



Editor's Note

Meet Our Contributors



As gardening columnist for *The New York Times* the past 19 years, Anne Raver (Backyard Almanac, page 14) is one of our foremost authorities on making things grow. The author of *Deep in the Green: An*

Exploration of Country Pleasures (Knopf), Anne gardens inside a stone wall built by her great-grandfather on her family's farmstead near Baltimore.



Kim Wilson (Good Dirt, page 26) is a writer, editor, and gardener who lives in Waukesha, Wisconsin, and is a longtime member of the Jane Austen Society of North America. She is the author of *Tea with*

Jane Austen (Jones Books, 2004) and *In the Garden with Jane Austen* (Jones Books, 2008).



Rob Cardillo ("Totally Terrific Terrariums," page 64) has been photographing gardens, plants, and the people who tend them for the past 20 years. His most recent book is *The Perennial Care Manual*

(Storey Publishing). He and his wife live in southeastern Pennsylvania, where he heroically tries to grow at least one of every annual, perennial, and vegetable he can get his hands on.



Karen Weir-Jimerson lives and gardens on 3 acres in rural Iowa. She and her husband, Doug, live in a renovated 1903 farmhouse. Karen writes her column (Slow Lane, page 9) in a converted chicken

house that is her office/studio. She shares her property with six dogs, 12 cats, three horses, three donkeys, chickens, doves, pigeons, canaries, and two tortoises.



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My Brother's Gloves

Every day I take my good dogs Scout and Finch on at least one substantial walk. Sometimes we drive to a nearby park and embark on the three-mile hike around Blue Heron Lake, taking

time to spy Indigo Buntings, Cedar Waxwings, and—as might be expected—Great Blue Herons. More often, we simply cross the street to explore the empty playing fields of a local middle school. Off lead, both dogs chase the sticks we find beneath a handful of black walnuts that I toss with all my might until the dogs eventually tucker out. At this chilly time of year, I always don a special pair of gloves when I walk the dogs. The gloves used to belong to my oldest brother, David, who passed away almost six years ago. The gloves are ordinary enough, raggy wool with deerskin leather palms. But to me, they are anything but ordinary. They are a daily reminder of my brother's protective spirit, and they keep my fingers warm even when the temperatures dip below freezing. The gloves are one of the few physical reminders I have of my big brother. And they never fail to inspire my own memories of him at his kindest self. After all, this was my brother who took it upon himself to shape my earliest musical tastes. My brother was a complicated person plagued with demons that eventually proved stronger than he was. But to me, he forever remains the artist of my family, a carefully guarded free spirit with a natural gift for drawing and painting and model-building. Even though I was never allowed to trespass in his room, I can still hear the sounds of Donovan, Judy Collins, and Bob Dylan drifting from behind his closed bedroom door. His turntable, after all, provided the soundtrack to my childhood. I like to imagine my brother David watching over me and my family. But I'm not convinced. Still, every time I pull on his well-worn warm gloves, I know his undownable spirit is keeping me warm. ■

Editor, James A. Baggett

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