

Spring Reminiscence

Objectives

- To discuss homes and gardens
- To see how tasks were done and by whom
- Share what tools were used
- Recall past experiences
- Encourage interaction with others
- Give cognitive stimulation

Resources

Don't worry if you don't have everything.

- A printed copy of the story
- A4 printed copy of the images
- Plants, tools and a drink
- Recording of garden birdsong
- Diffuser with flower or grass scent

As people are getting ready, play a suitable piece of music such as 'Tulips from Amsterdam.'
Welcome your residents to the session.

Activity

- Read the short story aloud at a clear, gentle pace. Depending on your residents, you may need to read it twice.
- Have the resources at hand
- Hold up, show around the images and describe them if necessary
- If you have scented plants, pass them around for everyone to sniff
- Any plants with texture, encourage residents to feel

Discuss elements of the story [you could read again at this point]

- Does anyone here have a favourite cup? What is it like? Why do you like it?
- Do you prefer tea or coffee?
- Do you enjoy gardening?
- What are your favourite plants?
- What is your favourite garden bird?

Play the same piece of music again and thank everyone for coming to the session

The Story

I was sitting out in the garden with a cup of tea just now. My hands were cupped around my favourite mug. It's nothing special, in fact, it's a promotional mug from one of my suppliers many years ago when I had a very different job. The sun was warming my face and my toes: I'd kicked off my shoes to feel the cold grass on my feet.

There were signs of promise, even in my fairly sparse garden! The grass was growing for one, along with the daisies and the buttercups. This meant the lawnmower would need to come out and we would be left with the sweet smell of grass.

The bees would soon be busy but maybe not just yet, although there were a few around.

I've found that I have begun to appreciate my outdoor space more over the last few years, even though I am not an avid gardener.

I've started noticing the little things. The bees of course, but also the bulbs I had forgotten I had planted last year were poking their heads through, the way the daffodils seemed to dance in the breeze.

What I knew that I must not attack with the mower were the dandelions. Dandelions are the first food for the bees and without bees, they say, we would not exist.

What is more fun than when a dandelion has done its duty, than blowing the dandelion clock and the fluffy seeds floating off to take root elsewhere?

The sun had dropped now and the air was quite chilly. Time to go in before it gets cold.







