

Teen Essay 1st Place

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The History of Seed Farming in Skagit County

The seeds for our future are the ones we hold within ourselves. We continue to sow seeds into the ground with every step we take. When we look back on them we begin to remember what it was like when we started and how we grew. If the weeds of disapproval infested us, if we let pests invade us, and if we ended up blossoming. For the greater good or bad, without our belief, we wouldn't be anywhere.

A Dutch immigrant once believed in a pot of bulbs from her homeland and watched them endure the environments where her new town lay. The change was feeble, but with time, the languishing bulbs sprouted. In the spring, as the rain continued to pour, her neighbors witnessed and began to sprout some more. With time and as they persevered the flowers grew to what we see now. Here we are, living in fields of dotted color that artists sketch. One of the largest fields of tulips and daffodils resides where we live today all because of an immigrant woman who believed. She took a chance, and although the outcome wasn't probable; we have seas of bulbs, returning each year in meddling rain to see the brightness of spring.

Some time ago, I remember someone telling me that the best flowers grow in the darkness; that we took the orchids from the forest to keep them close. The orchid in the sun begins to wither and the orchid without the familiar forest begins to rot. So we learned to let the flowers of the forest be and blossom independently. For the trees, underbrush, and undergrowth work together in the darkness, together gathering harrowing brightness. With the struggles that came with their growth, the flowers begin to change and adapt into beastly creatures more beautiful than we could imagine. Sufficient, lacking- but perfect all the same they refined their now riveting traits.

The cabbage and spinach our local farmers produce help sustain this country by feeding children and our elders, young and old nationwide. We let them taste our seeds from our home. Tales of children grimacing at the sight of green leaves, with their mouths covered in cotton sleeves, make us remember times current and past when the choice for our food was never there and at times, leaves of green were blessings when the world was beige and gray. When they grow up, they'll grow and regret their times of misjudgment and realize people's misfortunes. When we sprout through continuous revelations and trials, we will realize that these misfortunes continue to persist. If and when we sow seeds of our own, we will nourish them and brandish them as our own and let them understand how the seeds surrounding us are the foundation for the flowers around us.

We'll show them how the bean can grow in the darkness, how the most interesting flowers grow without light, why bulbs without a homeland can cultivate prosperous acres, and how the leaves of emerald on plates are the beginning of a steady childlike growth and stems for understanding.