



This delightful collection of true-to-life stories captures the humor, frustration, and unconditional love that come with sharing a home with determined felines.

The Last Word:

When you figure out that your cats might just have a better handle on life than you do

By Margaret Stewart

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The Last Word

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Paperback ISBN: 978-1-961265-21-9

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-961265-22-6

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88532-176-1

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

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BookLocker.com, Inc.
2026

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data
Stewart, Margaret

The Last Word: When you figure out that your cats might just have a better handle on life than you do by Margaret Stewart
Library of Congress Control Number: 2026916600

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Chapter I

Formicarium, Frogs, and Other Fancy Words

Changing of the guard. As most of you know, Lynn has retired as our Editor of the *Compost Pile*. We sincerely thank her for all the time, effort and great issues she provided over many years. She'll still contribute now and then. As for the newsletter, it will continue albeit with modifications. Lynn is definitely a tough act to follow so we'll give it our best shot. So, bear with us for a while until we get the hang of this thing. Any comments, suggestions (please no bonfires) are welcome always! Likewise, articles, ideas and thoughts are also welcome.

I discovered something after having to deal with being 'thumb-less' for a couple of weeks. #1 If you are going to run into something, it will be directly on the wounded area. #2 When you start to heal and are peeling, DO NOT put your hand into hot water with soap in it. #3 Your thumb is a major digit—not much you can accomplish without it. You can't weed with stitches and while I can't say that I have embraced the weeds in my yard, I can say

that the world didn't come to an end because they are there. Catching up on reading was a blessing, as well as having to slow down for a while. It is amazing what you discover is and isn't all that important.

I do want to thank EVERYONE for their wonderful support for the website and for this new challenge.

A note regarding yellow jackets: after a run-in with those beasties, DO NOT put your cell phone in your back pocket and have it set on VIBRATE! Trust me on that one. It isn't pretty.

So, take a few minutes, let us know what topics you'd be interested in being covered in future issues and on the website. After that, turn off the phone, the computer, and the TV. Grab your hat, cool beverage and go check out your garden!



As I ambulated diagonally across the rectangular portion of vegetation, I inadvertently disturbed a formicarium. I'll get back to this awful sentence in a minute. I wrote it to make a point.

Earlier this year I discovered that my new raised beds are infected with bacterial wilt. After seeking some advice, I was told that it would only affect those plants in the *Solanaceae* (yes, I looked up the spelling) family. Great. Being a Master Gardener, I didn't want to look like an idiot and say "Sola- what?" So, I now know that family covers, potatoes, tomatoes, eggplant, tomatillo, and a few others. This led me to ponder—wouldn't it have been just as easy to say "tomato, eggplant, etc.?) Granted, we're supposed to supply scientifically based information to our clients BUT—here's the thing we need to remember—our clients aren't necessarily up on Latin names, structures of plants or the chemicals commonly involved in gardening. Quite a few of the people we help may end up the same way I did, getting the correct answer but not knowing what the correct answer said!

I caught myself the other day trying to explain something about the computer to a non-computer person and realized they had a very dazed look on

their face. I had been using common computer terms (at least they were to me) but the person I was helping didn't have any idea what I was talking about! Once we established the knowledge level, the frustration on both our parts vanished.

So, what's the solution to avoid this? We need to remember that when we're helping someone, we pay attention to their skill level. Are they using the 'scientific' words (and using them properly) or are they using the common terms? If they're using the common terms, we should do the same and back up those phrases with the scientific ones.

Oh, the first horrible sentence? Translated into common English it says: As I walked across the lawn, I disturbed an ant mound. Thanks to my friend for the word *formicarium*. I can honestly say that's one I won't be using any time soon!



“What would Dorothy do?” That’s something I ask myself every time I’m faced with a problem. Maybe it’s a craft project that isn’t going according to plan or something in the garden isn’t going the way I wanted it to.... Yes, indeed what would Dorothy do?

‘Dorothy’ visited my house on Halloween quite a few years ago. Yes, that Dorothy, the one from The Wizard of Oz. My Dorothy, however, was about 4 years old and cute as can be. She had pigtails, dress and even had the red shoes. Over her arm, she had a basket that I saw had a stuffed animal in it. “Oh look!” I said, “You even have Toto.” She replied very seriously, “Yup, but he’s a cat.”

Now we all know the story, Dorothy has a DOG. But who says Toto HAS to be a dog every time? I mean really, I have a cat who thinks he’s dog so why can’t the reverse be true? My Dorothy saw nothing wrong with Toto being a cat; in other words, it wasn’t a problem at all. Just another little interesting note to the universe.

Think about it, how often do we try to do something, and it won’t work so we give up? Perhaps it’s just the way we are looking at it. If we

perceive it as a problem of course that is exactly what it's going to be.... a problem!

But what if we changed the perception from something is a problem to something is a possibility? What if we allowed our creativity to come to the fore and just went with the flow? Oh, but I don't have a creative bone in my body! How often have we heard or said that? Really? Nothing? There was a time when you just "knew" that dandelions were wish makers and not weeds. There was a time when a string and tin cans made a telephone. There was a time when the fort in your bedroom was really an outpost in the darkest Amazon jungle.

That part of us still exists. We just need to give ourselves permission to let it out again. I think we'd all be amazed at the results.

So, the next time you're faced with a 'problem' ask yourself, "What would Dorothy do?"



Instead of being tucked in bed like any normal person, I'm sitting at the computer at 4:00 am. Don't ask. I will say this: the house makes weird noises at this hour when no one else is awake and all the appliances are turned off. You don't realize how much noise there is in a normal day until you find yourself without it.

That got me to thinking about the 'noise' we have in our lives generally. Between all the electronic gadgets that we rely on, the people we are around, traffic, planes..... none of that can compare to the 'noise' we generate in our own minds.

The holidays are coming up and if you haven't started already, the internal list maker will soon be in full force. There are guests to attend to, schedules to juggle, meals to plan and prepare. There are gifts to get, wrapping to be done. Don't forget the decorating and the baking!

Cold weather is approaching fast, and we've got to make sure we have the cold protection in place. There are still garden chores to be done and spring planning to take care of.

Needless to say, it can be difficult to keep your composure and your sanity while all the 'noise' is going on.

We all need to remember that we **MUST** make some quiet time for ourselves during this hyper-busy time. Even if it's a quiet walk around the yard to just enjoy the cool air.

If you have to make a list, decide on what is most important to you during this holiday season. Attend to what is important first. Ask for help when you need it and remember that sometimes things won't get done. Remember, no one is going to recall that you didn't have twenty-seven strings of Christmas lights adorning your trees. What they will remember is the warmth of your company and the joy of your time.



Okay, where did the year go? Seems like I was just getting the decorations out and now it's time to put them away again. Personally, I'm all for leaving the tree up and making it a Valentine/Shamrock (and any other holiday) tree. But, for some strange reason happy hubby isn't going for that idea. Sigh.

On top of everything else, getting used to having Happy Hubby underfoot 24-7 is definitely weird. So far, he hasn't rearranged anything major, but we're still figuring out what to do with both of us in the house all the time. New schedule, accepting the fact that he will insist on washing the dishes prior to putting them in the dishwasher (what is up with that anyway???), not just picking up my keys and heading out the door without first saying that I'm leaving (the cats didn't give a hoot so they don't count)...it's different, that's for sure.

Once again, that got my brain going in other directions. It really isn't that big of a deal—it's a change. Change can be hard or easy, depending on how you want to look at it. Some things will be done differently but so long as they get done, does the method really matter? I say that it doesn't. Everyone has their own way of doing things.

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As MG's we face the same challenges. There are things that we need to do: work in the nursery, man the offices, attend meetings, and do some serious fundraising. Are they all fun things? Not always, but they have to get done. So, we can accept the changes that we may have to make, work together and in the end, it won't be so hard after all.

Wishing everyone a happy and prosperous 2012.
(I'm still holding out for the all-holiday tree, though.)



Last meeting, we were introduced to the term/concept 'mast year'. According to the dictionary, a mast year *is from the old English word maest and relates to a phenomenon when the fruit (mast) produced by trees in a given year is exponentially higher than average; by extension, a year in which vegetation produces a significant abundance of fruit.*

So, basically, we're talking about an abundance that is more than we're used to. I can relate to that. Lately I've noticed and experienced an 'abundance' of homework, yard work, retired husband underfoot, housework, projects I really want to get done some time this century....and did I mention the seed catalogs coming in?

Then we have the abundance of political ads (I really want that machine that zaps the computer at the other end), e-mails, phone calls....

What is not experiencing a mast year is my time. So, I'm forced to admit that I can't get everything done. In fact, I'm starting a new mantra, "What gets done gets done." Last time I looked, the dust bunny police weren't knocking on my door.

How many of us are also experiencing a ‘mast year’ just in relation to all the things we feel that we ‘have’ to do? We need to figure out what we really ‘have’ to do in relation to what we ‘must’ do.

We all must take time for ourselves and time to relax. Time to spend with family and friends and recharge our mental and physical batteries.

That is one of the many good things about our group. We definitely have a ‘mast year’ when it comes to brains and talent! It should never be the case where someone feels that they are on their own when it comes to an event, a talk, answering the phones....

But guess what? No one will know that you need a hand if you don’t say something! It’s no shame in needing some help and there are plenty of willing hands to provide it—all you have to do is ask.

The household hubby and I have found that out. He didn’t want to intrude on what he perceived as my domains. Once I asked for some help, he gladly provided it. The dishwasher fairy is nice to have around and has now morphed into the trash-

emptying fairy (still working on laundry fairy but that's going to take a while).

Point is, we can actually ENJOY our mast year and all its wonderful chaos as long as we remember that we can't do it all and there are plenty that will willingly share in dealing with our abundances!



Quite a while ago, I had gotten my husband a garden ornament. It's a biplane designed to look like a weathervane. The elements had taken their toll, and it was time for a new paint job. Since I am such a wise person (ha ha) I figured I had better make sure that nothing had taken up residence inside, so I shook it out. Thankfully (I thought about it afterwards) nothing flew out (as in wasps) but instead a little tree frog made an exit.

I don't know about you, but I've never quite thought of frogs as being pilot material. But there he was, not very happy that I had dislodged him.

I also had to get a new bird feeder. The old one gave its all—literally. The birds, however, have not been all that happy dealing with the new feeder. I know they will, but it will take them some time to get used to it.

That made me think—we are pretty much the same way. Every so often someone or something comes along and shakes up our world and dislodges us. We were comfortable in our spot, but forces conspired to make us move out of our 'comfort zone.' On top of that, things change. Whether it is the layout of our favorite store, a brand that we

always used that isn't around anymore—life changes and sometimes we don't respond very well to those changes.

How many times have you just gotten so angry because something changed? It isn't fair, we don't like it, and nothing, I mean nothing, is going to change our minds.

But is that really how we should react? Does it make any difference? 99.9% of the time, no matter how much we stomp our feet, changes and shake-ups occur and will keep occurring whether we want them to or not.

I repainted the biplane and it looked nice. It will be reinstalled in the front garden. I'm sure something else will take up residence at some point. The little frog has been discovered living in the gardenia. I'm sure he'll find plenty of bugs there and quite frankly he looked more at home in the plant than he did in the airplane.

I just checked outside and there were two birds on the new feeder. Guess they figured out that some change isn't a bad thing after all.

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Since frogs and birds can learn to adapt, I think I'll feel a little silly fussing about changes or shakeups in my own world.





Chapter II

Mozzarella, Monarchs, and Other Misadventures

Funny how some thoughts or ideas get started. Late last year I noticed a plant growing in the expansion joint just outside of my garage door. It amused me so I let it go just to see what would happen. Despite never being watered, a few freezes and living in a very hostile environment, this little vinca has bloomed several times and is

still going strong. To me that is the picture of determination.

Contrast that with a carpenter bee in my back yard. Every morning, I go out and there he lays on the patio, exhausted, stunned and who knows what else. Why? Because he/she is determined to create a nest in the soffit...the vinyl soffit of my house. As I sit at my desk I can hear the tap, tap, tap of his/her efforts. All day long, tap, tap never getting anywhere but determined, nonetheless.

So, is that really determination or is it only plain stubborn hard-headedness? That bee really wants a home and there is plenty of yummy fencing and who knows what else out there, but no, the vinyl soffit is where he/she wants to be.

I decided to look up the word 'determination' and after sifting through 7 definitions (yup, 7 for just one word) I settled on **determination**—firm or fixed intention to achieve a desired end. *Miriam Webster* Keep in mind that definition says nothing of the sanity of the intention nor the ultimate success that will be achieved. Just a firm or fixed intention to achieve.

From my point of view, the bee has a mental problem. He/she is beating himself up, day after day and not accomplishing anything. The vinca on the other hand, has accomplished what it set out to do.

How often do we do the same thing? We are determined to do something and keep at it, even when we know darned well that it just isn't going to happen. Why? Why do we beat ourselves up like the bee?

Instead of futility, is it more like hope? I mean, the bee MAY just succeed (although unlikely) but he might. That plant we're determined to grow, year after year, this just MIGHT be the year that it finally works.

This MAY be the month that I actually get organized and stay organized. If I try just one more time...that may be the key to success?

How does the old saying go? "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Notice that it doesn't say "try again." It is "try, try again."

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When you get asked why you're still trying to do something, remember, determination isn't always seen as being sane or logical. This might just be the time that it works! Don't let a setback or failure dim your determination—try, try again. You just never know when you will succeed like the vinca. Even if you've spent a while beating your head against the wall in order to get there.



In the midst of a bathroom remodel, Happy Hubby and I decided to redo the patio. Okay, this was not the most brilliant of ideas considering the level of disruption both projects caused within the household. The good part was when the bathroom was FINALLY finished, we were able to enjoy a new closet and a huge, new shower. The bad part was the delivery of what was supposed to be ½ truckload of sand...I became the proud owner of almost a full truck load. Even after completing the patio, I still have Mt. Vesuvius in the driveway. really? What am I going to do with all this stuff? Now if I had some small children living on the street, I could be sure of getting rid of a few pounds each day, but unfortunately small children are not prevalent on my street.

Need I say that between finals, the house being disrupted, dust, noise, and WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH ALL THIS LEFT-OVER SAND...I was not in the most congenial of moods. It just seemed that the longer all this was going on, the bigger all the messes seemed to become and the more focused I became on the mess. In the middle of all this I received three phone calls. The first was from my neighbor, who just happens to freak out for any type of creepy crawly. After a

quick trip over to her yard to confirm that the 'worms' eating her plant were, in fact, Monarch butterfly caterpillars, I returned to my messes.

The next call was a while after that and again, it was from the same neighbor. Actually, it was from her young daughter. You see, those caterpillars were genuinely nice and produced a chrysalis right on the windowsill. The young lady was overjoyed to have been able to witness a butterfly 'be born.' And to tell you the truth, even though I've seen this event numerous times I found myself being just as excited. The last phone call was from my mother. Seems a gopher tortoise had decided to build a nest and lay eggs in her side yard. Problem was that crows were watching and were trying to get to the nest. I headed over there and after a bit we had a fairly bizarre but effective anti-crow, turtle protecting cage for the nest. Mom has now marked her calendar to try and catch the hatching. Me? I returned to my messes.

But you know what? Those messes seemed pretty insubstantial after all that. Turtles vs crows and caterpillars that are making butterflies. So, what if there is a bunch of dust around, it will get taken care of. The bathroom is finally finished, and

everything is put back in place. The patio is done, and the clean-up is slowly progressing.

So, when the messes seem overwhelming remember that the world will keep right on turning and doing what it does best...LIVING. We would do well to do the same.

“We make a living not by what we get, but we make a life by what we give.” Winston Churchill



I bugged my husband enough that he finally caved in and got me a set of mixing bowls that I've been eyeing for quite some time. They finally arrived the other day. Yippee!

These are hand-thrown and nest together. The biggest one? Well, let's just say you could probably bathe a rather large dog in it.

Then it hits me, I must clear out space in the cabinet to house my new treasures. Time to sort, sift, and reorganize. That took some doing but finally got it accomplished.

Since the bowls arrived via the postal service (and we all know how carefully they handle things) I did spend quite a bit of time checking them over. Thankfully no chips or cracks. What I did notice was the slight imperfections in each bowl. On one, there is a slight dip in the rim. In another there is a slight color shift where it actually looks like the blue got mixed in with the pottery clay before it was fired.

In other words, you can tell they are handmade. I got out another bowl I've had for ages and compared them. The old bowl, the edges are

perfectly even, there aren't any colors in strange places.... boring. It is still a useful bowl; it just doesn't have the character of these others.

All this 'bowling' got me to thinking how much these bowls are like people. I can see that the super-sized bowl will probably only get used for those heavy-duty jobs. The others will get used for the other jobs that suit their sizes...some more than others. The same is true for people.

There are some folks who seem to always appear when there are heavy-duty jobs to be done. Other folks will be there for other 'jobs' according to their abilities and specialties.

The bowls all have imperfections of some sort or another. None of them adversely affects the usefulness of the bowl itself. Just like people. We all have lumps, bumps, and imperfections. They don't impact our 'usefulness' in the universe. Instead, they enhance the natural beauty that is in each person.

And just like the bowls, we often have to sort, sift, and reorganize when we're dealing with the

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various people in our lives. We always find room for those who are important to us.

Our group is very much like these bowls. We are a bunch of unique folks with many sizes, shapes, and abilities. Everyone has a special talent that makes each and every person an important part of the whole group. So, we sift, sort, and reorganize to find our own special place. And we all end up nesting together really well.



I got it into my head the other day that I was going to make cheese. Mozzarella to be exact. I mean really, how hard could it be? The directions looked fairly straightforward so I made the trip to the store for the necessary supplies.

Upon returning home, I discovered at the end of the recipe was the fact that you can't use ultra-pasteurized milk. Did I also mention that this whole thing requires TWO GALLONS? Thankfully, powdered milk would work. Okay, fine, now I have everything.

I followed all the instructions; pull the resulting mass like you're supposed to and end up with.... drumroll.... a hunk of mozzarella that wasn't even as big as a softball.

Did I mention that it was two gallons of milk?

Then it was on to additional rain barrel installation. I mean, there is a tropical storm brewing, and indications are that we'll get something out of this. The clock is ticking right?

In order to start, I have to move the current rain barrel and....WHAT is that smell? Great. A squirrel

has gotten in there and didn't fare well. UGH! It really is amazing how long you can hold your breath when you have to deal with something like that.

Midway through the install, I discovered that I didn't have the right connector so it's off to the store to try and find a coupling that will marry 1/4" to 1/2" with threads on the 1/4" side. An hour later, finding out that the part doesn't exist and having to puzzle a few others together, I have something that will work, and the storm is still brewing.

Back home, finish the installation just as it begins to rain.....for 10 minutes. That's it....10 minutes. The storm heads elsewhere and I have a very nice, dry set of rain barrels.

Okay, time to just take a breather and regroup. Frustration level has reached its peak (keep in mind I'm sparing you from all the other mini and major disasters of the week).

Sitting here, I started thinking about frustration. Why was I frustrated with the cheese? Well, for starters the info about the milk really should have been at the beginning of the instructions BUT if I

had read them completely to begin with—the problem would have been avoided. Granted, it was a small hunk of cheese, but it was awfully good.

The squirrel in the rain barrel? Well, I can't control the actions of squirrels and since there were 7 in my yard the following morning, it sure didn't impact the population around here. Yes, it was disgusting and smelly but solvable.

The hassle of getting a part? Okay, most of the problem was previous part seekers not putting things back where they found them. Again, something I can't control. I did manage to get something that would work and face it, we will get rain, and the barrels would get filled.

So, I guess the frustration is of my own doing. How often do we get frustrated when it's something we can't control to begin with or just because something isn't going to happen on our own schedule?

I'll make cheese again (after all, it was good) but it will be wiser about the outcome. I'll double-check rain barrels to make sure that critters can't gain entrance, and if they do, I'll deal with it.

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In the meantime, I've gotten a few more tomatoes out of the garden and the rest of the harvest is coming in. I'll have plenty of storage space when the rain does come and even have an extra pump to help with the watering. When you get right down to it, we don't have much time to waste on being frustrated, now do we?



I found an old-style poster on canning. The young girl is saying, “Why do we can so much, Mommy?” Her mom replies, “Because zombies are coming, dear.” I just couldn’t resist the nod to the zombies. It seems that lately we’re hearing a whole lot about potential disasters that could wipe out the human race. As for me, I do believe in being prepared (although the zombie apocalypse thing is very low on my list). That being said, I’ve been on a personal mission to lower my energy bills which will help the financial preparedness of the household. Yes, I’ve been stalking the house to turn off lights (and a few times forgot to check for human inhabitants but that’s another story). We’ve installed a hot water heater timer and lowered the water temperature. The A/C has been raised a degree. For a Yankee, it’s a sacrifice—trust me on that one. Made sure all the appliances that come in are Energy Star rated.

I just got the last electric bill and have saved a whole whopping \$50 this past month. No, I’m not complaining. Although I was hoping for something just a tad bit more dramatic if you know what I mean.

Time for some research and I came across tons of money-saving ideas. I must admit that most of

them are just not feasible (running around naked would draw complaints from the neighbors). Some ideas seemed to cost more than they would save, and others were just so outrageous that I'm sure they are illegal in at least twenty-six states.

I found a piece on 'phantom loads.' Okay, so as a geeky type of person, somewhere in my addled brain I was aware of these energy suckers. For those who may not know, a phantom load is the electricity consumed by an appliance or an electrical device when it is not actively being used or is in the "off" mode. Although these devices (referred to as power vampires) appear to be off, they continue to draw electricity from outlets to keep their circuits ready instantly for the next time they are turned on. TVs, DVD players, modems, battery chargers, in general, any device that has a power adapter and feels warm after it has been off for a while is a power vampire.

You know me, this got me to wonder about other phantom loads in our lives. Just how many other 'vampires' were out there sucking out our valuable time and energy on a daily basis?

The internet, TV, telephone, chores, errands, all these can be really vicious vampires if we aren't careful. Instead of hitting the sack at a decent hour, we stayed up to watch an old movie. How many times do we actually create more work for ourselves by not thinking through our list of chores and/or errands?

We've all heard the joke about starting out to write a check, not having checks in the check book, discovering junk mail while heading for the blank checks, seeing something else that needs doing while taking care of the junk mail. By the end of the tale, the check hasn't been written, you've misplaced your car keys, you're totally exhausted and realize that you didn't accomplish a darn thing all day!

Or out in the garden. We start out with the good intention of getting that one section weeded. Oh, but look, that plant really needs to be cut back. On the way to the tool shed, we see the garbage men have been by so we head out to get the garbage can. Oh, the mailman was here.... let me get the mail inside. By the time you finish, the weeds aren't pulled, your garbage can is still at the end of the

driveway and a myriad of other little things didn't get done or got done the wrong way.

So be prepared! Take the time to prepare yourself against potential disasters, especially the disasters that we create for ourselves. Pay attention to the phantom loads and vampires that suck the life out of your day unless you guard against them.

Maybe they were right after all...the zombies are coming, and they might just be us if we aren't careful.



Official proclamation.... Issac, you have officially worn out your welcome! There is a limit to southern hospitality, and you have exceeded it! GO AWAY! Now back to your regularly scheduled program.

Hopefully, everyone made out okay through the nasty weather. I had errands to run this morning and came across a road crew. They were busily fixing a wash out on the side of one of the roads in my neighborhood. Keep in mind, the washout occurred several weeks ago when we had regular storms go through. Oh sure, cones had been put up, warning folks of the washout, BUT they waited until today.... In the rain.... To fix it.

The newspaper is full of people complaining that the storm was over-hyped. Considering that our recent visitor (Isaac) couldn't seem to make up his mind exactly where he wanted to go and that he was extremely large.... I would much rather have the advance warning. I wouldn't tell the folks over in Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, or some parts of southern Florida that the warnings were over-hyped. I took the warnings seriously. I went around the property and put things away that could get blown around. I took the time to make sure the car was gassed up (considering the price jump that

has occurred, I'm very glad that I did). I did not make a run to the store specifically for storm supplies (already had those) and even loaned one of my neighbors an oil lamp (who is laughing about being a prepper now?). What got me really thinking was due to all the griping I was hearing.

I did go to the store as I always do, and people were fussing over having to wait in line. People were impatient. Why, I wondered? Could it be that they waited until the last minute to prepare? What was the rush? I suppose what I'm getting at is, we all tend to get irritated when things happen that cause us a bit of inconvenience. Perhaps it is due to waiting a bit longer in line because the lady ahead of you is fumbling with her debit card or that the weather doesn't cooperate with your outdoor plans. I ask you, are any of these daily irritations really that important? Don't we already waste more time being aggravated than we really should? Don't we cause ourselves more consternation by fussing about things that we have absolutely no control over? Don't we just end up wasting time making ourselves miserable?

TIME. It's a precious commodity. How often do we say, "If I only had time!" or "If only there was more

time!” Happy Hubby claims that since he has retired, he has no time, but that is another issue. The reality is that time is precious because we only have so much of it. There are only 24 hours a day, right? So, make TIME your priority.... Not in how you SAVE it but rather in how you SPEND it.

As Master Gardeners we all have demands made upon our time. In addition to our daily routine, there is work to be done in the offices, in the nursery, and in events we participate in. Spending our precious time doesn't mean that we must spend it all in one place and all at one time. In the course of one month, we could all certainly find a couple of hours of our time to spend keeping the Master Gardener program vibrant and growing!

We can all find a bit of time to donate to our neighbors, our friends, our family, and our group. Even small amounts mean so much in the end. Remember that your TIME is the most precious thing that you can spend with and on another human being. If you spend your time wisely, you'll be amazed how much more time you actually have in the long run.

The Last Word

See you next time!





This delightful collection of true-to-life stories captures the humor, frustration, and unconditional love that come with sharing a home with determined felines.

The Last Word:

When you figure out that your cats might just have a better handle on life than you do

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