

I've renamed my garden. I think it should be called Saint Garden, not June's Garden. It dictates saint-like virtues: faith, hope, charity, obedience, patience, forgiveness, awareness, kindness and humility.

Every fall I practice faith and hope while planning next year's garden, noting last year's failures. Charity by sharing plants and seeds with people in need, to fill the empty spaces of their new gardens. Kindness by informing them that if they desire some of my Shasta daisies, day lilies, calla lilies, Monbretia or other invasive plants that those plants can soon take over their garden space.

There is a sphere of authority that is cast down by the heavens above. It's called wind and rain. One early July morning that authority whipped up a dandy storm. Still in my robe and slippers, I frantically ran outside with twine, hammer and nails, to save a newly planted rose bush from being uprooted by tying it securely to the wooden shingles on the side of my house.

The next day I noticed the strong force of the wind had pulled the tied branches away from the house, causing several shingles to break away. I not only had to replant the rose in a more protected area, but also had to replace several shingles.

A lesson in obedience to the sphere of authority, and to be aware, humble and forgiving to the dictates of who is in control. Mother Nature, not I.

Awareness. I was aware why my delphinium didn't grow tall and bloom. An army of slugs mowed it down in one night and left their trail of evidence on the few leaves left.

Humility and patience head the list. I'm forever humble if all the seeds I sow in May sprout, and patiently wait for them to finally bloom in August, or the tomato plant to produce ripe tomatoes by at least the end of September or before the first frost.

Usually I'm more rewarded with healthier plants that self-sow or surprises that sprout from the compost I add to the soil. A huge plant of parsley I hadn't planted surprised me by growing in one of my window boxes. It became the star attraction, adding brilliant green contrast to the orange and salmon colored flowers of pansies and impatiens, blue lobelia, purple-leafed African basil and dwarf marjoram. In the window box next to this, laced leafed fennel and last year's dwarf sunflowers sprouted accompanying the planned plantings of variegated leafed red fuchsias and coral flowered geraniums. Those two window boxes were more successful than others I had carefully planned.

I am most humble and modest over this success, giving full credit to my compost pile

for its added surprises. Is perseverance or being orderly a virtue? I hope perseverance is a virtue, as my persistent nature continues to fill every inch of soil in my garden with plants. I fail at being orderly, letting Kenilworth Ivy grow rampant in the hanging pots of begonias or climb the shingled walls of my house above the window boxes. A ground cover a visitor called "Scarlet Pimpernel" (it does have bright coral flowers) I let grow throughout the paths, causing careful treading while walking those paths. Blue- and yellow-eyed flowered grasses pop up throughout the garden. Some call all these plants weeds, but I think my lack of orderliness adds to the cottage-style look of my garden and alas, I am a romantic, as I think of the lines of a poem:

"What impulse stirs the feathery grasses, And dips along their wavering line? While, as the sudden tremor passes, Two strange, sweet eyes look up in mine

...O rare blue and yellow eyes!" by unknown author.



LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM PT. PROMINENCE LOOKOUT.

Now that I've renamed my garden, I have a good excuse to travel back to England to have a new sign made! The day my friend and I found the National Trust Garden Store in London, we both decided we had to bring home a lasting gift to ourselves and our gardens. I couldn't think what to have put on the sign except for the wren that reminded me of Oregon's winter wrens. The sales clerk said, "What's your first name?"

"June," I replied. She said, "How about

June's Garden?"

I want to go back to that clerk and explain to her my garden isn't June's Garden, it's Saint Garden. I think Saint Garden is much more appropriate.

Thank you, Readers, for the letters you've sent with ideas for future writings. One of the suggestions was to give a "tip for the month." Great idea

This month's tip: In the book, Language of Flowers, it suggests to plant Blue Violet for Faith, Snowdrops for Hope, a crop of turnips for Charity and Broom for Humility. There must be a lot of humility spread along our North Coast, as Scotch Broom grows like

If we all observed and practiced the virtues our gardens teach us, it's possible we could join the ranks of sainthood and maybe sprout golden halos. I keep watching for that golden light, but so far it's just a few sunbeams shining through the clouds.

Please send your comments, questions and suggestions to June's Garden, P.O. Box 74, Cannon Beach, OR 97110.







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When the Great Father sent out men to our people, I was poor and thin, now I am large and stout and fat. It is because so many liars have been sent, and I have been stuffed full of their Red Dog 1870 lies.



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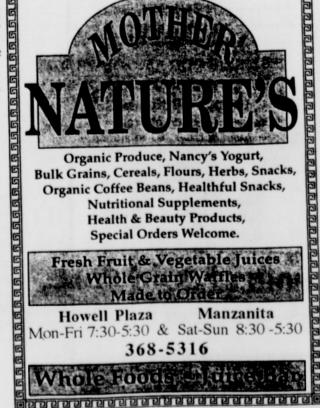
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