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Flowers, Flowers!

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Durocher Florist

Gardeners on the Green in Longmeadow, MA

Randall’s Farm & Greenhouse
The Springfield Museums are grateful to the many artists who contributed beautiful arrangements along with sharing powerful feelings in their personal statements.

We encourage and applaud freedom of expression and we do not necessarily share in the beliefs expressed by our artists.
Blake Court
D’Amour Museum of Fine Arts
Dan Stezko
Matthew Flatow
Flowers, Flowers!

I am here

the light dimmed
time passed

pain
turned into memories

bittersweet

beautiful

the light is gleaming

I am here
Dan Stezko
Matthew Flatow
Flowers, Flowers!
The year 2020 was a constant wave of emotion for me. I was navigating uncharted seas during the first year of owning my own small business during a pandemic, which had many challenges, many ups and downs... looking after all of my employees, making sure everyone was safe, trying to help customers who desperately needed flowers during the shutdown to honor their loved ones... The wave came crashing down in December when I lost my own beloved father to Covid-19. My father loved the ocean, the sound of the waves, the rush of the water, the feel of the sand. He was so proud of my work- this is a tribute to him. I love you Dad.
Stephanie Robinson  
Durocher Florist

During the lock down of spring of 2020, we got to witness the life happening in our backyard that normally we would have missed with our busy schedules. We saw a whole cycle of a mother robin making a nest in our gazebo, laying eggs, and the babies flying away. As well as a nest of baby rabbits and there was time to notice when each plant flowered in my yard. Mentally there was so much stress of the things going on around me, the biggest lesson I learned was to slow down and be grateful for the things I do have and not to concentrate on what I could not control. Although, so many negative emotions came along with the pandemic, I felt grateful to have my small family to hibernate with in our nest.
Stephanie Robinson
Durocher Florist
Stephanie Robinson
Durocher Florist
Thoughts on the year 2020 with flowers.

Thinking back on the past year all that comes to mind are thoughts of darkness and negativity. As thousands of people signed up for unemployment due to the pandemic, the country was told to distance themselves causing thoughts of uncertainty. Now a year later and the vaccines started rolling out. We can start to see a brighter future ahead of us.

My design shows the change from the darkness to the light with flowers.
Shannah Chapin
Durocher Florist

In loving memory of my dear Auntie Donna who passed away June 19, 2020.

Auntie always loved butterflies. This design is representative of her transformation from her chronic pain and suffering to a free spirit.
Juli Simons
Durocher Florist

With many individuals out of work and businesses closed, millions of flowers are thrown away every day. Now is the time to buy flowers and plants for your family, friends and loved ones to not only save a small business and global economy, but also reduce waste and help the environment.
Juli Simons
Durocher Florist
Sherry Williams
Springfield Garden Club

Wishing you love, good fortune, double happiness, and longevity.
Light...

It rejuvenates the body.
It fuels the soul.
It gives us hope.

Spending time outside during this pandemic was imperative for me. Taking in the sun’s rays, helped me deal with my emotions, fears, and uncertainties. Seeing a light at the end of the tunnel.
Tom Fredette
Floral Concepts by Tom
Inspired by Audrey Hepburn in the movie 'Funny Face'.

After all we've been through, we are reaching out. Optimism is our goal.
John LaSalle and Ruth Epstein
LaSalle Florists
Modern & Contemporary Gallery
D’Amour Museum of Fine Arts
Spring is far more than just a changing of seasons; it’s a rebirth of the spirit.

-Toni Sorenson
Sylvia Czech
Randall’s Farm & Greenhouse
Sylvia Czech
Randall’s Farm & Greenhouse
Laurie Lemek, AIFD, CFD, AAF
Floral Balance

Regeneration

“I give you this to take with you: Nothing remains as it was. If you know this, you can begin again, with pure joy in the uprooting.”
Judith Minty, Letters to My Daughter

Without certain, 2020 was a year of personal retrospect and growth. The cocooning we experienced this year nurtured an inner perspective on what is profoundly important in my life.

What we “need” versus what we “want”.

We surrounded ourselves with plants in our home and garden, focusing on the beauty that nature creates.

The joy of each season and the changes that occur.

The ability to decompose and regenerate.

I chose this treated wood base that I intended to “turn” into a bowl as the base for my composition. The rusty, and patinaed bowl used vertically was our fire pit that gave us so many joyous evenings throughout the pandemic.

Rather than toss it, I decided to feature it, because nothing remains as it was!

The root system was created from various yarns which I have collected, and the composition is completed with flowers and plant cuttings from my house and yard.
Laurie Lemek, AIFD, CFD, AAF
Floral Balance
Laurie Lemek, AIFD, CFD, AAF
Floral Balance
Bob Whitney, AIFD

COVID encircled the world, exploded and took the color out of our daily lives. Mankind has confronted, endured, surrendered to and soon may conquer his issue. Then the color of our lives will return. And the future will be............
Clarissa Marchia
Lucy Blooms

“A Glimmer of Hope” by Lucy Blooms

May this arrangement enable optimism for a hopeful future and brighter days ahead. A tribute to all of the lives lost from COVID-19 and to loved ones separated from each other in isolation.
Clari\nssa Marchia
Lucy Blooms

"A Glimmer of Hope" by Lucy Blooms
May the arrangement symbolize a glimmer of hope, a glimmer of light, a glimmer in the distance, a glimmer of hope that can be separated from each other in isolation.
"Scared to feel hopeful" – Surrounded by COVID—

We thought last March staying 6 feet apart from each other would be no more than a temporary inconvenience. We were eager to pitch in to keep each other safe. We thought surely, we’d be back to normal by summer (2020).

Yet here we are, a year later, with more than 550,000 dead in the US alone. A year defined by illness, grief, isolation and hardship. We’ve been weighed down by this pandemic, with few moments that felt really safe.

I miss drinks at our favorite bar. Hugging friends and family. Parties. Travel. Dancing!

How far away that still feels. Though many of us are now vaccinated, it still feels odd to feel hopeful.
Beate Bolen
Springfield Garden Club
Laura Ludwig

My past year at home.

We have a collection of small vases on the kitchen windowsill which my husband and I fill with flowers all year round. The most amazing amount of joy has come from the vases and precious small blooms from our own garden. They are the thoughtful gifts that we gather and leave for ourselves or each other, all spring and summer. Sometimes they are full floral arrangements of roses or dahlias. Other times, they are mini dioramas and Japanese inspired ikebana. But it is always a reminder to stop, go outside and enjoy.

Kris always asks, "Did you smell the roses?"
Classical Cast Gallery
George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum
Brittany Dent
Whiled Flowers

"Hope Springs Eternal"

Infinitely inspired by the natural world, my native New England provides the perfect palette for me to paint mood with poetry and floral design. It is my mission to bring the beauty of Earth and the weather of humanity to my audience.

Inspired and named after the poet Alexander Pope, in this piece "Hope Springs Eternal", circles represent the cycle of life and the flowers spring Hope from a verdant floor. No matter the odds, even in the traumatic wake of pandemic and social injustice, may there always be a well of Hope to draw from.
Brittany Dent
Whiled Flowers
Elizabeth Tongue
Springfield Garden Club

These arrangements represent the HER Ministry. The shorter vase represents a woman when she comes to HER ministry after she has had an abortion and seeks comfort. The taller vase represents the same woman after she has entered a restoring relationship with other women and with her Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Through the HER ministry, she will be restored through empathy with others and Christ's healing love.
Elizabeth Tongue
Springfield Garden Club

These arrangements represent the ISR Ministry. The bucket vase represents a person who comes to ISR ministry after she has had an abortion and seeks comfort. As she came, she was given a comforting relationship with other women and with the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Through the ISR ministry, she will be restored through empathy with others and Christ's healing love.
Gardeners on the Green
Longmeadow, MA

Over the past twelve months, we have felt …

Heartbroken for the lives lost and special times missed;

Grateful for time spent with family, after months apart;

Bolstered by Zoom meetings for book clubs, exercise, family and friends;

Hopeful that by continued vigilance, we can resume our lives with deeper appreciation for all that we have.

— Submitted by Karen Rafferty, GOG member

Gardeners on the Green Longmeadow thanks Springfield Museums and Larissa Murray for continuing Festival of Flowers, in ANY form. This spring event has become a tradition that makes us all feel hopeful, especially this year.

Gardeners on the Green is a Festival of Flowers Sponsor
Marie Murray
Gardeners on the Green

In Loving Memory of My Mother
Marion Teresa Bressor Simpson
May 3, 1930 - April 20, 2020

She was so much; to so many. A loving wife to our dad; Emery, a devoted daughter, an amazing sister to my three beloved aunts, an aunt among aunts to my many cousins, a fierce and loyal friend. And, oh what a grandmother she was to our children. Magic.

But; to my sisters and to me, she was our wonderful mother.

A Vermont farm girl; with the glamour, looks and style of Ava Gardner, she looked upon the four of us with so much love, so much pride and; always, and forever, no judgement.

She could play Chopin, DeBussy, Satie, Boogie-Woogie and Jazz on the piano; all in equal measure and perfection. She loved unconditionally and taught us all about mindfulness and recycling well before those things were popular. There was no one who could laugh like her. No one. And, never at another. She was the first to have a laugh at herself, to encourage a funny story, to make any day feel better with her wisdom and words. There are just too many words of wisdom to write down, but I hear her voice every day.

Among her many gifts to me, she gave me my adoration of flowers, gardening and Our Blessed Mother, Mary. How she revealed each year that I did an interpretation for The Festival of Flowers. “Marie”, she’d say, “tell me exactly which flowers you used, and WHY and what did you interpret?”. Honestly, the questions came over days and days. How she loved seeing the pictures that were taken of me and my creations. Like any good mother she’d say I was more beautiful than the flowers I used! And, she always marveled at the “Cecil Beaton who took all those marvelous photos”!!

Do you ever have enough time with your mother? I guess I never thought of it; completely, until I lost her. I know the answer, though.

“She was my North, my South, my East, my West. My working week, my Sunday best. My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song. I thought love would last forever. I was wrong.” ~W.H. Auden
Marie Murray
Gardeners on the Green

A love letter to my Mother. Written in the Victorian Language of Flowers; an interpretation within an interpretation, housed in one of the copper bin from the farm in South Hero, Vermont where she grew up.

Bells of Ireland: Luck. A reflection of her beloved Green Mountain State.
Boxwood: Constancy and fierce pride.
Cinquefoil: Beloved daughter. (of the Rose Family)
Daisy: Patience.
Iris: The Unofficial “Official” Flower of France. Looks like fleur-de-lis.
Ivy and Trailing Vines: Dependableness. Faith.
Protea: Courage in the face of adversity, acceptance, resourcefulness.
Rain Lily/Lily: I love you back. I will never forget you.
Ranunculus: My mother always called this flower a Camilla and described it as one of her very favorite flowers.

Rose: The Flower of Mary and of mothers.

Yellow~Friendship, undying love.
Pink~Grace.
Dark or bright pink~Gratitude.
Jamie Risley-Hall
Springfield Garden Club

“Sustaining Life Amidst Pandemic”
American Paintings Salon
George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum
Joanne Teehan
Randall’s Farm & Greenhouse

Just like nature lying dormant within the earth, mankind also became dormant when they didn't see family and friends and wore masks due to the pandemic. As spring approaches and warmer days are ahead, we see nature and mankind bursting with renewed hope, beauty of life and a brighter future.
Joanne Teehan
Randall’s Farm & Greenhouse
Joanne Teehan
Randall’s Farm & Greenhouse
Phyllis Williams-Thompson
A Flower Enthusiast

A Springtime of Justice
By Phyllis Williams-Thompson
During the spring, the earth awakens—It may be considered a springtime of justice.
A time to celebrate new growth in the garden,
A time to witness justice unfold or demand justice to prevail,
And equality to sprout into millions of seedlings,
For racisms to be eradicated from the garden,
For racism unfortunately exists like growing weeds of implicit biases with little sun or water.
Is this a springtime of justice?
A time where many colors of the garden appear and are often revered,
Where we implore many cultures, ethnicities, and races to thrive and live-in harmony together,
While some want to continue to live apart.
Is this a springtime of justice?
Weeding the garden requires advocacy and perseverance to stomp out the ever-growing inequalities of elitism, sexism, genderism, classism, homophobia, xenophobia, and hatred.
Acceptance, inclusivity, love, peace, and beauty lives in the gardens of valuing diversity and equity.
This is a springtime of justice.
Join me in the garden—for all are welcome to stop racism and smell the diverse types of flowers—blossoming in the garden.
Justice is in springtime and in summer, fall, and winter—
For every season is a time for justice,
As justice deserves a place in every season for all.
Phyllis Williams-Thompson
A Flower Enthusiast
Theodore Metayer, Jr.
Heavenly Inspirations Flowers & Gifts

The sparrow's not worried 'bout tomorrow
Or the troubles to come
The lily's not thinking 'bout the seasons
The drought or the flood
A tree that's planted by the water
Isn't fazed by the fire
So why should I be? -Cory Asbury

Reflecting on the goodness of God and His hand in everything that I face. There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens. Ecclesiastes 3:1
Nilda Vega
A Cut Above Florist

This year has been a tough year for so many, it's nearly impossible to adequately capture the loss and hardship that we have collectively suffered through and which has affected everyone--on some level...

For the first time in over a year, we feel that there is finally some progress that we are emerging from the worst of the pandemic and for that reason, we would like to our piece to reflect that spirit of Hope--plus our profound Gratitude to so many people to have made this progress possible--from the medical personnel who have tended to the infected; to the essential workers who have kept our economy going to make it a bit easier for everyone else; to the school staff who have kept educating our children; to neighbors looking out for one another, as well as to the many others who have helped in innumerable quiet ways that don't often get a lot of attention, our Gratitude goes out to each one of you.

For that reason, we at A Cut Above Florist, want to personally thank you for making our community a better place, and maybe, just a little bit brighter, during these unprecedented times! Thank you!
Suzanne Reed  
Springfield Garden Club

My arrangement expresses what spring means to me. Being ever so grateful this year for our health of family and friends and being able to express my feelings with flowers once again at the Springfield Museums Festival of Flowers.

Spring: hope, joy, growth and love.  
Spring is a lovely reminder of how beautiful change can be.
Rebecca Fitzgerald
Forget me not florist

Through Darkness We Bloom

2020 brought us darkness and despair. Through it has been tough, this transition has shown us more about light, love and the power of connection. God’s good grace reminds us that there is always light to counter the darkness. When we feel ourself in the dark it is important to look toward the light. A flower itself starts as a seed in the dark ground and only through faith, nutrients and it’s universal life force can it grow up into the light.
Rebecca Fitzgerald
Forget me not florist