

*“A cozy garden ”*

Golden rays of light from the morning sun bathes the town as it comes out from the darkness of the night. As Sharon puts on her brown slippers, fixes her silk curtains and walks out of her bedroom, she witnesses the orange hues light up the hallways, the entire house being flooded with a warm and comforting sensation. She reaches her kitchen and appreciates the old rustic tiles on the walls, revealing a mosaic of yellow and brown color patterns, spanning from unique styles from the year 1970. She looks to her stove and reviews a few gifts her neighbors left for her for emotional support. A new cast iron skillet given by Laura, a set of soup pots from Shirley, and new wooded spoons from Scott that came with a tiny note saying, "Where here for you, do not hesitate to come to us for anything."

With a reassuring feeling of hope and optimism, she heads for her red oak wooden cabinets, passing by an old picture of her and her mother with a little black bow glued to the frame, and takes out her mothers recipe book, reflecting on the moments they shared together with every page she turned, with every original recipe she wrote down. Eventually she finds her tomato soup recipe, reminding herself of their late night conversations when cooking this recipe. Sharon puts on a pastel cream colored coat, unties her hair, and directs herself to a door beside the fridge, opening the door and entering her outdoor garden.

In this little paradise of abundant exotic herbs and common vegetables, supported by structures of mahogany, Sharon coexists in this enviroment of personal reflection and growth. She looks at the improvement of her garden after last winter, which left behind a drought and a time of adversity; it made her look back at her own personal struggles she has been through and how she dealt with them. With the end of winter and the beginning of spring coming around the corner, Sharon can finally admire the restoration of her sanctuary, and as she reaches the new

tomatoes that just recently grew, she notices a little paper tied to the branches, with her mother's name written on it.

Sharon's spirits are uplifted, no longer tormented by the weight of her mother's absence and instead willing to live by her examples, as she would have wanted her to do. She picks up a few tomatoes from the branches, and heads back inside the house and into the kitchen, gathering her soup pots and wooden spoons from her neighbors to make her mother's tomato soup.