In the Garden

The Specialty Nursery, a True Story

It all started so innocently. "Ah, Mr. Big, would you like to go on a little outing this week?" I ask this carefully because sometimes I get just a teeny bit carried away at garden centres. He is suspicious (and rightly so) but just a bit intrigued when I say "It's a specialist nursery." Now I'll be honest here, I own thousands of plants. I am obsessive and I like to dabble in exotic plants. This was going to be a major plant buying experience and I thought he might be stunned by the shear variety."Well that does sound interesting," he said. So off we went, ferries were caught, roads were navigated and we arrived



at the mother of all plant nurseries. OMG there were miles of hostas, acres of weird and wonderful ferns, every imaginable type of trillium, and a few friendly pooches to pat. I tried to reign myself in a few times but it was pointless. I wanted every single fern they had. Then I realized I already had quite a few of them. OK I thought, lets focus on the Sea

Hollies. I love a good spiky plant. They really annoy the dear. Nothing like a prickle in the nose to send bambi scurrying for the neighbour's roses! Oh my there were a lot of different and unusual plants. I asked one of the staff how many Astilbe they had. "I lost track after 32," he said. "Must be a lot of work taking care of them all!" I remarked cheerfully. Then

I noticed the deranged look in his eyes as a bit of spittle formed on the edge of his lip. I recognized this look. Too many plants to take care of. Too many awestruck visitors, too much nursery! "And you do it so well." I added quickly. Silently he counted up the plants and sent me off to the cashier. As he left I noticed the shaky hands and the twist to the head. Now I understand. It's the end of the big plant sale season. Growers are exhausted and a wee bit testy. Give them some time; oh say four months and they will be cheerful again! Just in time for Christmas.

Mill Bay Garden Club is napping for the summer and will be back on the fourth Tuesday in September. Cheers!

