

the garden of

Jerry & Jeanie Geers
“Dry Creek Hostas”

1070 Dry Creek Lane Marion, IA 52302



The Geers built their home 28 years ago on their two-acre property that is both flat and gently sloping. The slope determined where brick pathways were placed to help with run-off from heavy rains. Scrub trees were thinned and removed to allow in sunlight. Two years ago, the eroding dirt driveway at the top of the property was replaced by brick. The erosion problem was solved and the driveway became an instant focal point.

Nearly 20 years ago, Jeanne and a friend were looking into opening an antique and gardening business. When commercial property was too expensive, Jeanne realized their property's potential. She checked with the city and discovered their lot was zoned agricultural and they could grow hostas for sale on it. Two years later, Dry Creek Hostas was born and now over 1000 different varieties are offered along with other perennials.

Jeanne has loved to garden from a young age. Her mother had a huge vegetable garden and her grandfather had a beautiful yard filled with perennials. Their garden had a few common hostas, but it



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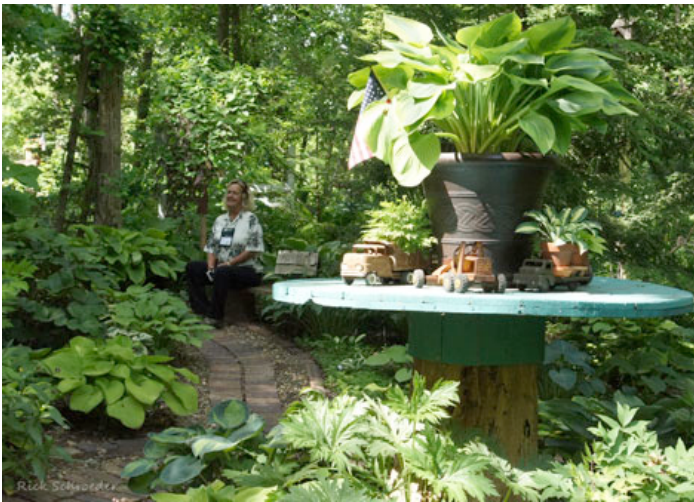
wasn't until Jeanne worked for Jerry & Lela Hadrava's Blooming Hill that "her eyes became wide open to the Hosta World!" At Blooming Hill, she helped with the weeding and dividing. For each variety of hosta they divided, Jerry gave her a division. "She would come home with a trunk load of hostas including Jerry's castaways." Jerry Hadrava encouraged her to start her own business, as well as, encouraging the Geers to be a tour garden for the 2000 Midwest Regional Hosta Society Convention.

Described as a "secret country garden" located right in town, visitors seeing the small front yard don't realize the scope of the gardens until they pass through the arbor, walk down the steps along the garage, and step through the gate. Brick pathways lead to display beds and growing gardens, each with a unique gate or arbor entranceway. Fountains, scarecrows and nearly three dozen birdhouses are at home in the gardens. "We are collectors of many things and love to repurpose."

Favorite hostas include 'Millennium', 'Blue Angel', 'T Rex', 'Parhelion', 'Sagae', 'Gunsmoke', 'Blue Mammoth', 'Sum It Up', 'Kiwi Full Monty', 'Squash Casserole', and 'Leading Lady' because of the huge statement each makes. Mini hostas ("too many favorites") are featured in fairy gardens. "Blue Mouse Ears' looks adorable circling a big rock."

Thank you so much for coming to our convention and to Dry Creek Hostas. We love having visitors come who share our passion in gardening. Happy Hosta Gardening!!

Many varieties of ferns, hellebores, tree peonies, daylilies, astilbes, ligularias, grasses, martagon lilies, hepaticas, pulmonarias, and coral bells are featured throughout the gardens along with coleus and cannas. Redbuds, including Forest Pansy along the white picket fence, and Gold Leaf and a Tri-color beech, in the center of the property, are featured along with a burgeoning collection of Japanese Maples.



A Place To Reflect



Living Picture



A Path To Stroll



Sales Area



Handy Potting Area

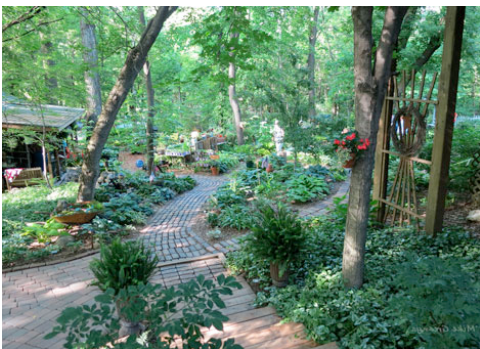


It's A Miniature World

Visit by:

Libby Greanya, Jackson, MI

“Dry Creek Hostas”

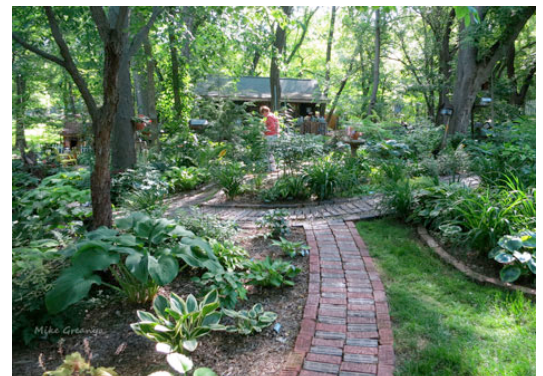


The convention handbook said there was an unassuming front yard, but “WOW” when my husband and I went around the house to the back yard.

As we descended along the side yard toward the gardens, we paused for a moment, heads moving entrance from one side to the other taking in the panoramic view of a veritable jungle of hosta as far as the eye could see. I had to stop and take my pulse, to

make sure I had not just departed this world for Hosta Heaven.

There were lots of friendly, informed, garden helpers. Although plants were for sale, the garden helpers were more interested in making sure everyone was having a good time. One refined lady told me the story about how she came to the garden in her high heels after a stressful day at work. Jeanie told her there had never been anyone in the garden with high



heels before. I noticed she had adopted more appropriate footwear on this day.

Down at the potting shed, we could see a bustling of activity from our vantage point at the base of the house. As we meandered along the pathways, we eventually found ourselves in the front yard of the potting shed where many hosta were available for sale. All were placed in a beautiful arrangement that some might have mistaken for a planned container garden had it not been for the frenzy of hostaholics grabbing up mature divisions of plants at very reasonable prices.

Although the garden was abuzz with the convention people, you could sense it was still a place of calm on any other day. At two acres (it seemed larger), it was easy and inviting to move between the many garden “rooms.”



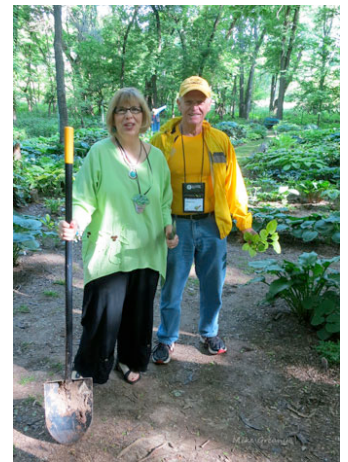
Then we stumbled into ... the hosta garden farm!!!

There were rows of hosta in the woods, neatly labeled, and obviously carefully tended, something we have all thought about in our dreams. Let's face it, we don't count sheep when we are trying to get to sleep.

Crafty garden art, scarecrows, birdhouses and many utilitarian items, were hither and yon and very tastefully complemented the gardens. (My favorite was a potting shed in the “farm” made of old doors for the table and back.)



were super hosts, with seemingly super powers. They were almost everywhere at once. Whenever we turned around, there they were, digging hosta or in the potting shed helping with sales, or chatting with visitors, without a hint of anxiety or weariness. I noticed that Jeanie was wearing sandals. “Jeanie, what were you thinking?” I asked. However, she was perfectly composed and comfortable the whole time. This woman was unflappable!



Nearing the end of our stay, we made our way back to the house and were encouraged by one of the garden helpers to visit the deck where the Geer's overlook the entire backyard. What a spectacular view of the maze of hosta below! I could only wonder how they ever had time to just sit, relax, and enjoy the rewards of all their labor, tending to this magnificent garden.



Alas, it was time to move on to the next garden. We left with a car full of hosta (like we really needed anymore). As we were leaving, a rabid group of fellow Michigander and Ohio hostaphiles was just arriving at the Geer's garden. They approached our car for a very thorough inspection of our treasures. After viewing our babies, they were off in a mad dash that might have given 100 meter world record holder Usain Bolt a run for his money! I sure hope they had enough room in their van.

