

“Dr. Poh’s Garden”
By Ann Berliner

My mother’s hands never stopped moving. When she was sitting, she knitted, or crocheted, or did needlepoint. ‘Idle hands are the devil’s workshop’ could have been her motto, although I recall her saying it only once. She wasn’t a calm person. An eye-roll could set her off. Keeping her hands busy soothed her. Working in her garden kept her grounded. There, in private, she could surrender to the forces of nature that were beyond her control. There, she could observe the patience of a plant and feel the peace of life unfold within the fabric of time.



“Dr. Poh’s Garden”
by Mary Frances Kelly Poh