

Giggles in the garden

By Jo McCormick

Park Ridge resident

I certainly wasn't biased but did have a different relationship with Mable who had come from Golden Ours nursing to live in our adult foster care home. Yes, I had been one of her caregivers at Golden Ours, and I was her care giver here in Madrid. But Mable was special beyond that.

One thing she loved to do was "help." She loved doing dishes and came to our end of the building daily to work on her dishpan hands. The spring and summer she was there we had a very large garden. She helped with and observed its planting, growing, weeding and harvest. That summer we picked, snapped and canned 90 quarts of beans.

It was the garden and my husband's memory lapse that set the stage for a memorable event. We laughed together about this happening many, many times, even after she had to return to Golden Ours and I eventually ended up employed there again myself.

Our garden was not at our place but in north Madrid on lots owned by my in-laws.

On his way to work my husband was to shut off the water in the garden so that by the time Mable and I went bean picking the rows would be negotiable and the plants dried off. He forgot. When we arrived, of course, there was water standing in the rows. We shut off the water, drove up to the post office to pick up the mail and have some time to visit with my mother-in-law who was the post mistress at that time.

We went to the drive-in to get something to drink and a potty break and then returned to the garden. We tested out the end of a couple rows for solid footing. Seemed good to go, so out came the buckets to gather our beans.

All went well for an appreciable amount of time when I looked up to see my helper in a quandary. She was in mud up over her ankles and could not move her feet.

I straddled the mud hole and supported her so she could unstick her feet. No go! Oh, the feet came out as slick as a whistle, but not so much with the shoes. She was wearing tennis shoes and they stayed ensnared in the mud hole.

Getting out of the garden she "sat" down once in the mud. No damage done except to her dress and possibly her dignity.

When my garden helper was securely seated on a nearby bench I had to retrieve her shoes from the quagmire. The garden hose washed away some of the worst of the mud. Well, needless to say, bean harvest was over for that day 'cause we had a major clean-up job to do at home which included an extra bath that week.

Her desire to be a helper ultimately landed her back at Golden Ours. It was January of 1978 and there was ice on our adjoining sidewalk. I told her when I took breakfast to the apartment not to come to do dishes, as was her routine, until I could assist her due to the sidewalk condition.

Never wanting to be a bother, she started out, slipped on the ice and fell. She got herself back

up and I knew nothing of the accident until I went down there to assist her to come to do dishes and a visit.

A trip to the Grant hospital validated a broken hip and this special lady was subsequently at home again at Golden Ours Convalescent Home in Grant.

Nahum 1:7 The Lord is good, a refuge in time of trouble. He cares for those who trust in Him.