

Digging Deep with Cynthia Brian

Garden Gala

By Cynthia Brian

"The day is coming when a single carrot, freshly observed, will set off a revolution."

– Paul Cezanne, French artist, 1839-1906

Entertaining in the summer garden is my favorite manner to gather friends and family for al fresco dining, conversation, and laughter. There is always so much to celebrate in June – end of school, graduations, Father's Day, birthdays, showers, and weddings that sprucing up the end of my springtime yard in anticipation of the summer to come is stimulating and pleasurable. (In truth, the 37 green bins of dried daffodil, tulip, and freesia leaves that I pulled and collected to add to my compost pile was not exactly fun, but it was necessary.)

After power washing and sealing the brick and stone patio, washing all the outdoor furniture, sweeping the cobwebs from crevices, cleaning the barbecue, repairing the nightscaping, filling the fountains and pond, I took an inventory of what's hot and what's not.

My beautiful peonies, camellias, and rhododendrons finished just as my foxgloves, hollyhocks, geraniums, abelia, and pelargoniums exploded into bloom.



The tall spires of foxglove (digitalis) thrive in shade or sun. Plant is toxic, yet beautiful.



Queen Anne cherries are coveted by both birds and Cynthia Brian.

Photos Cynthia Brian

As the weather warms, the calla lilies are nearing the finish line for the year while the Four O'Clocks and Stargazers are setting blooms. Since the spring bulbs had completed their beauty routine, the garden was in need of perky colorful annuals. I planted dianthus, dahlias, zinnias, lobelia, and salvia to enliven the palette. The isotoma blue star creeper was expanding exponentially on my lawn, much to my delight, although a greedy gopher had moved in. That problem was quickly remedied by putting garlic in the holes. Next it was on to the orchard as I prepped for my nature revelry.

The birds, squirrels, and deer had obviously also decided it was party time. A flock of jays and crows swarmed my Queen Anne cherry tree, each flying off to enjoy their spoils sitting on my pickets with a red ball in each beak. I had carefully watched the flowers turn to buds, then turn to fruit for the past few months and wasn't about to relinquish my claim to my cherry treasure.

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Invite butterflies to your garden by adding a butterfly abode to your landscape.