

Lamorinda

OUR HOMES

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Digging Deep with Goddess Gardener, Cynthia Brian

Fall fireworks



By Cynthia Brian

“Let the beauty we love be what we do.”~ Rumi

Sitting on my balcony, watching the ginger orb of the sun shoot sparkles and glitter throughout the dusky sky, I am besotted with the fireworks of fall foliage on the horizon. The colors and intensities change daily as I attempt to capture the essence of their beauty in my camera lens.

A red-branched Japanese maple is glimmering gold one day. Four days later it is pumpkin spice orange. My liquid amber tree leaves are progressing from buttery blonde to tangy tangerine to burning scarlet. Even the green vegetation on my lamium has turned magenta. My garden is a display of fall fireworks.

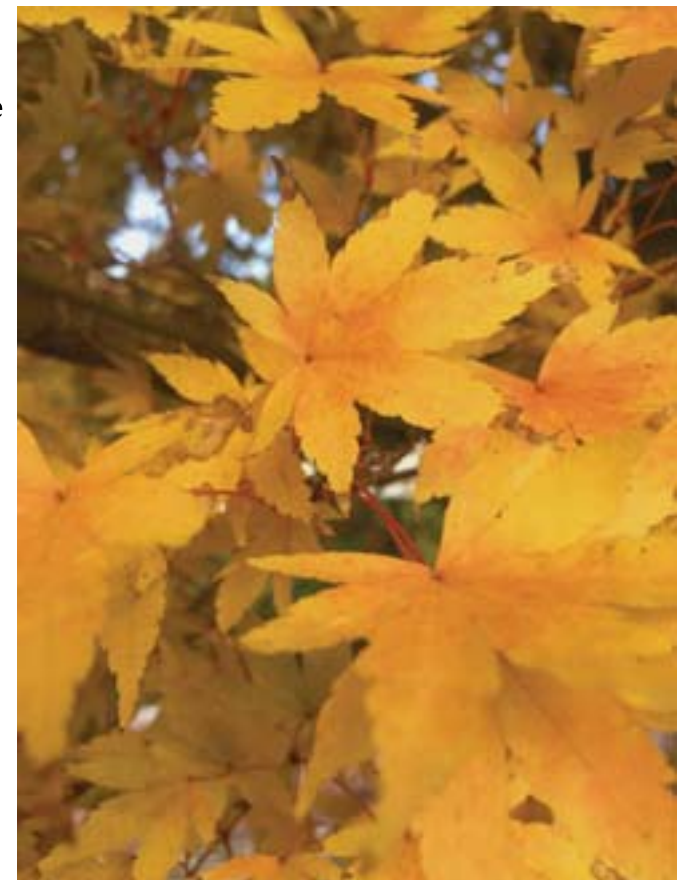
It's been a busy year. Since the onset of the pandemic, every day I have worked many hours to improve my landscape: pruning dead limbs, repairing stairs, rebuilding arches, eradicating weeds, planting new specimens, fertilizing, firescaping, reseeding, and adding amendments. After reseeding my lawns, I covered the grass with enriched soil which will bolster root establishment. My back aches from the yards of amendments I've wheelbarrowed to the garden beds and there is still more to shovel.

To provide a respite from the labor, I added a bench on my hill overlooking my recently cleared oak tree meadow. The creek will flow during the winter but for now, it's relaxing to sit for a bit to watch the deer

munching on the shoots sprouting after the recent rains and the squirrels scampering about collecting acorns. Peace and serenity increase my gratitude for living in such bucolic surroundings where I can breathe fresh air and listen to the sounds of silence. It's quiet, that is until the wild turkeys descend and start a raucous. Several Toms started fighting with the hens squawking a few feet away. Thanksgiving has arrived!

When I planted the three vines of wisteria, grape, and pink bower on my pergola, it was an experiment in competition. All three are aggressive growers, but I was certain that the victor would be the wisteria who would choke the other two. I'm glad that I'm not a betting woman, or I would have lost.

Much to my sheer delight, after 15 years of cohabitation, the three have become symbiotic siblings supporting one another's expansion. The three vines have intertwined and mingled in the magnolia, fruitless pear, and loquat tree creating a beautiful privacy screen that frames my backyard.



A close-up of the Japanese maple tree looks like a painting.

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