This year's spring has been abnormally normal, like the old springs of yesteryear. It didn't turn hot in March, or dry in April, freeze hard or late, or do anything except be a nice long spring. Maybe we're making up for the last few lost springs.

The ground is finally warming up, and you know what that means. All of the tiny seedlings we have babied along will jump up and reach for the sky. I'd say we are two or three weeks behind compared to the last several years, which seemed to be tow or three weeks ahead of "normal".

So our first salad of lettuce and radishes had to wait. And so do our faithful customers. For the first time in nine years I canceled our first delivery. I checked my garden notes from the last few season, and I planted at the same time. Things are getting off to a slow start, which is fine with me. The folks who eat our produce will just have to wait a week; that's what Mother Nature says.

About five acres are planted, in various vegetables in various stages of growth. The potatoes are hilled, and many of the spring crops will soon be harvestable. Squash, beans, cucumbers, and corn are just poking up and needing attention. We like to hoe around everything soon after they emerge.

The tomato plants were long and leggy, so we laid them in a furrow with their roots well watered and just their tops sticking up above ground. Tomatoes will root along their stem, but most plants wont. They are transplanted bare-root from the cold frame, and everyone lived, even though several sunny days came before yesterday's rain.

One more acre to go. It will be half in sweet potatoes, who are finally sprouting up in their bed. Usually they'd be out by now. Melons are what we were getting ready to plant when we got rained out, or should I say, rained on. A pepper patch will round out this last garden spot.

The long spring has been great for flowers, herbs, and fruit. It looks like an apple years, with pears, cherries and berries, too. Every year is so different. Last year we had no spring, and a black April from the freeze, which froze the trees. This wet, cool spring is full of promise. We are late by the calendar, but right on time by Mother Nature's clock.