

Up Front: Why does a just God allow weeds to grow?

- **Kathy Hedberg/Lewiston Tribune**

According to the poet, one is never nearer to God than in a garden.

Which begs the question: If God is out there in the garden anyway, why doesn't he do something about those weeds?

Even after years of gardening I still marvel at the way life flourishes before your very eyes. One day you've got a little flower on a vine; the next day it's a zucchini. Or a tomato. Or a bean.

Or a button weed.

As prolific as vegetable life can be, it's nothing compared to how fast weeds can grow. Crabgrass and button weeds are my nemeses. I try to stay on top of them by plucking them out of the ground as soon as I spot them. But they hide under the bushes; they disguise themselves as other plants - they have an indomitable will to live. You may be able to glean an armful of squash in a day but you can harvest button weeds by the truck full.

Someone may point out the biblical story of Jesus telling the crowd to just chill, let the weeds grow with the wheat and at the end of the age the angels will sort it out.

Of course, Jesus was giving an object lesson here. But son of God or no, that is bad horticultural practice. If one lets the weeds go and depends on angels to fix the problem at harvest time, one is going to be eating a lot of crabgrass salad in the meanwhile.

Recently, I heard about a post on Facebook that said there is some kind of weed that grows in the cracks of your sidewalk that is actually healthier for you to eat than the fresh vegetables in your garden.

This sounds like the demented ranting of someone who has completely given up on trying to control weeds and is just making lemons into lemonade.

I've heard the tale before. But even if you can eat weeds the bigger question is: How do they taste with ranch dressing?

No, my friend, weeds are not to be appeased or tolerated. They are evil. Unless you fight them they will take over your garden and your life and they will make you the laughingstock of the neighborhood.

They don't taste good, they don't smell good and the only food value they have is fiber. If you're that desperate you might as well chew on a fence post.

Just remember, the Almighty is apparently out there in your garden, the poet says. So pray your fanny off for the big guy to give you a break, and then hire some high school kids to help pull weeds.

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