

A WORMS EYE VIEW
FERGUS AND DISTRICT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY
NOVEMBEAR 2021



SUMMER MAY HAVE ENDED
2021 Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the
Fergus & District Horticultural Society
Wednesday, November 17, 2021.

President's message November 2021

Greetings Everyone,

Well, it seems that Fall is truly here and it has been beautiful so far. I hope you all have had a chance to get your gardens put to bed for their winter naps. Time to relax and start planning for next year. Keep in mind that 2022 is Year of The Garden and the theme is "Red" so try to include red flowering plants or red foliage if you can fit it in to your plans.

It was so nice to see so many at Templin Gardens on Tuesday, October 19th for coffee and treats. We won't be meeting again in person until sometime in 2022 (hopefully by March) but in the mean time we can meet virtually for "coffee" on Tuesday mornings at 10:00 via Zoom. We are hopeful that 2022 will see us get back to some new "normal" and have planned for most of our usual events. We have speakers lined up that can come in person or switch to virtual as needed starting in spring. More news to come regarding change of venue and dates in the new year.

I would also like to remind everyone that your 2022 membership dues are able to be paid by etransfer, drop off to Helen Lacroix or by mail.

I would like to congratulate Kathy Bouma and Michelle Goff on completing Judging School. I imagine it was quite an interesting effort over several weekend sessions during Covid. Well done!

We will be holding our AGM via Zoom on November 17th to satisfy the business needs of 2020 and 2021 for OHA and OMAFRA and to elect and install our new Board for 2022. We also have to vote on a proposal to change our by-laws to include virtual meeting. You will have received an email with all the documentation last week and I will send out the Agenda and another reminder before the AGM. It will be a "Virtual" meeting and although we won't have our usual Holiday Meal and Social, we still need as many as possible to attend as we require a quorum of 35 to vote. In lieu of our dinner after the business portion we will have an interesting presentation instead by Kathy Bouma and your name will go into a draw for a lovely "door prize" at the end. Please plan on attending.

As this is my last "President's Message" I would like to take this opportunity to tell you what an honour it has been to have been your President these last three years. I have learned a lot and hope that I have represented you well during these "unusual" times. Thank you all for your support and encouragement. I wish you all the best!

Happy Gardening!

Connie

****We have a new home and date for our monthly meetings! Beginning March 23rd, we will be meeting on the 4th Wednesday of every month at the Fergus Legion, vax passports and masks will be required. We have no meetings scheduled for December or January. The February 16th, 2022 meeting will be a virtual presentation by Robert Pavlis. More *optimistic* news to follow in the January newsletter. ****

Membership Dues

Thank you to all our members for supporting Fergus and District Horticultural Society during the past two years. In spite of Covid restrictions, we will have finished this year with an amazing 105 paid up and life members. As well as ongoing members, that includes a number of new members.

Our AGM will be held virtually on November 17. If you would like to renew your membership for 2022 before the new year, you are encouraged to do so. Membership fees for 2022 can be paid anytime now, through e-transfer or dropped through the mail slot at 380 Brock Ave.

For guidance on using e-transfer, go to the Society's web page at <https://gardenontario.org/society-listing/entry/197/> and scroll down to How-to-Join-FDHS.pdf

We look forward to seeing you at our AGM.



Our yuccas are confused, some are flowering in November!



Nancy of the Shelburne Society (guests of our September meeting) was the winner of the giveaway bouquet from Kat Granger - our September speaker.



Bear Thoughts

Calculating the ever-growing number of leaves that seem to fall from trees is an impossible task. Just when you think they have all fallen and that there could not be any more lingering up in the branches, more come.

I tried to consolidate the number of leaves in the direct vicinity of my cave one afternoon in hopes that it would make the opening of my cave more appealing to forest creatures who pass by. Rob (the squirrel) calls this “curb appeal.” He also suggest I trim some of the low branches of nearby trees, but I decided this would be cruel since the trees did nothing wrong and did not deserve such a punishment. Trees are pure entities who only have good will toward everything else in the forest (even the awful act of shedding leaves is actually beyond their control). If anyone or anything was to blame for the number of leaves on the ground, it was the wind...

I knew the wind was to blame after my initial leaf consolidation.

I had seven tidy piles collected that resulted a nice grassy clearing to lay in. The sun beamed through the bare branches to heat my newly cleared spot. It was refreshing to have the warmth beneath by belly meat. Before I could drift off to sleep, a rush of crunchy orange and red things pelted me in the face.

I sprung from the clearing to see that the piles I had collected were launching a full assault against me and their driving force was, beyond any doubt, the wind.

I felt betrayed. The wind was often the source of delicious smells. Why would it turn on me with such malice?

I wondered if I was hasty in blaming the wind. Maybe there were really just too many leaves.

There was only one way to find out. I would turn the leaves into something constructive. With the help of Rob (the squirrel) I skewered leaves on fallen twigs and used bits of twine from the dumpster to cinch them together. Eventually I had enough to begin forming the twigs into shapes. The shapes eventually formed images. From the leaf skewers I formed the shapes of many things in the forest: rabbits, squirrels, rocks, trees (ironically enough), me, and even a really big leaf.

From the chaos I created something wonderful. Rob (the squirrel) even lauded my work (even though he said that if the squirrel I made was him, it was a bit fatter than he'd like it to be).

With an overwhelming sense of pride in my work, I decided I had deserved a nap. I went into my cave and fell asleep the moment my head hit the dirt floor.

Hours later, I awoke to find my work ransacked by raccoons. They had destroyed all the shapes I had made (perhaps I should have thrown just one raccoon into the mix).

I wanted to be angry about what had occurred, but I wasn't. Instead, I was struck with an epiphany.

Too many leaves was not the problem.

Vandal art critic raccoons were.