



## Goose Tongue and the Kindness of Strangers

### Description



Tidal Salt Marsh

“There are no foreign lands. It is the traveller only who is foreign.” Robert Louis Stevenson

One day while on the road to Cape Enrage, we noticed a lady out in the salt marsh picking some plants. A couple of days later, we spotted someone else picking plants in the salt marsh. By the third time we observed people picking plants out in the salt marsh, Hector’s curiosity couldn’t be contained. So he stopped the car, got out and went over to the two gentlemen in the salt marsh and asked them what they were picking. The gentlemen, Russell and Mel, informed Hector that they were looking for sandfire greens but had not found any yet, so they’d picked some goose tongue greens instead.



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Plantago Maritima – Goose Tongue Greens

Once they found out that Hector was from Colorado and was not at all familiar with the greens they were referring to, they offered up a goose tongue green for him to taste.

And when he said he liked it, they proceeded to hand over their entire bag of greens to him. Hector tried to talk them into just giving him a few, but they wouldn't have it. They claimed that it had only



So, after

much insistence, Hector accepted them. This all wound up in a nice conversation about what we were doing and where we were going and this corny (but adorable) joke from Mel –

A man goes to the doctor to get his brain checked out. The doctor tells him he needs a new brain, he can get a woman's brain for \$50.00 or a man's brain for \$5,000.00. The man, offended, asks why the discrepancy in the cost. The doctor answers "the man's brain has never been used." ?

That evening, Hector cooked up the goose tongue greens as Mel and Russell recommended; steamed and served with butter.

Okay, I must be honest, they were a bit bitter for me (sorry, guys if you're reading this), but I put a little balsamic vinegar on them and liked them a little better that way. Hector was a bigger fan of these greens than I was, said they tasted like the ocean.

Throughout our travels around New Brunswick, lots of locals noticed our Colorado plates and started up conversations. Generally, it went something like "Oh, you're from Colorado, how do you like it here" or something like that. All of the people we've met are really nice and friendly. But I think the people are generous.



For example, the next day, we went to the [Marche de](#)

[Dieppe Market](#), which we'd read was a fantastic farmers' market. This is a year round market open every Saturday in a very large building in Dieppe, on the outskirts of Moncton, New Brunswick.

New Brunswick is Canada's only official bilingual province due to this area's French Acadian history. All signage is in both English and French, and interestingly sometimes the English comes first, other times the French, depending upon which is the stronger influence in the particular area you are in.



The market, which is very much French first, has fresh fruit and vegetables, local cheeses, local meats of every type including handmade sausage, fresh baked goods, natural yogurt, fresh made juices (the jug), wine, jams, herbs, sauces, fresh artisanal chocolates, fresh more.



It was one of the best farmers' markets we've been to so far. Anyhow, there

was a little booth right at the entry with a representative from Really Local Harvest, the Co-op that manages the market.

Hector (who is not the least bit of a shy person) handles communications and public relations.



who handles how much we loved it here

and how nice the people were.

He then proceeded to tell her about Mel and Russell and that we had tried goose tongue etc. When he mentioned they had been looking for sandfire greens without success, Nicole told us that she thought they really must try them.



side of the building to take us to the person who she thought had the sandfire greens. But she had



But then when she found out we were from “so far away”,

she pulled a little bag out of the refrigerator and offered to sell it to us even though it was her personal bunch. Again, Hector said no, those are yours, but she insisted. See

We did convince her that we didn’t need all of them, so she sold us a couple. She twinkled



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in her eye “you’ll wish you’d gotten all of them when you taste them.”

Nicole continued to show us around “her” market, even walking us over to the ATM machine, she was so helpful. So again what really stands out for us is how the people we’ve met here are so willing to share and to help. It’s really quite special. And they have also been very open about themselves, and



Another vendor at the market was Joe Caissie Seafood.

Joe's son assisted us, we asked him about t  
us a very thorough description of both.

s in their case and he gave



Then we ordered some

oysters and he explained how they farm their oysters in great detail and with obvious pride in his family's company. Because they were farmed in the ocean in floating cages, the oysters were perfectly shaped with smooth shells. Quite unique and very yummy.

Back at Camp Lopez we enjoyed the very delicious oysters outside with our new Canadian friends David (the former Brit) and Karen (from Germany), both now from Ontario. Great company they were!

But, back



in, the recommended preparation was to eat them steamed with

butter.

There seemed to be disagreement on this, as some people prefer

them raw and plain or steamed



plan of steaming, and had them

with the (also excellent) clams.



You eat the sandfire greens by holding them by the roots

and gently pulling the green outside off the branches. The sandfire greens are delicious indeed, and I'm not a greens type of person.

I actually preferred them without butter, and Hector liked them with butter. The lady at the market was right, we wish we had bought the whole bunch!

So New Brunswick had much to offer, including these two greens that only grow here in the salt marshes next to the Bay of Fundy.





Flag of New Brunswick

And we would never have known about these tasty veggies let alone dined on them were it not for the kindness and generous nature of the people of New Brunswick.

~ Brenda

**Category**

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2. New Brunswick
3. RV fulltimers

**Tags**

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2. friends

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