

Carol Thompson

"A Passion For Posies"

Each new day brings forth the wonders of nature. As I write these words, it is December. The cold rain is slanting across the horizon, driven by a strong south-westerly wind. Yet, in a sheltered corner of my garden, yellow pansies are nodding their heads as if to say, "Come on ye winds of winter, buffet me if you can!" There is a pot of chrysanthemums still untouched by frost. Their bronzy puffs hold sway bravely, as the



shivering dance unfolds. Primroses still peek from under their leathery leaves as if to invite Spring to hurry, although the winter season has just begun.

Flowers of all seasons trumpet their delights. As February nears, daffodils poke their blue-green leaves through the hard-packed earth, in anticipation of the



first warm sunshine of the year. They are soon followed by the curls of tulip leaves, promising colorful designs in many different shades. Anemones and crocuses literally "burst" through the ground in jewel-like tones of yellow, lavender, pink, white and fuchsia. With the first warm winds of Spring, rhododendrons, azaleas and dogwoods begin to show profuse blooms against intensely blue skies. Delicate white ox-eyed daisies compete for attention with the brisk yellow flood of dandelions and their relatives in farm fields and meadows across the



region. (Have you ever seen mounds of wild California poppies combined with blue lupine on a long slope in the foothills of the mountains?)

The flowers of summer are the most wonderfully diverse banquet of all. From the elegant iris "flags", to the dainty blue forget-me-nots, and all the beauties in between, they must be appreciated in a slow paced stroll that allows each floral display to be viewed "up close and personal". "Stop and smell the roses", is not only good advice, it is good therapy. But why stop at the roses? Stay and enjoy the heady fragrance of the Stargazer and Easter lilies. Drink in the perfume of white and purple lilacs,. Peonies have their own special aromatic grace, while the tall gracious iris has a wondrous aroma that you can almost taste. Would, that I could paint those sweet redolence's! Well, until technology creates the kind of pigment that bears the odor of flowers, I must do my best to represent the flora in such a realistic manner as to convey the fragrance, the essence of the flower so you will recall such in your emotional center, as you view the painting.