

The Dandelion Patch

by MaryAnn Diorio

Yolanda Riggins lived all alone in a pale blue cottage at the top of a high hill on the north end of town. But Yolanda was not really alone. Each day, the children from the village below would climb the hill to Yolanda's house to partake of the many delicious foods she prepared from her dandelion patch.

Every morning, just as the sun rose, Yolanda donned her red cotton apron with the wide yellow stripe that stretched all the way across the front. She wrapped her yellow polka dot kerchief around her head. She slipped her feet into her red wooden clogs. Then she picked up her blue canvas gathering bag and marched straight to her dandelion patch.

Dandelions covered every inch of it. Yolande picked bunches and bunches of them. She loved the way the dandelion flowers opened every morning to greet the new day and closed every evening to go to sleep. She loved the way the dandelion's yellow flower reminded her of the sun. And the way the puff ball reminded her of the moon. And the way the seeds, when she blew them, reminded her of the stars.

Most of all, Yolanda loved the way the dandelion reminded her of God's love for her.

Back in her kitchen, she made dandelion pies, dandelion pudding, and dandelion cakes. She made dandelion cookies, dandelion candy, and dandelion muffins.

She made dandelion soup, dandelion salad, and dandelion bread. Some she froze for her own use. Some she gave away to her neighbors. Lots she gave to the wonderful children who visited her every day. Everyone in the small town called Yolanda Riggins "The Dandelion Lady."

One morning, as Yolanda approached her dandelion patch, she noticed a huge sign planted in the middle of it. "What is this?" Yolanda muttered.

She clip-clopped up to the sign. She peered at the big black letters through her thick bifocals and read:

Coming Soon on This Site: New Interstate Highway

Yolanda stomped her foot. "I will not let anyone build a highway through my dandelion patch!" She removed the sign. "Besides, there's a much better place for a highway at the bottom of the hill."

But at six o'clock in the morning, nobody heard her.

Yolanda hurried back to her cottage. She placed her blue canvas gathering bag back on the shelf. She took off her yellow polka dot kerchief. She took off her red cotton apron with the wide yellow stripe that stretched all the way across the front. Then she sat down in her big, comfortable easy chair. She placed her laptop on her lap. She began to type:

Dear Mr. Mayor,

Please do not build a highway through my dandelion patch.

Sincerely,

Yolanda Riggins

Yolanda tapped the SEND button and off went her email to the mayor..
Two days, later, the mayor replied.

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