

I'm a keen veggie grower since I was knee high to a grass hopper. The fondest memory of my childhood is hanging out with my mother in her patch. (Now a bloody tar sealed car park, but that is a whole other kettle of fish.)

Veggies always used to be grown right in front of the farm houses for everyone to enjoy, share and gossip about. So when I planted my feet in Invercargill, all the way from Switzerland, over 30 years ago, establishing an eatable patch in front of my whare, was a big part of keeping a little bit of my old land.

Kings played a big part in that, as you guys have always had some familiar seeds available. They were not called gourmet then, seeds would do. Reliable and plenty full, in a non-assuming white packet.

Still growing globe artichokes, and like the weather, you can start a conversation. So thanks for keeping me stocked up with new seeds, as buying the punnets doesn't give me the full satisfaction.

Mona