

## **My Time with Mary Jane**

### **An Excerpt**

Science was to blame for my initial fascination with the land of “Jimmy.” I found myself in Jimmy’s garage in a suburb of north Seattle. The garage was a grow room housing the legal limit of 15 medical marijuana plants. I had a mature bud of one of those plants in my hand. I found myself looking through a tiny, hand-held microscope, focused on a single leaf of that plant Jimmy called “AK 47.” What I saw there was an awe inspiring display of what God had left there for me to witness. The resin glands of the marijuana plant are held aloft by branch-like hairs called trichomes. Trichomes look like a forest of Martian antennas. The kind of antennas you find on the head of a typical Martian. Stalk-like growths with a fob on top. That little fob is chock full of THC, the fun part of the whole affair. Since these little fobs had a tint of amber, they were screaming through the microscope “Harvest me!”