

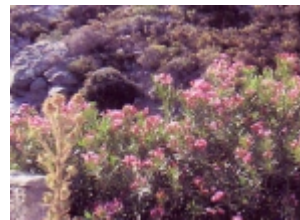


## Sweet Thyme Soaps

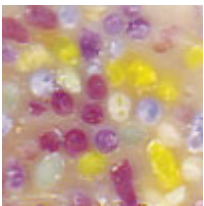
*Sweet Thyme Soaps*

## Wild Mountain Flowers

**Price: \$5.50**



Αγιολουλουδα του Βουνου



Close-up image  
of bar

I arrived early to Karpathos in 1992, and was blessed with being a part the *Elenico Paska* celebration. The villagers came together to prepare for their most sacred holiday of the year. Volunteering to help, I was given the task of gathering flowers to decorate the *epitaphio* and paired off with a villager, rumored to be over 100 and lovingly nicked named “the Virgin Mary”. She had never married and lived happily alone in a small house, with no electricity or running water. Mary was totally devoted to serving the church and turned out to be one of the sweetest souls I’d ever met. She grabbed my hand, her donkey, and with her wide, toothless grin, guided me through the foothills. The barren Greek mountainside had come alive with the seductive scents of blooming wild flowers and local seasonal herbs.



This picture was taken of Mary almost 2 decades ago. I never heard her complain, though she lived a very simple life, with few material possessions. I returned one summer with a bag full of necessities I felt she could use. I anticipated being greeted by her twinkling blue eyes and wide grin as I arrived at her small house. Disappointed she was not there, I inquired where she could be found. Instead of directing me to her gardens, they informed me she had passed away during the winter. I was deeply saddened by the news of her death, realizing the profound impact she and her lifestyle had had in shaping my view of "the good life".

If I had to write her epitaph, it would simply read:

*Sweet Mary, in truth, her life was void of most material possessions, yet, in truth, she sought only to possess the spiritual treasures she could find within the depths of her heart and soul. God Bless.*

Intoxicating aromas filled the air and changed, as the landscape did. That day Nature should of be given full credit for the accidental synergy she had created with her surrounding botanical essences. We worked most of the day collecting flowers, and laboriously loaded up the donkey. Arriving back at dusk, we delivered our aromatic bounty to the church. The priest thanked us, giving us a loaf of freshly made bread, village goat's cheese and his blessings. Exhausted beyond belief, I headed back home, knowing I would sleep well that night. My new *camari* waved, shouting "*andio kai efhareestow*", while heading down the dark street, donkey at her side, to tend to her animals.

[Vendor Information](#)