

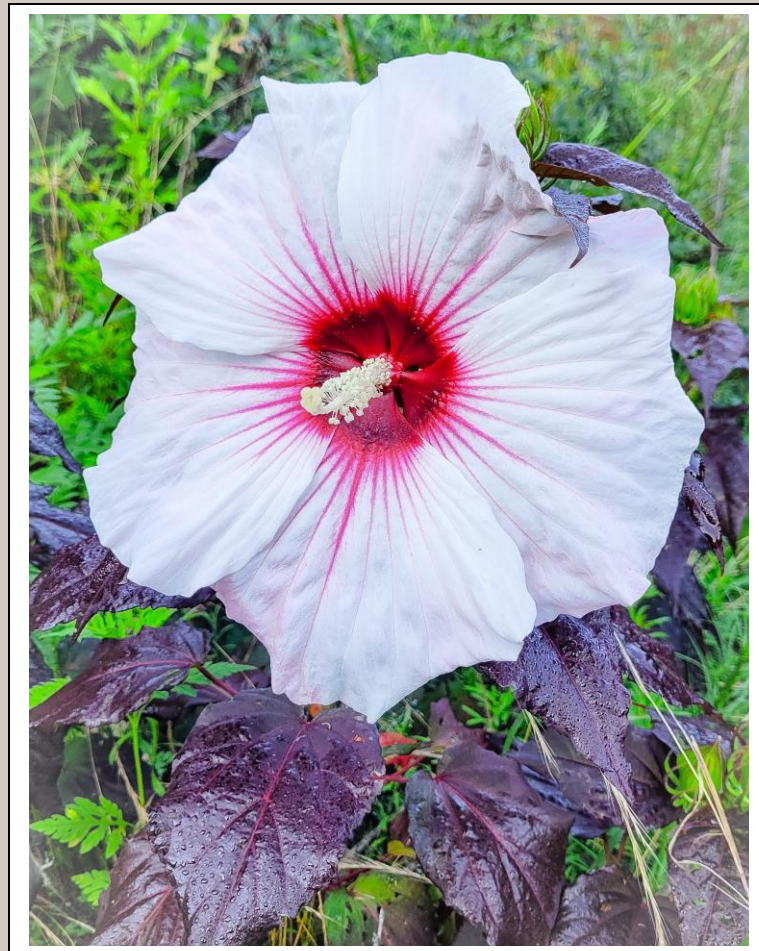
Greg Freeman's Garden Chronicle



Issue 20

ISSN 2575-9744

December 2025



On previous page...Boasting enormous flowers against a backdrop of dark purple foliage, *Hibiscus* 'Dark Mystery' PP32036 is a stunning addition to any garden. Acquired in September 2023 and planted in the author's garden in 2024, the plant provides much interest in a compact space where it maintains its low-growing form.

Following the publication of my last *Garden Chronicle* in June, I experienced a heartbreaking loss on the 25th. My beloved Belgian draft mare, who had turned 24 just months earlier, passed away. I was with her during her last hour or so, and I talked to her softly, caressing her and trying to bring calm and comfort during those last moments.

Sasha (see page 16) had been a gift from my dear friends, Robert and Elizabeth Cowden, who lived near Pittsburgh. At one point, the Cowdens owned some of the finest Belgian horses in the world, as far as I was concerned, and we became longtime friends back in the mid-1990s when I bred another mare of mine to their stallion, who happened to also be Sasha's sire, Remlap Coleddie.

Through the years, Elizabeth, due to her Italian immigrant parents' vast real estate ventures, taught me a lot about legal matters, real estate and contracts. In the last years of her life, she used me on a freelance basis to create a website, social media and advertising materials for her political campaign, update some of her lease agreements and assist with all manner of things unrelated to business, horses or politics.

On more than one occasion, I traversed Atlanta, visiting antiques dealers in search of an early twentieth century female nude mannequin, limbs still intact, so Elizabeth could dress it in Victorian attire and place it on the upstairs landing of her house. While the mannequin remained elusive, my friendship with the Cowdens was evident and thriving for over thirty years. We confided in each other. We laughed together. And we endured difficulties together. We talked at least three times a week over the

phone. If Elizabeth had the business acumen in the relationship, Bob had the unrivaled work ethic, tell-it-like-it-is attitude, old-fashioned common sense and exemplary horsemanship that endeared him to friends who saw past his bristly exterior. Elizabeth's passing in 2023 and Bob's subsequent tragic passing in 2024 affected me very deeply.

Fast forward to 25 June 2025, and here my sweet Sasha, whom I had owned since she was weaned from her mother, is in the throes of dying. While her demise caught me by surprise, I had known that every day with her was a blessing because none of my previous Belgians had lived past 19. Needless to say, much of my summer was spent thinking less about gardening and reflecting more on so many losses I have experienced in recent memory: the loss of my parents in 2019 and 2021, the loss of the Cowdens (who seemed like an uncle and aunt), the loss of multiple friends and some very close neighbors and, yes, the loss of Sasha.

Oddly enough, some previously scheduled garden club lectures got me back on track and back into full-blown garden mode. Thoughts of bulb planting and spring planning reminded me that our best days are always ahead of us. I trust that no matter what 2026 brings, you will live in the moment, enjoy your garden, find joy even in loss and be able to look back on loved ones (human and otherwise) and events gone by with thanksgiving.

Happy Gardening, my friends!

Greg Freeman, Publisher

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An Interesting Experiment

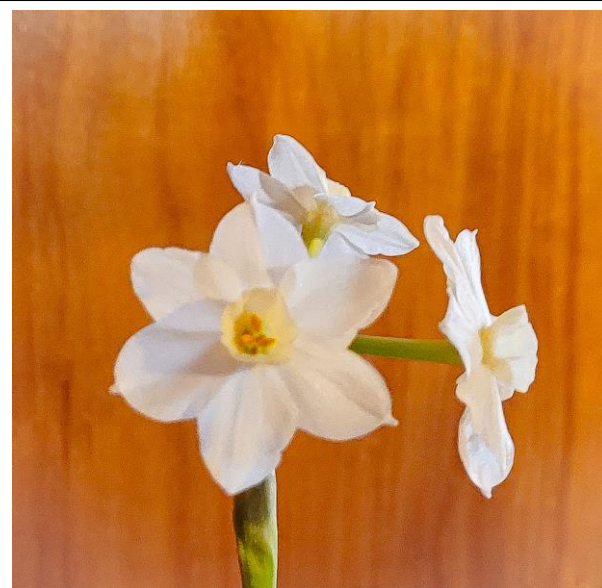
In 2025, a number of American daffodil enthusiasts and exhibitors took part in a great experiment in anticipation of the American Daffodil Society Fall Forum and National Fall Daffodil Show to be held in Atlanta in November 2026. The results were eye-opening.

Yes, I said *fall* daffodil show. The average gardener is unaware that many *Narcissus* cultivars and an array of species bloom in the fall months. Still, some longtime daffodil hybridists and exhibitors, among them stalwarts Dr. Harold Koopowitz and Robert Spotts, have perfected the art of growing and breeding fall bloomers. As for most of the rest of us in the daffodil world, our experiences and successes have either been limited or nonexistent. That said, in 2025, the great experiment to which I previously referred involved interested parties acquiring autumn-blooming, California-grown tazetta daffodil bulbs from the collection of the late William “Bill the Bulb Baron” Welch (1958-2019) and following instructions (which included the use of heated pads, a period of refrigeration and a strict watering regimen) to force the bulbs into bloom in time for the first week or so of November. The year 2025 would prove to be a practice year, allowing the bulb grower to learn from any mistakes made and adjust accordingly so that the bulbs, on the second time around next year, could be in bloom by the time of the November 2026 show.

One grower basically cooked her bulbs by following the instructions on the use of the heating pad. Another, sensing the impending result, removed her bulbs from the heating pad just in time. Others, including myself, avoided the heating pad but failed to follow the refrigeration time exactly. Of my three bulbs, one – namely ‘Autumn Pearl’ – bloomed in 2025 but not until December. While the florets are lovely, its untimely blooming would have resulted in no ribbon had the show been held this year. My bulbs were kept in the kitchen window after the refrigeration time, and I suspect that stunted the other two bulbs from blooming properly. Some growers reported only foliage emerging. A few growers, who grew their fall bloomers outside, enjoyed beautiful, mostly timely blooms from their bulbs, prompting me to reiterate to my friend, Jaydee Ager, what I had said all along. I think for



Be sure to check out www.GregFreeman.garden for original video content and other helpful information.



Greg Freeman

***Narcissus* ‘Autumn Pearl’ 8W-Y**

those of us in the American South (where winters are relatively mild), neither the refrigeration nor the heating pad were ever necessary. These are fall-blooming daffodils, accustomed to growing in the ground outside and blooming at their appropriate time in the fall. We simply needed to either plant directly in the ground, paying close attention to location, or grow the bulbs in containers, which could easily be moved indoors when hard freezes might be predicted. Further, if a bulb seemed eager to bloom sooner than desired, its container could be moved to a refrigerator to slow this process temporarily.

In any event, I asserted all along that California-raised tazettas would need time to settle in where most gardens are concerned, especially in the American South, whereas bulbs produced by daffodil authority Sara van Beck in Tallahassee might prove more conducive. Her collection of heirlooms have stood the test of time and have been obtained, in some instances rescued, from southern locations as varied as North Florida and the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River in the Magnolia State. In 2026, it is anticipated that Van Beck will make a number of bulbs available with sensible instructions, allowing exhibitors ranging from the specialist to the intermediate grower the potential to competitively exhibit flowers at the fall show.

My goal is to transfer my Bill Welch tazettas to containers and continue growing outside, taking care to provide protection when necessary. That said, I feel confident that a combination of Welch tazettas, Van Beck heirlooms and fall bloomers already in my collection will afford me sufficient opportunities to fare well at the November 2026 show. Still, growing fall bloomers is one thing; manipulating them to bloom at a specific time is something else altogether. I must admit that at the end of the day, even for me, it's all simply an interesting experiment.



**National Garden Clubs Inc. Presents
Plant Society
Award to Georgia
Daffodil Society**

As reported in the June 2025 issue of *Greg Freeman's Garden Chronicle*, the Georgia Daffodil Society, of which I am president, received the Standard Flower Show Award for a Plant Society from Garden Club of Georgia. I had chaired the American Daffodil Society Southeast



Regional Show, held in 2024 at Johns Creek Baptist Church in Alpharetta, near Atlanta. I was delighted that the show, for which I had submitted a book of evidence to secure the win, was a state winner.

I am still embarrassed to admit that I did not realize the Georgia Daffodil Society had also won the national award from National Garden Clubs Inc. at the time of my last *Garden Chronicle* publication. One of my GDS members, Susan Turner, had sent me the above image following the NGC Convention near Charleston, South Carolina. In spite of its clear text, I did not put it together at the time that this was an award in addition to the one from Garden Club of Georgia. My mind was clearly distracted! Imagine my delight when the truth slapped me upside the face months later.

At any rate, the state and national awards afforded me an opportunity to expound on the benefits of recruiting “garden club” members and having shows evaluated for awards in an article that appeared in the December 2025 issue of *The Daffodil Journal*. Already, the piece titled “Georgia Daffodil Society Celebrates Prestigious Awards and Why They Matter” has prompted several different individuals to reach out to me with praise for the article, something I rarely received when I edited the magazine years ago. Nonetheless, I am thrilled that so many agree with my conclusions and perhaps more daffodil societies will follow suit.



Oh, What a Change in My Life featuring **Babbie Mason**

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“Jesus paid the price so [we] can have the change!”

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“On the Road Again”

The fall of 2025 proved quite busy for me, as I had been obligated to speak to multiple garden clubs as well as participate in the Georgia Daffodil Society’s bulb sale and preside over the Society’s fall meeting.

From One Side of Town to the Other

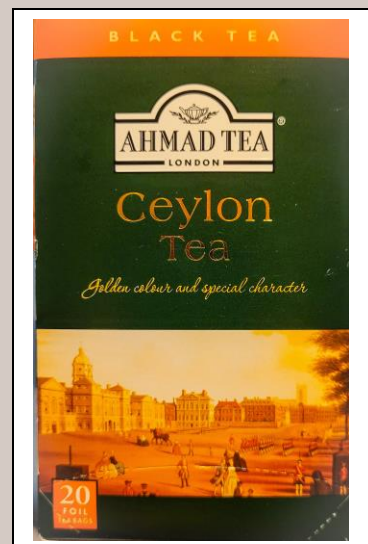
On 14 October, the day was spent in and around Atlanta. I awakened bright and early to make the two-hour drive to the city where morning traffic was in full swing. I ventured west of town to Douglasville, where I addressed a large, enthusiastic crowd at the long-established Ama-Kanasta Garden Club, which meets at the beautiful First United Methodist Church. My popular talk, “Georgia on My Mind: Twelve Essential Daffodils for Georgia Gardens,” was very well-received, and club members purchased many bulbs from the Georgia Daffodil Society which I had brought in tow.

Following the mid-morning meeting, I ventured back into the city where I re-explored some familiar sites before making my way to Jimmy Carter Boulevard northeast of town in Norcross. I had been scheduled to appear on television at nearby WATC TV 57 that evening where I would sing some songs and be interviewed on the show, *Atlanta Live*, a syndicated Christian variety program on which I have appeared on numerous occasions.

Prior to my television appearance, I visited Hong Kong Market, a large, bustling supermarket where one can find all sorts of interesting produce, sauces, canned goods and other food products from around the world, particularly Asia. Given that among the varied clientele of Asians and Middle Easterners I am generally the only Caucasian person in the store when I visit, I always feel that I am visiting another part of the world when I go to Hong Kong Market. On this trip, I stocked up on various selections of Ahmad teas and other tasty treats. Any reader of my *Garden Chronicle* will note that I love my hot tea, and I’ve always been partial to London-



Greg Freeman on the Set of *Atlanta Live* with other guests and host, Aurea McGarry (2nd from right)



based Twinings. That said, I think Ahmad Teas, founded by British Iranian businessman Rahim Afshar and his brothers and named to honor their father, produces superior teas and I might have a newfound favorite brand now. Ahmad's Ceylon tea is especially superb.

Following the television show, I drove back into the city where I exited off the Northeast Expressway onto Clairmont Road. From there, I made my way to Chamblee, a multi-cultural suburb just inside the Interstate 285 perimeter which loops around Atlanta. Chamblee, long known for its antiques dealers, is home to my favorite Indian restaurant in the Atlanta area: Himalaya's Indian Fine Dining & Bar. Housed in an older building along Peachtree Road across the street from the MARTA train line, the restaurant is popular among locals, many of whom reside within walking distance in any number of condominiums and townhomes that have been erected since I first began visiting Chamblee in the early 2000s to regularly stock my booth at the former Broad Street Antique Mall. While the evening was very pleasant and others were dining *al fresco*, I opted for a table inside where everything was quieter. My meal of biryani and vegetable pakoras did not disappoint. I still insist that Bombay Palace in Knoxville is my favorite Indian restaurant, but Himalayas is my go-to in Atlanta.

Georgia Daffodil Society Bulb Sale and Meeting

Less than two weeks later, I was back in Atlanta on 25 October at the Peachtree Road Farmers' Market at the Cathedral of St. Philip in Atlanta's Buckhead district where the Georgia Daffodil Society had a tent and sold daffodil bulbs and other items as well. I had also prearranged to provide a planting demonstration and give away free bulbs to kids associated with the Acton Academy. Additionally,



we provided bulbs for a Girl Scout troop, of whom some girls were in attendance. Following the planting demonstration, the decorative ceramic container and its show quality daffodil bulb were given to a lucky and very happy young lady whose name was randomly drawn.

The fall meeting of the Georgia Daffodil Society, held inside the Cathedral, is generally our most-attended meeting, but it was not without a sense of poignancy as we reflected upon the recent losses of Caroline Silcox, Jackie Turbidy and Johnnie Berry, a delightful lady I first met at a Georgia daffodil show at the Atlanta Botanical Garden sometime prior to 2010. Much was accomplished at our fall meeting, and I am confident that our 2026 show, to be held again in Child

Hall at the Cathedral, will be nothing short of spectacular. So much hard work and dedication have gone into this show already, and others within the daffodil fancy from across the USA and beyond are taking note.

When I became president, I was determined to make our shows the very best that they could be, all while incorporating evaluations for awards and providing educational components with outstanding speakers. So far, we are accomplishing these objectives, and I am so delighted to have a great group of individuals who bring to the table their own skillsets, creativity and determination to succeed.

**2026 GEORGIA
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SHOW**

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Greg Freeman

GDS member Ross Hornsby with stems of the fall-blooming species daffodil, *Narcissus viridiflorus*

Ross and his lovely flowers prompted me to share in a 1 November 2025 *Daffnet.org* posting:

A side note, we were all smitten with Ross Hornsby’s stems of *Narcissus viridiflorus* 13G-G, which were displayed in those lovely three-stem flower displays (vases? framed thingamajigs?.....I still don’t know what to call them!) handcrafted by the talented Les Ager with some assistance by our intrepid Jaydee Ager. Y’all check out Ross looking all *GQ* with his color-coordinated daffodils!

Back to Buckhead and More

On 18 November, I was back in Buckhead, once again battling morning rush hour traffic, as I had another speaking engagement, a private one this time. The Northwood Garden Club, comprised primarily of residents between Buckhead and Sandy Springs, holds its meetings at various locations, as I soon learned that members, depending on their membership level, are required to host. The member responsible for hosting the November meeting happens to reside in Park Place on Peachtree, the luxury 40-floor high rise condominium that has been home to a wide range of celebrities and other well-known business people and politicians.

Most notably, pop star and former part-time Atlantan Sir Elton John (b. 1947) had two floors of the building devoted to his famous art collection, which wound up being exhibited back in the early 2000s at Atlanta's High Museum of Art. Oprah Winfrey (b. 1954) famously housed the late Coretta Scott King (1927-2006), widow of slain civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. (1929-1968), in a unit owned by one of her companies. And U.S. Senator Carol Moseley Braun (b. 1947), who served as U.S. Ambassador to New Zealand during the Clinton Administration, also once maintained a condo at Park Place.

Knowing all of these things well in advance of my arrival, as I have written about Park Place in various articles, I knew not to ask too many questions. Residents of Park Place have always prided themselves in maintaining a sense of community while valuing security and discretion. That said, I wouldn't know if many celebrities or dignitaries still live there. I only know that it is the sort of place I never expected to visit, and yet here I stood poised beneath the *porte cochere* with leather shoulder bag from New Delhi (in which I carry my laptop) and a Smithsonian tote bag filled with brown paper lunch sacks of daffodil bulbs in tow, having relinquished my 2007 Lexus to the valet. Seeing my reflection in the glass doors, I adjusted my shirt collar, gave my sport jacket a tug and confidently strode inside to the concierge desk and announced who I was amid the bustle of people coming and going. The kind hostess for the meeting, who was standing nearby, overheard me and motioned for me to follow her. She introduced me to a young security guard who, she



Greg Freeman

Park Place on Peachtree
Former Part-time residence for Sir Elton John

revealed, is tech savvy. We got my computer set up in a first-floor room through which one can exit onto the back patio where a large in-ground swimming pool is located. It was a beautiful setting for the meeting and subsequent meal.

My audience was very attentive and seemed to appreciate both my knowledge of Atlanta and my anecdotal gardening advice, as well as my homespun humor and storytelling. I saw no need to put on airs and be anything but myself, and I think they appreciated my genuineness. My presentation, “Bulbs: The Underground Story,” encompassed more than daffodils, and I stressed that I would only speak from experience. My presentation lacked some discussion of certain bulbs simply because I do not grow them and have no experiences from which to draw. Again, I think they appreciated my candor. Ladies gathered around me to purchase bulbs from me for the benefit of the Georgia Daffodil Society. One, in particular, a Mrs. Lindgren, insisted that she would buy all that remained once everyone else had their pickings. Sure enough, she approached me some time later following the talk and left with all of the remaining bulbs. About a week later, I received her check in the mail.

In addition to providing me an honorarium, Northwood Garden Club invited me to luncheon with them. The food was excellent and the company even better. Several members engaged me in conversation, asking further questions about bulbs, and when I said my goodbyes they insisted that I take home a lovely *Hippeastrum* (amaryllis) bulb in wax, a bulb that has since bloomed and provided my kitchen table with vivid red color for weeks. On my departure, I was informed by more than one member that my talk had been much anticipated and the number of people in attendance was larger than normal. While I could have pondered this longer than necessary and struggled to get my big head through the exit, there was no time for prideful gloating. I was scheduled to give another talk up the street to a much different audience, an audience that could have proven much more difficult to please.

Upon arrival at the Cathedral of St. Philip, a couple of traffic lights north of Park Place on Peachtree, I notified the security guard of my arrival. He kindly retrieved me a cart on which I loaded bags of daffodil bulbs, a bag of pebbles and other items. I was escorted downstairs to The Cathedral School where a teacher welcomed me and led me outside to the children’s outdoor classroom. This was to be a hands-on experience for the preschoolers, and I don’t mind admitting I was a bit nervous.

Kids are real. Too real sometimes. They are brutally honest, always calling a spade a spade. With the unseasonably warm day bearing down on me, I shed my sport jacket, hanging it on the church’s wrought iron fence facing Peachtree Road. Rolling up my sleeves, I assisted the kids with planting their daffodils, all donated by the Georgia Daffodil Society. I observed a nearby fig tree and some herbs growing in containers, and I explained to the youngsters that daffodil bulbs like the same conditions as the fig tree and herbs since they all came from the Mediterranean region. To my great relief, my audience seemed to have a good time. They were inquisitive and looked on in awe as I revealed with my smartphone what their daffodils should look like come spring.

Thrilled that I had been well-received by what could have been my toughest audience of all, I left Buckhead for Midtown where I dropped in at Blick Art Materials to buy some plasticine sculpting clay. Later in the day, I visited my friend, Ricky McKinnie, in Kirkwood near Downtown. Ricky, a member of the multiple Grammy Award-winning Blind Boys of Alabama, and I had seen each other the previous weekend. My buddy, George Dunagan, and I – after attending a southern gospel concert in Anderson, South Carolina to see my friends Karen Peck and New River, as well as Heart2Heart and Triumphant Quartet, on Saturday evening – headed up the


mountain on Sunday morning to be backstage guests of the Blind Boys at the Highlands Food & Wine Festival in North Carolina. While the experience had been a great one, Ricky and I did not have much opportunity to catch up one-on-one. After an enjoyable visit, I left Ricky's house while evening rush hour was in-progress. I managed to navigate Atlanta's infamous traffic, making my way to the suburb of Marietta where my dear friend and songwriting partner, Babbie Mason, along with her son, Chaz, and producer extraordinaire Cheryl Rogers (with whom I have also written songs), was kicking off her Christmas tour at the Catholic Church of St. Ann. It was a wonderful, soul-stirring climax to a long, long day.

“Gold...ahem, Daffodils...in them thar Hills”

My final garden club talk of 2025 was given two days later on 20 November. The Hiawassee Garden Club in the scenic lakeside mountain town of Hiawassee, Georgia had invited me to give a daffodil talk months earlier. The club president, Elaine Williams, attended the Georgia Daffodil Society's bulb sale at the Peachtree Road Farmers' Market in October and joined the Society on the spot. I was delighted with her enthusiasm in Atlanta and further impressed by her club's interest as I gave another presentation of "Georgia on My Mind: Twelve Essential Daffodils for Georgia Gardens." Hiawassee is an interesting town. With a population of just over a thousand, one would never know the town has so few residents. After all, it is a popular destination for tourists and its Georgia Mountain Fair is famous far and wide. That said, the number of people attending the meeting when I spoke suggests that Hiawassee and its environs are home to serious gardeners, who possess a passion for plants, a desire for community beautification, fellowship with other gardeners and a vigorous interest in daffodils.

Happy Motoring, Happy Gardening

Needless to say, my various fall trips to Atlanta, the Georgia and Carolina mountains and various points in between had resulted in some great music experiences, some outstanding meals and some great memories made with new and old friends alike. I am looking forward to 2026 and the opportunities God will afford me, if He so desires. With one garden club lecture already scheduled months ago, I hope doors of opportunity continue to open for me to share from my experiences and bring a little light, laughter and useful information to garden clubs, churches and any other groups who might welcome me into their midst. Meanwhile, I am enjoying the journey...Atlanta traffic and all, if necessary.

	<p>Greg Freeman's Garden-related Lecture Schedule and Appearances</p> <p>2026</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Wednesday, 18 February 2026, 10:00 a.m. – “Georgia on My Mind: Twelve Essential Daffodils for Georgia Gardens,” Rose & Dahlia Garden Club, Girl Scouts of Athens, Meeting Room, 185 Newton Bridge Road, Athens, Georgia 30607 <p><i>*To stay current regarding Greg Freeman's speaking schedule, visit GregFreeman.garden, as updates of new and existing events are made when applicable.</i></p>
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Picture This!
2025 Snapshot Moments



Greg Freeman

Salvia rosmarinus* 'Arp' (Rosemary 'Arp')** being visited by ***Bombus impatiens (common Eastern bumble bee)



Greg Freeman

***Allium sativum* (common garlic)**



Buddleja 'Mrs. Myers'

In the 15 April 2017 edition of *Greg Freeman's Garden Chronicle*, I shared about Mrs. Pauline Ciaffoni Myers (1926-2011) and her passion for butterflies in an article titled "Lessons from the Butterfly Lady." I had known Pauline through her sister, Elizabeth Ciaffoni Cowden (1940-2023), who was mentioned in the introduction of this *Garden Chronicle*.

Sometime in 2022 or early 2023, before Elizabeth's health began to seriously fail her, I posed a question: "I have a daffodil that I plan to name after you, but how do you think the family would feel if I were to name a butterfly bush after your sister, Pauline?" Elizabeth responded, "I think that's a wonderful idea, Greg! I don't see why anyone would have a problem with it."

All along I had a bush coming along nicely that had resulted from open pollinated seed. It had survived harsh winters and drought. Given that every other butterfly bush I have ever grown has been short-lived, I felt that this one deserves a name and might even be worthy of marketing commercially. Only time will tell whether it makes it to the marketplace, but in the meantime I am hereby christening the shrub *Buddleja 'Mrs. Myers'*, in memory of Pauline Myers, the butterfly lady.

Jenks Farmer Announces Publication of *Secrets of Southern Gardening: Pro Tips for Success*

The South is arguably the most challenging region for green thumbs in the U.S. From pests and soil quality to heat and humidity, southern climates can exact an emotional toll on aspiring gardeners. Fortunately, a new book by renowned plantsman Augustus Jenks Farmer III, *Secrets of Southern Gardening: Pro Tips for Success*, unlocks the many hidden truths in this fickle region.

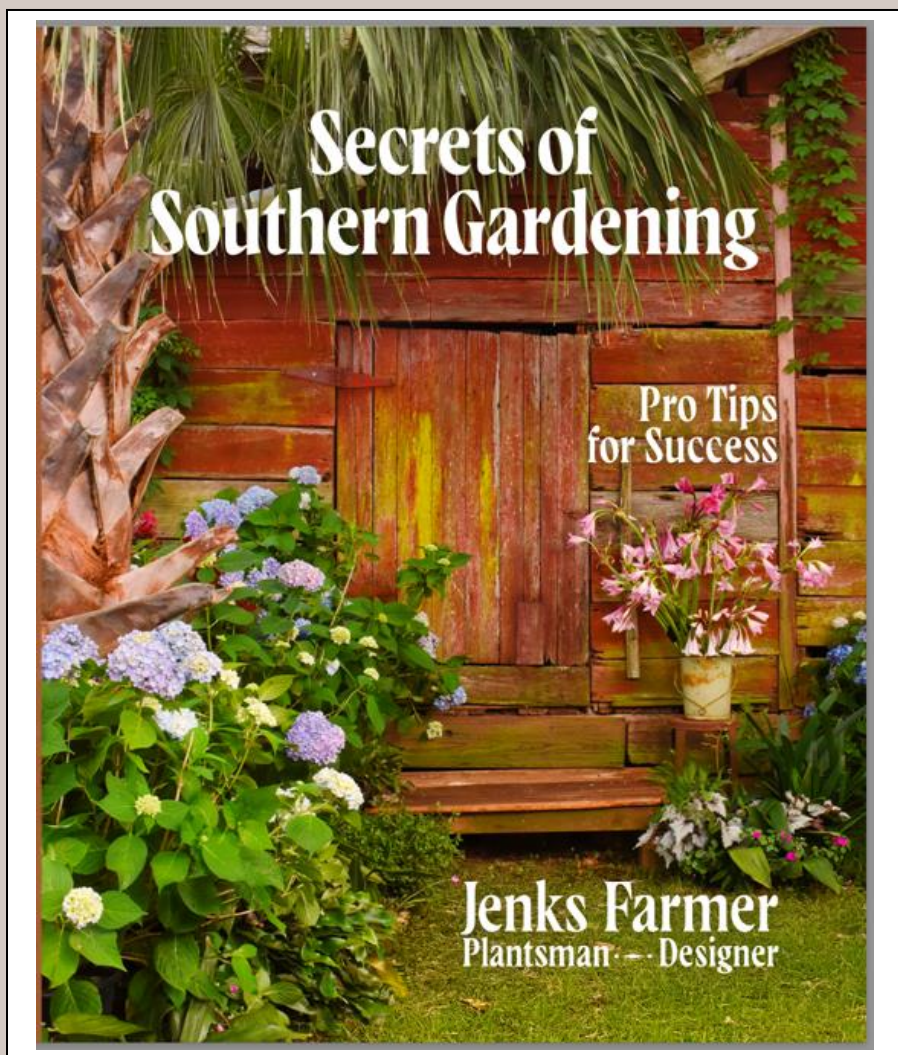
Farmer is the former founding curator of Riverbanks Zoo & Garden and current owner of The Funky Little Flower Farm. He has designed and executed hundreds of gardens from Charleston to New Orleans, and even a college campus in Haiti. In addition to distilling Farmer's more than 30 years of garden curation experience, his newest book, *Secrets of Southern Gardening: Pro Tips for Success*, taps the brightest minds in southern horticulture. Its 16 chapters include charts, diagrams and checklists that can save aspiring gardeners time, money, work and frustration.

"For southerners who are new to gardening and gardeners who are new to the South, the learning

curve can be brutal," says Farmer. "Many years in and thousands of dollars later, some folks just throw up their hands. Myths and memes about gardening can lead to such disappointment."

According to Farmer, his new book can serve as a field guide for Horticulture 101, and features practical approaches to gardening at all levels, scales and sizes.

Secrets of Southern Gardening: Pro Tips for Success emphasizes the less glamorous yet essential elements of gardening such as drainage, soil quality and pest management. In a departure from most southern gardening guides, Farmer addresses the year-long gardening cycle in six



seasons rather than the traditional four. Moreover, an extensive section on garden design ranges from the design of a compact urban yard to a large, upscale marsh front home.

“I’ve had amazing mentors throughout my career,” says Farmer. “I’ve also had once-in-a-lifetime opportunities with Riverbanks Zoo & Garden, Darla Moore Farm Botanical Garden and Reynolda Garden at Wake Forest University. I want to share what I’ve learned, and what my mentors know, with people who are excited about gardening, and keep that excitement alive by demystifying the basics of gardening in the South.”


Some of the experts featured in Farmer’s book include magnolia and pruning expert Dr. Kevin Paris and University of Tennessee horticulturalist Carol Reese.

“We need more gardeners,” Farmer emphasizes. “I want people to succeed and find beauty, food and satisfaction through plants. And I want folks to know you can do it without destroying the southern environment that we’re innately drawn to.”

A tenth-generation farmer, Farmer’s family tree includes a great uncle who was the head horticulturalist for the South Carolina State House and another who ran a peat moss mine. His grandfather, an artist, grew flowers for his still-life paintings.

Farmer’s gardening philosophy advocates working with the land’s natural qualities rather than dominating it with an aesthetic that imposes perfection. A chapter on turf promotes an organic approach that can be pesticide free for pets and children.

***This article is from a press release distributed by Jenks Farmer, author of *Secrets of Southern Gardening: Pro Tips for Success*. Not offered at Amazon.com, this book can be purchased directly from www.JenksFarmer.com. Wholesale quantities are also available to book stores through the website as well.**

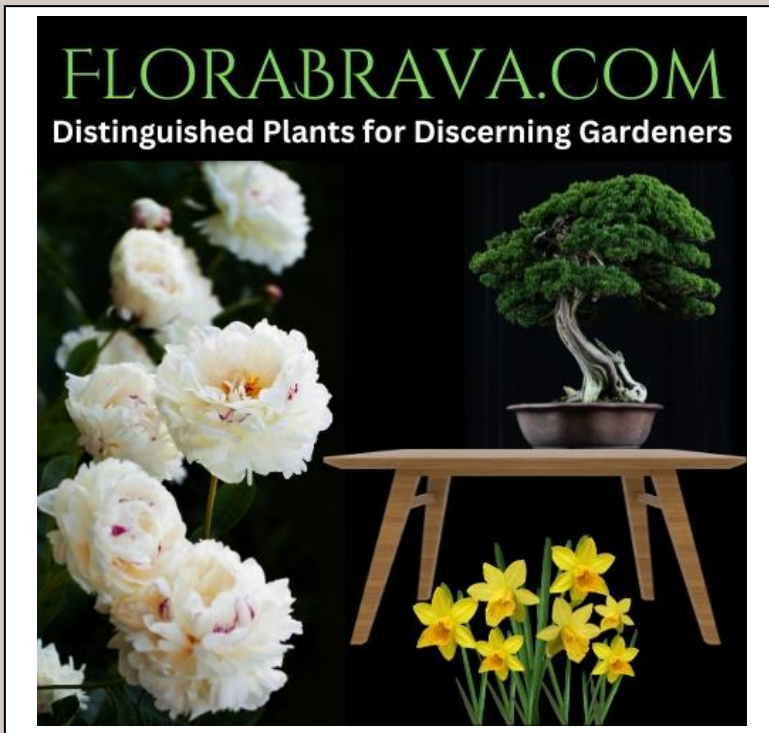
	<p>Needing to fill the space on this page with something worthwhile (garden-related or otherwise), I figured this 2019 selfie photograph with Sasha would work just as well as anything else. She was 18 at the time.</p> <p>Registered as Cowden’s Coleddie Sasha (2001-2025), my sweet girl was impeccably bred, possessing the finest bloodlines in North America. Both her sire and dam were bred in Canada from the Remlap stables of Douglas Palmer and his daughter, Beth, although her mother had been imported in-utero. (I still own Remlap DVP, a stallion closely related to her).</p> <p>Particularly among breeders of Arabian horses, there is a term frequently used called imprinting. In other words, owners develop relationships with the horses from birth, which instills trust and trainability. Sasha did not come to me until she was weaned from her mother, but I spent so much time with her from that first day forward that I believe she had a special bond with me, understood my words and knew what I was trying to communicate to her even while she was dying.</p> <p>Though she never bore any foals for me, she was a devoted mama and protector to a number of goats and miniature donkeys over the years, often using that “whisper” mama mares use with their foals.</p>
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Greg Freeman Selfie with Sasha

ATLANTA ITALIAN

.com

A Guide to Atlanta's Italian Food Scene & More!



Photograph: *Basil in a Can?*



Greg Freeman (b. 1974), *Basil in a Can?*, 2025, digital photograph

Inspired by celebrity chef, cooking show host and restaurateur Lidia Bastianich (b. 1947), who showed off her own kitchen herbs planted in cans on an episode of her show, *Lidia's Kitchen*, I planted some home-grown basil seedlings in a tomato can and placed the can in my kitchen window. This repurposing of the can has been convenient and enjoyable, as I always have basil free for the snipping at a recipe's notice. I also love those Tuscan illustrations displayed by various brands of Italian-related items.

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In addition to being an avid gardener and daffodil hybridist, judge and exhibitor, Greg Freeman is an author, editor, recording artist, songwriter, amateur visual artist and life-long horse lover. Freeman's nonfiction writing on a number of subjects has appeared in magazines, encyclopedias and books of academic and scholarly interest, as well as his various websites, including [Southern Edition](#), his digital publication devoted to the American South. Published academic/encyclopedic contributions by Freeman include a chapter in Nadine Farghaly's edited volume, *Gender and the Modern Sherlock Holmes: Essays on Film and Television Adaptations Since 2009* (2015), as well as multiple entries in: *Race in American Film: Voices and Visions That Shaped a Nation* (2017), edited by Dr. Daniel Bernardi and Michael Green; *The British Empire: A Historical Encyclopedia* (2018), edited by Dr. Mark Doyle; and *Music around the World: A Global Encyclopedia* (2020), edited by Drs. Andrew R. Martin and Matthew Mihalka. In 2015, Freeman released a country music radio single, "Sunlight and Shadows," garnering international airplay, and his gospel music has received global exposure through television broadcasts, radio airplay and commercial recordings, including the Collingsworth Family's GMA Dove Award-nominated album, *Just Sing!* (2021), on which his song, "I Owe You Everything," appears. His gospel EP, *Blessing and Blessing* (2018), features guest vocalists Babbie Mason, a Grammy-nominated artist, and Gospel Music Hall of Famer Calvin Newton. An owner of Belgian draft horses since 1987, Freeman's horse interests expanded into the world of Thoroughbred racing and breeding with the purchase of shares in Authentic in 2020. Authentic soon after won the Haskell Stakes, the Kentucky Derby and Breeders' Cup Classic before retiring to stud at Spendthrift Farm, Lexington, Kentucky, USA. Additionally, in 2023, Freeman acquired the proven Belgian draft sire and show champion, Remlap DVP, a son of Remlap Constance Edie Johne, a broodmare extraordinaire and undefeated show winner. Remlap DVP was bred by noted breeder Beth Palmer, Tottenham, Ontario, Canada, and named to honor her late father, the illustrious horseman, Douglas Victor Palmer.

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