I started gardening eight years ago. I’d failed at growing anything, indoor or outdoor, for many years. To say I didn’t have a green thumb is putting it mildly. If I touched anyone else’s plants, they would not do well afterward.

Eight years ago, I redecorated my backyard. I spent the winter months putting all the furniture together inside and in the early Spring I was able to create my backyard oasis. It is lovely but it was missing something, plants. In that moment, I decided to try my hand a gardening one more time! I headed out to a nursery, spent a fortune, and the next day I got busy planting. It was March 1st, my mother’s birthday. I put in tomatoes, cherry and regular; sweet peppers; basil; cilantro; rosemary; thyme; mint; and strawberries. That first year, I had to get neighbors involved everytime I encountered a snail or spider, fortunately, I have very good neighbors. To my surprise, my garden exploded! Enough so, that I had enough to share with neighbors. I made my first pot of pasta sauce with all ingredients from my garden that year!

Over the subsequent years, I’ve learned which plants can survive the winter, which herbs can be frozen for winter use, and which plants can be companion plants. Every year I’ve had to plant my garden later in the Spring. That has made me aware of changing weather patterns. I’ve made many mistakes along the way, but in the eight years I’ve only lost three plants.

This has become a passion for me. Gardening provides me not only food, but a feeling of serenity. My garden is my sanctuary and sometimes I sit out there alone and just admire my plants. They are spoken to, tended to, and have music played for them. There is truly nowhere I’d rather be.