

TWO SETS OF PICTURES

My father showed me some photos of his garden, a garden which he is very proud of. He actually had two sets of pictures: one set by my sister, and the other by some other gardener who had had a better camera to use. My father seemed more impressed by the photos by the gardener; I found the ones by my sister more poetic. So, I took my sister's photos with me when I left his house. He hasn't said a word to me about them yet. Either he knows and he doesn't care, or it just hasn't dawned on him yet that they are missing.

One of these photos my sister took shows my mother and father at the far end of the garden. They seem to be just standing there; it is hard to tell since both figures are so pulverized by intense sunlight. In the foreground there are hundreds of purple flowers sweeping up and around the trunk of a thin tree.

My father got an award from the garden club for this particular year's garden. It hangs in his kitchen. My sister had a baby last week. A son.

-- Ronald Baatz
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