

The Children's Garden

*New Zealand Lancewood
stand straight and tall
as you walk in the gate;
a forest of spears
pointing toward the sky.
Closing my eyes,
I see them
as a landscape from dreams;
a forest
still and silent,
tall and straight,
leaves like none I've seen before,
thin and fleshy,
almost spiny,
succulent is what comes to mind,
sparsely foliated;
a desolate landscape
eerie,
ghostly;
silent sentinels
watching and waiting
in this wild place of dreams.*

*Through the gate
beyond the dreamscape
forest of spears,
standing impressively
amongst labyrinthine paving
wondrous Queensland Bottle Trees
bulbous bottle shaped trunks
graced with leafy canopies;
my youngest found them
perfect for hiding behind
and playing peek-a-boo,
a fantastic game
when you are less than two.
Further in and I can see
setting off on another
'puddin' owners adventure'
are Bungip Bluegum,
Bill Barnacle,
the puddin',
and Sam Sawnoff,
singing a verse
from the*

*'Ballad of the Salt Junk Sarah
or was it
'The Ballard of the Bo'sun's Bride'?
Except for the Puddin',
who'd be grumbling
they weren't eating enough!
And then there's my middlin' son,
my gorgeous one,
throwing white pebbles
at 'The Magic Pudding' statue
(which looks just like a
picture from out of the book)
and banging upon it
with a large river rock,
enjoying the bell-like sound.
Children are everywhere,
including my own,
running off along paths
disappearing through trees,
into rock gorges and other
wonderful hidden places.
Laughter and squeals*

reach the ears
from every direction
as kids of all ages
explore and enjoy.
There's a lake with a bridge
and an island to play on;
a bamboo forest
taller than me,
unswervingly reaching
towards the sky
up, up, up and up;
A forest of
long tall grasses
abound once
the bamboo forest,
is left;
a great place,
a magnificent place
for games of hide and seek;
where Grandma loses
Grandad
and Grandkids!
Tiny white gravel pebbles
all about and around,
heaven for little boys;

labyrinth gardens
of white pebbles and
lavender bushes
wonderful for running around
and finding your way through;
lush green grass,
small green hills,
delightful and brilliant
for rolling down.
A Kitchen Garden
filled with all sorts of
edible vegetables and fruit –
sweet corn, chillies, African bananas –
with a few scarecrows too.
Although my youngest
is not interested in
vegetables or scarecrows,
rather, his interest is captured
by newly dug gardens
with freshly turned dirt!
Doryanthes Palmeri,
New Zealand spear lily
giant green leaves,
a curtain of brilliant green
soaring over my head.

An amazing red flower
extends as long as my arm
which is why, I suppose
it is known
as a spear lily.
Behind,
a short distance away,
is the Aussie cousin
Doryanthes Excelsa,
or lymea lily;
scorching red flower
a flame
touching the sky.
The ruined forest
a maze of pebbled dirt paths
up and over,
down and under,
around here,
twist through there;
rocks piled,
stacked all around
was my oldest's
favourite place.
Once upon a time,
long, long ago

an ancient city once stood
proud and dignified.
Kings and Queens ruled,
knights fought valiantly
and dragons flew in the sky,
but now all that is left
of this magical time
are ruins
wonderful
for climbing upon,
over and around,
hiding behind,
creeping through
and imagining a time
long ago.
Oh Ancient Tree
mystery,
magic,
intrigue.
What happened here
in the magic time?
What secrets and stories
can you tell?
Do fairies live here?
Or perhaps it is

dragons instead
with their hoards of gold?
Bell birds singing
bell-like sounds
high up in tall trees;
sunshine and blue sky;
peaceful, idyllic
relaxing upon
artistic and comfortable
wooden bench seats
I soak up the sun
enjoying a moment of peace.
What a great space,
an amazing place,
a garden for kids to enjoy
and adults too,
we will visit again,
some time soon.



'Carla is on the dangerous, yet exciting adventure of discovering her heart, walking hand in hand with her God – her creator, shepherd, friend, father & lover – and becoming truly "alive". She is finally beginning to live the life she's been created for and becoming the woman God has created her to be; the woman God originally intended when he created Eve and all the 'daughters' who came after.'

And for those of you who are interested in all the details –

Carla was born in Sydney, Australia in 1970; she grew up in Melbourne, Australia and had what you would call a pretty ordinary childhood. She has been "happily married" for 15+ years to Tim and they have three wonderful sons – Brydon, Kael and Xavier who bring them great joy (most of the time!) and who they are currently home educating.

"A little bit hippy, a little bit weird, a little bit alternative and a little bit left of centre" is a pretty good description of this 'dynamic duo' and their family.

She also loves reading good books, her family, her God, good food, adventure and romance, spending time with friends, good movies (especially 'Ever After', 'Lady Hawk' & 'The Lord of the Rings' trilogy), nature in all of its glory – although not so keen on spiders and slugs! And of course, she loves writing – poetry, short stories, novels & posts on 'Eve's Daughter' (www.evesdaughter.org) and 'The Great Adventure' (www.thegreatadventure.info).