

Wednesday 27th March, 2019

Our regular blog writer wasn't here today, so I ventured out into the garden with camera (phone), ready to be inspired. I needed no excuse to abandon my desk as it was another beautiful spring morning. The Skylarks were singing over Barn Field, the sun was warm on faces, and the spring flowers were putting on a show. The difficulty was going to be making myself go back inside!

The garden volunteers had, as ever, been very busy tidying and tending this little oasis. Considerable work had gone into the plot where the ancient wheat trials are being carried out. The gardeners had sown Goosefoot seeds this morning, and more interesting species will follow, including Darnel.



The garden really was looking lovely - the woodland section was full of colour with Primroses, Periwinkles, Daffodils, Grape Hyacinths, Forget-me-nots and more. On the edge of the perennial meadow, there was some lovely Flowering Currant. Many people don't like the smell, and describe it in various unflattering ways, but I love it - I think it triggers childhood memories of nature walks.



The volunteers were not the only ones who were busy in the garden this morning - the Blue Tit was in and out of the box with mosses and feathers to line the nest she is building. Spring is certainly here, and on days like this my mind often turns to poetry. There is so much to choose from, but here are two verses from *Written In Early Spring* by William Wordsworth:

*Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.*

*The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure, -
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.*