

BLUE JEANS and Rubber boots

My garden is an expression of myself.

I've always had a passion for gardening and I come by it honestly.

My father was a farmer, who kept seedlings on the windowsill in the spring to see how many would germinate. My mother spent hours at the kitchen table in the winter, going through the seed catalogues meticulously planning her gardens.

It is my go-to place when I need a break from office work. When I need to clear my mind.



An Artist's Musings by Susan Schaefer



When I want to breath deeply...
stretch my mind and body.

It is a place to grown patience, caring and
understanding for our changing environment.

It is a BEE-utiful place. It is a home for insects.
It is a place to connect with mother nature.

It is a place to play with Chace and grown puppy love.

It is a place of wonderment.

It's a place to spend the evenings, looking up at the stars while
visiting with friends and family who have moved from this earth.

It is a place to nourish my family with the bounty of organic
baskets of food.

It is a place to nurture relationships with friends. It is a place to
listen to their stories, without interruption.

It is a place to remember. It is a place to forget.

It's a magical place to make future plans and a place to dream big.

It's my place.

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