

# Made to live outside



## Patio Furniture is Here!



## All Hot Tub Floor Models on Sale

*Emerald Isle*  
HOME FURNISHINGS

905-873-2753  
265 GUELPH ST., GEORGETOWN  
OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

## GEORGETOWN GARDEN CENTRE

OPEN 7 DAYS  
A WEEK!

140 GUELPH ST. 905-877-8882

(The former Georgetown Fruit Market building)



### EXOTIC PLANTS

•Hibiscus •Gardenia •Mandevilla

**MULCH \$5.99**

Red/Cedar/Canada Red/Black

*Happy Mother's Day*

SUNDAY, MAY 12TH

Huge Selection of *Flowers* in vibrant colours for *Mom*

Fresh

**Cut Bouquets 3 for \$10**

Arrangements of Exotic  
Blends, Daisies & more

and up

**TOPSOIL \$1.99**

25 L bag

### HANGING BASKETS



Huge Selection of

**10" & 12" Baskets**

### FOR THE GARDEN



Large selection  
of Perennials, Herbs  
& Accent Planters

# A Ted Bit Taking time to notice the small stuff...

Last fall, The Sidekick wanted to plant a bunch of bulbs, so come spring, her world would be rocked with a splash of colour from one end of the farm to the other.

"It's a waste of time," I said. "All you're doing by planting bulbs is feeding the damn squirrels—they'll dig them up as fast as you can plant 'em."

For those who know The Sidekick, optimism is one of her prime traits. She can hang onto the smallest bit of hope until the 11th hour—sometimes, she actually pulls it off.

So she purchased 160-odd bulbs, every size, shape, colour and variety.

She spent a few days in the fall, tucking bulbs here and there, and felt a bit like she was engaged in hiding eggs in a huge Easter egg hunt, months in advance. Winter came and went, and soon the warm earth started to soak up the sunshine.

The Sidekick's bulbs were more than a success. She has daffodils growing in places I've never seen before during my 60-odd years. And she's over the moon with her success.

"I love flowers," she says, "But I've never had great luck growing them—they just die."

Unlike the past, The Sidekick has successfully produced a magnificent array of spring flowers.

One spot of interest is the 'mound' of daffodils that are growing (get this) in the swamp.

"I didn't plant any down there," she said with a certain amount of disbelief. "Did you?"

I assured her that walking through the wet marshy area to plant a bunch of bulbs was NOT up there on my bucket list. I explained that she had some help, and the squirrels probably swiped a bunch of her planted bulbs and stored them in the marsh, where they started to grow...

I told you that story, to tell another.

I'm an animal of habit.

Every day I follow the exact same routine as I wake, dress, and head to the barn to tend to the sheep, before return-

ing to the house to prepare for work.

My situation is a bit unique—I live in same house that I grew up in, and have never lived anywhere else.

So when one lives in such an atmosphere, one starts to notice the minute changes that have taken affect over the days, weeks, months, even years. I notice the old willow tree in the lane way is leaning a bit more, I see the loose board on the big barn that needs attention, and I can see the lawn needs to be cut.

These are all the small tidbits of information that flash through my brain as I take inventory of the world around me, on my way to and from the barn.

Lately, I've been watching one cluster of daffodils.

Because The Sidekick used the random 'mix-'em-up-and-see-what-we-get' approach in planting, it's a bit like Christmas morning to see what flowers open where.

Early one morning, the sun was creeping over the horizon, striking the path to the barn. The daffodils looked about the same as they had the day before.

Having fought with a flu bug the past few days, my motivation level certainly wasn't up to the mark.

I dragged myself past the daffodils, to the barn, 'made it' through the chores, then started the return 'journey' to the house.

As I approached the cluster of daffodils, something was different about them. There was another burst of colour, a splash of brilliant red in the centre of the group.

With the warm morning sun, four of

the reddest of red tulips had popped open, while I was at the barn.

I stood there and took it all in.

I felt so uplifted—to think a simple thing like tulips opening in the morning sun can do that.

I photographed the flowers with my Blackberry and fired off a copy of the photo to The Sidekick's smart phone.

My message was simple.

"Thank you for making my day..."

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**TED  
BROWN**

