A Gardener’s Night Before Christmas

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Published in the Plain Dealer December 23, 1995

When I became a Master Gardener in 2005, Jack Kerrigan was the OSU Extension Director. I cherish the days he taught Botany to our new class, as he was a superb instructor and leader of Cuyahoga County. He wrote weekly horticulture articles for the Plain Dealer for many years. Chris Harris recovered this one and asked me to print it in the Trumpet Vine. No matter what holiday you celebrate this season, may it be warm, happy and full of love.
Sandy Welches, Editor

For gardeners he brings a bounty of plants:
A new peony, please forget the pesky ants.

A load of manure, well-aged, and some seed
Of the newest sweet corn and tender snow pea.

A guide of the insect pests would help each to know
All the insects and mites that cause plants to grow slow.

With guide in hand, monitor the garden each day
To prevent outbreaks of insects’ reproductive play.

A new sprayer to fill with safe oils and soaps,
A hickory-handled hoe will handle weeds with few strokes.

A garden of great bounty you soon will grow
The disease-resistant vegetables in rich soil you sow.

Then our gardening Santa having emptied his load
Hopped into his truck and took off down the road.

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‘Twas the night before Christmas and all through the garden
Not a creature was stirring, not even the varmin’;

The hoses were stored in the cellar with care
In hopes that come spring they would still all be there.

The perennials were mulched all snug in their beds
While visions of fertilizer danced in their heads.

The compost pile still active, but at a slow pace
In turning to rich humus, what once was yard waste.

The new-planted shrubs had been soaked by the hose
To settle their roots for the long winter’s doze.

When out in the driveway there rose such a clatter
That I arose from my bed to see what was the matter.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a stout little man with a sack of gardening gear.

Thank goodness, dear Santa, you’ve allayed all my fears
Of socks, sweaters and ties that make me look drear.