



*Ground Covers
Unlimited 2012*

Reprinted from a letter dated December 20, 2009, sent to the The Cottage Gardener.

Hi Cottage Gardeners!

So I've been anxiously awaiting your catalogue... one of my goals this year was to make my garden plan over the Christmas holidays. Last year, I ordered quite a bit of seed from you guys, but I plan on ordering more.

So... I was in a bad car accident a few years back and I wanted to do everything I could to get healthy again. That included eating the best possible food for my body to heal itself. So I started gardening, it was both physical and mental therapy.

My parents own a 100-acre farm, with a horticultural business growing ground covers – so I had both the space, expertise and rototiller at my use, which helped immensely. Last year I started selling fresh greens to a tea room in our little town of Bethany, and selling “locally” – which means only as far as I could bike. A friend secured a milk crate to my bike and the most it carried was 2 dozen corn! I thought of the name Elysian Fields, where the heroes went when they died in Greek mythology; this place was full of friends, food and it was their heaven, and they never wanted to go back to the real world.



The garden has saved my life, it keeps me hanging on when I get down about things. There I weed and no one bothers me. I cried in there a lot! But it is something to look forward to... it's something I can do and I see a future in it.

My dad and I have had some great conversations in the garden and my mom taught me all about pickling and preserving – your cucumbers are excellent! And your tomatoes – the Ceylons, Amish Pastes, Brandywines and Moneymakers, they grew like stink! I probably cut them back 4 times! But Dad did load the garden with compost.

My garden was my heaven... and to share the gift of food with people was something else. As I've learned, all we need is a few things in life: love and food! I've been thinking a lot about going to chef school... to be able to teach kids and people how to cook... it's a dying skill. I'm only 22 and this summer a girl who's 32 from Toronto picked a pepper for the first time. And she came back and learned how to make bread!

Anyways, thank you for what you do! Your seeds started it all! So here's some pictures of my garden, the big garden with your tomatoes,





peppers, beans, cucumbers and sunflowers... so lush with all the rain, and my little garden that housed the fresh greens, and zucchini (which actually tasted like something... my friends now like vegetables because of your zucchini, all we did was BBQ them with a little olive oil and basil)... I can't wait for next summer.

So (what Rachel was really trying to say)... I'm requesting another free catalogue pretty please!

**In memory of Rachel Spearing, an angel called home.
April 22, 1987 - February 26, 2011**

Rachel's unexpected letter to the Cottage Gardener seed company touched many people this past year, including the company's owner who cherished it for two years before returning it to us in February. It reminds us all that no matter how people are introduced to gardening - through cooking, social gatherings or having grown up in a green-thumbed family - our gardens nurse us in many ways. And as always, a nursery should be much more than a nursery.

Sincerely, the Spearing Family



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