

Projects At Work

From Brenda Maston

2015 Class Project Update



Ellie Nelson, Bruce Babcock, Becky Bertoni, and Sue Stunich reorganized and transplanted April 9th, digging up native grasses for the pocket garden. Bruce and Becky teamed up with Dan Prins on April 13 and revised the garden plan. Toni Benjamin dropped off some gayfeather and yarrow for the project. On April 19th Dan moved the hay from the garden space and Nicole Swanstrom later joined Becky to work on signs.

Our largest turnout was on April 26, including Mindy Anderson, veteran member, and class members Harriett Powell, Nicole, Dan, Cecily Pegues, Nellie, Becky, Bruce, Denise Thompson, Mary Cissell, and myself. Dan finished assembling the signs, while the rest of us cut holes in the cardboard after making our 20 plant circles. I am pleased to say the design layout was finished and we got down and dirty, digging and planting. As the sweat began to roll on this warm spring day, the ladies muscled through the shoveling, watering and planting of 6 plant groups. Jonathan later arrived with the compost truck and this tired crew finished off the day by spreading the mulch around the path and each group of native plants.

I would like to thank Denise Remfert for the sign stakes, Denise Thompson and Mary Cissell for taking pictures. Our project should be complete by May 3. I hope the experience has been fun for everyone and we can all look back at our months of dedication to this project and see the beauty of wildflowers.



Cecily, Nellie,
Harriet



Cecily Pegues



Nellie Nelson



Beck Bertoni, Kay



Kaye, Nicole
Swanstrom,
Cecily

Projects At Work - cont'd



Top L: Kaye Jackson, Harriett Powell, Dan Prins, Cecily Pegues, Mellie Nelson, Mary Cissell; **Bottom L:** Nicole Swanstrom, Brenda Maston, Becky Bertonie, Denise Thompson



Mary Cissell, Mindy Anderson



Bruce, Nellie



Denise Thompson



Harriett Powell,
Kaye Jackson

Into the Community

EFC members joined others at Trophy Club's Back To Nature event on May 7th
Photos by Mia Orlandella



Reports indicate it was time well-spent for
both attendees and volunteers!



Friend or foe? — photo courtesy Susan Pohlen

BEWARE! IT'S SNAKE SEASON

By Don Fikes

As most of you know, I was bitten by a copperhead snake last July. So far this spring, on my little 2 acres in Argyle, I have already had encounters with 6 copperheads. I usually come across 2 to 3 copperheads a year. Part of this is my fault. I have made a perfect habitat for copperheads. My property is classic eastern cross timbers. Lots of oak trees and sandy soil. The back property borders have been left natural. Lots of oak leaf mulch and brush. Plenty of cover and plenty of food for all kinds of wildlife.

I am writing this to remind everyone to be aware and to let you know what to expect if this happens to you. We all know to expect a copperhead in an old wood pile on the ground, but it's where we don't expect them that will get you. Here is my experience and what I learned the hard way.

I was picking wild grapes July 8th on a very overgrown fence line in the back corner of my property. About 5 to 6 feet off the ground. Pow! What was that? I first thought it was a greenbriar thorn, then a yellowjacket sting, but then looked down and through the leaves and I could see enough of the body of the snake to know what had happened to me. The pain was like nothing I had ever felt. My first thought was to get revenge. I headed to my shop to get a hoe or shovel. After a few steps I quickly abandoned that idea and headed to the house to tell my wife the good news.

I had been bitten on my left middle finger, right at the middle knuckle. There was no visible damage. No big fang holes with blood coming out. I could barely see the puncture wounds. The swelling then started and the pain never stopped. The best way I can describe it is like fire inside your hand. My wife drove me to the emergency room, and I was immediately admitted. Side note: if you ever have to go to the emergency room and want to skip the line, tell them you have a venomous snake bite. I have never seen doors open so fast, announcements made, admissions bracelets slapped on, and off to a room.