



*Purpose is
defined by
timing.*

POSTCARD

Dear one,

That white bench had no place for 2.5 years, not fitting into any room we had. Then one morning, I placed it under the tree—and it just fit. So, if you are feeling stuck, don't stress too much.

It reminded me: being stuck isn't being useless. Timing reveals purpose. We bloom when the moment is right.

Much love,



Address



*Becoming, again and
again*

POSTCARD

Dear you,

This corner of my garden keeps evolving—just like us. Each version richer, bolder, a little more wild. I've learned to love every awkward phase that brought me here. I hope you do too. Turns out, aging like fine wine is actually kind of fun.

With love,



to:

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from:

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*Reclaimed.
Reimagined.
Radiant.*



POST CARD

Dear one,

You are not lost—you're just waiting to rediscover your own worth. That pink swing was once unwanted old doors from a friend. Now, it's the joy of my garden. So rediscover and reclaim yourself. Magic awaits!!

With Love,



ADDRESS:

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A collage of various flowers and dried botanical specimens on a textured, torn-edge paper background. The flowers include vibrant pink and red chrysanthemums, a large orange and yellow dahlia, a light pink peony, a yellow cluster of small flowers, and a large, dried purple hydrangea. There are also some dried, pressed flowers in shades of purple and yellow at the top left. The background is a light-colored, textured paper with a deckled edge.

Every flower
has it's place

POSTCARD

Dearest,

You're not wilting—you just need the right light, the right air, the right kind of care. Not every flower blooms in the same soil.

Find the space that sees you, holds you, helps you unfold. You deserve to flourish.

With love,



to:

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from:

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A lush garden scene with a table and chairs, a Buddha statue, and various plants. The text "Beauty in the Mess" is overlaid in the center. The scene is filled with greenery, including a large tree trunk, various potted plants, and a hanging basket. A small Buddha statue is visible on a brick ledge. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and natural.

Beauty in the Mess

POSTCARD

Dearest,

Beauty exists despite the mess. Gardens don't start pretty—they start tangled, wild, full of weeds and wonder.

Life's like that too.

Look again. The beauty might already be blooming... just not where you expected.

With Love



Address

