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Contributed by Trish Reynolds

This is a personal story of a friendship between two ladies in Talbot County Garden club....it goes all the way back to 1961....and in spirit and in flowers it continues today. Many of us have this kind of story, and for me it is one of the joys of gardening!

When my family moved to Talbot County in 1961, one of the first families we encountered was the Carroll's, Pat and Jack and their two sons, Johnny and Tom. My Dad knew Jack from many years past as they both grew up in Towson, MD. Meeting just by chance at the Yacht Club our families rekindled a lasting friendship long after the senior members of our families passed away.

In 1995 when I returned to the Eastern Shore to live, one of the first persons I looked up was Pat Carroll....she was still living on World Farm Road – I sought her out to help me figure “what I would do with the rest of my life” a very deep question I thought, but easily solved by Pat. I had one condition....I did not want to be my Mother...as much as I loved her - I was a pretty successful business woman and fairly independent....little did I know that I am now in many ways, my Mother, and I love that!

One of the things Pat suggested was that I join the Garden Club and she helped facilitate this working with Pat Lewers and Denise Griffin....the rest you know.

As time moved forward and Pat went blind, she had to give up her beloved home on World Farm Road and move to William Hill Manor. But before she did, Pat asked if I would like some flowers from her garden....leaping at the opportunity, we dug together, Shasta Daisies from her garden. I planted these under a white Crape Myrtle and have enjoyed these daisies for over 20 years....reminding me each year of Pat and her always generous spirit.

When Pat died a few years back, Johnny and Tom invited us to attend her internment at Holy Trinity Church in Oxford....we were the only ones there besides her family. After the service we brought the “boys” and their families back to our house to see their Mom's daisies....which were actually in full bloom. Each year I send them a picture of Pat's Daisies and we share a memory or two of our time together when we teenagers lived in an easier time.

So if you have flowers in your garden to share or divide, or maybe you have done this already, think of this great gift you have given....a little bit of you has been passed on.....another great joy of gardening!

