

GRANDMA'S CORNER - GARDENING 012



THE JOYS OF GARDENING

by Christine Canzani (Grandma's eldest daughter)

Gardening to me is synonymous with family, togetherness and warmth. The garden is a haven of peace. Many of my fondest childhood memories orbit the family gardens: the sea of green beans and bags and bags of brown potatoes harvested by my parents; the random mounds of blue hubbard squashes peering through their lacework of rounded leaves, and rows upon rows of orange carrots which oftentimes, never made it to the kitchen as we would simply pull them out, wipe them on our jeans and eat them straight out of the earth: spicy and sweet.

I am in constant awe of just how sustaining the simplest of gardens can be. I used to (still do) say jokingly, "I'm going to the grocery store", and promptly head out to the veggie garden, armed with only a used strawberry basket, always returning with a bounty of fresh, colorful vegetables. There is nothing like the taste of freshly grown veggies from your own garden.

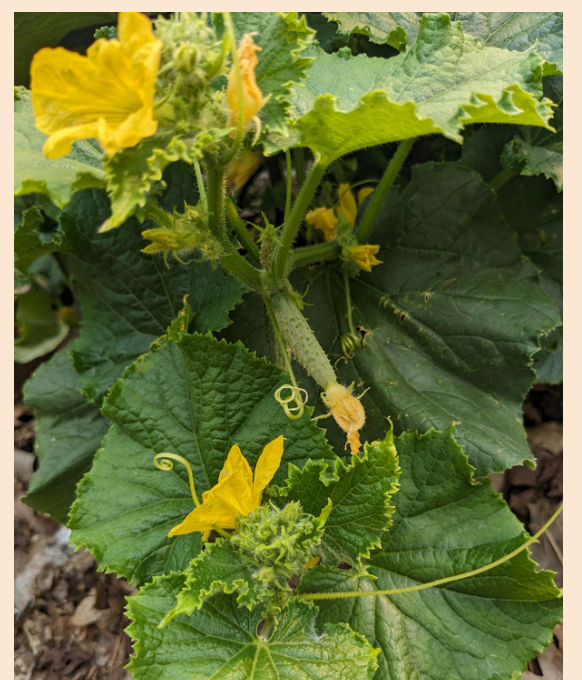
The garden becomes an extension of our home during the growing season, and meals tend to center around what is in season. I love preparing and preserving garden produce for the winter ahead. Even as I write this, I am thinking about the asparagus that I have to pick before they turn into ferns. My garden is a living thing that sustains my family.

Anyone can garden anywhere. If you live in an apartment, you can use your balcony or a sunny window using pots or containers. If mobility is an issue, or you don't enjoy weeding, raised beds can make your garden more accessible and easier to maintain. Many cities and towns have community gardens where you can get a dose of sunshine, leafy greens and a visit with neighbors. Above and beyond the produce, the garden is a place of peace, of grounding - with buzzing insects, butterflies and living things.



"The glory of gardening: hands in the dirt, head in the sun, heart with nature. To nurture a garden is to feed not just the body, but the soul."

—Alfred Austin



Photos are of Christine's garden

THE JOYS OF GARDENING - CONTINUED



Maple Balsamic Vinaigrette

1/2 cup of olive oil

1/4 cup balsamic vinegar

3/4 tsp mustard

1 tablespoon maple syrup

1 garlic clove

1 teaspoon Herbamare

Put into a glass jar, shake and serve

*You can substitute any kind of vinegar, use honey instead of maple syrup, and experiment with your choice of herbs.

This is simply the most pure, delicious, can't-go-wrong salad dressing. Our guests at the Auberge loved it and it is a long-standing family favourite. If you visit any of the four Canzani kids, you are sure to find maple balsamic dressing on the menu! Paired with fresh garden lettuce and veggies, it's always a hit.

-A note from your editor

GARDENING WITH GRANDMA...keeping it simple!



My mom and dad used to have a huge, work-intensive garden when we were growing up at the Auberge, but it doesn't have to be big or overwhelming. Take a look at how my mom has down-sized her garden, making it just right for her and my dad. My mom's garden is a huge source of joy. - the editor

[Click here - Video](#)

LOOKING BACK...A BIT OF HISTORY

Up until my teenage years summers were a busy time with tourists at our auberge. We had a very narrow window of opportunity to make money during the summer season. It was no wonder that so many tourists came to Auberge Schweizer. The setting of our auberge was breath-taking with fabulous mountain trails leading to beautiful views and hidden lakes, such as Mohawk Lake, high up in the hills. Our trails also connected to the famous 3536-kilometer Appalachian trail that comes from the States to Canada.



Me and my sister. Rita



Although our Auberge had mostly operated in the summer, in March of 1960, Mount Sutton ski hill was opened and now suddenly, the winter tourist industry in Sutton was booming. It was time to expand. We built a 7-bedroom guesthouse and my parents opened Auberge Schweizer year-round.

I was a young teenager at the time, and suddenly, I had the crazy idea of quitting school and working in Montreal. To convince my parents, who were very unhappy with my decision, I agreed to live with a family they knew in Montreal.

I would finish high school at Darcy McGee by doing evening courses. Nobody could talk me out of it and I felt free like a bird ready to fly, all grown up. At the time, I didn't realize just how difficult being a young adult could be.



Rita & me