

Fruitful encounters in Aberfeldie

I choose my walking route depending on the time of day and seasonal delights I can pocket! In the morning I walk a very boisterous dog, who is great to walk with, as I find myself laughing loudly, which in turn wakes me up and puts me in the mood to greet others and get home to a lazy and reluctant-to-start-the day family.

In the evening however I walk to see what fruits are hanging over the fences or what empty plots of land will yield. I have enjoyed plums, figs and lemons this summer so far, last summer yielded peaches, but unfortunately the tree wasn't fruiting well. I know this is rather naughty, however to justify it, I never take fruit unless the tree is laden and I think of my granddad who I walked with when I was little, we always came home with a piece of fruit 'way back then'.

I have had comments from the growers, who now have become more than people who have a fruit tree, but are now neighbours, who offer advice to me about gardening or share stories about life. And to appease my guilt, I was able to drop off some zucchini to the plum tree house, and was planning to do the same with some silverbeet, but it was shredded in the hail on the weekend. Walking brings out the child in me, but also helps me meet others and find a connection.