

We mowed our grass today—sorta. We don't mow it very often. It would be a misnomer to call our yard a "lawn." I looked up the definition of that word. I read: "an area of short, mown grass in a yard, garden, or park." Well, right now, we have an area of short, mown "something" in our yard. Part of it is grass. Some of the area is weedy. The dogs have spent so much time—generations of dogs—running back and forth along the north yard fence watching livestock that the area north of the house is primarily hard-packed dirt. We don't need to mow that.

We don't trim, so around every tree is a ring of tall grass, and the same is true of the areas next to the yard fence. We are not "yard proud." When lawn mowers produce, according to EPA figures from a few years ago, five percent of the air pollution in the United States with the 800 millions of gallons of gasoline burned to mow lawns, it seems wise to us to limit lawn mowing.

And, lawns have gotten bigger and bigger. Lawn mowing seems to have become a hobby for millions of Americans, a pastime with little ethical defense.

Many people, to be sure, have begun turning at least part of their yards into mini nature preserves, leaving large areas "wild." And, some folks have turned their front yards into vegetable gardens. It seems to me that a well cared for vegetable patch is certainly the equal of any lawn in beauty and far surpasses an area of tightly mown grass in its usefulness.

I guess we compromise. We mow a small yard—sometimes. We have cut our grass three times this year. Twice more will be the limit.