

Homer Garden Club

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The September Harvest Hors d'oeuvres will be held September 25 at 5:00 pm at the Aspen Hotel.

September 2022

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The September 25, 5:00 pm, Homer Garden Club Meeting Will Feature Harvest Hors d'oeuvres Instead of Dinner

Welcome Everyone to Harvest Season!

Welcome everyone to the new Garden Club year. After a record rainy August (over 6.3 inches at my house) hopefully September will be dry enough for us all to get our harvest in without getting TOO muddy.

We are planning to meet in person for our monthly meetings at the Aspen Hotel and look forward to seeing you. (As with everything the past 2 years, join us in person as you feel comfortable and be respectful of others' decision to mask or not.)

Here are some things to look forward to in September:

Sunday September 25th, 5 PM – Harvest Hors d'oeuvres Join us at the Aspen Hotel for potluck harvest hors d'oeuvres. A bit different than our normal Harvest Dinner, but hopefully just as fun. Bring something to share if you are able. We will have a short business meeting, elect officers, and swap garden stories/ideas.

Annual dues due now. Update your membership, invite a friend to join, it's only \$10! Our membership year goes from October-October so dues are due - we will have a table at the Harvest meeting to make it simple – cash or check.

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*(Harvest Hors d'oeuvres
Continued from page 1)*

Bring or send ideas for monthly speakers/ topics. Our co-Vice Presidents are looking for your ideas on speakers or topics you'd like for our monthly meetings. Each speaker receives an honorarium as well as travel expenses if they are coming from out of town.

Election of Officers. It's that time of year again to elect officers for the Homer Garden Club Board. If you would like to be on the Board, let one of the officers know and you will be put on the ballot. The current officers are listed on page one, left side, along with their contact information. Remember: This is your club and you have a right to help guide it.

Gardeners' Weekend 2022

Gardener's Weekend 2022, both the members only and open-to-the public sessions, sported some fabulous flower and vegetable gardens which were thoroughly enjoyed by all.



Homer Garden Club Treasurer Report June 2022 - August 2022

Income

Gardener's Weekend Tickets	\$3,345.00	
Return of deposit (GW exp)	\$434.69	
Membership	\$110.00	
Donation	\$500.00	
Book Sales	\$265.82	
Total Income		<u>\$4,655.51</u>

Expenses

Gardener's Weekend	\$914.48	
Newsletter	\$44.30	
PO Box Rental	\$182.00	
Insurance	\$425.00	
Total Expenses		<u>\$1,565.78</u>

Checking Beginning Balance 06/01/2022	\$	9,043.69
Income	\$	4,655.51
Expenses	\$	1,565.78
Interest	\$	<u>1.34</u>
Ending Balance 08/31/2022	\$	12,134.76
Money Market Beginning Balance 06/01/2022	\$	15,078.05
Interest	\$	<u>3.80</u>
Money Market Ending Balance 08/31/2022	\$	15,081.85
Total Ending Balance 08/31/2022	\$	<u>27,216.61</u>



Sweet cherries in Homer!

Everything we know, every relationship we treasure, every woodland we explore or cool stream we cast into, is ephemeral, like summer flowers, like dew on the grass.

Mid-August in south-central Alaska, and already autumn prowls at the edges of the day. This morning began with a tell-tale nip of chill, like wind off a glacier. By mid-day, we reached a drizzly 55 degrees, even as the rest of the planet swelters through another spate of record-breaking temperatures. Come evening, along with a full moon laced with clouds, the night sky will reveal stars we never see in July. Soon, the Sandhill cranes will gather, spiraling and calling overhead, until we wake one hushed morning to find they've gone.

I dread the inevitable fade from green to brown and the clench of cold weather. Summer is my season. And after last winter, which was unusually long and taxing, I'm determined to savor what's left of these fleeting days as if storing up solar reserves for the months ahead.

At one year of age, Tavish is now the same size as our six-year-old pointer, Arlie, but with ten times the energy. With Hal up north on a work trip this week, it falls to me to run the dogs. That means driving them up to Eveline State Park and letting them off leash to charge ahead. I stroll with an ear out for bird songs and spin in wonderment amid an endless expanse of magenta fireweed. Eventually, the dogs loop back to meet me at a fork in the road, and we wander trails we will ski come December.

Even though I enjoy a week's solitude without Hal, I missed his company. So, for Tavish's birthday, I let the boys up on the bed to sleep with me, which made us all happier. Arlie dove under the covers with a contented groan while Tavish celebrated with ear nibbles and a neck nuzzle before collapsing across me in full-body gratitude.

Every fall and spring, the rapid change in day length messes with my equilibrium, and I suffer bouts of insomnia. As I try to find that one comfortable position which will allow me to drift off, hours go by with my chatter-box mind replaying missteps I've made over the years or

hole in your mouth where a tooth used to be. I considered all I stand to lose over the ensuing years; these fine dogs, this house, my health, and quite possibly my sweet husband. I wondered what a 92-year-old version of me might say to my 62-year-old self about the years and losses ahead. She will have endured more than I can foresee. But she will have stores of cherished memories too. My job now is to ensure that.

I'm at that sweet spot in life where I don't really want big changes. A good marriage has a lot to do with that. Hal and I value what we have and remind one another to look up

and savor this time together. Because everything we know, every relationship we treasure, every woodland we explore or cool stream we cast into, is ephemeral, like summer flowers, like dew on the grass.

When winter finally yielded to spring in mid-May, I planted the garden, dropping seeds and tucking seedlings into sun-warmed soil. Everything flourished in a hotter-than-normal June and July, and now we build our meals around what we harvest each day. On sunny days I spend happy

hours weeding and gathering and simply inhaling all the heady, leafy

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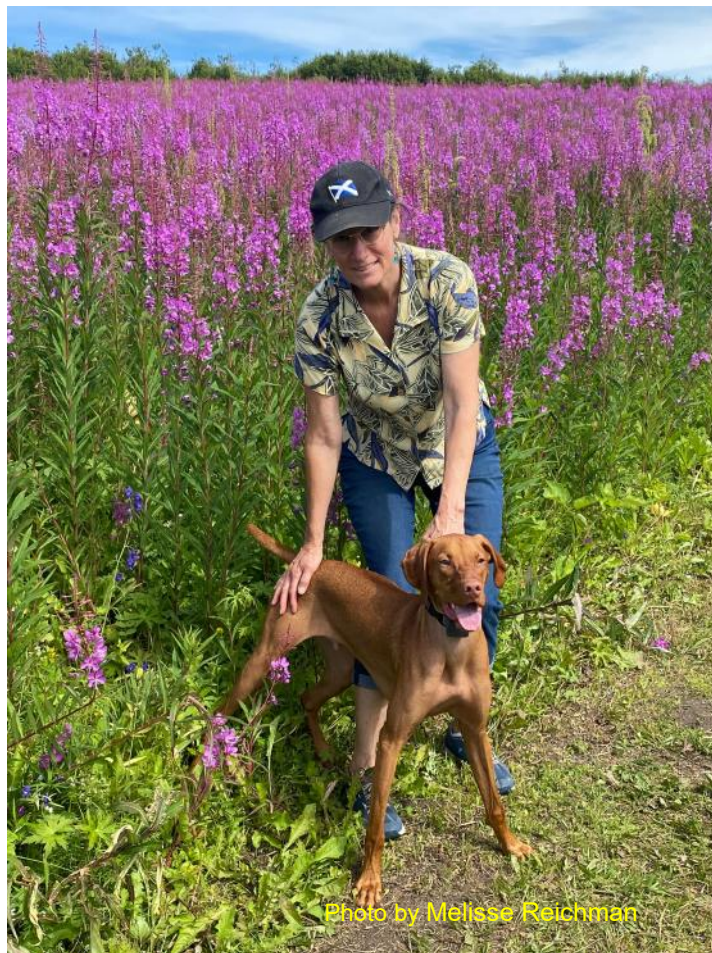


Photo by Melissa Reichman

lamenting the troubled state of the world. Last night was no different, and I found myself thinking about impending old age, like exploring a

*(Autumn Comes Knocking
Continued from page 4)*

splendor of our little world. On rainy days, while the landscape drinks, I pull on mud boots and walk the boys to the point above the canyon for a look at the bay, then dry their paws with a towel when we come through the front door.

Alaskan summers are a special kind of manic. With four snow-free months of tasks and adventures to cram in under bright skies until midnight, every hour spent inside feels like precious time lost. Often loopy from lack of sleep, we say, "We can always sleep in the winter!"

This year is no different. Next week we'll lay out the setnet for silver salmon down on the beach. With luck, over three or four incoming tides, we'll fill the freezer and have a few extra to share. Then it will be time to gather firewood, mow the lawn one last time, and harvest apples and raspberries. Some we will juice for wine which we make to varying degrees of success.

Somehow, we find a balance between work and play. This spring, I purchased an electric bike and now join Hal on adventurous hill climbs and trips around town. My favorite part is ringing my cheery bell "ding-ding" as I breeze past him on the uphill while he works to keep abreast by peddling standing up, thighs flexing.

If the rain lets up, we'll get in one more kayak with friends. And no Saturday is complete without a trip to the Farmer's Market. We'll join our community in open spaces and small neighborhood gatherings, hoping for the best as we accommodate Covid as our new normal.

Then, with a flush of yellow leaves and the first frost, the outdoor projects will slow, the shadows will expand, and we'll retreat indoors. It's as if, by stepping out of sandals and into boots, we take up our winter roles and shelve our warm-weather personas until next year.

Hal will return on Saturday. When I pick him up at the airport, the

Whirling Tavish will pull the leash from my hands to greet his man while Arlie waits impatiently for his moment to welcome the stranger home. Then, in the warmth of an evening fire, we'll share the couch with the dogs and catch up on writing. We'll shake our heads over the national news and read headlines aloud to one another, snuggling deeper into what feels safe and solid. And I'll acknowledge that autumn is a season with homey charms.

My inner old woman will have lived to see the future of our conflicted democracy and our beleaguered efforts to stave off ecological collapse. Will she applaud or mourn the outcomes? I hope she can master the art of contentment even in the face of difficulty. Breathing in, I seek only the promise of this day. Breathing out, I shed my worries and time-worn heartaches like wind-swept leaves in the fall.

Jess would like to invite you join her blog at shepherdalaska.com

Homer Peony Celebration

The Peony Celebration committee is looking for someone from the Garden Club who would like to join their team in planning their annual celebration of the beautiful flowers and provide a link between the two organizations. If anyone is interested, please call Karin Marks at 907-202-4748.

Autumn Vegetable Harvest: Picking Vegetables In The Fall

Few things are better than enjoying the harvest you worked so hard to produce. Vegetables, fruits, and herbs can be harvested throughout the summer, but the fall vegetable harvest is unique. It includes cool-weather greens, lots of roots, and beautiful winter squashes.

Planting Midsummer for an Autumn Vegetable Harvest

Many people only plant in spring, but in order to get

vegetables for fall harvest, you need to do a second or even third planting. To know exactly when to plant, find the average first frost date for your area. Then check the time to maturity on the seeds for each vegetable and you'll know when to start them.

There is some flexibility with when you start the seeds depending on plant type. Bush beans, for instance, will be killed by the first real frost. Some vegetables that are hardier and can survive light frosts

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Continued from page 5)*

Bok choy
Broccoli
Cauliflower
Kohlrabi
Leaf lettuce
Mustard greens
Spinach
Swiss chard
Turnips

Vegetables you can pick in autumn extend to the hardiest, those that may survive well into November, depending on where you live:

Beets
Brussels sprouts
Cabbage
Collard greens
Green onion
Kale
Peas
Radishes

Picking Vegetables in the Fall

If you time all the plantings right, you'll get a nice steady fall harvest for several weeks or months. Keep a record of when you planted each vegetable and the average time to maturity. This will help you harvest more efficiently and avoid missing any plants.

Harvest greens before maturity if necessary. Baby chard, mustard, kale, and collard greens are more delicate and tender than mature leaves. Also, try to harvest them after the first frost. The flavor of these bitter greens improves and becomes sweeter.

You can leave root vegetables in the ground well past the frost point. Layer mulch over the top to keep them from freezing in the ground and come back to harvest as you need them. Don't forget to pick and use any green tomatoes that didn't have time to ripen as well. They can be delicious when pickled or fried.

Gardening Know How—
<https://www.gardeningknowhow.com>

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