

The Butternut Trees

a story within interconnection

Redford Gardens
International Garden Festival 2025
Borders

Our story began with our harvesting of disease resistant butternut tree seed.

Our story began with our long warm summer bringing a good sea grass harvest.

Our story began with our butternut seed's germination.

Our story began with our Abernaki basket weaving workshop.

Our story began with our planting of the butternut sapling in its basket.

Our story began with our staking out our basket.

Our story began with our watering of the saplings on a hot summer's day.

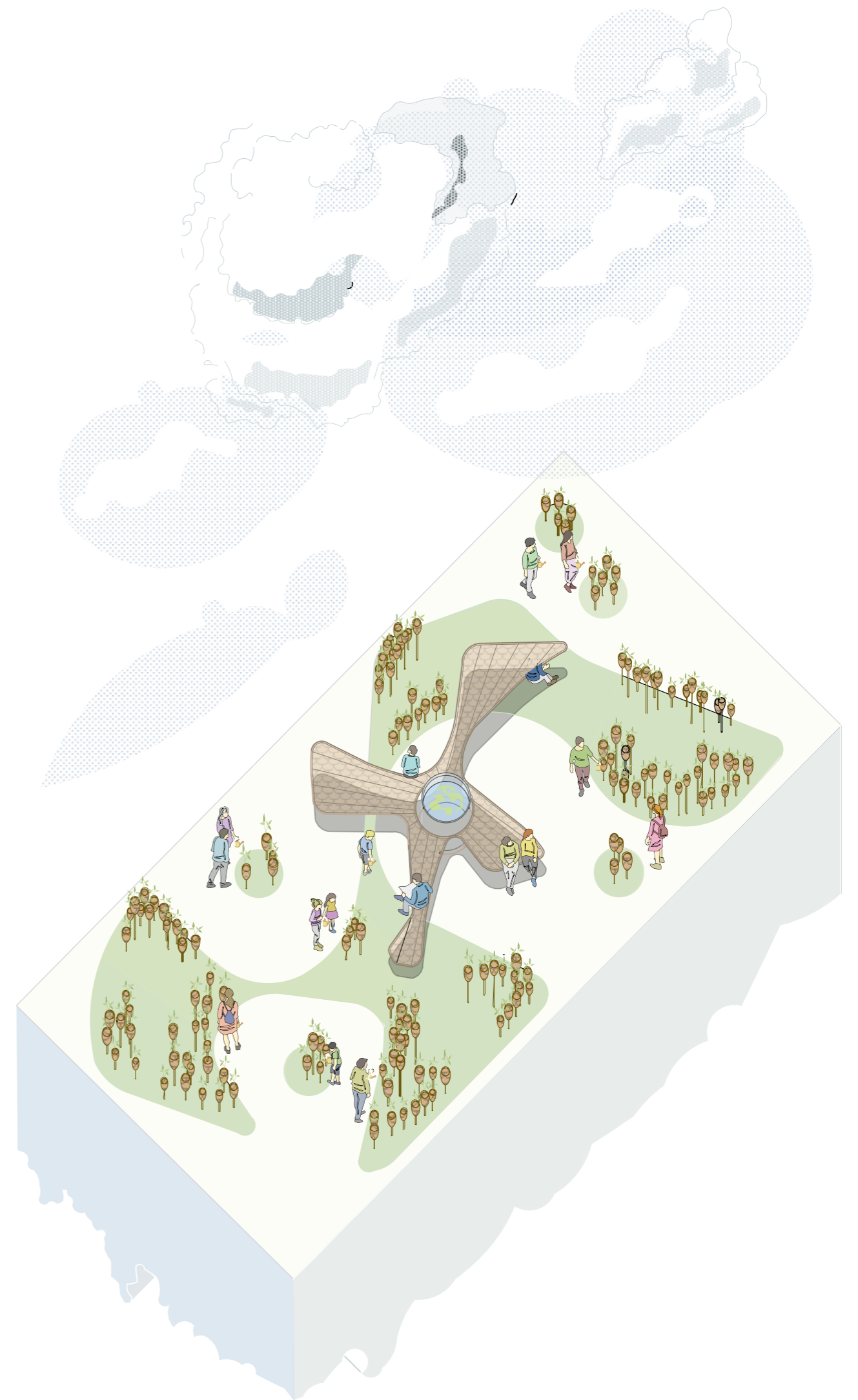
Our story began with our collection of our sapling as long shadows raced us.

Our story began with our harvesting of our Butternut tree seed.

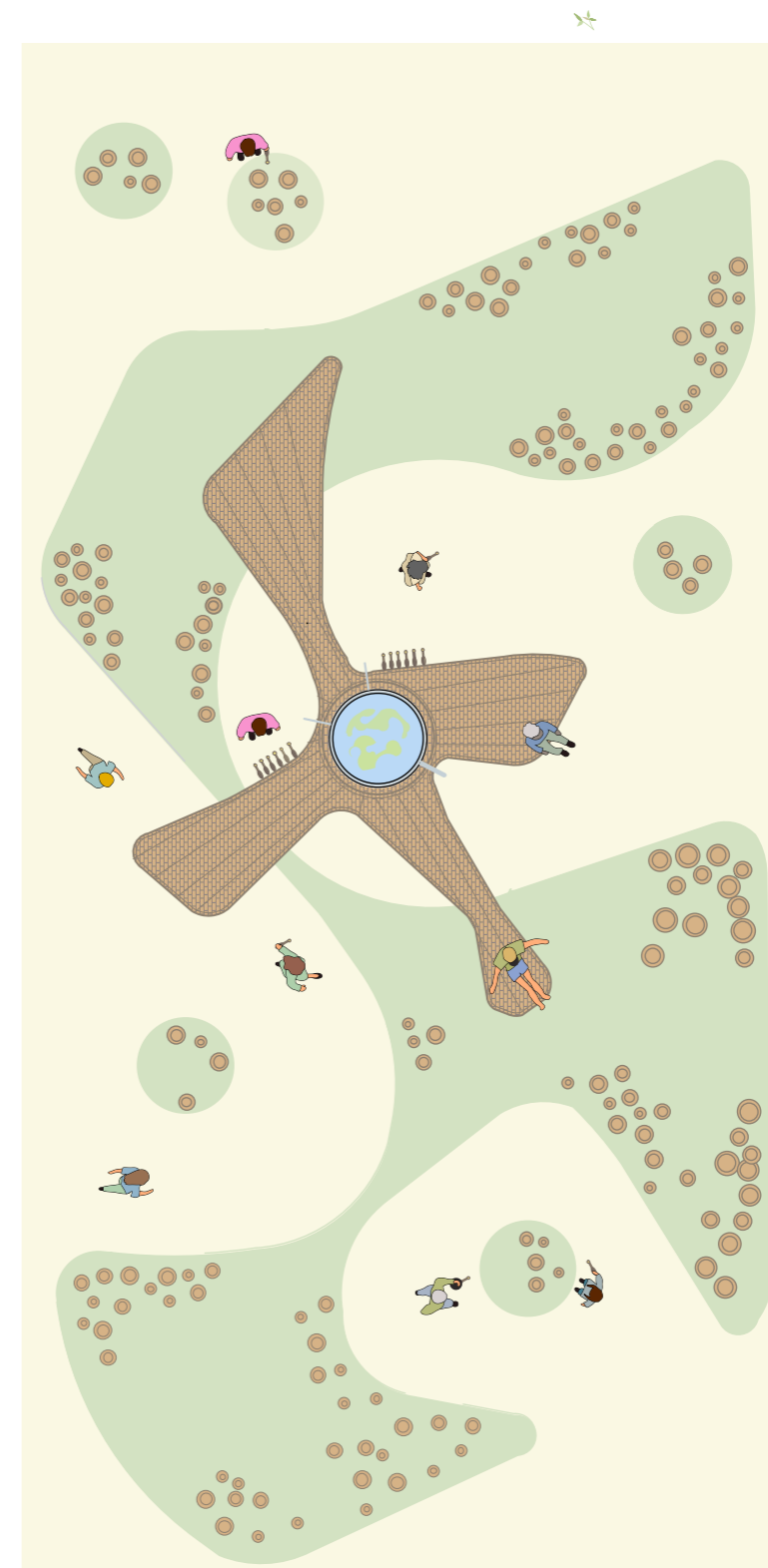
Sunlight gently gleams off the woven seagrass Abernaki baskets as they sway gently in the summer breeze. Children's laughter hangs in the air as they rush to water the saplings, the woven baskets dripping on to the wildflower meadows below as butterflies flit around them. With each breath this place becomes part of my body, with every watering the evolution of the garden is rewritten, with every contemplation temporal and spatial boundaries begin to diffuse.



Our story began with our first visit, with our first tending of the little butternut sapplings, with the meadow beneath starting to emerge under the dripping sappling baskets.

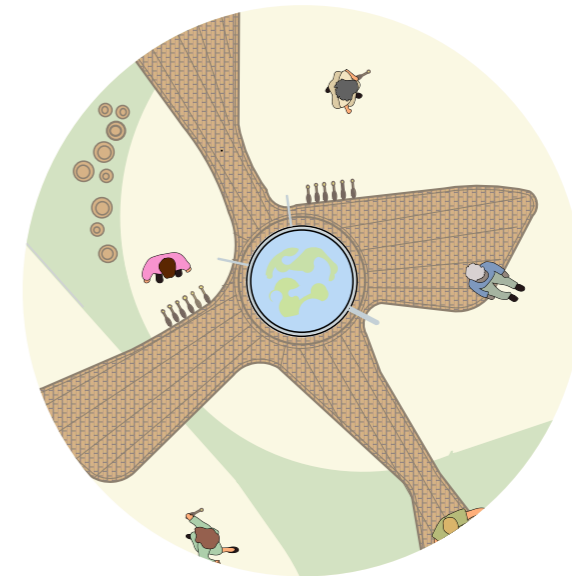
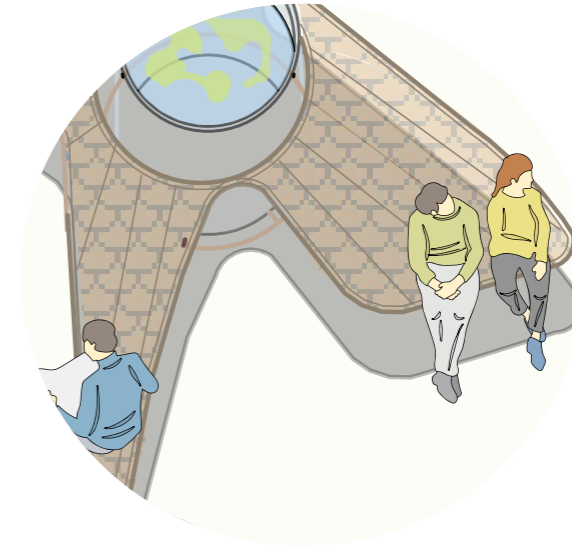


Our story began with with our sitting on the woven arms that reach out from the water trough, with it's bright yellow tiny watering cans, with its galvanised taps, with the dripping of water, with the song of birds, with the shadows of the butternut trees.



Our story began with joining the Abenaki basket workshop, with the gentle bending of the seagrass, with the gentle murmur of conversation.

Our story began with the planting out of our disease resistant Butternut sappling in a woven lined basket, with the soft smells of the earth filling our lungs, with gentle laughter hanging in the air.



Our story began with our collecting of our butternut tree sappling, with the sun low in the sky, with the meadow grasses rustling in the light breeze, with long shadows falling onto the path, with the wildflower scent filling the air and our chests.



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