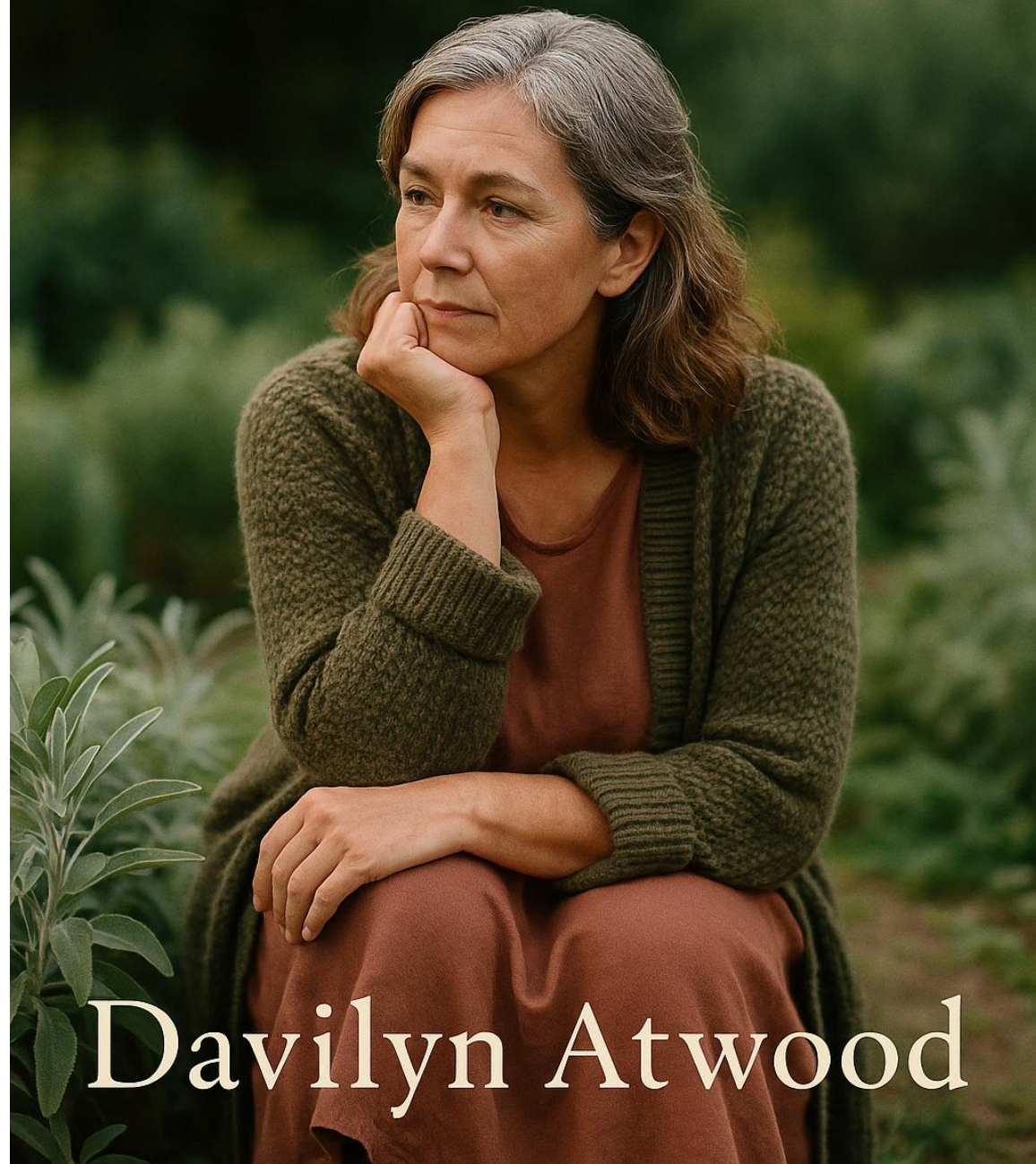


# Sage and Silence



Davilyn Atwood

## Sage and Silence

There are herbs that season, and herbs that heal.  
Sage has always been both.

Its leaves are soft, edged with silver, carrying a scent that clings to the fingertips long after you touch it. Sharp, earthy, bitter and warm. The kind of taste that lingers on the tongue, refusing to be forgotten.

In kitchens, sage is strength. Stirred into broth, tucked into roasts, steeped into teas that mend the weary body. It carries the flavor of hearths that have seen long winters and tables that have known both feast and famine.

But sage is older than the kitchen. In fields and monasteries, in gardens tended by hands now long gone, it was gathered not only to feed but to cleanse. To clear the air of heaviness. To steady a wavering mind. To remind the living that wisdom does not vanish when life ends but remains rooted in memory.

The old women of Tuscany used to say:  
*“Sage is for sorrow, and for the strength that follows.”*

Perhaps that is why, when grief silences the heart, sage finds its way back into our hands. Perhaps that is why we drink it in moments when words will not come, when forgiveness feels impossible, when the mouth is dry with loss.

Sage does not erase grief. It gives it space.  
It does not force forgiveness. It makes it possible to begin.

This is the story of a woman who tended an old herb garden in Tuscany, her grandmother’s garden, overgrown but alive. She carried silence in her body like a stone, and sage became the bridge between sorrow and voice. Between memory and forgiveness. Between silence and song.

## ***The Garden of Absence***

The train wound its way through the Tuscan hills like a long breath exhaled after sorrow. Silvia sat by the window, her head leaning against the cool glass, watching vineyards rush past, then olive groves, then fields bristling with dry grass. She did not know how long she had been staring. Time had become blurred these last months, days dissolving into one another like water into wine.

When the conductor called her stop, she rose quietly, gathering her single suitcase. The village station was small, a low stone building with faded paint and a bench worn smooth by years of waiting. A bell clanged as the train pulled away, leaving her in a silence so complete it startled her.

Silence. That was what she carried now. Silence thick in her throat, silence where her voice had once been, silence in the spaces of her heart that had once been full.

She made her way up the narrow road that led to her grandmother's house. The air smelled of dust and rosemary. Her boots scuffed the stones, each step echoing against the old walls of the village. Windows opened above her, voices floated down, children calling, a woman laughing, a man humming as he carried firewood. Life. The kind of ordinary life she used to belong to.

But she kept her head down, clutching the handle of her suitcase, walking quickly past.

Her grandmother's house stood at the edge of the village, where the fields began. Stone walls rose strong and square, softened by ivy creeping along the corners. The shutters were faded green, one hanging loose, the paint peeling. She stopped at the gate, fingers brushing the iron latch.

It had been years since she'd come here. She could almost hear her grandmother's voice: *"Why so long, child? The garden waits even if you do not."*

Her throat tightened. She pushed open the gate.

The path was nearly swallowed by weeds, grasses rising high between the stones. The garden lay in disarray, rosemary sprawling wide and wild, lavender grown thick and woody, thyme creeping into every crack. But it was the sage that caught her breath.

At the far end of the path, by the low stone wall, sage rose in abundance. Tall, silver-green, leaves soft and downy, their edges trembling in the breeze. Once, her grandmother had kept them neat, cutting sprigs for drying, pinching blossoms before they bolted. Now, they grew freely, almost defiantly, as if holding their ground in her absence.

She stood a long time at the edge of the garden, suitcase still in hand, staring at the sage. It was too much and not enough all at once. Too much memory, not enough presence.

Finally, she let the suitcase drop with a thud against the stones. She sank onto the old bench beneath the fig tree, her hands covering her face.

The silence inside her spilled outward, mingling with the silence of the garden.

Her grandmother had always said sage was for strength.

She remembered being a child, knees scraped, eyes swollen from crying. Her grandmother would lift her onto this same bench, set a steaming cup in her hands. *“Drink,”* she’d say. *“Sage will give you strength.”*

The tea had tasted bitter, sharp on her tongue. She’d made a face. But her grandmother only laughed, smoothing her hair. *“Strength is never sweet. But it lasts longer than sweetness.”*

Silvia lifted her head now, staring across the garden. The words echoed inside her, filling the silence like water seeping into cracks.

Strength. That was what she had lost. That was what she had come here to find.

The house smelled of dust and emptiness when she opened the door. Curtains hung limp, the air cool and stale. She set her suitcase inside and wandered room to room, trailing her fingers along familiar walls. The table still bore scratches where her grandmother had kneaded bread. The shelves still sagged with old jars, their labels faded, herbs long since crumbled to dust.

She touched one jar gently, *Salvia, 1995*. Sage. Her grandmother’s handwriting, looping and steady. She pressed the jar to her chest, eyes burning.

That evening, she returned to the garden with a small basket. The sun dipped low, painting the fields in gold. She knelt by the sage, pressing her palms to the earth. The soil was warm, fragrant, alive. She ran her fingers along the stems, leaves soft against her skin.

She clipped a handful, laying them in her basket. Each cut felt like both wound and balm.

Back inside, she set water to boil, her movements slow, deliberate. She placed the leaves in a cup, watching the steam rise as the water poured. The air filled with sage, earthy, bitter, grounding.

She lifted the cup, cradling it in both hands.

Her lips touched the rim. The first sip was sharp, almost overwhelming. She closed her eyes, letting it settle on her tongue. Memory surged, her grandmother's voice, her hands, the laughter that once filled this kitchen. For a moment, she felt the weight of grief pressing so hard she could not breathe.

But then, slowly, she exhaled.

The bitterness softened. The warmth spread through her chest.

The silence inside her did not break. Not yet. But it shifted, just enough to let a thread of breath through.

She whispered, though the sound was barely audible, a single word:  
"Nonna."

Her voice cracked. But it was voice.

The next morning, she walked the garden again. Dew clung to the herbs, pearls of light on lavender stalks, droplets trembling on thyme. Bees hummed lazily, the air thick with the scent of rosemary and sage.

She knelt again by the sage patch, fingers brushing the leaves. She felt the silence still, heavy but less suffocating. As if the sage had made space within it, not erasing her grief, but holding it.

She whispered again, testing her voice in the air. It startled her how fragile it sounded, but she did not stop. She repeated her grandmother's old words: "*Sage for sorrow. Sage for strength.*"

The leaves trembled in the breeze, and she thought she heard an answer.

The first night she brewed sage tea had not been planned. It had simply happened, her hands reaching for the kettle, her fingers clipping leaves, her body remembering what her heart had forgotten.

But the second night, and the third, she chose it.

It became her anchor, the one thing she could decide in days that otherwise drifted shapeless. When the sun slipped behind the hills and the house dimmed to shadows, she would step into the garden, basket in hand, and gather sage. Always sage. Rosemary and lavender grew in abundance too, and thyme spilled freely between the stones, but she sought the silver-green leaves, soft with their fine down, trembling when she touched them.

She would kneel close, breathing them in before cutting. The scent was bitter, grounding. It carried dust of earth and heat of sun. It smelled of her grandmother's kitchen, of afternoons when sorrow was not yet hers to bear.

Carrying the leaves inside, she washed them gently, laid them in her cup, poured water over. Steam rose, curling into the silence, filling it with a fragrance both sharp and soothing. She would sit at the table, cup between her palms, staring at the candle flame as though it could stitch together the frayed edges of her spirit.

And always, she drank slowly, letting the bitterness rest on her tongue before swallowing. It was a taste she had once resisted. Now, it was what she craved.

On the fourth evening, something new happened.

She had been unable to sleep the night before, dreams pressing in, memories rising unbidden, leaving her restless. That day, her body had felt heavy, her movements slow. By the time she gathered sage, the sun was already gone, the garden dark but for a sliver of moon.

She lit two candles instead of one, needing more light, and opened her grandmother's drawer. Inside, she found the old journal, pages yellowed, edges curled, leather soft from years of touch. She remembered her grandmother writing in it late at night, the scratch of pen, the way she would pause and sip tea before continuing.

The widow, though she did not call herself that, though she wore the title silently, opened the book. The first pages were filled with recipes for syrups and salves, lists of planting times, notes on rainfall. But further in, she found words softer, more like prayers.

*"Sage tea for Maria, who lost her child. May strength return slowly, like leaves after frost."*

*"Today I quarreled with my sister. We sat in silence for hours. Sage at supper helped me find my voice again."*

*"I fear age more than sorrow. But sage makes me brave enough to face both."*

Her hand trembled as she read. Tears blurred the words. She pressed her palm flat against the page, as though she could feel her grandmother's pulse lingering there.

That night, after her tea, she picked up a pencil and wrote a line of her own:

*"Sage for me. For silence that is too heavy to hold."*

From then on, the ritual included writing.

Every night, she would steep her leaves, sip the bitterness, and press words onto paper. At first, they were halting. Simple.

*"I am tired."  
"I miss her."  
"I cannot forgive."*

The page looked fragile with so few words, but each one felt like a stone lifted from her chest.

Over time, the words grew. She wrote about her grandmother's hands, brown and strong, always smelling faintly of garlic and sage. She wrote about the house, how its walls seemed to listen, how silence here felt different than silence elsewhere. She wrote about herself, the ache in her chest, the way her voice caught when she tried to speak aloud, the way guilt and anger tangled inside her like vines strangling a tree.

And always, she ended with the same words:  
*"Sage for strength. Sage for voice."*

The village remained at the edges of her life, like a tide she refused to wade into. From her window she watched neighbors pass, women with baskets, children skipping, men leading donkeys down the lane. She could hear laughter at night, music drifting from the square. But she stayed behind her walls, behind her silence.

The garden was her world.

She began to tend it more deliberately. Cutting back rosemary, pulling weeds from thyme, tying lavender in neat bundles. She spoke to none of it aloud, not yet, but her body began to move with purpose again. Kneeling, bending, clipping, lifting. It felt like prayer, though no words were said.

And the sage grew stronger beneath her care. New shoots rose. Leaves thickened. Blossoms came in pale purple, humming with bees. She harvested carefully, never taking more than she needed, whispering thanks in her mind if not with her mouth.

One night, weeks after her return, she brewed tea as usual. Steam curled, candle flickered. She lifted the cup, the journal open before her. But this time, when she sipped, she did not write first. She spoke.

Her voice startled her, rough, hoarse, like an instrument long left untuned. But it was voice.

"Nonna," she whispered, eyes on the page. The word cracked, broke apart, but it filled the room all the same.

She set down the cup, covered her face with her hands, and wept.

It was not the first time she had cried. But it was the first time her tears carried sound.

That night, her journal held new words:

*“Sage for grief.  
Sage for the voice I thought was gone.”*

Over the following days, her ritual deepened. She brewed tea not only at night, but sometimes in the morning, carrying its warmth with her into the garden. She spoke more often, testing words aloud when no one was there to hear. Short phrases at first. Greetings to the herbs: *“Good morning, rosemary. Grow well today, thyme. Thank you, sage.”*

It felt foolish at times. But each word loosened something in her chest.

She remembered her grandmother saying once, *“Silence has its place, child. But silence too long is not healing. It is hiding. Herbs do not hide. They grow. They speak through their fragrance. So must we.”*

The woman pressed her hand to the sage leaves. “I am trying,” she whispered.

And she was.

One evening, thunder rolled across the hills. Rain came sudden and heavy, drenching the garden, washing dust from the leaves. She stood in the doorway, basket forgotten, watching water bead and run down the sage. She thought of how rain never asked permission to fall. It simply poured, and the earth accepted it.

Her silence, she realized, was like drought. Holding everything back, waiting for the right time, starving what needed to grow.

The rain taught her another truth: release was necessary. Not because it was easy, but because it was life.

That night, she brewed her tea, sipped slowly, and whispered into the dark:

“I am still here.”

And the silence inside her softened once more.

***Journal Fragment (in her hand)***

*“Sage at night, sage at dawn.  
Sage for the words that hide.  
Sage for the voice that waits.  
I am still here.”*

## ***The Stranger at the Market***

The weeks passed, measured not by calendars but by tea. Morning and night, sage leaves steeped in water marked the rhythm of her days. They steadied her, like stones placed carefully across a river, each cup a step she could take without sinking.

Yet even as the ritual grew stronger, the silence outside her walls pressed close. She could hear life continuing in the village square, bells ringing at noon, children shrieking in play, carts rattling, neighbors calling out greetings. She kept her shutters half drawn, her door bolted. The house and garden became a refuge, yes, but also a barrier.

It was the lack of flour that forced her out.

Her stores had dwindled to crumbs, the jar nearly empty. She had stretched it as far as she could, kneading loaves with herbs and wild greens to make it last. But bread was her sustenance, the one food she trusted, and she could not delay any longer.

So, on a bright morning, basket in hand, sage tucked in her pocket, she walked toward the market.

The road down the hill was familiar, lined with stone walls and olive trees gnarled with age. The village rose below her, its square already alive with color. She hesitated at the gate, heart pounding. It had been years since she had walked into the crowd like this, not since the funeral, when condolences had pressed against her like a tide she could not bear.

Now, no one expected her. No one knew she was coming. She was simply another villager with a basket, blending into the rhythm. That should have comforted her. Instead, it left her feeling unmoored, invisible.

The scents reached her first: bread baking in ovens, sharp cheese, tomatoes still warm from the vine. Voices followed, loud bargaining, laughter, the sing-song calls of vendors.

Her steps faltered. She nearly turned back.

But the sage in her pocket pressed against her palm, its scent rising as her fingers brushed the leaves. Bitter, grounding, steady. She took a breath and moved forward.

The market was as it had always been, too much and not enough all at once. Tables draped in bright cloths, stalls stacked with fruit, baskets of herbs spilling green onto the stones. Chickens clucked from a cage, a lute strummed in the corner.

She wove through the crowd, shoulders drawn, keeping her gaze low. She bought flour quickly, slipping coins into the miller's hand without a word. She turned toward the road that led back to her house.

That was when she saw her.

An older woman sat by a small stall near the fountain, bundles of herbs tied neatly with twine. Not the loud, showy piles of basil or parsley, but humbler offerings, chamomile, thyme, fennel. And sage. Sprigs of silver-green sage stacked in a basket, their leaves catching the light.

The stranger's hands were brown and strong, her back slightly stooped, but her eyes were bright as she greeted passersby. Few stopped. Herbs were not what most sought at market. But Silvia found herself rooted, staring.

The woman noticed her and smiled. "You've been away."

Silvia startled. Her lips parted, but no words came.

The stranger tilted her head, unbothered by the silence. She reached into the sage basket, lifted a sprig, and held it out. "For strength," she said simply.

Silvia's throat ached. Her hand trembled as she reached forward, taking the sage. The leaves brushed her skin, releasing their scent. It was the same herb she carried in her pocket, but somehow, taken from another's hand, it felt new.

She managed to whisper, barely audible, "Grazie."

The woman's eyes softened. "Sage listens," she said. "And it answers, too, if you let it."

She clutched the sprig tight, unsure how to respond. Before she could find words, the stranger turned back to her stall, tying another bundle with twine.

But something had shifted.

Back home, she set the sprig from the stranger beside her own. That evening, she brewed both together, laying them side by side in the cup before pouring the water. The steam rose, carrying a scent both familiar and strange.

She cupped the mug, remembering the stranger's words: *Sage listens. And it answers, too.*

For the first time in months, she spoke into the steam, voice trembling but real.

"I don't know if I can forgive."

The leaves trembled in the cup, their bitterness rising to her lips. She drank, letting the warmth move through her. The silence inside her did not break, but it felt less suffocating. Less hers alone.

The next week, she returned to the market. This time not only for flour. She sought the stranger.

The woman was there, as before, her bundles neat, her smile steady. She looked up as Silvia approached, and without a word, she poured water from a kettle into two small cups. Sage leaves floated on the surface.

They drank together, seated by the fountain, steam curling between them. No questions. No explanations. Just the simple act of sharing bitterness and warmth.

And something inside her shifted again, silence loosening, voice waiting, forgiveness not yet here but closer, like a bird perched at the edge of flight.

***Journal Fragment (in her hand)***

*"Today I drank sage not alone.*

*It was bitter still. But lighter.*

*Perhaps forgiveness begins in the sharing of silence."*

## ***Forgiveness in the Garden***

The garden had begun to change.

Or perhaps it was she who had.

When she first arrived, the herbs had seemed wild, chaotic, pressing against her like a demand she could not meet. Now, under her hands, the garden was slowly returning to order. Rosemary trimmed back to neat strength. Lavender tied in bundles that perfumed the air even as they dried. Thyme kept close to the ground, eager in its spreading.

And the sage, always the sage, thriving under her care, its leaves soft, its blossoms alive with bees.

She moved among the beds in the early morning, apron damp with dew, scissors in hand. Each cut felt like a release. Each armful of herbs laid into her basket was a kind of harvest not only of plants, but of memory.

She no longer avoided speaking to them. She greeted the rosemary, encouraged the lavender, teased the thyme for creeping into corners. With sage, her voice dropped into reverence.

“Sage for strength,” she whispered, brushing the leaves. “Sage for me.”

That evening, storm clouds gathered over the hills. Thunder rolled, low and steady, as she lit her lamp. Rain swept across the garden in silver sheets, hammering the roof, filling the air with the fragrance of wet earth and sage.

She stood at the window, basket in hand, watching water cascade down leaves. Something inside her stirred, not only sorrow, not only silence. Something restless.

The journal lay open on the table, its pages filled with her tentative words. She had written of grief, of longing, of her grandmother’s memory. But there was one word she had never written. Forgiveness.

It sat heavy in her chest, too large to put on paper.

She turned from the window, gathered sage from her basket, and brewed tea. The steam rose strong, bitter, filling the room. She held the cup but did not drink.

Instead, she carried it into the garden.

Rain drenched her as she stepped into the night. Her dress clung to her skin, her hair plastered to her face. The sage patch glistened under the storm, leaves shining silver in the lamplight. She knelt in the mud, tea trembling in her hands.

For a long time, she said nothing. The rain spoke for her, steady and relentless.

Then, slowly, her voice rose. Rough at first, cracked.

“I am angry.”

The words startled her, torn raw from her chest. She gripped the cup tighter.

“I am angry at what was taken from me. Angry at what I could not change. Angry at myself.”

Her shoulders shook. Tears mingled with rain. She pressed her forehead to the rim of the cup.

“I miss you,” she whispered. To her grandmother. To the one she had lost. To the part of herself she no longer knew.

The sage leaves floated on the surface, their scent rising bitter and strong.

“Forgive me,” she said, the words breaking loose. “Forgive me for holding silence so long. Forgive me for clinging to anger. Forgive me for not being able to forgive.”

The storm swallowed her voice, but she kept speaking, words spilling out like rain. She confessed grief, sorrow, longing. She named the silence that had bound her. She begged forgiveness, of others, of herself.

And then, finally, the words came.

“I forgive you.”

She did not know to whom she spoke, her grandmother, the one she had lost, herself. Perhaps all of them. Perhaps none. But the words left her lips and entered the storm, and something inside her loosened.

She drank the tea then, kneeling in the rain. It was bitter, sharp, almost harsh. But it filled her with warmth even as her body shivered.

She set the empty cup in the mud and pressed her hands to the sage leaves, rain slick beneath her palms. “Thank you,” she whispered.

And for the first time, she felt not only grief in the garden, but release.

The next morning, the storm had passed. The air was washed clean, the hills glowing green. The garden glistened, sage leaves heavy with water. She stepped barefoot into the soil, breathing deeply. The silence within her felt different, no longer suffocating, but spacious.

She sat on the bench beneath the fig tree; journal open in her lap. Her pencil hovered, then pressed to the page.

*“Last night I forgave.  
Not all. Not completely.  
But enough to breathe again.”*

Her hand trembled as she wrote, tears blurring the words. But when she finished, she felt lighter than she had in years.

From that day, forgiveness became part of her ritual. Each evening, as she brewed sage tea, she spoke aloud. Sometimes to her grandmother. Sometimes to herself. Sometimes to the air. She spoke words of release, of love, of grief that no longer bound her.

She began to hear her voice again, fragile, but steady. The silence inside her was no longer a cage. It was space.

***Journal Fragment***

*“Sage for sorrow. Sage for strength.  
Sage for forgiveness.  
Bitter. And healing.”*

## ***The Voice Returned***

The days after the storm felt new.

The air itself seemed sharper, cleaner. The hills glowed with a depth of green she hadn't noticed before. Even the house seemed changed, though nothing within it had shifted. Perhaps it was she who was different, her silence no longer heavy, but spacious.

The ritual of tea continued, but it had altered. No longer was sage brewed only as a tether to grief. Now, it was brewed as a bridge. Each cup carried the memory of the storm, the night she spoke forgiveness aloud, the moment her voice returned.

She began speaking more often. Not only to the herbs in the garden, but to herself. Words filled the kitchen as she cooked, rose softly in song as she washed dishes, echoed through the garden as she bent to cut sage. She startled herself sometimes, the sound so unfamiliar after years of quiet. But each word, each hum, was a thread woven back into her life.

One afternoon, she returned to the market.

Her basket was heavy with bread and bundles of sage she had tied with twine. She walked with steadier steps, no longer slipping quickly through the crowd, but pausing here and there. She greeted the miller when she bought flour, her voice clear. She asked the cheesemaker about his goats. She smiled at children darting past, letting their laughter brush against her without flinching.

And then she found the older woman again, seated by the fountain with her bundles. The stranger looked up, eyes bright, and smiled.

"You've come back," she said.

Silvia nodded. "Yes." Her voice trembled at first but then steadied. She reached into her basket, lifted a bundle of sage, and held it out. "For you."

The woman accepted it with reverence, pressing the leaves to her lips. "Sage shared is strength multiplied."

They sat together in the square, drinking tea the woman poured from her kettle. This time, there was conversation, halting, simple at first, but real. They spoke of rain, of gardens, of old recipes. And as they talked, she felt the silence within her dissolve further, replaced by something tender and alive.

Back at home, she began writing letters.

At first, they were unsent, drafts folded carefully into her grandmother's journal. Letters of apology. Letters of remembrance. Letters to those she had once loved and lost, letters to herself.

*"I forgive you."*

*"I forgive me."*

*"I am learning to live again."*

Each page became lighter, less weighted by grief, more filled with clarity. Her words carried the bitterness of sage but also its steadiness.

Eventually, she posted one. Then another. Slowly, courage returned, leaf by leaf.

The garden blossomed. Under her hands, it flourished as though it too had been waiting for her forgiveness. Sage stood strong, its blossoms humming with bees. Lavender shimmered in rows of purple. Rosemary grew tall and fragrant.

She invited neighbors into the garden, women who remembered her grandmother, children curious about herbs. She brewed sage tea for them, placing cups in their hands, teaching them to sip slowly, to let the bitterness linger.

"Sage is for sorrow," she told them. "But also, for strength. And sometimes, for forgiveness."

They listened, their eyes soft, their voices low in return.

And in those moments, she felt her grandmother's presence again, not as absence, not as grief, but as continuation.

One evening, as the sun set and the hills glowed gold, she sat on the bench beneath the fig tree. A journal lay in her lap, a cup of sage tea beside her. She picked up her pencil and wrote:

*"Silence carried me for a time. It gave me shelter. But it was sage that showed me how to step beyond it. My voice has returned, not the same as before, but truer. Bitter, like sage. Strong, like sage. Alive, like sage."*

She set down the pencil, lifted the cup, and spoke aloud into the air:

"Grazie, Nonna. Thank you."

The words did not break her. They completed her.

Dear Reader,

Thank you for walking these pages with me. Every book I write is not just words on a page, but a kind of ledger; a place where story, memory, and healing meet. By reading, you've become part of that ledger, carrying its threads into your own life in ways only you can.

I hope you found something here that stayed with you: a phrase that lingered, a reflection that stirred, or a reminder that your own story matters deeply. May this book offer you not only knowledge or escape, but also a sense of companionship, like a cup of tea shared in quiet company.

If you'd like to continue the journey, you'll find more stories and companions in my growing shelves: fiction, reflections, short stories, and guides. Each one is written to stand alone, but together they form a woven atlas of healing and gentle living.

You can explore more of my work here: [eLibrary](#)  
Or connect with me on [Facebook](#) or [The Herbal Post](#) newsletter.

From my heart to yours, thank you for reading.  
With gratitude always,

**Davilyn Atwood**

*You Make Your Own Medicine, Bitter Sweet Novels, and The Apothecary's Atlas series*  
© 2025 Davilyn Atwood. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means - electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise - without the prior written permission of the author and publisher, except for brief quotations used in reviews or educational works.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons - living or dead - is entirely coincidental.

All herbal references are offered for storytelling purposes and are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease. Readers should always consult with a qualified healthcare practitioner before using any herbal or natural remedy.

**First Edition**

Printed in Canada

Cover design and interior layout by the author – Davilyn Atwood

Published by The Apothecary Press

[www.theapothecarypress.com](http://www.theapothecarypress.com)

To learn more about the books, herbal teachings, and quiet practices, visit the author at:

<http://www.theapothecarypress.com>

## **More Gentle Healing Stories You Might Enjoy**

[You Make Your Own Medicine](#)

[The Notebook Apothecary](#)

[The Yarrow Field](#)

[A Pocket of Chamomile](#)

[Planting the Wild Again](#)

[This is How We Rise](#)

[How To Write Your Novel Using ChatGPT](#)

[How I Write Gentle Healing Fiction](#)