



## Wilson's Nursery



# Happy Thanksgiving!

**From all of us here at Wilson's Nursery,  
have a wonderful holiday!**

***\*Office will be closed the 23rd and 24th\****

It feels like only yesterday we were uncovering plants on the shrub lot, potting up perennials and digging trees for distribution. It's been a great season and we have all of you, our wonderful partners in the industry, to thank for it.

Let us know if you have any late-season tree plantings to take care of yet. Our shrub and perennial lot is now covered, but B&B and container trees are still available. We would love to get them ready for pickup or delivery. Shoot any last-minute orders to: [orders@wilsonsnurseryinc.com](mailto:orders@wilsonsnurseryinc.com).

*Please take a moment and scroll down for another edition of this week's Connie's Corner. It's another great one!*



(Above) Long-term Wilson's Nursery employees, Tom and Rodolfo, making final adjustments to the irrigation system. These two manage our maintenance program and help keep this place running. We will all be looking forward to their return this Spring!

## **Let's get together and talk 2024!**

Please reach out and let us know what we can do to be a better partner for your company in 2024. We've found that by meeting in-person with our customers, we are able to unearth things that sometimes aren't as discoverable with a short phone call.

We would love to have you out here for some lunch, for a ski on the trails we will be grooming come snowfall, or to sit and enjoy some coffee.

Please give me (Matt) a call at 612-990-4073 to set something up. It would be great to see you and make sure you are all setup come Spring!



## Connie's Corner

### *Growing Gratitude*

*by Connie Kratzke*

*Thanksgiving is just a couple of days away and I couldn't be more ready to see my family. Vehicular woes put my plans into limbo last week. Thankfully, I was reunited with my trusty steed today. On Wednesday we'll make our annual pilgrimage to Grand Rapids and Detroit Lakes to connect with the clan. Large amounts of food will vanish as we share memories and ambitions. Good times will be had and deep gratitude will be felt.*

*One of my favorite aspects of this journey is the scenery. All of the drive is pretty nice. The portion where HWY 169 follows Lake Milacs near Garrison is beautiful and the stretch from Aitkin to Grand Rapids is lovely. Evergreens are everywhere. Bright-barked Birches and Aspens light up sections of deep, dark green. Red Osier and Gray Dogwoods dot the wetlands in between. Textures of tawny reeds and grasses mimic brushstrokes. This interactive work of art is something I'm extremely grateful for. No matter when I go, there is magic to behold. In early fall sumacs, goldenrods and asters dominate the ditches. Their vivid colors are etched in my memory. Views are just as delightful on the Rapids to D.L. stretch. The whole adventure is as scenic as a Hallmark movie with a much less ridiculous plot!*

*Things will be very different in Detroit Lakes this year. My parents sold the farm they occupied since 1970 this summer. That land was a huge source of inspiration for me. Dad planted thousands of teeny tiny spruce seedlings around the perimeter way back in the day. Many of them are declining now, but they continue to produce offspring to fill their voids. When I was a kid there was a dense plum thicket near this evergreen border. Our dogs would jump up and grab plums right off the trees whenever they got hungry. Craggy old Willows and Boxelders supported our treehouses and swings. There was a Dolgo Crab in front of the kitchen window that produced ideal ingredients for mud soup. Hollyhocks up by the grainery provided ample supplies for dolls. A hedge row of Lilacs occupied a good chunk of real estate and a substantial swath of*

heirloom peonies filled another. I remember watching the ants working on their buds with great fascination. Dad told me countless times about the journey those peonies made via covered wagon with our ancestors. They are still on the farm even though we are not. I am thankful for the roles all of these plants play in my memories.

Beyond the maintained yard, there were fields of alfalfa and sloughs of pussywillows. A craggy old Bur Oak stood sentinel on "Pooh Hill." Winnie the Pooh was our inspiration. Many picnics were held in this spot with our hand sewn Pooh entourage. We overlooked the pond below where beavers worked with logs in tow. Lily pads accented sparkling waters framed in Cattails. Half-fallen Willows arched into the water like piers. Raccoons used them for picnic tables, leaving remnants of crayfish and corn. My elder siblings created their own Secret Garden near this area. They reminisce about hard hours spent raking and shoveling broken bottles and rusty nails out of their fanciful wonderland. An outhouse and chicken coop shared the grounds of what was mostly likely a former rubbish pile. The farm fed our imaginations each and every day. Many of the features I've mentioned have been gone for years. They live on in my mind though and I'm extremely grateful for that.

Mom told me the hardest things for her to leave behind were the trees. She and Dad planted quite a few Black Walnuts and Buckeyes. Those were Mom's pets. Without any ill intent, my parents acquired Aesculus nuts from various countries during their travels. (I have since explained this is a bit of a no-no.) They planted their souvenir seeds around the property, noting which trees were growing most vigorously. I believe it was the Spanish Horse Chestnut that performed best. A couple of years ago, Mom started an Oak tree from seed in honor of her sister, Judy. She talks very fondly of that process and how it made Judy feel closer than Ohio. I am so glad that Mom shared these musings with me because we're going to miss the farm for the same reasons. Dad was so deeply connected that his every action demonstrated reverence for the land. I am thankful that I come from these people.

When I think of all the ways that plants have enhanced my life, I could go on and on. I didn't even touch on my husband's family property in Vergas and the bountiful harvests it yields. Our Kratzke holiday rituals always include lively garden planning discussions. Past failures and successes are blown out of proportion with equal zeal. Tips are shared and theories are developed.

Plants unite and inspire us. Their necessity and appeal are timeless. They provide for us. Love is their only requirement. For those attuned to their needs they payback in spades. When appreciated on a daily basis, they enhance lives. We need to stop planting Arborvitae to hide the neighbors' crap and start planting castle walls kids can hide in. Perception is where it's at. Sell memories. Romanticize Suburbia with sights and scents of simpler times. Pay gratitude to the plants in your history and share those plant nerd stories with family over a gravy boat. Ignite interest in new generations so that they, too, give thanks one day.

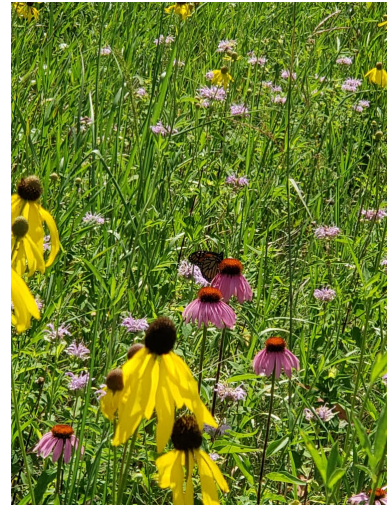
Thank you so much for reading! I'm so grateful for your time! Happy Thanksgiving!



Former location of Secret Garden



Dad's Spruce trees



CRP land



View from Pooh Hill



Mom taking it all in

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**Fall Hours of Operation**  
Monday-Friday 7:30am-4:00pm

**\*CLOSED 23RD AND 24TH IN  
OBSERVANCE OF THANKSGIVING\***

**Shrubs and Perennials are covered up for  
the season.**

**B&B and Container Trees Still Available!**

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