The highlight of my childhood summers was visiting my grandmother's ranch in the Colorado mountains. A walk through her rustic yard was to know her heart. A profusion of flowers and raspberry bushes laden with sweet fruit drew butterflies, filling the garden with color. In the evening, we would fall asleep watching a tangerine sky go dark, then awaken to diamond-dust sunbeams dancing across the room.

*Lollipop Garden is a scrapbook of those lovely days.*

Vanessa
if i had a flower
for every time i thought of you,
i could walk in my garden forever

-alfred lord tennyson