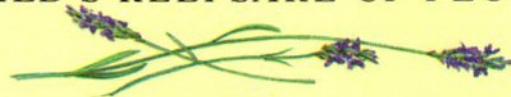


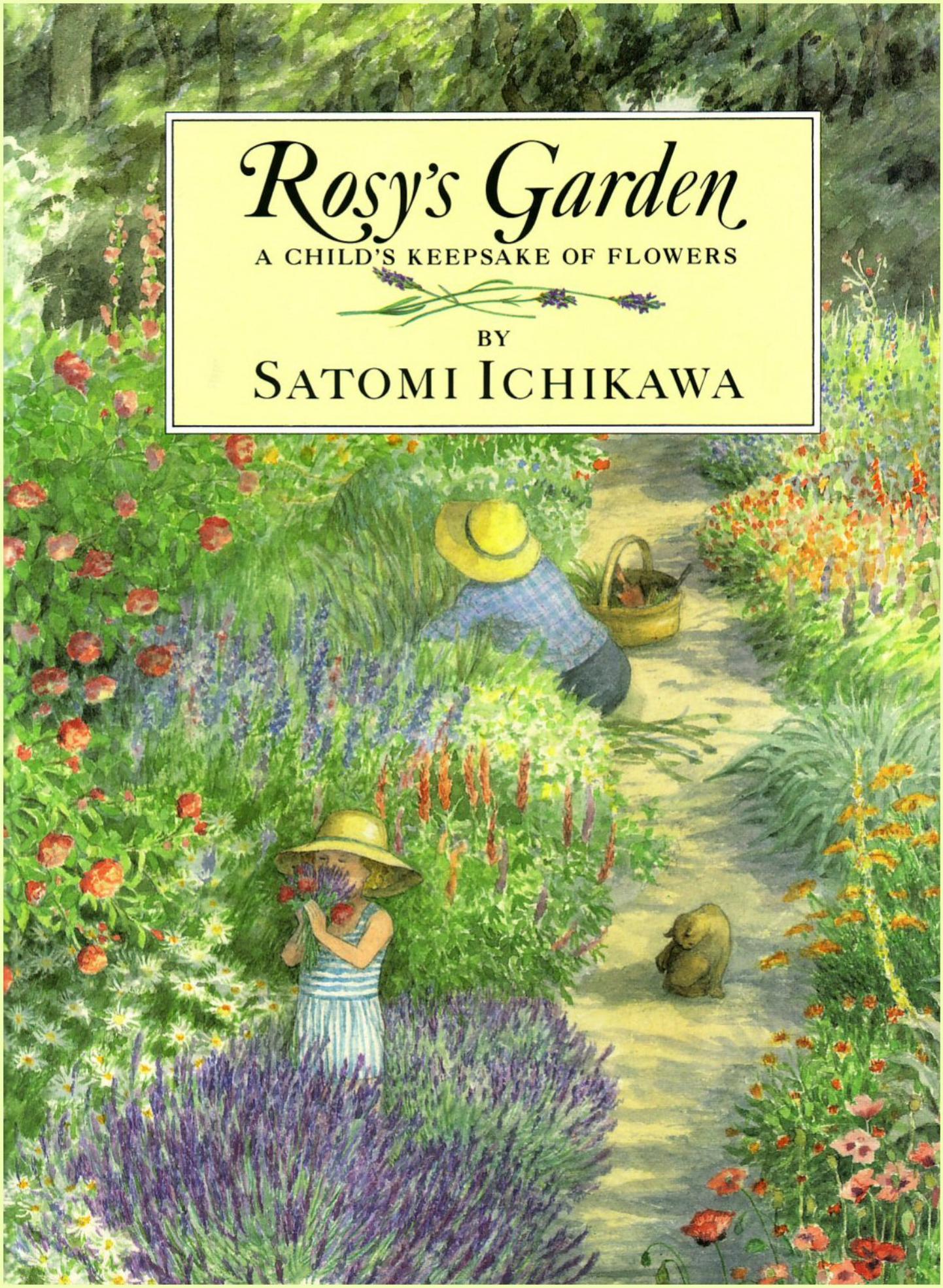
Rosy's Garden

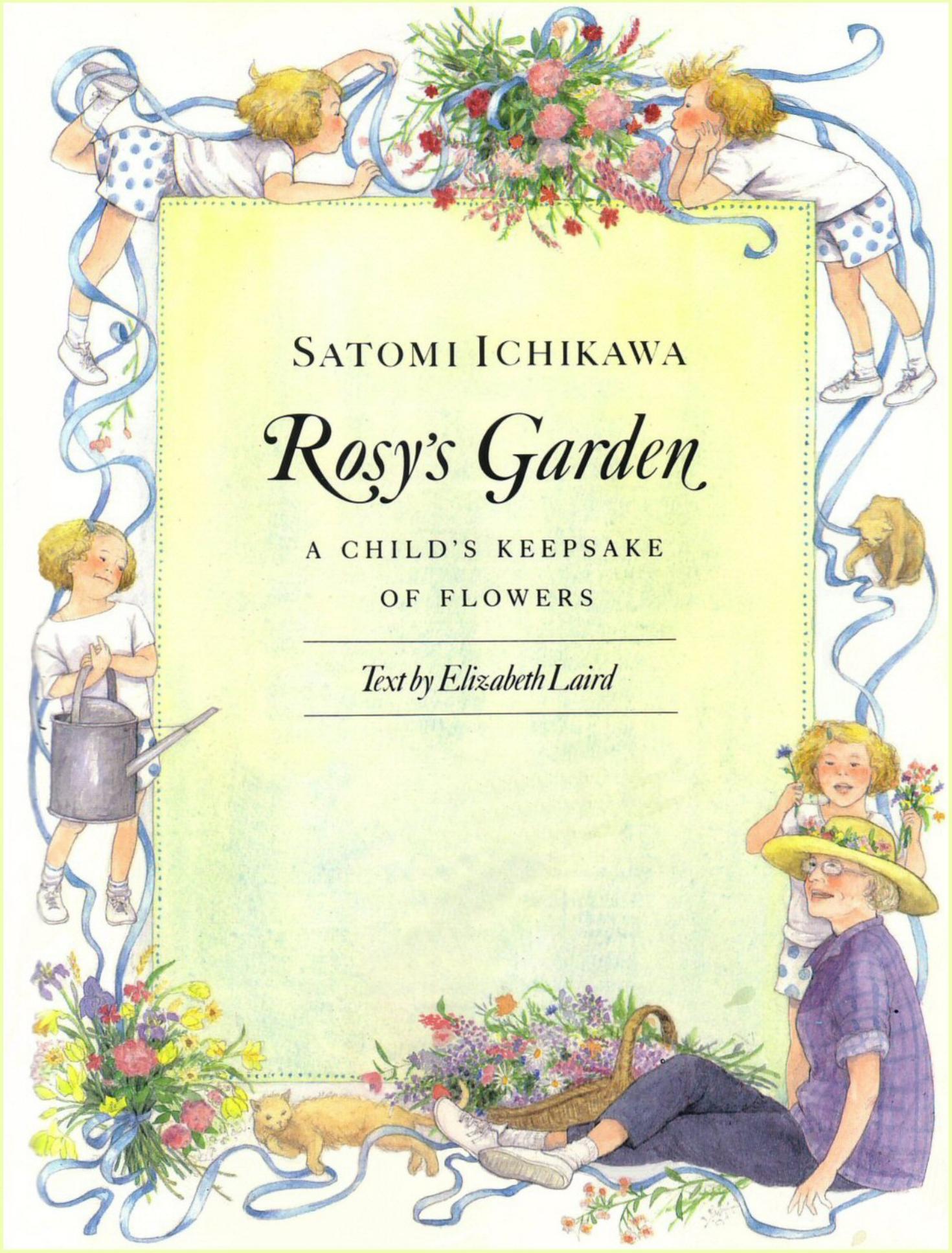
A CHILD'S KEEPSAKE OF FLOWERS



BY

SATOMI ICHIKAWA





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Rosy's Garden

A CHILD'S KEEPSAKE
OF FLOWERS

Text by Elizabeth Laird

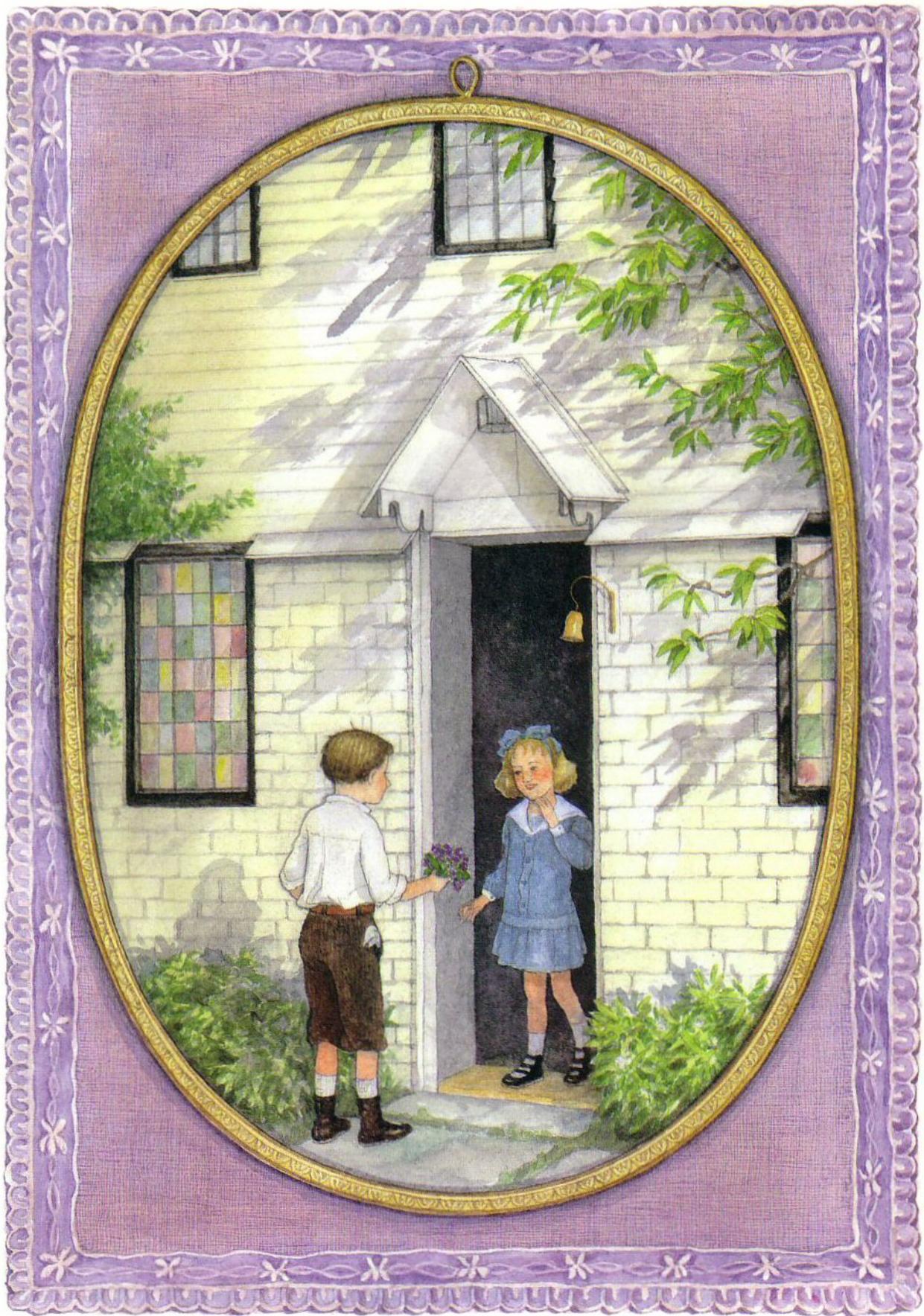




The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

Dorothy Frances Gurney





Granny's Garden

Outside, in the garden, Rosy runs up one path and down another.

"It's perfect!" she says. "It's the most lovely garden I've ever seen! It's the loveliest garden in the world!"





Old Names for Old Flowers

"I wish I knew what all the flowers are called," says Rosy.

"You'll soon learn their names," says Granny, "and very ancient some of them are too. Some are even in a poem that's nearly six hundred years old.

Periwinkle, violet, cowslip and lily,
Rose red, rose white, foxglove and primrose,
Hollyhock, coriander, peony . . ."

"It doesn't really sound like a poem," says Rosy.

"It doesn't rhyme."

"No, it doesn't," says Granny. "You'd better make up another one when you know all the flower names yourself."

CARNATION

These flowers were greatly loved in the Middle Ages. They were often used to make garlands and coronets, and came to be called 'coronation,' or 'carnation.'



LILY

Old painters loved this flower and often painted the Virgin Mary with lilies, so that it became the symbol of all that is good and beautiful.



DELPHINIUM

The Greeks thought the buds of this flower looked like dolphins so they called it 'delphinos,' which is Greek for dolphin. Delphinium comes from 'delphinos.'



HOLLYHOCK

The Crusaders probably brought this flower to Europe from its home in the East. They used to make the flowers into a kind of tea and drink it when they had a bad cold.



POPPY

In the First World War, a Canadian poet, John McCrae, wrote a famous poem about the poppies that grew in the fields of Flanders, where many soldiers died. Soon people started wearing poppies in honor of fallen soldiers.



HONEYSUCKLE

Perhaps it is the sweet smell of honeysuckle that makes it so romantic. There's an old superstition that if you bring honeysuckle into the house a wedding will follow.



Lilies of the Valley

Near the lavender bush in Granny's garden, there's a shy little plant with an even stronger smell. Little white bells hanging from a stalk peep out from its long, pointed leaves.

"I know what that is," says Rosy, sniffing the air. "Mother has some scent like that in a pretty glass bottle. It's lily of the valley, isn't it, Granny?"

"That's right," says Granny. "The Germans call it 'little bells of May', and the French even have a special day for it. They think it brings good luck."

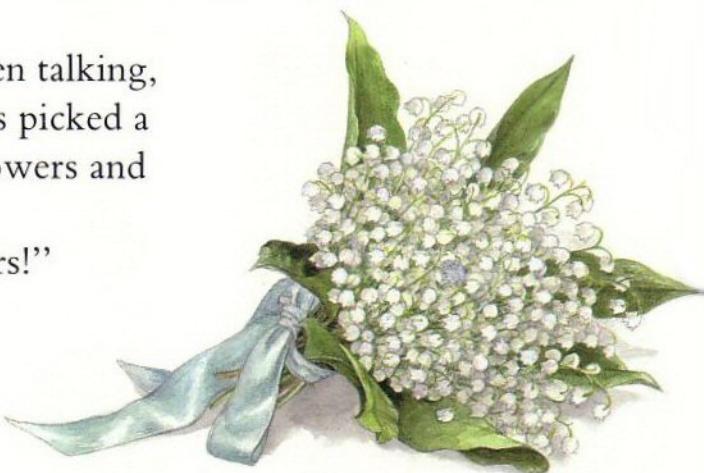
"What do they do?" asks Rosy.

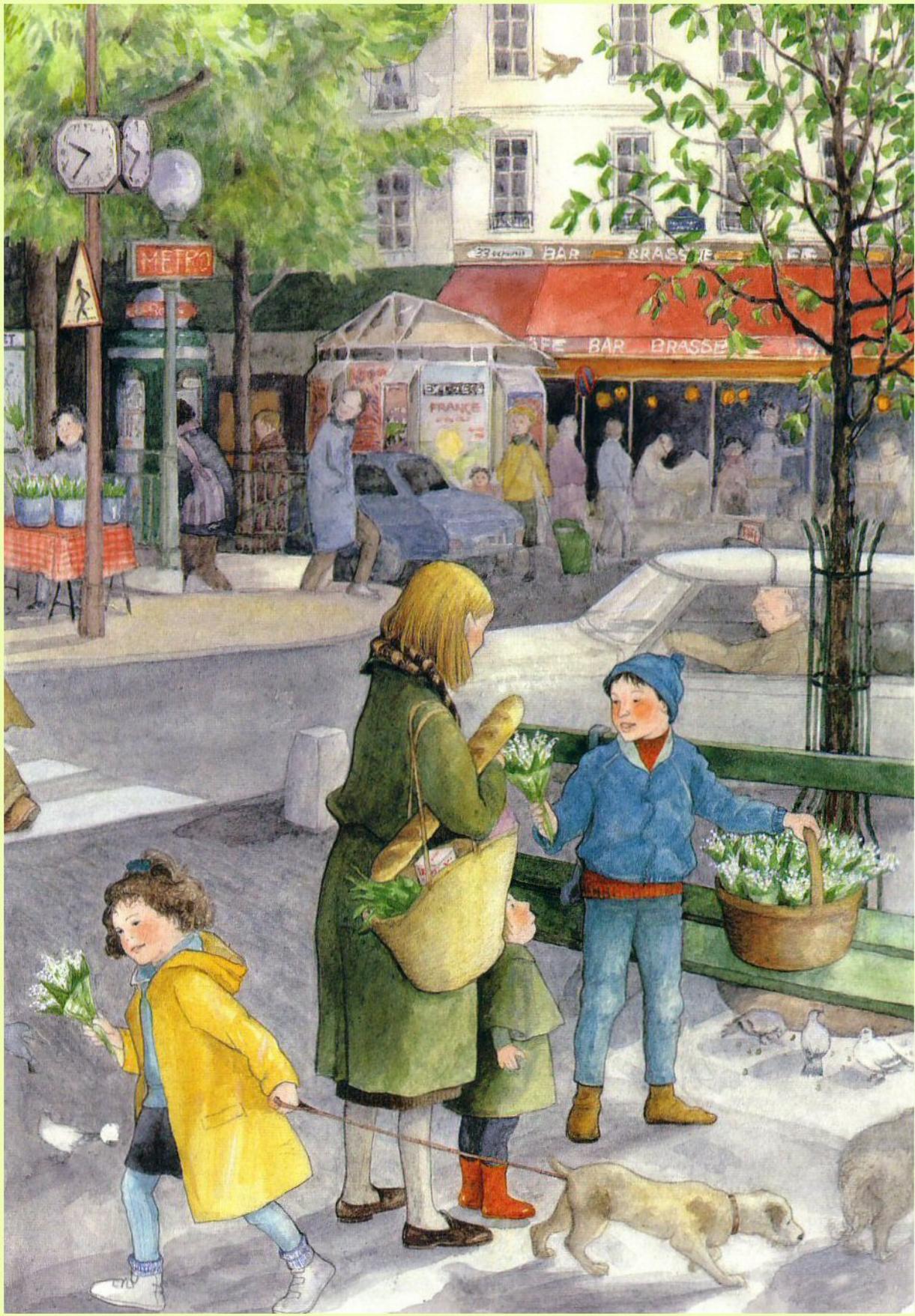
"On the first of May every year," says Granny, "the streets of French towns and villages are full of the lovely scent of lily of the valley. There are people selling it at every corner, and everyone buys bunches of it to give to their friends. The shops make special displays. Bakers make cakes with iced lily of the valley on them, and sweetsellers sell green and white sweets."

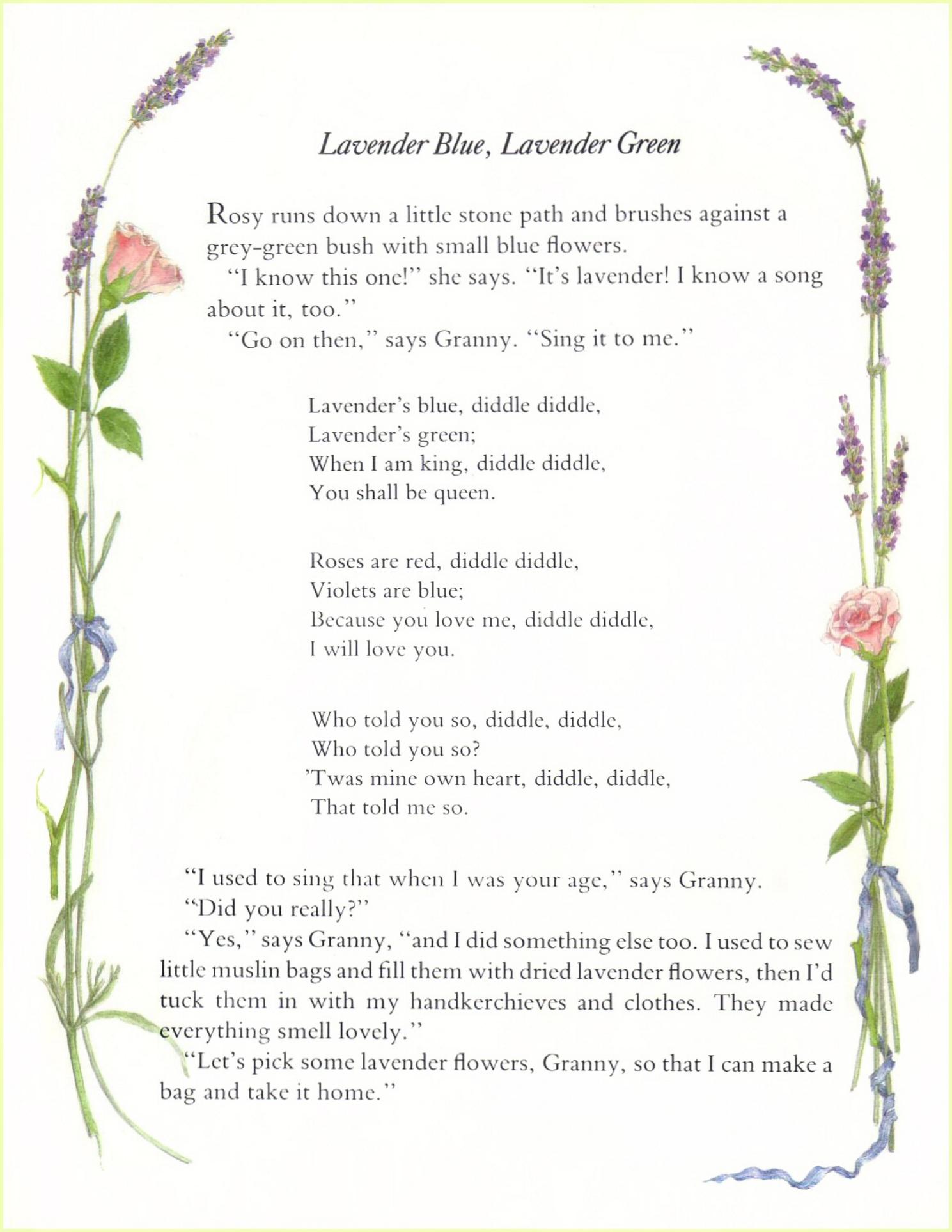
"How lovely!" says Rosy. "What about the children? What do they do?"

"They pick big bunches of them," says Granny, "or buy them from a flower seller, and make them into bouquets. Then they give them to older friends, perhaps to their neighbors, or their aunts, or . . ."

She stops. While she has been talking, Rosy has been busy. She has picked a bunch of the delicate white flowers and now she gives it to Granny.
". . . Or to their grandmothers!"
finishes Granny with a smile.







Lavender Blue, Lavender Green

Rosy runs down a little stone path and brushes against a grey-green bush with small blue flowers.

"I know this one!" she says. "It's lavender! I know a song about it, too."

"Go on then," says Granny. "Sing it to me."

Lavender's blue, diddle diddle,
Lavender's green;
When I am king, diddle diddle,
You shall be queen.

Roses are red, diddle diddle,
Violets are blue;
Because you love me, diddle diddle,
I will love you.

Who told you so, diddle, diddle,
Who told you so?
'Twas mine own heart, diddle, diddle,
That told me so.

"I used to sing that when I was your age," says Granny.

"Did you really?"

"Yes," says Granny, "and I did something else too. I used to sew little muslin bags and fill them with dried lavender flowers, then I'd tuck them in with my handkerchieves and clothes. They made everything smell lovely."

"Let's pick some lavender flowers, Granny, so that I can make a bag and take it home."







Flower Names

TREE NAMES

Hazel
Olivia and Olive
Holly
Daphne

FLOWER NAMES

Heather
Iris
Lily
Marigold
Poppy



The Language of Flowers

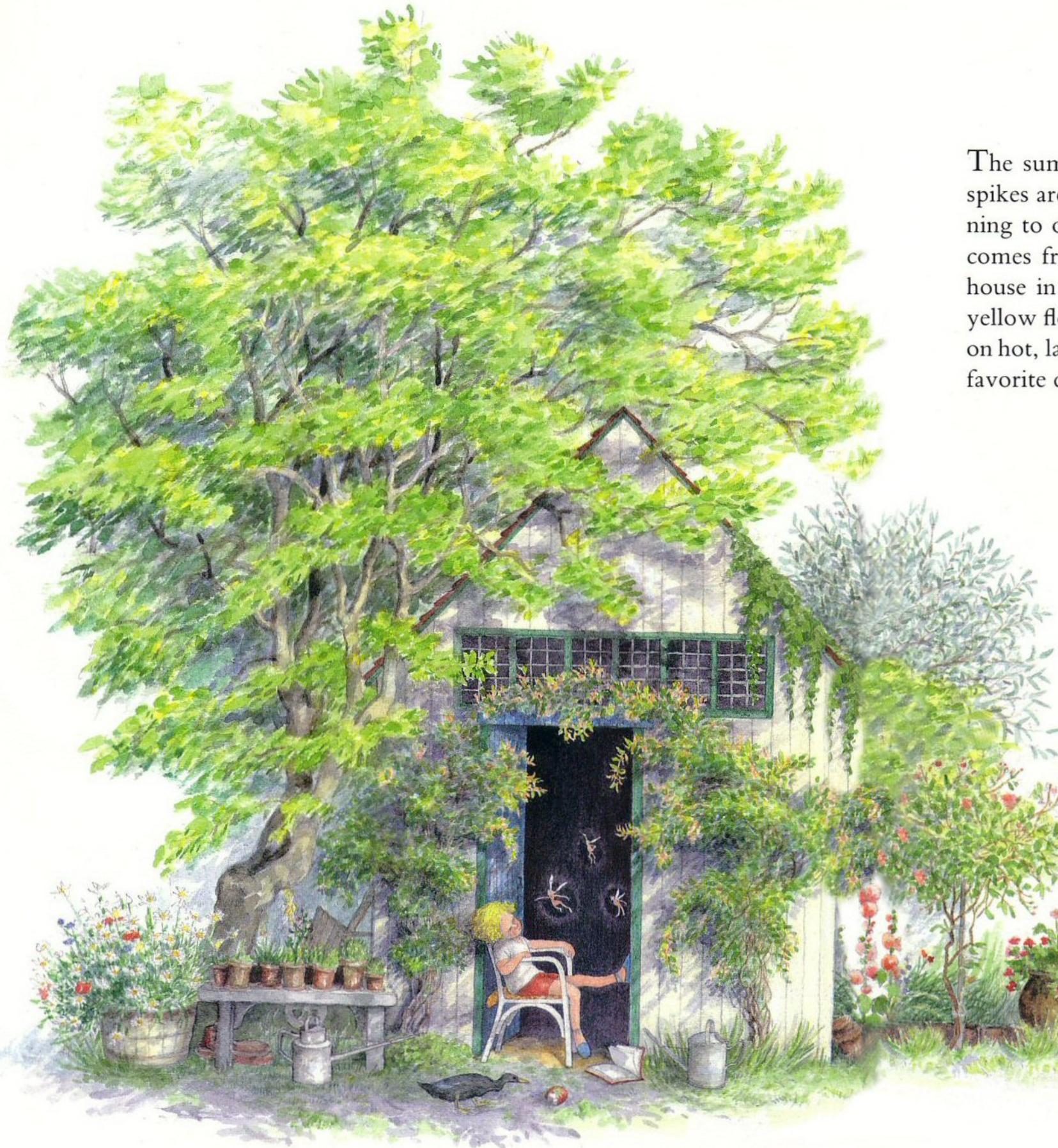
"Did you know," says Granny, "that many flowers have a special meaning? In the old days, you had to be careful when you gave someone a posy of flowers. If they knew the language of flowers, they might think you were trying to give them a secret message. Red chrysanthemums meant 'I love,' and four-leaf clover meant 'Be mine.' But hydrangeas meant 'Heartless' and Michaelmas daisies meant 'Goodbye.'"

SOME FLOWER MEANINGS

Anemone – *forsaken*
Bluebell – *constancy*
Red carnation – *alas for my poor heart!*
Columbine – *folly*
Cowslip – *thoughtfulness*
Daisy – *innocence*
Forget-me-not – *true love*
French marigold – *jealousy*
Hyacinth – *sport or game*
Lavender – *distrust*
Lily – *purity, sweetness*
Lily of the valley – *return of happiness*

Marigold – *grief*
Orange blossom – *purity, loveliness*
Pansy – *thoughts*
Rose – *love*
Rosemary – *remembrance*
Snowdrop – *hope*
Violet – *modesty*
Yew – *sorrow*





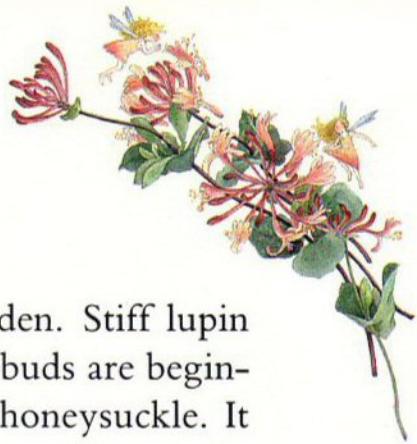
Fairy Dreams

The summer days pass quickly in Granny's garden. Stiff lupin spikes are standing in the flower bed, and the rosebuds are beginning to open. Soon the air is full of the scent of honeysuckle. It comes from Rosy's favorite part of the garden, an old summer house in a sleepy corner, almost smothered with creamy, pale-yellow flowers. Rosy likes to come here with a book and an apple on hot, lazy afternoons, and hear the bees, and as she curls up in her favorite chair, she murmurs a little poem to herself.

Honeysuckle, twisting, climbing
Round and over, up and down.
Every flower a Sleeping Beauty
In a lacy dressing gown.

Honeysuckle, heavy-scented,
On a lazy summer's day,
Yawning, nodding, eyelids closing,
Dreaming quiet hours away.

And when Rosy is fast asleep, who knows what
little visitors might come and play around her?





Rose Poems

O, my Luve's like a red red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

Robert Burns

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

Lord Tennyson

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

Robert Herrick

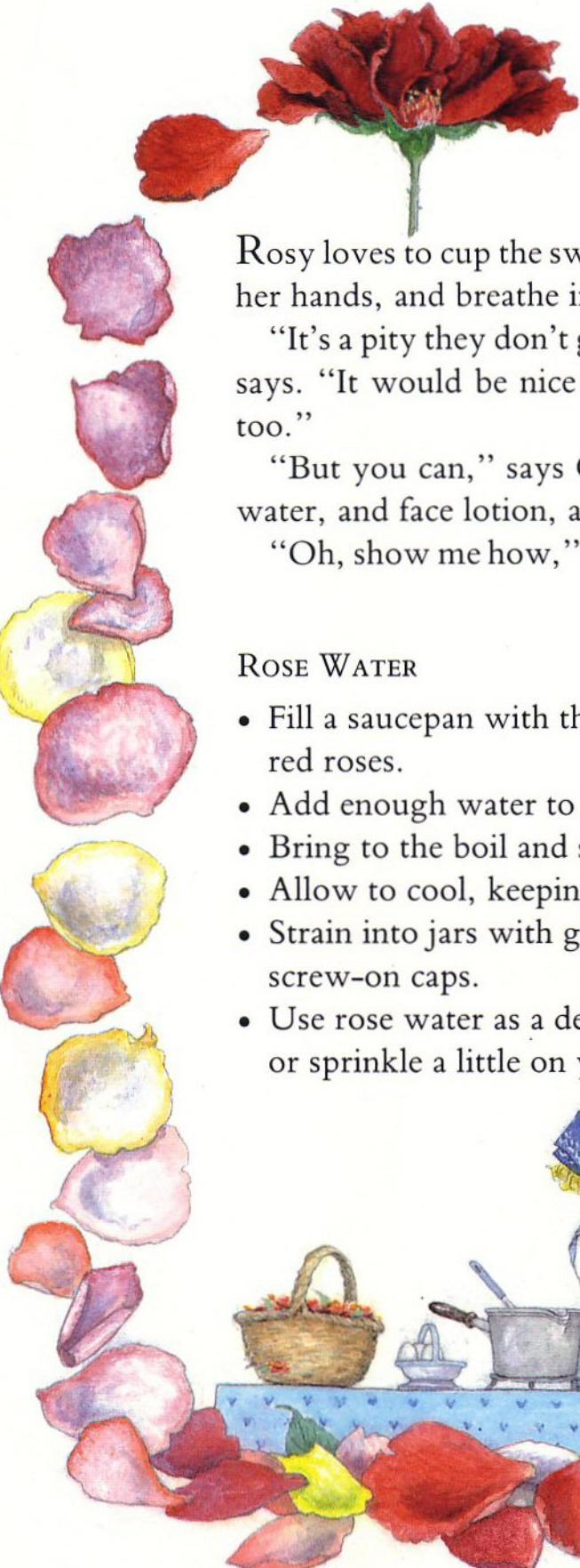
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite o'er canopied with luscious woodbine
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night
Lull'd in these flowers, with dances and delight.

William Shakespeare

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow
A heav'ly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy,
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Thomas Campion





Rosy Things

Rosy loves to cup the sweet-smelling dark red roses in her hands, and breathe in their perfume.

"It's a pity they don't grow all the year around," she says. "It would be nice to smell them in the winter, too."

"But you can," says Granny. "You can make rose water, and face lotion, and pot-pourri and . . ."

"Oh, show me how," says Rosy. "Please, Granny."

ROSE WATER

- Fill a saucepan with the petals from strongly scented red roses.
- Add enough water to cover.
- Bring to the boil and simmer for a few minutes.
- Allow to cool, keeping the lid on to keep the perfume.
- Strain into jars with good stoppers, or bottles with screw-on caps.
- Use rose water as a delicate perfume on your skin, or sprinkle a little on your clothes.



POT-POURRI

Dry rose petals and lavender flowers for two or three weeks on trays in a warm, airy place away from sunlight. Turn them daily to prevent mildew.

Mix together in a bowl 4 oz rose petals, 2 oz lavender, a teaspoon each of dried marjoram, rosemary and crushed cloves. Add 5 drops of rose oil and 3 drops of lavender oil.

Put the pot-pourri into a large plastic bag and seal it tightly. Leave it for a few weeks to mature, shaking well every other day.

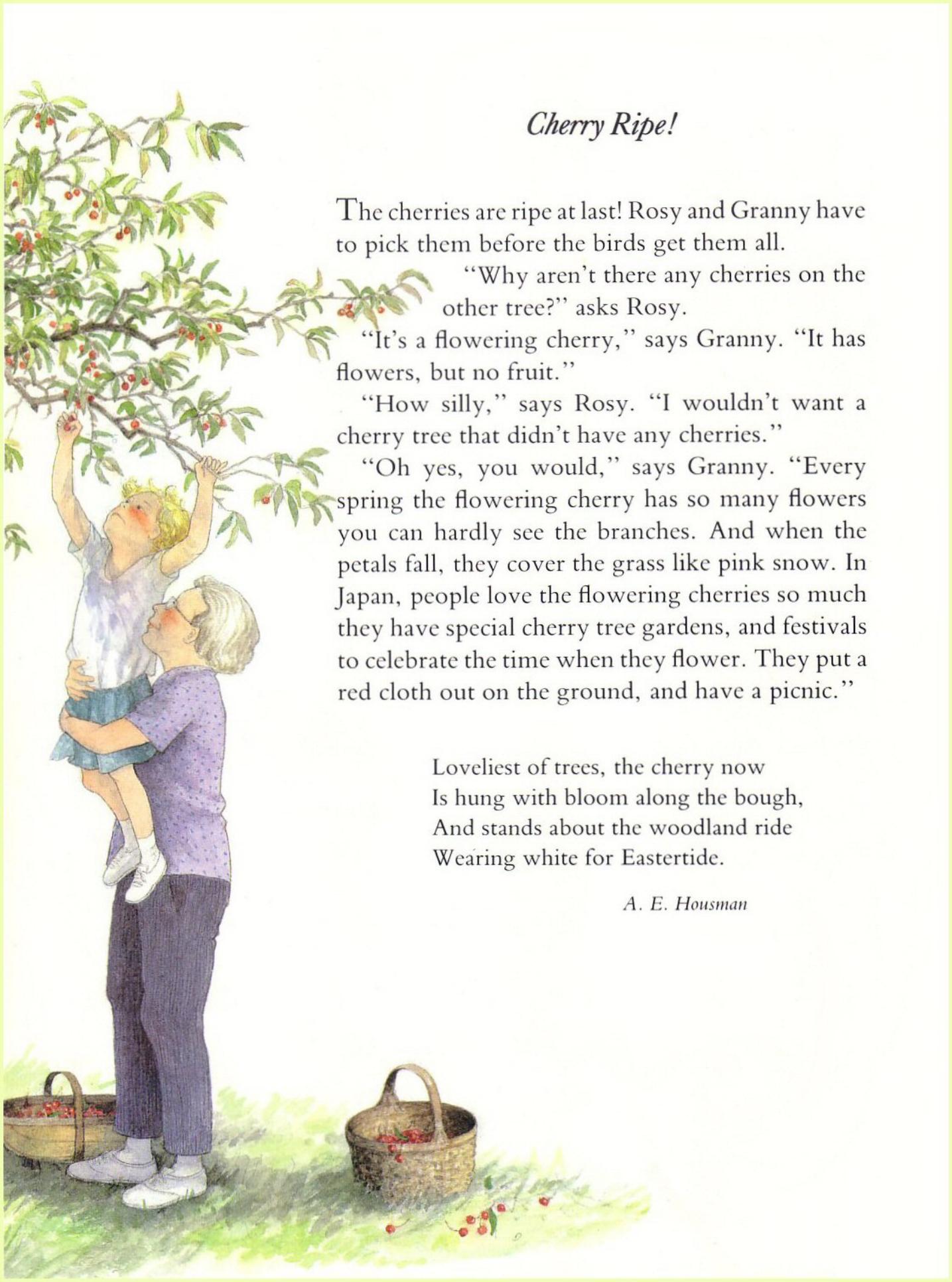
Pot-pourri can either be used to stuff pretty bags made of cotton or silk, or left in bowls to perfume a room.

FACE LOTION

*3 tablespoons glycerine
4 tablespoons rose water*

- Put both glycerine and rose water into a bottle with a screw-on cap.
- Shake them together until they are properly mixed.





Cherry Ripe!

The cherries are ripe at last! Rosy and Granny have to pick them before the birds get them all.

"Why aren't there any cherries on the other tree?" asks Rosy.

"It's a flowering cherry," says Granny. "It has flowers, but no fruit."

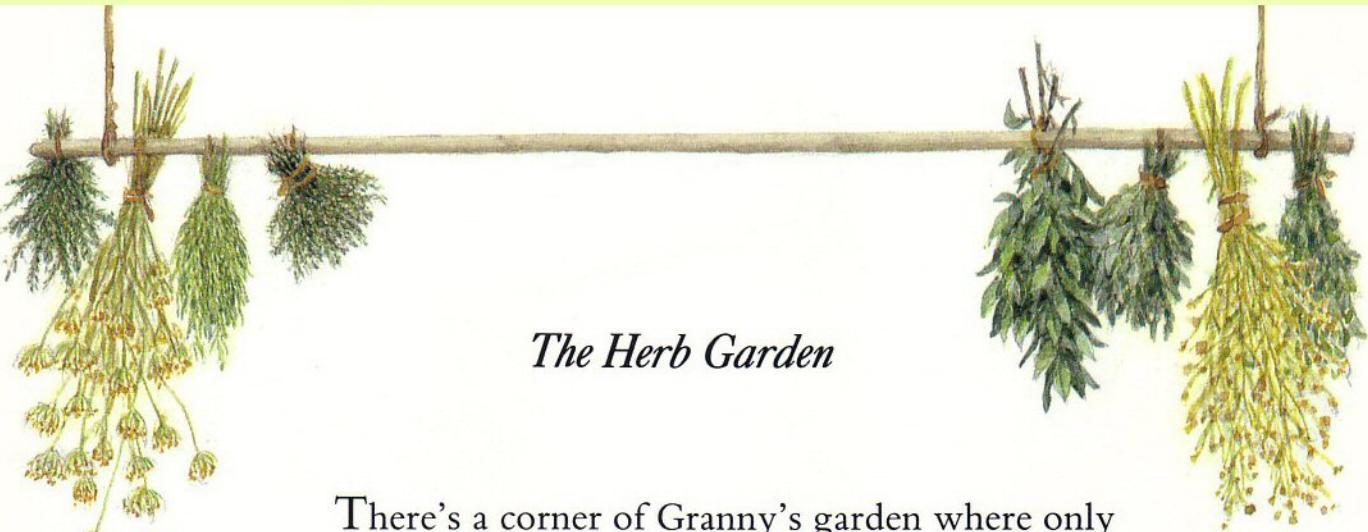
"How silly," says Rosy. "I wouldn't want a cherry tree that didn't have any cherries."

"Oh yes, you would," says Granny. "Every spring the flowering cherry has so many flowers you can hardly see the branches. And when the petals fall, they cover the grass like pink snow. In Japan, people love the flowering cherries so much they have special cherry tree gardens, and festivals to celebrate the time when they flower. They put a red cloth out on the ground, and have a picnic."

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

A. E. Housman



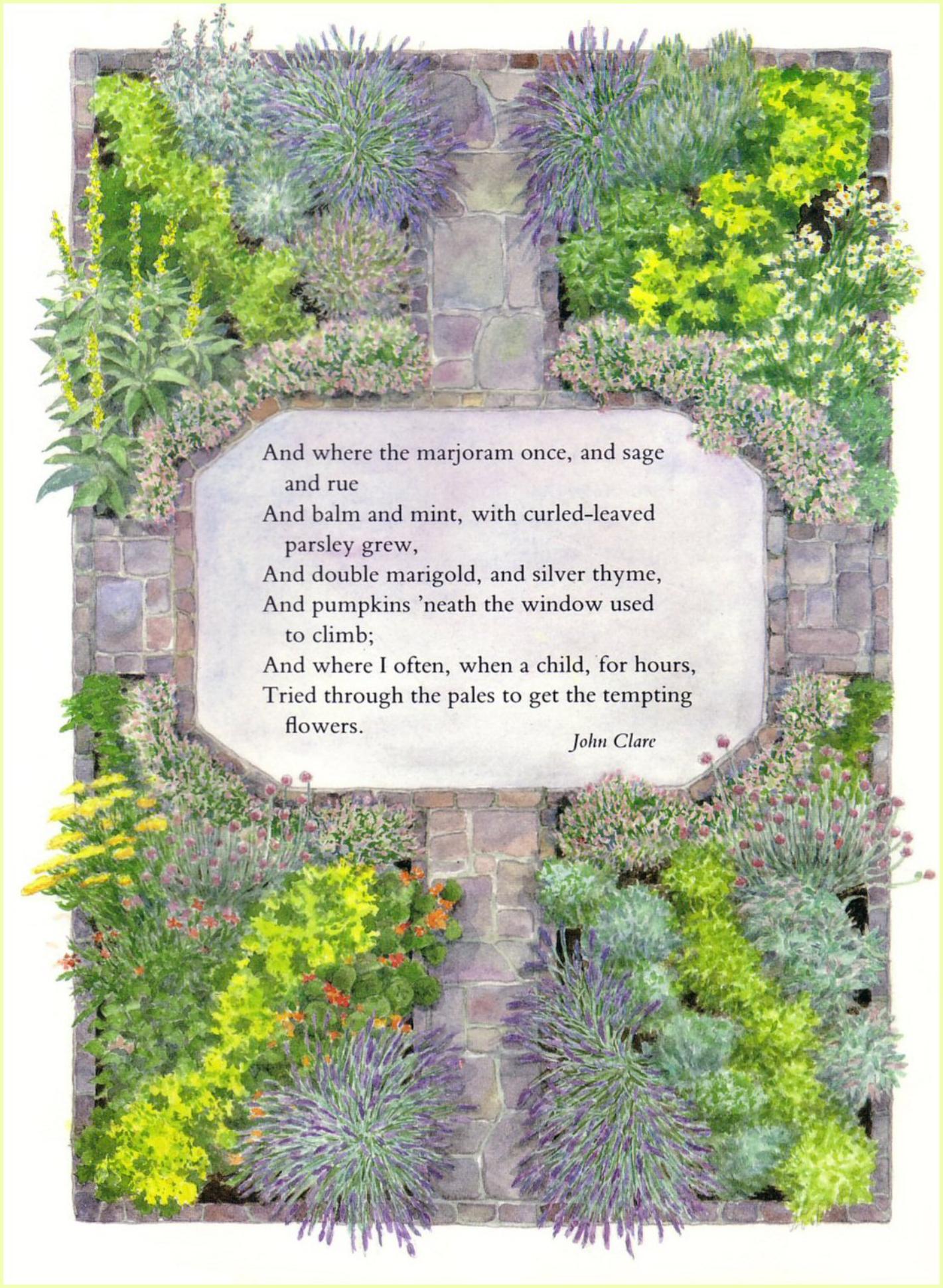


The Herb Garden

There's a corner of Granny's garden where only herbs are allowed to grow. Rosy knows all their names.

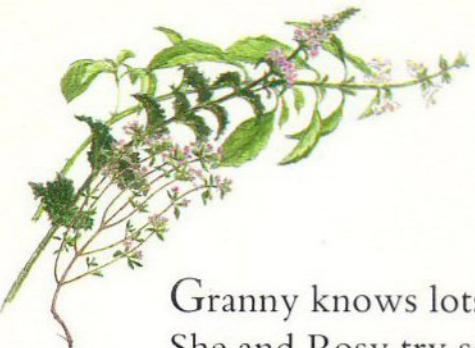
"Rosemary, thyme, mint, parsley, sage . . ." she says, as she picks a leaf off each plant and crushes them in her fingers. The rich, herby smells make her think of times long ago, when medieval ladies grew herbs in between neat little paths in the castle gardens, and strewed herbs on the floor to make the great hall smell sweet, and when they made medicines and ointments out of herbs, to cure everything from headaches to bee stings.





And where the marjoram once, and sage
and rue
And balm and mint, with curled-leaved
parsley grew,
And double marigold, and silver thyme,
And pumpkins 'neath the window used
to climb;
And where I often, when a child, for hours,
Tried through the pales to get the tempting
flowers.

John Clare



Herby Things

Granny knows lots of interesting things to do with herbs. She and Rosy try some of them out together.

AN HERBAL BATH

Chop up a cupful of rosemary leaves and lavender leaves. Put them in a saucepan and cover with a pint of water. Cover, bring to the boil, and simmer for thirty minutes. Leave to cool, keeping the lid of the saucepan on so that the smell does not escape. Strain into a jar and keep it in the bathroom. Add a cupful of the liquid to make a refreshing, sweet-smelling bath.

AN HERBY SANDWICH

*brown bread or roll
cream cheese
chives, mint and parsley*

Chop together chives, mint and parsley, mix well with the cream cheese and spread it on your bread or roll to make a delicious sandwich.

A MINTY SALAD

*half a cucumber
a pint of yogurt
half a cup of chopped mint*

Chop up the cucumber and stir in the yogurt and mint. This makes a lovely cool salad on a hot day.

HERBY RICE

*8 oz long grain rice
1 pint of water
a stick of butter
a few slices of onion
a cup of chopped herbs, parsley, mint, thyme, marjoram*

Boil the rice and water together until the water has all disappeared, and the grains of rice are soft and fluffy (about 15 minutes). Stir in the butter, and onion chopped very small, and the herbs. This goes very well with any meat or fish dish.









Flowery Games



Rosy picks a dandelion and blows on it. After four puffs all the seeds have blown away.

"It must be four o'clock," says Rosy.



"Nearly tea-time," says Granny.

She picks a buttercup and holds it under Rosy's chin. Her skin shines golden yellow.

"You *do* like butter," she says. "I thought so."



Rosy picks a daisy and pulls off the petals one by one.

"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me," she says.

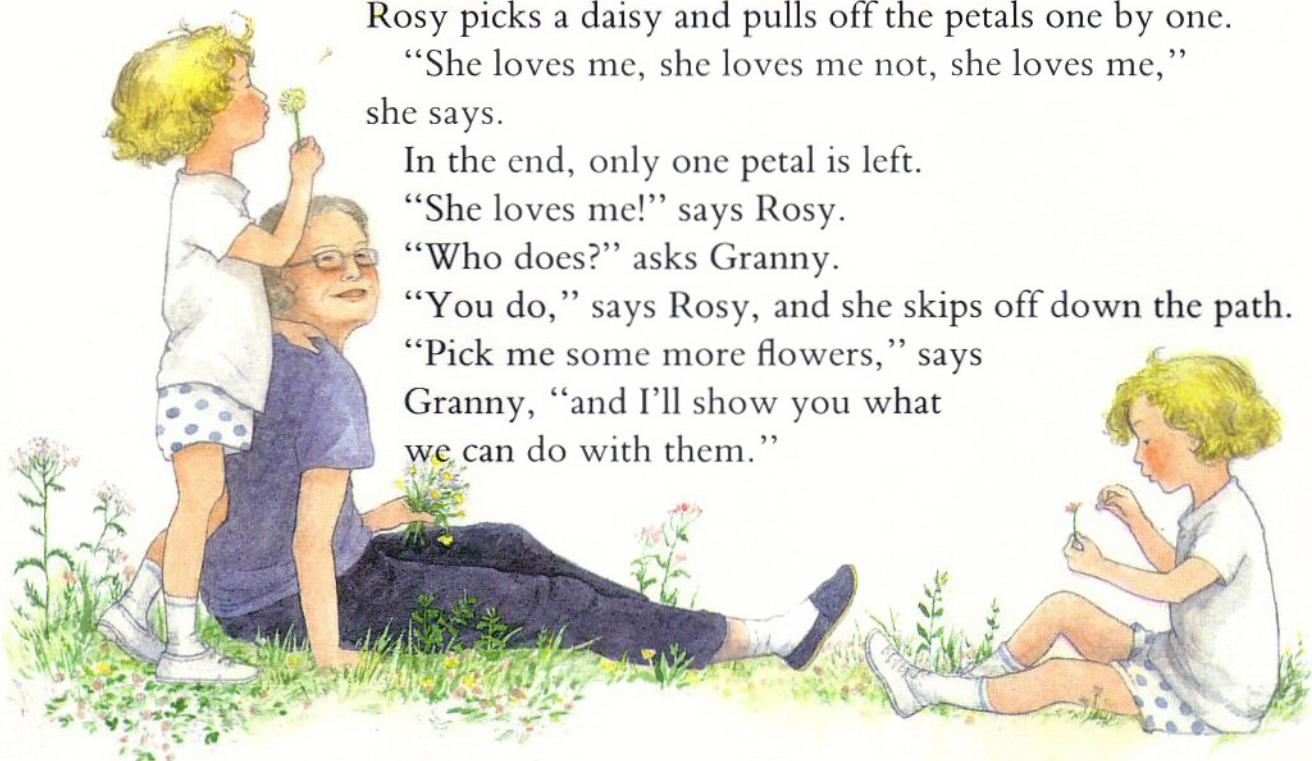
In the end, only one petal is left.

"She loves me!" says Rosy.

"Who does?" asks Granny.

"You do," says Rosy, and she skips off down the path.

"Pick me some more flowers," says Granny, "and I'll show you what we can do with them."





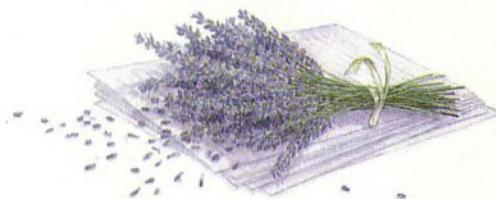
Rosy has picked a dandelion, a daisy, and a speedwell. She presses them between sheets of newspaper and leaves them under a stack of heavy books. In a week or two they'll be dry and flat, and Rosy will be able to use them. She'll stick one at the top of a letter to Mother.

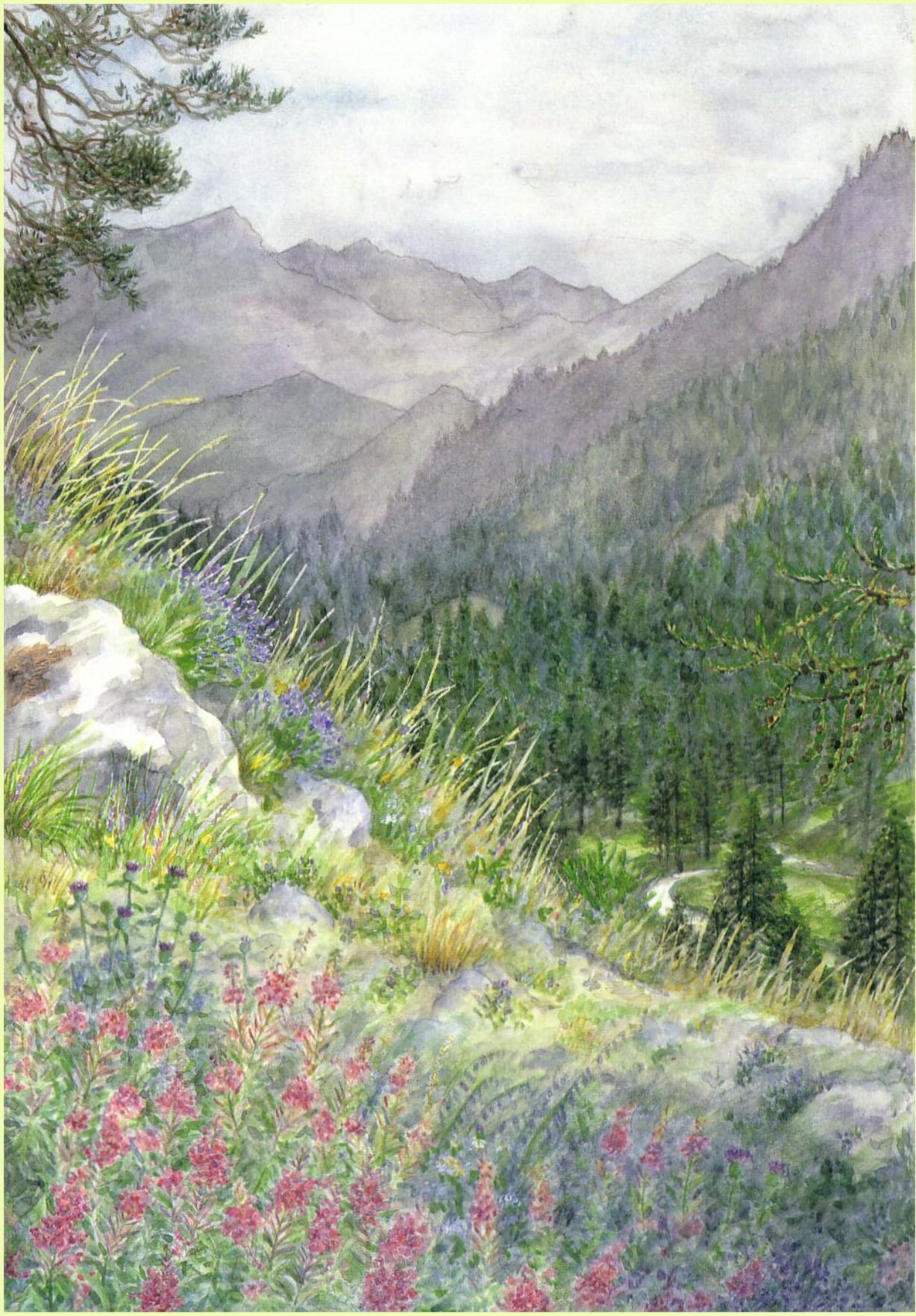
"Let's make some lavender notepaper," says Granny.
"It smells lovely. Then when you write to Mother, she'll be able to smell the garden herself."

"How do you do it?" says Rosy.
"It's easy," says Granny.

LAVENDER NOTEBOOK

- Cut lavender heads just before the flowers open.
- Tie them in bunches and hang them away from the sun in a warm, dry, airy room.
- When they are dry, shake off all the flowers.
- Put handfuls of flowers into two or three envelopes, and seal them.
- Tuck the envelopes among your notepaper.
- Keep your notepaper in a box with a lid, so that the lavender smell does not waft away.

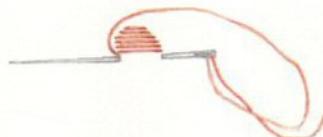




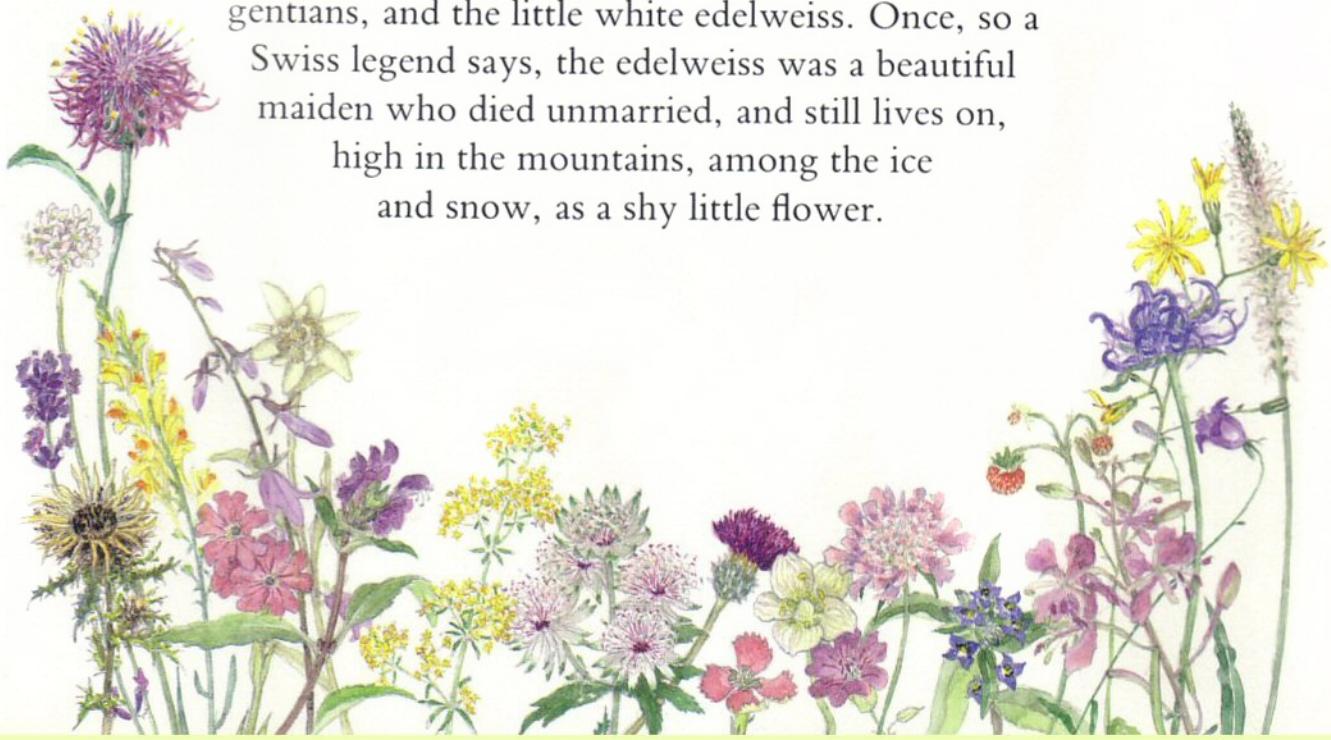
Shy Flowers from the Mountains



Granny's busy, too. She's adding a few more embroidered flowers to Rosy's summer blouse. She does them in easy satin stitches in brightly-colored threads.



Rosy looks like a little girl from the mountains in her embroidered blouse. It's covered with the bright little flowers that grow in the Alpine meadows. There are cornflowers, and jonquils, deep blue gentians, and the little white edelweiss. Once, so a Swiss legend says, the edelweiss was a beautiful maiden who died unmarried, and still lives on, high in the mountains, among the ice and snow, as a shy little flower.





Seed Time

It's late summer now, but Granny and Rosy still have plenty of work to do. They've collected a lot of seeds, and now they carefully store them in envelopes, ready to plant next year.

"How will they know when to start growing?" says Rosy.

"That's one of nature's secrets," says Granny. "The more you know about old Mother Nature, the more you see how wonderful she is."











