

Envisioning
a Greater Perfection
A Garden Conservancy
Tribute to **Frank Cabot**



Co-hosted by
The New York Botanical Garden and Wave Hill
Monday, April 30, 2012



“A great garden has a numinous quality, the sum of the activities and decisions of the person gardening.”

tribute committee

Antonia Adezio
Claudia Bonn
Diane Botnick
Caroline Burgess
Susan Burke
Colin Cabot
Scott Canning
Page Dickey
Stephanie Ehrlich

Todd Forrest
Maggy Geiger
Kathryn Heintz
Gregory Long
Margaret Roach
Barbara Paul Robinson
George Shakespear
Marco Polo Stufano
RG Turner Jr

Envisioning a Greater Perfection

A Garden Conservancy Tribute to Frank Cabot

April 30, 2012

The New York Botanical Garden | Arthur and Janet Ross Lecture Hall

tribute program | 2 – 3:30 p.m.

Welcome by Antonia Adezio

president, the Garden Conservancy

Remarks by Angela Lansbury

honorary chair, the Garden Conservancy

Barbara Paul Robinson

partner at Debevoise & Plimpton and author of a new book on Rosemary Verey

Dan Hinkley

founder of Heronswood Nursery

Marco Polo Stufano

founding director of horticulture at Wave Hill

Caroline Burgess

director, Stonecrop Gardens

Dick Lighty

founding director of Mt. Cuba Center

Scot Medbury

president, Brooklyn Botanic Garden

Concluding remarks by Colin Cabot

chairman, Stonecrop Gardens, and son of Frank and Anne Cabot

wine reception in Garden Terrace Room | 3:30 – 4:30 p.m.

Frank Cabot was a hero for gardeners and an inspiration for everyone who met him. I had the privilege of working closely with Frank for twenty years and helping make his vision for the Garden Conservancy become a reality.

This vision was first outlined in a one-page proposal that Frank circulated to friends and colleagues following his visit to Ruth Bancroft's garden in 1989. Ruth's garden, unique in his experience and captivating in its originality, prompted the question: Who will care for America's exceptional gardens and be sure that this artistic and cultural legacy is preserved? Frank's response, the creation of a national organization to do just that, seemed unreasonably ambitious and perhaps quixotic when I first read his outline. But, when he asked me to help him pursue this vision, I could not resist. If Frank were in the lead, I realized that something like this could actually happen.

Frank's leadership and his remarkable passion for plants and gardens galvanized individuals and communities around the country and proved that we could save these remarkable places for everyone to enjoy.

Frank's achievement was more than the sum of its parts and the arc of his life was truly a crescendo of engagement and brilliance as his passion deepened and his horizons widened. The creator of two extraordinary gardens, the savior of a significant historic garden in Wales, the author of an acclaimed book, and a tireless campaigner for garden causes around the world, Frank influenced our thinking about gardens and contributed to the excitement of what we now recognize to have been a "golden age" of American gardens.

In paying tribute to Frank, we celebrate that moment toward the end of the 20th century when the talents and dreams of many visionaries and enthusiasts came together to generate new excitement, knowledge, and commitment to creating and sustaining exceptional gardens in America. Today's speakers will share their perspectives on that moment, on the importance of gardens, the experience of gardening, and how gardens can shape the future.

We are grateful to all the members of the Tribute Committee who helped to forge this meaningful and inspirational afternoon. The Cabot family has been extremely gracious in supporting our plans, and it is a treat to have our Honorary Chair, Angela Lansbury, with us.

The Garden Conservancy is especially pleased to join three great horticultural institutions in New York: Wave Hill, The New York Botanical Garden, and Brooklyn Botanic Garden, in celebrating Frank's legacy. Our thanks to Gregory Long and his staff for their generous hospitality and to Claudia Bonn and the Wave Hill team for their creative participation. Finally, the Garden Conservancy thanks our members and friends for the support you have provided to the organization since its beginnings, helping to make Frank's vision a reality.

Antonia Adezio

*Everyone who knew Frank Cabot has a story to tell,
a memory to share, a lesson learned. Presented here are
just a few special moments and heartfelt thoughts.*

I've had the pleasure of knowing Frank Cabot since 2005, when I joined the Board of the Garden Conservancy. Frank was, as you know, many things: He was a world-renowned gardener, a horticulturist extraordinaire, and a renaissance man. And he did all of this with great wit and charm. And Frank was, I think, the perfect gentleman: If you wanted to design a gentleman, you would have designed Frank Cabot. Perhaps his most valuable gift to the gardening world, however, was his creation of the Garden Conservancy, an organization that aims to protect and preserve this country's exceptional gardens. The seed for embarking on this enterprise was planted after Frank's first visit in 1988 to Ruth Bancroft's garden of succulents in California, though he always credited his wife, Anne, for inspiring the idea. Frank's dedication, his fortitude, and his vision for this organization have made it an enduring legacy.

Ben Lenhardt / Chairman, The Garden Conservancy

Frank was an intensely charming and loveable man, almost a genius, whatever that means, certainly a life enhancer. Luckily he has left us not only incredible memories but also many tangible achievements that will ensure his place in our history — and our hearts.

Penelope Hobhouse / Excerpt from *Hortus*, No. 101, Spring 2012

Plantsmen I have known and loved... what is a plantsman? I would guess that we can lump into this category any human being who has a love, a passion, a curiosity, and a depth of knowledge about plants that sets him or her above ordinary mortals. That this passion has led to a career in the world of gardening matters not in the least. But, sometimes a professional career, a nursery, a serious catalogue, or a showplace garden makes that plantsman especially important.

Martha Stewart



Angela Lansbury, Frank Cabot, Betty Corning, Marco Polo Stufano, and Anne Cabot (clockwise from left to right) on the eve of the founding of the Garden Conservancy, 1989

I feel so privileged being asked to write a few words about Frank Cabot and his influence on gardens — creating, saving, and restoring them. Frank was so generous with his time and knowledge, and he really enjoyed sharing his expertise with gardeners of all levels. His vision was infectious and his subtle way of teaching inspired one to learn more about the subject, whether it was plants or drainage or rocks. His approach to the land reminds me of Frederick Law Olmsted and his creation of Central Park as well as the Chicago World's Fair. I think Frank would really have liked tackling both of those projects. The Garden Conservancy has been Frank's brilliant way of joining the past and present, and keeping us all up to speed on important design work and plant material, even beyond our little corners of the world. His fans will really miss him.

Dodo Hamilton

I clearly remember walking into a room where everyone spoke Latin fluently, and had either written a book or designed a beautiful garden, and were just incredible stars of the horticultural world. I was a relatively new gardener, but Frank made me feel comfortable and welcomed. And he said in the fall he wanted to come to Charleston, which was a destination for lots of gardeners though usually in the spring. I remember asking, “Why do you want to come in the fall?” And he said, “Because we want to see the low country in the autumn. We’ve seen azaleas and camellias in bloom.”

So Frank brought a group into my garden in the autumn of 1991, and I can still picture them

walking down my driveway. As the saying goes, this really changed my world. They were wonderful, wonderful plants people, but more importantly, they were “garden enthusiasts.” That was a term Frank introduced me to, and I’ve loved it ever since. To not only be an avid gardener or master gardener, but to be a garden enthusiast was to me an extra dimension of interest and sharing and growth. Things which, no question, Frank Cabot’s association brought into my life. So I feel very, very fortunate to have been among his group of admirers and garden supporters...and garden enthusiasts.

*“Anyone can build a house,
but to create a great garden
is a lifetime of work.”*

Patti McGee

Frank was a mentor for me, that rare combination of dirt gardener and visionary who regarded his remarkable achievements with self-effacing humor. His lack of self importance was astonishing in the light of what he created. He was a passionate plantsman with an over-riding reverence for the design of landscape, a dreamer whose dreams became reality through dedication, knowledge, hard work, and *joie de vivre*.

That spirit defines his legacy to us in the two extraordinary gardens he made, in the book he wrote, *The Greater Perfection*, and in the Garden Conservancy, which he formed to preserve such exceptional endeavors, large and small, around our country.

Page Dickey

No one can argue the fact that Frank was a master plantsman. And he was not timid. He was also an extravagant pragmatist. Though his travels put him in contact with every imaginable plant, intuitively he knew what to cultivate and what to avoid, no matter how much he wanted it. One plant that caught his imagination was *Gunnera chilensis*, a plant popularly cultivated in many an English garden. Frank “knew” that *Gunnera* could not be grown in the northeast, especially at Stonecrop — no way, no how. So, when on a bright sunny July day in 1978 he

***“One changes, one evolves,
one starts horticulture by
collecting, falling in love
with plants, getting one of
everything...”***

saw a large lush *Gunnera* thriving in the bog garden at Skylands, the former home of Clarence Lewis in northern New Jersey, he couldn't believe his eyes. How could this extraordinary plant survive in the high elevations of the Ramapo Mountains? He peppered me with the obvious questions. My reply was that it was a division from a

plant at the Munich Botanical Garden, a gift to me from the Garden Director in 1976, brought in without permit but somehow allowed entry by the authorities in Boston. It had been growing at Skylands since June 1976 and overwintered following the recommendations of the gardeners at Munich: Cover it with dry pine-needle mulch and a watertight cover. As long as the crown is kept dry and insulated the winter temperatures won't bother it. That simple!

However Frank was skeptical of that recipe. He acquired a *Gunnera* and planted it in the woodland garden at Stonecrop, complete with a drippy water source and electrical power to run a heating cable in winter. The water was essential, the heat source not so much. All of that aside, Frank's *Gunnera* reached a respectable size and became a dominant feature in the woodland landscape.

Postscript: Today a division of the Skylands *Gunnera* (now gone) grows healthily in Massachusetts, and the Stonecrop plant continues to thrive.

John Trexler

For lesser beings imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but for plantsmen envy is the highest possible praise, followed closely by larceny. I am certain that I am not alone among plantsmen in envying Frank's *Gunnera*, and if I had a bigger truck and more time, it might already be growing in the Bronx.

Todd Forrest

When Frank's wife, Anne, learned that we like going on trips looking for wildflowers on our wedding anniversary in June, she suggested coming to see the *Cypripedium* in the forest above Les Quatre Vents. Frank agreed and on the 23rd of June 2004 he conducted us on a walk through the woods uphill of the house and garden.

The original farms in that area were laid out in long narrow strips starting along the St. Lawrence River and running uphill through field-crop land and terminating in forests at the higher elevations. When these farms ceased being profitable for farming they were sold at low prices. Frank's mother bought up a number of these, contiguous to each other, as they came on the market.

Much of the uphill portions of the strips returned to forest. Because the farming stopped earlier on some strips than others, the forest growth is of different ages and the growth beneath the trees varies considerably from strip to strip. The trails Frank laid out, generally, go diagonally through the assembled strips of farm land. The view of spring wildflowers is, therefore, constantly varying in content and quantity. As a fellow designer I can't help but think how much fun Frank must have had doing this.

We walked for approximately three hours. There were many kinds of wildflowers but there were three that more or less dominated. These were *Maianthemum canadense*, *Linnaea borealis*, and *Cypripedium acaule*. As usual the impresario in Frank was obvious as we moved from areas with only a few of these plants to areas with more and more of them per square foot. Then the walk terminated in an open, slightly depressed, oval area within the woods. Here the first two ground covers seemed to diminish in numbers while the *Cypripedium acaule* was there in full force: singles, clumps, and glorious drifts almost beyond belief. Frank had taken what nature produced and arranged a route that delighted him and which he wanted to share with us. The picture is still vivid in our minds both of the wildflowers and the man we have always admired so greatly.

“Gardens are said to reflect the spirit of a nation, the tenor of its time... one of the strengths of American gardening these days is a willingness to experiment, to search for new ways to express one's creativity”

Bill and Nancy Frederick

Frank Cabot indeed made a great difference worldwide and the world has suffered a tremendous loss. By sharing his enormous talents, this versatile, creative gentleman awakened the gardening public and brought new vistas to the gardening world.

His lifelong passion for gardening inspired him to found the Garden Conservancy and create its Open Days program which has shared over 300 gardens in our nation. Stonecrop, one of the premier public gardens in the United States is Frank Cabot's own treasure, as is Les Quatre Vents, one of the most beautiful gardens in Canada and the entire world.

His magnificent book, *The Greater Perfection*, the story of the gardens at Les Quatre Vents, is one of the foremost books ever written about a garden by its creator.

The world is far richer for having had the touch of Frank Cabot's presence — a gentleman who will be deeply missed.

Janet Meakin Poor

As a member of the North American Rock Garden Society, I was well aware of the towering figure of Frank Cabot in the garden world of North America, and of his exceptional Stonecrop garden. Our first meeting upon his founding of the Garden Conservancy was in the living room of Ruth Bancroft's home in Walnut Creek, California. What struck me was the ease and confidence with which he presented the idea of the Garden Conservancy to a gathering of "Left Coast" garden professionals who would become the advisory committee for this first project of the Conservancy. Dressed in a tailored suit and with characteristic understatement, he assured us that they had all they needed to be successful in this new venture: an office, a phone, and Antonia Adezio as executive director.

That confidence in those first steps proved well based, as the Garden Conservancy has since grown into a highly respected organization with a significant presence and impact in the garden world throughout the country.

My favorite memory of him, however, was of a very different Frank Cabot, but again at the Ruth Bancroft Garden. This time, he was dressed in a T-shirt and khakis, standing in the garden behind a card table piled high with his new book, *The Greater Perfection*. We joked about the depths to which he had sunk, having to personally hawk his book to the hordes at garden events across the country.

RG Turner Jr

Frank was a longtime member of the North American Rock Garden Society (NARGS), including serving a term as its treasurer. One of his gardens, Stonecrop, takes its name from the well-known and widely grown rock garden plant.

Frank helped plan and organize the 50th anniversary of NARGS in 1984 in Asheville, North Carolina. As part of the celebration, Frank penned a song called “The NARGS Hymn — or the Alpine Gardener’s Lament” in which he wrote: “Does your horticultural life fail to sustain you? Have you tried gardening with alpine plants? ... They are sessile and sweet, they’re procumbent and neat, And conveniently located down by your feet, And their blossoms are visions of beauty, lighting up all the screes and moraines. Give them grit, give them rain, give them snow, make sure they drain. Why wait? Propagate — alpine plants!” Lastly, surely with a wink and play on words, he wrote: “Alpine plantsmen never die, they de-compose.”

In memory of Frank, we plan to sing the song at the NARGS annual meeting banquet in May 2013, which will also be held in Asheville.

Bobby Ward

My first encounter with Frank was many years ago. As an ardent rock gardener, he had come to inspect the Rock Garden at Brooklyn Botanic Garden. He had a vexing question: Why the granite boulders? I explained that in planning the garden 96 years previously, the maker, Montagu Free, used the rocks that were already there — boulders left by the last Ice Age. I don’t think he was impressed, for he was a purist, after all.

There is a photograph of Frank Cabot wearing blue jeans, an open-neck blue shirt, and a cap, standing outside his home at Les Quatre Vents in Quebec, welcoming our group who had arrived to visit his garden. His tour was remarkable, not only in what we saw, but also his tales of the history of the place. I enjoyed telling him he was an unashamed plagiarist, citing the Chinese bridge and the water feature. And our group laughed delightedly when, at a turn around the hedge, we heard Dixieland jazz, and discovered it came from a frog orchestra, strumming away.

This Quebec estate is but one of the gardens that provided the remarkable inspiration behind the Garden Conservancy in America.

Elizabeth Scholtz

Along with his countless fans, I admired Frank for his extraordinary plantsmanship, his brilliant garden design as exemplified at his gardens at Stonecrop, Les Quatre Vents, and in New Zealand, and for his marvelous legacy in founding the Garden Conservancy. But I particularly loved him for his wicked sense of humor. And I was his perfect stooge. One memory stands out: While

“It’s all about the senses. You are surprised and amused, and even scared at one point. All your emotions should be involved, and after two or three hours you should come up and embrace me.”

visiting Frank and Anne at Les Quatre Vents, dazzled by everything I saw, I remember Frank taking me to the Pigeonnier. He told me to guess the magic word that would open the door. Since entry into other parts of the garden caused human-sized frog statues to play music, I wasn’t surprised and complied.

After several tries, I finally got it. At my command of “open sesame,” the door flew open. Once inside, I admired the beautiful murals before climbing up to the top floor to view the gardens below. I could see that public visitors had begun to

arrive. To depart, I faced the closed door but whispered the magic words so no one outside could hear me. I didn’t want other visitors to learn how to enter this private place. But the door refused to open. Frank urged me to speak louder. Again, I tried but still quietly. No luck. Finally, I spoke loudly and the door opened, allowing us to exit. When I recounted this tale at lunch, I noticed Anne’s amused expression at gullible me. Then Frank, with a sly smile, removed the electric door opener from inside his pocket!

Barbara Paul Robinson

“Advocacy” is too weak a word to describe Frank Cabot’s support for gardens, for plants, and for garden-makers. I would choose “passion” or even “madness.” Frank’s enthusiasm, persistence, style, and generosity are the qualities we need for future advocacy. Who wouldn’t be cheered on by someone who bought the entire fleet of Montreal *fiacres* for his carriage-driving wife, Anne, when that city went out of the horse-drawn-vehicle business? Who doesn’t love a man who, starting in 1989, grew a handful of people into the mighty nationwide Garden Conservancy of today, and chose just the right folks to carry on his mission?

Iris x ‘Roy Elliott’, a very small, modest, velvet-brown iris thriving in a bit of wet ground at the head of a stream at Les Quatre Vents, could stand for his sense of style. Frank, who did love grand effects, was also all about the right plant in the right place. When I told him I knew the renowned botanist the plant was named for (and that his niece, Miguette Chapin, gardened with me) Frank instantly gave me a corm. “Passalong” can refer to more than plants: We all will reap what Frank has sown and shared.

“Every bit of green we save is important.”

Mac Griswold

Frank Cabot was one of the first eminences I reached out to when I came to work at the New York Botanical Garden in 1989. I hadn’t been in the horticulture world except as an amateur, and I didn’t know Frank Cabot, but I knew of him: He had been Chairman of the New York Botanical Garden and he was a major force at Wave Hill. I also knew that his gardens in New York State and Canada were important. As a newcomer to the field, I wrote him (a letter! way back before email) asking for his advice and his perspective on new directions for the Botanical Garden. He and Anne invited me up to Stonecrop, and in a long and rewarding conversation, he shared with me a tremendous lode of ideas and an informed vision for the future of American horticulture — all couched in very encouraging words. It was an altogether inspiring session, and I’ve never forgotten his generosity and easy friendship with a total stranger and a novice at that. Over the past decades, during various encounters at Les Quatre Vents, at Wave Hill, and here at the Botanical Garden, we continued our intermittent conversations, and it was always incredibly useful and eye-opening for me. He was a fine and generous advisor over many years.

Gregory Long

I am honored to be given opportunity to pay tribute to Frank Cabot by expressing my deepest gratitude to him for the knowledge and guidance he has given me through the years in my effort to preserve the gardens at Afton Villa. He has been an inspiration to me, both by his example and by his friendship. I treasure every moment that I have had the privilege to share with him.

Genevieve Trimble

Frank Cabot was nothing less than “the godfather of horticulture” at Wave Hill. This moniker, applied aptly by longtime Chairman David Beim, underscores Frank’s extraordinary support, encouragement, and generosity of spirit. Frank was beloved and respected by everyone on staff, and he was centrally important to Wave Hill being recognized as a garden of great distinction in the early days of its founding. He provided wisdom, vitality, and leadership, all the while avoiding the limelight for himself. He established Wave Hill’s Friends of Horticulture, still thriving today, to encourage support for the garden’s future growth and to promote its international reputation. We are so very grateful to have been gifted with the friendship of such a passionate visionary, and to have that gift doubled through the friendship and commitment of his wife, Anne. We are honored to celebrate spring 2012 at Wave Hill in Frank’s memory.

Claudia Bonn

Pioneers are the heroes who advance civilization. In a moment of inspiration and creativity, they are the first to recognize possibilities inherent in our culture. Francis H. Cabot had such a moment in February 1988 as he was driving away from the Ruth Bancroft Dry Garden in Walnut Creek, California. In his words: “I shivered with excitement from the experience of seeing it, a sensual garden with those particular textures and on that scale and proportion made a tremendous impression.” He began to think how such a formidable collection of succulents in fantastic colors and shapes could eventually be preserved. Thus, the Garden Conservancy was born, a uniquely American cultural institution that sought to preserve the ephemeral in individual gardens for generations to come and to encourage others to share their gardens so that visitors would discover the essence of horticultural splendor in designed environments. As the innovator, Frank Cabot changed the face of our garden world by establishing standards of preservation and multiplying opportunities for the creation of private gardens by providing a national network of inspiring examples.

Paula Deitz

Frank Cabot was not only a remarkable gardener and visionary but also a promoter of the work of others in furthering landscape history scholarship. The longtime support that he and his wife, Anne, have given to the Foundation for Landscape Studies has enabled us to publish our journal *Site/Lines*, give grants and awards to authors and publishers of landscape-related books, and publish our own imprint book series, including the forthcoming *Yosemite* by Robert Binnewies, a project initiated by Frank.

Elizabeth Barlow Rogers

In 1995, Frank hosted a tour of his legendary garden, Les Quatre Vents, following the American Public Garden Association meeting in Montreal. He greeted us and led us, like the Pied Piper, through the Chinese garden, the Japanese garden, up into the Pigeonnier. Despite his narrative, eventually I fell behind and he called to me to catch up. When we arrived at the terrace and had drinks in hand, I began to understand. At that precise moment, a magnificent shaggy Highland bull walked into an opening framed by hedges and his “Lutyens” Arch at the end of a long allée, becoming a magical focal point. After the group scrambled for cameras, seeing Frank’s face, it was clear this had been well orchestrated by training the beast with treats given to coincide with happy hour.

That memorable moment symbolizes Frank’s ability to create perfection, which he did so many times in so many gardens and places. It epitomizes his flair for hosting, his generosity in sharing, and captures his creativity and penchant for planning for long-range results, which he has done for intimate moments as well as massive meetings, and in establishing organizations to outlive himself to shape our future.

While Frank was touted as a “Hero of the Planet” by *Time* magazine and feted with countless awards (including the Scott Medal, our highest honor), he also set standards for me and so many others. He will remain a touchstone, an inspiration, and a guide to our efforts for generations to come.

Claire Sawyers

“I think gardens should evoke an emotional response ... I think that one should be moved, one should be surprised, one should be led on...”

Frank Cabot was a man whose leadership and reputation in the horticultural community were widespread and universally admired. He will be long remembered for the beautiful gardens he created and those he preserved through his founding of the Garden Conservancy. His generosity in sharing all that he created will resonate in the Garden Conservancy's work which, at its heart, is all about sharing. To the extent we succeed in our work, it is one more gift we owe to Frank Cabot.

Barbara Carr

“...we are learning that spending time in a garden is an experience of peace and beauty, a way of looking inward for contentment rather than outward for diversion.”

I met Frank Cabot over 25 years ago. A friend of mine and I had heard about a garden called Stonecrop and we drove up to see it. An attractive man in a funny gardening hat came out to greet us and introduce us to saxifrages — a plant I had never met. We continued through a series of gardens that were both inspirational and humbling. That intelligence and wit were magnified during a return visit

to the Cabots last summer. Frank played with emotion and the mind through his subtly orchestrated gardens. And he told his story beautifully. That alone should inspire everyone who gardens to tell their story in their own way.

Courtney Daniels

I have wonderful memories of Frank, whom I remember for his botanical knowledge, his taste in the use of plants and garden appurtenances, and his courtly mien. He was, of course, both an instructor and a cordial companion. But he could also be rather authoritative. How else to explain his getting this visitor — often given to acrophobia — to Les Quatre Vents, on two occasions no less, to cross that swinging bridge to the sound of much amused commentary from the patron. Nothing but pure moral authority.

Lionel Goldfrank

Having personally known Frank Cabot for a short time but seeing that he was a dignified, tall, elegant man, I was most surprised to see Frank Cabot shucking oysters behind the table, in full chef regalia — white coat and all — at the annual Christmas Party at the Knickerbocker Club. This gave Frank, a plant enthusiast, artist, and leader in America's horticultural community, an additional dimension as a warm delightful human being. Patrician in bearing and there he was shucking oysters! I was also delighted to receive a note from Frank when I returned from New Zealand. He had heard of my visit and he was inviting me to his home the next time I was there. The note was warm and sincere and it touched me greatly.

Susan Zises Green

Frank enriched the minds and lives of so many in so many ways. In honoring him, I must do it very personally. Frank taught me about interesting gardens and beauty and life and how to get things done, about people and liking them and listening to them and teaching them. His palette and his vision were broad and bright, his heart and mind outsized. And when, at Christmastide Frank donned a white apron and avuncular mien to expertly shuck oysters at the Knickerbocker Club, the world was his oyster and all was well with the world.

Love, Godspeed, and thank you for everything, Frank.

Suzanne Rheinstein

I served with Frank on the boards of Aberglasney, Stonecrop, and the Garden Conservancy. He was amazing, a unique combination of intellectual fire power, a broad range of knowledge, imagination, and attention to detail, with a vision of an end product he wanted to create — and did create. His was not a mission directed toward preservation and improvement of an existing situation. He saw a dream, pursued it, and built it. He had the vision to see what could be and the skill to create it. Steve Jobs said, "Creativity is connecting things." After the fact, we can all connect the dots but Frank was that rare individual who could see the dots and recognize how they could be connected before the fact.

As a board member, he was unfailingly civil, courteous, and focused, with a good sense of humor and always selling the product, like trips with Antonia for

the Garden Conservancy. His thank-you speech in Welch at Aberglasney was an absolute delight!

In honoring Frank, I think we must not lose track of Anne since, without Anne, there would have been no Frank as we knew him and remember him. Anne had the first garden, a knot garden, at Stonecrop which, I believe, piqued his gardening interest and it was her support, patience, and encouragement which permitted him to flourish and achieve his extraordinary accomplishments.

Gerry Seitz

What a memorable man. What a life of learning and leading. What a blend of a fine head and a caring heart. Frank Cabot's passion for gardens and gardening combined commitment, generosity, and enthusiasm with unfailingly contagious enthusiasm. His enduring legacy will be not only all he did — and he did a great deal — but also what he motivated others to do. His energetic zeal has been multiplied many times over. My presence on the Garden Conservancy Board is a tribute to my admiration for this special fellow. I am but one of a legion who are proud to follow his lead.

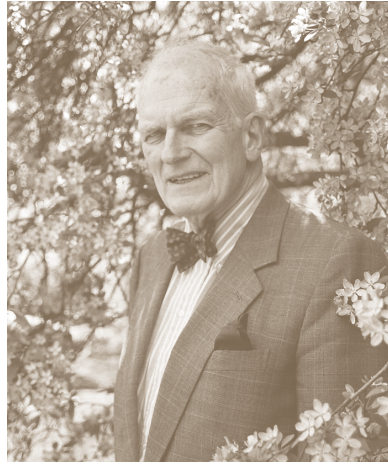
Paul Sittenfeld

SPEECHLESS

What can we say about you, Frank, that you've never heard before?
What honor have we to bestow that wouldn't be a bore?
Although we count ourselves your most admiring fans,
By now you've heard your praises sung beyond *ad nauseum*.
The after-dinner speeches, the awards from far and near,
The garden ladies fluttering 'round wherever you appear,
The magazines and TV shows that love to drop your name —
The whole Conservancy basks in your reflected fame.
What can we add to all of this when it is said and done?
Just this, dear Frank, we love you and, Gee, it's been great fun.

Toast to Frank on his retirement as Garden Conservancy chairman in 2007.

Patsy Steffan



“It would be heartening if at least one member of each generation came to know and love plants in their infinite variety so that the garden’s growing element was perpetually refreshed and reinvigorated by an enthusiast’s hand.”



The Garden Conservancy was founded in 1989 by renowned plantsman Frank Cabot. Seeing a critical gap in America's preservation efforts, he established an organization to preserve exceptional gardens for the enjoyment and education of the public. The Conservancy remains the only national organization dedicated to saving gardens as part of our natural and cultural heritage. gardenconservancy.org



THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

The New York Botanical Garden is an advocate for the plant kingdom. The Garden pursues its mission through its role as a museum of living plant collections arranged in gardens and landscapes across its National Historic Landmark site; through its comprehensive education programs in horticulture and plant science; and through the wide-ranging research programs of the International Plant Science Center. nybg.org



Wave Hill is a 28-acre public garden and cultural center in the Bronx overlooking the Hudson River and Palisades. Its mission is to celebrate the artistry and legacy of its gardens and landscapes, to preserve its magnificent views, and to explore human connections to the natural world through programs in horticulture, education and the arts. wavehill.org