

Although the calendar may not reflect it, summer is almost over. How do I know this? Well, for one, the cicada are going crazy. According to my esteemed colleague, the earlier you hear them, the earlier the frost is. Fall may be sooner than we think; I've been hearing them buzz for weeks.

I know we've had some pretty steamy weather in the last months and it couldn't seem less like school is going to start in two weeks. It doesn't seem possible. After we celebrate the Fourth of July, the rest of the summer seems to evaporate. I couldn't believe it when I got the first school registration.

Many of my flowers are starting to show the wear and tear of blooming like crazy for weeks. The impatiens are looking creepy with their spindly pale stalks and sparse leaves and my pale lavender petunias and red and white begonias have flowered their brains out and still look good. That's quite unusual for me; I don't have a black thumb but it's not a bright green one, either.

We passed on the tomatoes this year. Last year, the potted tomatoes got that funk that comes from water splashing up from the dirt and the ones in the back had a case of the blight.

We tried to grow tomato plants in those Topsy Turvy things and failed miserably both times. The first time, we got one from a friend and pushed our little tomato plant through the bottom and filled it with dirt and then my husband watered it diligently every day. We found out you really aren't supposed to fill it up with dirt or water them that much and it quickly drowned and looked like a weed that had been set on fire.

The second time around, we got one already well established. It was ginormous. It already had three tomatoes on it. We thought we had it made. We were going to show that Topsy Turvy a thing or two. It only took us four weeks to kill that one. We did get a couple tomatoes off of it before its demise. I'm not sure what happened to it. I know at one point my husband thought I was watering it and I thought he was.

So this year, we didn't even try. Might be a cop-out but I am really not concerning myself with it. We also put in some new perennials. I'm trying to work it so everything just comes up on its own and we don't have to worry about buying plants. It's a good theory. I'll let you know how it works.

Football practice has been underway. My neighbor girl is on the Jefferson junior high team. She's soft-spoken and cute and isn't afraid to hit or take one. It cracks me up to talk to her with her little-girl voice and know she could probably take me down and make me say uncle in a second.

Another sure sign of the end of the summer is Allen and Van Wert county fairs. Allen started Friday and Van Wert is right around the corner.

So now is the time. Carpe diem! Take that weekend trip, get in that last swim. Summer's almost over and times a-wastin'. You need to get in the last hurrah of summer.