

## **Lost For Words?**

Eileen Magee

Earlier this year I was paying a series of visits to a very sick friend who I knew would not recover. Her hearing and eyesight were swiftly failing and it was difficult to hold any sort of conversation.

Approaching her cottage one day and wondering how I would find my friend, I noticed a particularly fine clump of snowdrops under a stone wall. I carried on round the small Cotswold cottage garden and saw other signs of growth and little hints of Spring. When I went indoors it was possible to describe to my friend, who hadn't seen her garden that year, what was happening outside. From the smiles on her face I think there was an understanding of what I was saying.

My next visit, the last, was again enhanced by a description of what was growing and flowering. So perhaps when words fail you, consider talking about flowers and gardening – a never ending source of inspiration.