

Extraordinary story of a plant

During the Second World War my father, a gardener by profession, was stationed in Russia, near Velikije Luki (Minsk). Fascinated by the large forests of countless liverworts that covered the forest floor in blue in spring, he dug up some plants and sent them home, to Bad Schwartau, with precise cultivation instructions. My mother took such good care of the plants that, to my recollection, they covered several square meters under the rhododendrons over the years. Later, when I was married, I took a large plant to Lüttau in the parish garden. There, too, the liverworts multiplied well. When I moved to Flensburg, some of the plants had to go with me again, because this simply belonged to my memories. The rest of the plants did not survive another move to Lübeck. Since my parents' house had been sold in the meantime, we tried to get a cutting in Lüttau. We found only one plant, which we were allowed to take with us to Lübeck. Here the liverwort took such a good foothold among rhododendrons that it reproduced wonderfully and even developed young plants from seed. This wild form from the Russian forests is clearly different in color and leaf shape from other liverworts, which are now also present in our garden.

Note from my side

The woman who wrote me this story brought me a plant for my collection and I was able to determine that it was a *Hepatica transsilvanica*. I am curious to see how it will develop and bloom in my home. Many thanks, for the plant and the letter, to the hepatica lover!

Translated with www.DeepL.com/Translator (free version)



H. transsilvanica „Velikije Luki“