

A woman with long, wavy, light-colored hair is seated at a rustic wooden table outdoors. She is wearing a green cardigan over a light-colored shirt and is focused on writing in an open book with a quill pen. On the table, there is a lit candle in a small holder, a steaming mug of coffee, and a vase of white daisies. The background features a large, stone house with glowing windows, suggesting a cozy interior. The scene is framed by a decorative border of white daisies and purple wisteria at the top. The overall atmosphere is warm and nostalgic.

*A Letter from*  
Elspeth

## **A Letter from Elspeth**

*To the next person who finds the garden...*

To the next person who finds the garden, you may not have meant to come here. Most don't.

They arrive quietly, sometimes tired, sometimes uncertain, sometimes carrying questions they cannot quite name. They often believe they are only passing through, only staying long enough to rest before returning to the life they left behind.

But gardens have a way of noticing people. And sometimes, they choose gently.

If you are reading this, you have likely already felt it, the slowing of your thoughts, the softening of your shoulders, the way the air here seems to ask less of you than the world beyond the gate.

This is not accidental. Willowmere was never meant to fix people. Only to make space.

There will be mornings when the light falls across the herb beds and you will feel something shift inside you. There will be conversations beneath the linden tree that seem ordinary until you realize, later, that they changed something quietly and deeply.

You may not notice it right away. Healing rarely announces itself. It grows slowly, like thyme between stones, or chamomile leaning toward the evening light.

There were many who came before you. Some stayed only a short time. Some returned again and again. Some discovered, without planning to, that they had begun to belong.

I have learned something in all these years of tending the garden. People do not come here because they are broken. They come because something in them is ready to grow.

If you feel uncertain, that is all right. If you feel tired, the garden understands. If you feel hopeful and frightened at the same time, that too is familiar here.

Sit beneath the linden tree. Walk the orchard slowly. Brush your fingers across the thyme along the hillside.

The garden will not rush you. It never has.

And when the time comes for you to leave, or perhaps to stay, you will know, not because someone tells you, but because something inside you grows quieter and steadier all at once.

That is how Willowmere speaks.

If you find yourself returning, even in your thoughts, do not be surprised.

Gardens leave traces. And some places, once found, are never entirely left behind.

Whoever you are, wherever you came from, you are welcome here.

Tend what is in front of you. Listen more than you speak. And trust that even the smallest growth matters.

The garden, after all, continues because someone chooses to care for it.

Perhaps, now, that someone is you.

With quiet faith,

**Elspeth**

Willowmere Garden