*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review …. ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.* Outlk13wc10

July 25, 2013 (2013 Letter # 10)

**The Flower Vase Mystery.**

Pretty much a bunch of nonsense here.

Following a non-eventful ‘backward’ walk along the river last week we cut thru the ‘Selby Meadow’, which is next to the ‘Atlantis Woods’, which are across the street from our house. Passing by a large patch of wild Tiger Lilies, we whipped out our Swiss Army knife and cut a good handful.

Reaching home, we stuck them in a really nice cut glass vase.

Now, … as you read that last sentence, did you read ‘vace’ or ‘vahz’ ? Probably many of you read ‘vace’. That is not descriptive of this flower container, definitely a ‘vahz’. We will endeavour to alleviate this vase descriptive deficiency by using three different words to describe our types of vases whenever we touch on the subject of flowers: Vahz, Vace, & Milk Bottle.

Well now, … 3 days later we looked at our vahz and saw that the water the lilies were in had turned to a bright orange! Lucille looked at me and I looked at Lucille and both had the same thought. “How can we be well into our eighties and never have noticed this happening before!” We changed the water. Two days later, … orange again. Hmmmn, hey, we never had cut Tiger Lilies in the house before, maybe just a Tiger Lily trait.

Ah, … but not so. We were about to have an overnight visit by the Bowman's, old Cedarvale neighbors 3 removed. Some fresh cut flowers for the living room would be nice. We bought two lovely bouquets. One had a mix of pink and red zinnia type blossoms. Come the Bowman's. Come afternoon cocktail hour. A glance at the vahz. Good Grief, … the topmost water was definitely pink and became less pinkish as it deepened. Thought for a minute we’d learn something from our guests, but no, they’d never seen this before either. Suppose we could take the modern day approach to the problem and ‘Google’ it, but think I may try something else.

We will paint a nice watercolor of this bouquet and stick it up on the mantel. Then we’ll keep tabs on how many come in and say, “ Hey nice painting, … but why is the water pink?”

Be with you next month,

Lucille & Ken.

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