

Fieldnotes write up on the solano canyon community garden

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It was quite amazing how one of them entertained me in my query of the freeway which interestingly runs alongside and beneath the garden. They pointed out that to some thirty-nine gardeners, the Solano Canyon Garden has become an oasis, feeding and slaking the thirst of a newly-found diverse mother nature gone concrete yet surprisingly organic. Surrounding the garden's entrance, I noticed the inlays of tiles in certain portions, including the steps, which had seemingly been scientifically structured on purpose to allow proper growth of plants throughout their place. Back then, without a tour guide, I could imagine how little would be known of each plant type in view which, in reality, serves more than a single sense - aesthetic to sight and healthy taste to the palate of urban living. It hardly occurred to us that the scenic fields are lush vegetation of organic produce as we generally felt that Solano Canyon Garden is more of a park, lovely in its own way, exhibiting colorful flowers and herbs of peculiar species chiefly rendered as they are for tourist attraction. We were three-fourths way through with our journey when we met with the interactive Al Renner, the Master Gardener, who had humbly and cheerfully walked the class through paths leading to farm culture of dominant greens making us grin with awe upon seeing exotic plants of various unique appearances and whose green color sometimes comes beyond typical shades. As if to be one with real nature, I could sense that the majority of us had been drawn to its beauty featured in the well-tended beds of flowers and vegetables that are further enhanced by the refreshing swish of the river's noise from the background and the accents of blithe mosaics on walls, benches, sidewalks, and even tables. According to Mr. Renner, the local artists each had personal inspiration in creating such an

element of art to blend with the orchard and hillside planting beds. Even as we came to the latter part of the visit, looking onto the remainder of the thirty other individual plots, the wonders of the garden were overwhelming enough to dwell at least in the current poetic reflections our class could savor for life.