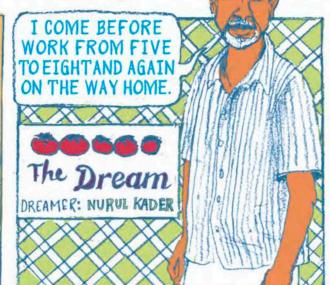


Once upon a time there
was a man who dreamed
of dirt. That's because
for many, many years—
ever since he emigrated
from Bangladesh—
Nurul Kader had lived in
rentals without space for
a garden. When he found
out about the community
garden at stony Kill, he
signed right up.





I USE ROPE ON FOUR

SIDES TO SUPPORT IT







Dawn Filippone, a neighbor















