## SOMETHING TO GIGGLE ABOUT...

BY BARRY LEES



I have always thought there was something wrong with our fixation on lawns. I found a great article about this in an old magazine. The person who submitted it said the original author is unknown, so I cannot give them the credit they deserve. No religious offence is intended. Read on and enjoy!

## **⊕ GOD AND LAWN CARE ⊕**

GOD: Frank, you know all about gardens and nature. What is going on down there on the planet? What happened to the dandelions, violets, milkweeds and stuff I started eons ago? I had a perfect no maintenance garden plan. Those plants grow in any type of soil, withstand drought and multiply with abandon. The nectar from the long-lasting blossoms attracts butterflies, honey bees and flocks of songbirds.

I expected to see a vast garden of colours by now. But, all I see are these green rectangles.

ST FRANCIS: It's the tribes that settled there, Lord. The Suburbanites. They started calling the flowers 'weeds' and went to great lengths to kill them and replace them with grass.

GOD: Grass? But it's so boring. It's not colourful. It doesn't attract butterflies, birds and bees; only grubs and sod worms. It's sensitive to temperature. Do these Suburbanites really want all that grass growing there?

ST FRANCIS: Apparently so, Lord. They go to great pains to grow it and keep it green. They begin each Spring by fertilizing grass and poisoning any other plant that pops up in the lawn.

GOD: The Spring rains and warm weather probably make grass grow really fast. That must make Suburbanites happy.

ST FRANCIS: Apparently not, Lord. As soon as it grows a little, they cut it - sometimes twice a week.

GOD: They cut it? Do they then bale it like hay?

ST FRANCIS: Not exactly, Lord. Most of them rake it up and put it in bags.

GOD: They bag it? Is it a cash crop? Do they sell it?

ST FRANCIS: No Sir, just the opposite. They pay to throw it away.

GOD: Now, let me get this straight. They fertilise grass so it will grow and when it does grow, they cut it off and pay to throw it away?

ST FRANCIS: Yes Sir.

GOD: These Suburbanites must be relieved in the Summer when we cut back on the rain and turn on the heat. That surely slows the growth and saves them a lot of work.

ST FRANCIS: You are not going to believe this Lord. When the grass stops growing so fast, they drag out hoses and pay more money to water it, so they can continue to mow it and pay to get rid of it.

GOD: What nonsense. At least they kept some of the trees. That was a sheer stroke of genius, if I do say so myself. The trees grow leaves in Spring and provide beauty and shade in the summer. In Autumn they fall to the ground and provide a natural blanket to keep moisture in the soil and protect the trees and bushes. It's a natural cycle of life.

ST FRANCIS: You better sit down Lord. As soon as the leaves fall, they rake them up into great piles and pay to have them hauled away.

GOD: No! What do they do to protect the shrub and tree roots in Winter to keep the soil moist and loose?

ST FRANCIS: After throwing away the leaves, they go out and buy something which they call mulch. They haul it home and spread it around in place of the leaves.

GOD: And where do they get this mulch?

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ST FRANCIS: They cut down trees and grind them up to make the mulch.

GOD: Enough! I don't want to think about this anymore. St Catherine, you're in charge of the Arts. What movie have you scheduled for us tonight?

ST CATHERINE: Dumb and Dumber, Lord. It's a story about.....

GOD: Never mind. I just heard the whole story from St Francis.



