

Three Ears of Corn and a Whole lot of Heart

By: Alexandra Slepova and Robby Keenan

We showed up expecting only to help sell vegetables, but walked away with a valuable message as well; a different outlook on the meaning of wealth.

Every Saturday, Frank will pull up in his old 1980s truck, back in his trailer, and arrange his prized possessions; his produce. On the early June Saturday we were with Frank, this included a mountain of corn, sunset-colored peaches, and huge pecans by the pound. Frank priced these beauties so low that it looked like a mistake. Two dollars for three ears of corn, one pound of pecans for ten, and a bouquet for three dollars. However, Frank wasn't looking for a profit; his rental properties paid the bills. His stand was his way of giving back to his community, ensuring no one had to choose between fresh food and paying their bills.

He is 70, sharp, witty, and humble, never rushing anyone. His stand was a gathering place where members of the community would swap recipes, share stories, and leave with more than just groceries. He cracked jokes, listened to every worry, and insisted on making people leave happier than they came.

Frank had mentioned to us that the market wasn't his only way of sharing the wealth; he has regular customers on both the personal and business levels. At the Marigold Market, a lady from a bakery stand came over to buy a few bags of pecans from Frank. She told him that she would use them for her pecan pastries, and Frank was delighted at the opportunity for a partnership. Frank handed her his card, offered her a discount, and said he'd be happy to do business with her. They chatted for a while, and Frank gained not only a new customer, but a new friend.

Now and then, when the market slowed, he would tell us about his peach orchard that was passed down by his father. He spoke with pride, grateful to be part of something bigger than himself. Frank emphasized to us that true wealth isn't measured in money, but in how you make others feel welcome, fed, and seen.

With that, he followed with the philosophy "you never know what someone is going through." Every Saturday his stand became a refuge, a small corner of the world where every worry vanished, and generosity ruled. People would leave with more than just produce; they left with the memory of a man who believed everyone deserved enough.

Photos: (More with Kathy)







THE GROVE

After being away from vegetable production for some 25 years, Frank Fleming is once again offering local produce. Located in southeastern Clarke County on Morton Road, the farm is blessed with good soil and water. We offer a variety of freshly harvested, traditional southern vegetables, in season, as well as peaches, figs, and pecans.

Please enjoy.





