There is beauty to the current weather and it is officially Spring.

"Spring is sprung, the grass is ris, I wonder where the birdies is?"

This morning a robin was singing loudly in the lime tree outside the bedroom window. It reminded me that the Dawn Chorus is starting to build. Blue Tits are exploring potential bird boxes and there is plenty of spring colour.

Thank you to the member of staff who took some lovely photographs which are now showing on the screen in reception. We look forward to chatting with you on a Wednesday morning.

The Volunteer Gardeners at the Hengistbury Head Wildlife Garden