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Dear Friends,

I have taken to the earth in this time of isolation and pandemic. Creating three raised beds for vegetable and flower seeds, creating new flower beds, smelling the dirt, feeling it on my hands, along with sun and Spring breezes--all of this is teaching me about myself, about the earth. And it is all alien to me.

Patience is the first lesson. I tugged very lightly on a small tomato sprout yesterday to get the seed "hat" off of its little leaf, and the whole tiny sprout slipped out of the soil into my hand. I felt like a murderer, and laid it to rest, too small and damaged to replant. So, patience--letting things emerge in their own time. It is a skill I lack in many things in my life, so this is helping me see the wisdom of that, taught by nature herself.

It is teaching me what hope is. I have dreams of hundreds of poppies swaying in the breeze in one of my newly created flower beds. So far, it looks just like dirt. I wake up and go to the garden first thing every morning, noticing the growth of my arugula and kale, but the poppies are evading me at the moment. Disheartened, I think to throw more poppy seeds onto the dirt, but hold off, waiting for the invisible poppies to show themselves, with hope and anticipation.

There is a rhythm to gardening that I don't yet know. I planted all my lettuce at the same time when I might be better served to stagger it so I can have lettuce on an ongoing basis rather than

all at once. I'm eager, and it shows. Slowing down is sometimes hard for me, so that lesson is welcomed as well.

This has become my best mental health strategy of this whole pandemic, connecting to nature in a way I haven't before. Getting outside into the sunshine, whether you have a garden or not, might just save you, as it has me.

What are you growing--literally and metaphorically--in this unsure time?

Coming Up



ONLINE CLASS: Writers in the Pandemic - New cohort starts May 4, 2020. A way to build community among writers and non-writers during this odd time in which we find ourselves. A writing prompt every morning for two weeks, two live Zoom sessions together, a private FB group, and an amazing community of writers. Only \$37. To register, [go here](#).

ONLINE CLASS - If you have already taken "Writers in the Pandemic," you are welcome to join me for "**Writers in the Pandemic - 2**" where we will deepen writing and observational skills. Private FB group, two live Zoom lessons together, and thought-provoking prompts every morning for two weeks. Pre-requisite: Writers in the Pandemic. \$37. **Starts May 4, 2020.** [Go here](#) to register.



NEW! ONLINE FREE WEEKLY GATHERINGS:

During this pandemic, I will host a weekly tea-time on Zoom for whoever would like to show up with a cup of tea, a quote or poem to share, or just a need for conversation. You can join me on **Thursdays from 4-4:45 pm Eastern** in [this Zoom room](#). We have an innate need for community, and the technology to create community spaces... Bring paper and pen in case we start writing.

ONLINE CLASS: Hard Conversations: Whiteness, Race, and Social Justice - Begins May 5. Focuses on white racial identity, hallmarks of white supremacy culture, what it means to be white in a racist world, and how to create a positive white identity. [Go here](#) for info.

Thanks for reading. If you like this newsletter and want to support it, forward it to someone who'd like it. If you're seeing this newsletter for the first time, [you can subscribe here](#).

Embrace the sunshine,

Patti

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Sent to: _t.e.s.t_@example.com

Patti Digh, LLC, 638 Spartanburg Highway, Suite 70 #337, Hendersonville, NC 28792, United States

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