

Daisies in the Daylight

Daily joys you can pick like flowers.

These moments, musings and humble treasures
are gathered in hope, to offer you as gifts of joy.

Mansi Ranga



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r
New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Mansi Ranga 2026

All rights reserved by author. 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 permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
www.BlueRoseONE.com
info@bluerosepublishers.com
+91 8882 898 898
+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7542-305-8

Cover design: Anuj
Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: February 2026

This book is for everyone from the seekers of light to the gatherers of small wonders, and the ones who believe joy can be found in the simplest moments. May you always find daisies in your daylight.

CONTENTS

SLOW MORNINGS & CURTAINS THAT CATCH THE
SUN 3

PERPETUAL SPRING 7

SOUNDS THAT ARE SOOTHING TO THE SOUL..... 11

THE GARDEN GROWS ANYWAY 17

THE PHOTOGRAPHS WE NEVER TOOK..... 21

THAT HOUSE, THAT JOY, THAT YEAR..... 25

WISDOM FOR A LIFE WELL-LIVED 29

THINGS THAT TWIRL LIKE DAISIES 35

SIMPLICITY OF A WINTER MORNING..... 39

A LETTER TO THE WILTED ROSES 43

AN ODE TO THE NINETIES 47

ON WHIMSICAL LIFE 51

A PARTING GIFT..... 59

TIMELESS PRACTICES FROM THE EAST FOR A
BEAUTIFUL LIFE..... 61

A SUMMER BARBECUE 67

A HOME THAT SMELLS LIKE SOMETHING WARM..... 71

IF LIFE HAD A SCENT..... 75

NIGHT RAIN’S EMBRACE..... 79

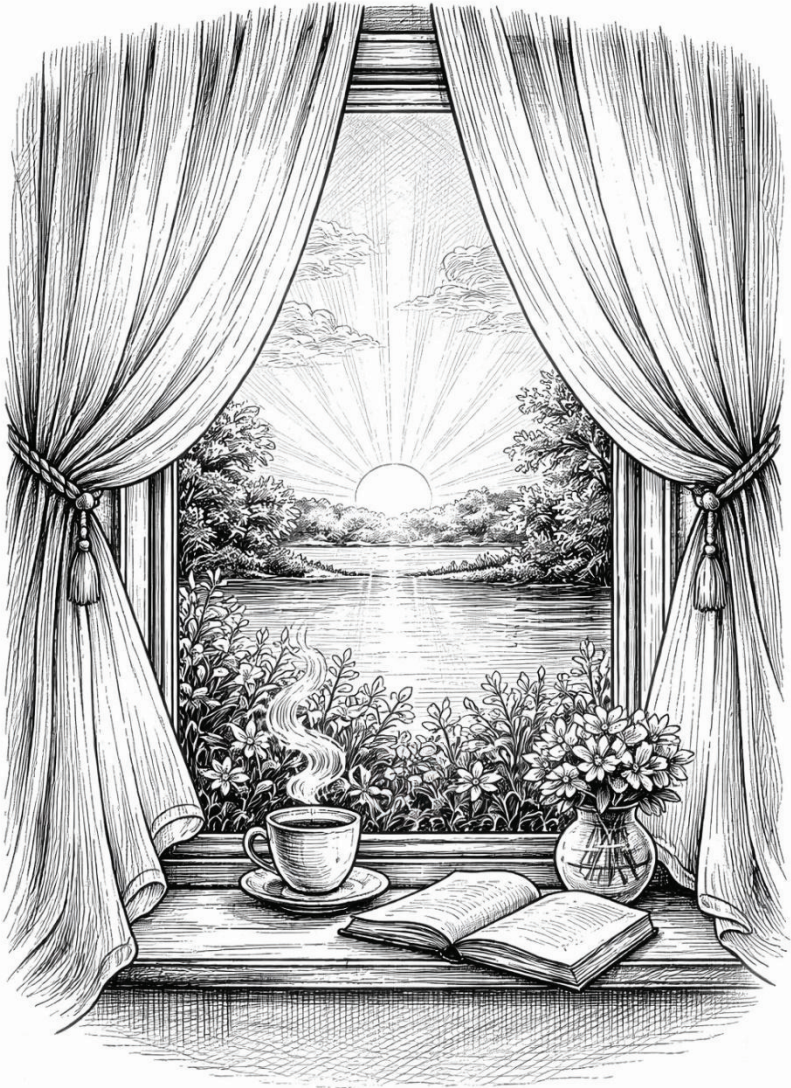
FAIRY LIGHTS AND FALLEN LEAVES.....83

THE GENTLE SIDE OF WINTER.....87

WHEN THE DAY SOFTENS.....91

THE BENCH BELOW THE BLOSSOMS95

THINGS THAT WAIT FOR US.....99



SLOW MORNINGS & CURTAINS THAT CATCH THE SUN

"Curtains know the secret of dawn, they hold the sun gently
before letting it go.."

Beautiful are the mornings that tiptoe in softly, like dew gently settling on grass. These mornings when they arrive, they bring with them a kind of calm; the kind only curtains seem to understand.

They catch the sun long before we do. Light seeps in, quiet and syrupy, touching their edges like a secret. It gives them the look of soft sails on a gentle sea, billowing ever so slightly with some invisible breeze. They sway, half-asleep, half-awake, a little like us.

Sunlight saturates the room gently and it feels that something lovely has already started.

Slow mornings softly pour themselves into the corners of the room and settle beside your bare feet with all the time in the world. The floor is cool and kind beneath the toes. The tea leaves bloom in the pot and even the spoon stirs a little slower.

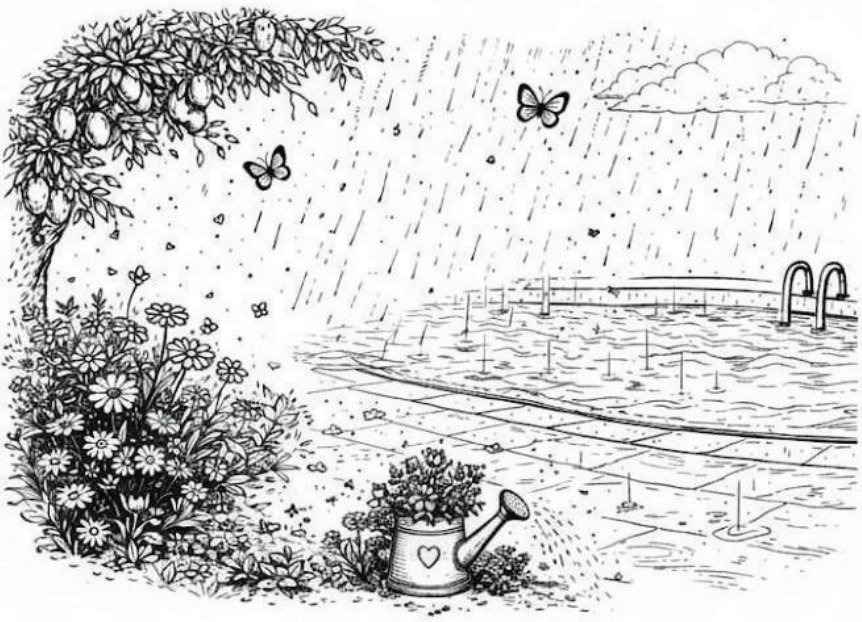
The light naturally finds its favourite places like the arm of the chair & the corner of the bookshelf, And still, the curtains float and catch the morning as it drifts in.

The curtains are storytellers. Every morning they retell the same tale of light and breeze and the hush of a house not yet stirred and still, I never tire of it. Maybe that's the charm of slow mornings: they want you to fall in love with the familiar, again and again.

And so I do.

It's in these minutes we must remember something important. That peace doesn't always knock. Sometimes, it floats in through an open window and catches the edge of a curtain.

And if you're still enough, slow enough, gentle enough.... you might just catch it too.



PERPETUAL SPRING

If I may compare my childhood to a season, I'd say, growing up, my home resembled an eternal spring, with tiny pleasures bursting forth. My father's career in the civil services as an IPS officer led us to relocate frequently owing to transfers. Because of the nature of the services, and his honesty and boldness as a Top Cop, we experienced postings in many different cities. I recall, on one occasion, attending four schools in a single year. Yet I do not recall complaining.

Remarkably, we adapted seamlessly. I love how we transitioned with ease; we packed our belongings, looking forward to yet another fresh start.

This itinerant lifestyle has taught me and my sister myriad of things, first and foremost being adaptability and adjustment. It is the art of finding delight in unexpected places, discovering something so interesting in a so-called "boring town." We loved savoring local flavors and discovering quaint little boutiques with such exquisite apparel that I still love wearing even after decades. I find treasure in the diversity of having multiple hometowns being an integral part of me. Additionally, this transient existence has taught me the art of letting go—letting go of bonds at school with friends I met every day and then went years without meeting. But, my dearest reader, I assure you that

this capacity to release attachments has taught me that true bonds endure, despite time and distance.

I've experienced that the keys to happiness and contentment are remarkably simple. In these cities, I have stumbled upon joy, even in the absence of acquaintances.

Nevertheless, my sister is my best companion. We would spend hours roller-skating around at home, racing and giggling till our sides hurt, our laughter and excitement filling the air. We were also fortunate to have a beautiful pool at home in which we would swim whenever we pleased, regardless of the time of day or the weather. Sometimes, I would swim while it rained. I particularly love how truly magical it feels to swim with the sound of the raindrops and the visuals of the rain creating a misty veil over the pool. These are a few gems among the many others that made our home feel like perpetual spring.



SOUNDS THAT ARE SOOTHING TO THE SOUL

Wind Chimes

That sweet melody that the wind composes and how the notes drift and vanish like passing thoughts. I love the sound of multiple wind chimes hanging in the trees, it's so soothing to sit nearby or just walk past and hear their gentle melody.

Palm Trees at Sunset

Hear the leaves whisper against each other in golden light. The breeze carries both movement and stillness. And in their rustle, the day bows gracefully into evening.

Baby Laughter

It's a pure joy spilling into the air, unpolished and free. It belongs to everyone within earshot.

Even a fleeting giggle feels like a blessing.

Rain on the Window

A patient rhythm that softens the edges of the world outside. Each drop reminds you that slowing down is holy.

Birdsong at Dawn

Morning begins with feathered voices.

Each trill feels like a small spark of hope as the day gently unfolds.

Waves on the Shore

An endless hymn folding into itself.

The sea hums in patience and listening to it feels like leaning against eternity.

Snowfall

A silence thicker than sound itself.

Winter expresses its calm through the falling flakes.

Cafe Murmurs

The gentle orchestra of cups and voices.

Noise, yet softened into comfort.

Even strangers sound like companions here.

Fire Crackling

The fire crackles and pops in the night,

Each spark dances with a warm, lively rhythm.

Its sound tells stories in glowing, flickering tones.

Knitting Needles

Click, click oh! the rhythm of patience.

Every sound is a stitch of care.

It is creation measured in calm.

Ice Cubes in a Glass

A small chime of summer joy.

Cold against warmth, clear against colour.

A reminder that refreshment has its own music.

Leaves Rustling

The earth sighs through its trees.

A chorus that is so gentle and soothing. Every rustle feels like an invitation to slow down.

Footsteps on Autumn Leaves

A crisp crunch under wandering feet, makes the season musical with every step and walking becomes a celebration.

Silence Before Dawn

The pause before the first bird sings.

Darkness listens to itself. It is the sound of the world preparing to begin again.

Distant prayer Bells

When Sacred bells ring out echoing through the still air & chants rise gently, it touches hearts in silence. In every sound, a call to peace and devotion is heard.

Pages Turning

A soft flutter, light as a sigh.

Each sound is a doorway opening softly.

Books have their own kind of music.

A Loved One Humming in Another Room

A melody half-formed, unpolished and tender. It drifts through walls like sunlight through curtains. Home itself feels alive when it hums.

Friends Laughing Together

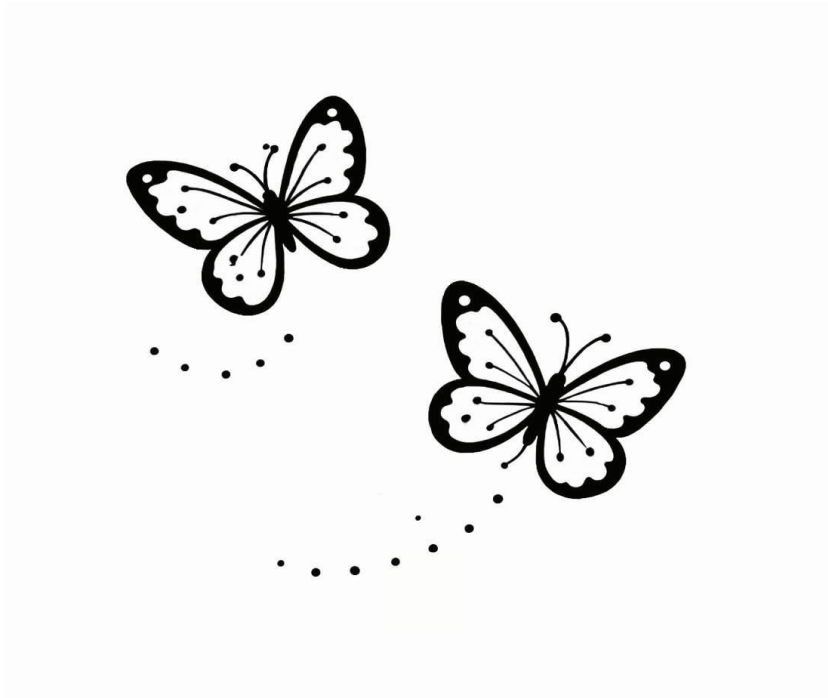
Laughter layered, tumbling over itself like waves. It is joy multiplied simply by being shared.

The sound alone feels like belonging.

The Silence After Rain

The world, washed and resting.

Even the air feels like it's breathing slower. Peace is never so full as in this moment.



THE GARDEN GROWS ANYWAY

At some point, many of us have planted something with more hope than certainty. Maybe it was an actual garden, or maybe it was a dream, a plan, or a new chapter in life. We dig in, unsure if we're doing it right. We overwater. We forget to check in. At times we get the timing wrong. But somehow, things still grow.

Maybe they didn't grow the way we imagined. Like in the garden, sometimes the daisies show up much later than the packet promised. The basil bolted before we could use it. The marigolds flopped over in the rain and then stood back up two days later like nothing had happened. But the point wasn't perfection. The point was that life wants to keep living. The garden—despite missteps—grows anyway.

There is something deeply comforting about watching nature grow on its own terms.

In seasons of life where one feels like falling behind in some invisible race that no one ever officially announced. But what the garden keeps reminding us is that growth isn't always visible at first. Some of the most important things happen underground ~ invisibly and slowly.

And just like the garden, we grow even when we're not perfect.

Some days we might doubt things, And yet, somewhere beneath the surface, something is still growing. Maybe it's resilience.

Maybe it's self-trust. Maybe it's the understanding that joy can come easy. The garden just keeps growing when it can.

And then there is that unexpected flower, that grows near the edge of the garden, just like the moments of grace we didn't earn or expect: something special on a very ordinary looking day, a compliment that made your day, a sudden burst of laughter after a hard day. These are the surprise blossoms. The wildflowers in the cracks.

So when the days feel slow or unclear, when we're not sure if anything is happening or working, let's remember the quiet work going on beneath the surface. Let's trust that the roots are deepening and something green is on its way. Let this be your reminder: the garden grows anyway, because it's meant to. And you are, too.



THE PHOTOGRAPHS WE NEVER TOOK

There are some moments that never make it to photo albums.

They slip by so gently into the seams of ordinary days.

Sometimes no one pauses to capture them. No one says, "Smile!"

And yet, they stay. Like that cracked laugh over a shared moment in the kitchen.

The sunlight falling just right across a book left open. The way someone looks at you when you're not even paying attention.

These are Scenes that Stayed without a Picture, but they're etched somewhere just beneath the surface of memory.

We live in a time where everything is documented, filtered, stored.

But maybe the heart remembers differently... maybe it remembers the ordinary and the overlooked...

Maybe it remembers how things felt, not just how they looked.

There's something sacred about the unphotographed. A fleeting kindness, like the warmth of a hand resting lightly on your shoulder.

A walk with someone who doesn't need to fill the silence.

These are moments that are meant to be lived. And maybe that's the beauty of them.

They are not for display or frames, but in the soft places inside us.

Some of the most important memories we carry are stitched from invisible threads.

There is no photograph of the time you forgave yourself for the first time.

No snapshot of the exact moment you felt peace after grief.

No framed print of the quiet resolve that came after a storm.

But they happened. And they matter.

This chapter of life teaches us to hold space for the unremarkable ways that feel, somehow, extraordinary.

Well, maybe not every memory needs a lens.

Some moments are too alive to be frozen, too sacred to be shown, too intimate to be shared.

These are the photographs that never asked to be framed.

And still, they live on-tucked inside us like roses pressed between the pages of a well-loved book.



THAT HOUSE, THAT JOY, THAT YEAR

I often return, in memory, to the early years of the 2000s, when my father was posted as a Superintendent of Police and, in the very same city, my uncle was posted as a Judge.

Fate, in its kindness, placed us close to one another. My sister, my two cousins, and I lived almost as one family, under the same setting, sharing not merely a house, but an entire way of life.

The four of us, in truth, lived together—and the joy of those days is something I shall carry with me for a lifetime. We went to school together and returned together, only to rush straight into the swimming pool at home, with no sense of urgency and no awareness of time. We would swim and laugh, emerge tired yet delighted, freshen up, and find Maggi, different kinds of snacks and a bottle of Coke waiting for us. Evenings unfolded gently with our favourite television shows and there was play in abundance and energy without measure.

There was much swimming, much cycling, much badminton, and an equal measure of eating. I remember a small shop nearby that sold chips and snacks, and how we returned from there with nearly identical packets, as if our tastes, like our lives, were perfectly aligned. And there was a mango tree in our home. I still remember that summer—the sheer abundance of mangoes it

gifted us each day. It was a remarkable tree, yielding the sweetest mangoes of the season. We had more than we could count.

Mornings began in laughter, days unfolded in ease, and happiness was found effortlessly within the walls of our home. The city itself offered little distraction, yet we lacked nothing, for our world was complete.

Mornings, however, carried a beauty of their own—a gentle chaos that now makes me smile. When it was time to leave for school, the house would come alive in a peculiar confusion. Someone's socks would be lying in the other house, a belt would be missing, only to turn up where it least belonged. As our lives flowed freely between two homes. I remember sitting in the car early in the morning with the driver bhaiya, being driven to my uncle's house in search of a single, elusive pair of socks, because school awaited and punctuality mattered. Once the socks were found, the belt—mysteriously absent moments ago—would suddenly appear, as though it had merely been playing along. With laughter still echoing, we would dress in haste, and somehow always make it to school on time.

It was a beautiful kind of rush, the kind that never carried irritation or impatience. Even in that hurried confusion, there was only laughter. Looking back now, what stays with me most is the ease with which we lived and the lightness of spirit that turned chaos into joy.

We had two German shepherds who ran alongside us, played with us, and became part of our shared childhood. Nights often stretched longer than they should have—late meals, Maggi cooked past bedtime, conversations that refused to end. At times, we even swam at night, beneath a sky of stars, under the

full moon and the crescent alike, rejoicing in the beauty of the night and too young then to realise how beautiful this time is. By the end of each day, we ought to have been exhausted, yet we never were. The energy we carried seemed endless.

Those days were truly beautiful—splendid days. When I look back now, I see how free-minded we were, how effortlessly we enjoyed life, and how deeply rooted our happiness was in togetherness. It is a time I shall never forget, for it reminds me of who I was, and of a joy that asked for nothing more than home, family, and time.

It was the house where we were children, Where days ran long
and laughter found its way; Where simple joys lay waiting for us,
And happiness abode from morning till day's last grey.



WISDOM FOR A LIFE WELL-LIVED

Throughout life, we often encounter quotes or sayings that shift our perspective and enrich the way we live. Here are a few that bring genuine joy when embraced.

زندگی پھولوں کی طرح خوشبو دیتی ہے، اگر ہم شکر گزار رہیں۔

Zindagi phoolon ki tarah khushboo deti hai, agar hum shukar guzar rahein. Translation: Life gives off the fragrance of flowers, if we remain grateful.

Zindagi is a Hindi/Urdu word for life. Life can be breathtakingly beautiful. In all that you've lived through, what you've experienced, what you're experiencing now, and what lies ahead, there's always something to be thankful for. We often overlook it, rushing through our days, but gratitude has its own magic.

If nothing else, we can be thankful for nature and the way it lifts our spirits: the sunshine spilling through windows, the first golden rays touching the horizon, sunsets that paint the sky in rust, pink, and blue, all melting into one another.

For the music of rain tapping on tin roofs, the gentle drumming against windows, the sheer joy of jumping in puddles. There's the comfort of little hobbies that make you who you are. And there's your own strength - the way you've picked yourself up when others might have given up. That alone deserves your gratitude. Thank yourself for the things you've let go, for the

things you've held on to, for the wisdom you've gathered along the way.

Be thankful for your parents, your children, your loved ones. There is always something.

I love the saying that life gives off a fragrance like a garden when you are thankful. It's such a tender metaphor, because gardens never smell exactly the same. Sometimes, the night air is heavy with jasmine; other times, a rose is just at its sweetest. Gratitude, like a garden, shifts, surprises, and surround you with beauty in its own time.

To cultivate this sense of appreciation is to nurture an inner garden, where each thought of gratitude blossoms like a fragrant bloom

Here are a few Practical tips

- Keep a daily gratitude journal, noting even the smallest joys.
- Pause each day and acknowledge three things for which you feel thankful.
- Express gratitude to others through kind words or gestures.
- Practice mindful observation of nature, the rustle of leaves, the scent of rain, the song of birds. I know for sure this works

And Over time, this practice of gratitude transforms perception it softens the heart and sharpens the soul's ability to see beauty in ordinary moments. Truly, when gratitude becomes our companion, life itself becomes a fragrant garden, and each day a gentle hymn of contentment.

خوش رہنا بھی ایک فن ہے، اور ہر فن سیکھا جا سکتا ہے۔

Khush rehna hhi aik fun hai, aur har fun seekha ja sakta hai.

Translation: Happiness is an art, and every art can be learned.

I often come back to this thought, because I truly believe it. Happiness is an art, one that can be practiced and eventually mastered. Sometimes, it begins with something of a simple habit, a little hobby, gratitude or a moment in the day that brings you joy.

As it's often said, it all begins in the mind. We may not control everything that happens around us, but we can always choose how we respond.

This idea reminds me of a line I once read in a newspaper about a year ago, and it has stayed with me ever since. The lines were— In the silence and serenity of the Himalayas, meditation feels easy because there are few distractions. But the true meditation is when you can hold on to your peace amidst the chaos of everyday life.

That thought has stayed with me. I liked the perspective, though I'll let your insight and experiences decide the rest.

Of course, even a few minutes of meditating in silence can strengthen the mind and add calmness to your day. But beyond meditation, calmness can also come from doing what you love, whether it's reading, painting, walking, or simply sitting quietly. Each of us finds peace in our own way. The point is to do our best to protect and nurture it.

Happiness is a journey, cultivated through small choices, daily practices, and with our own gentle awareness. When we begin to

see it that way, happiness becomes less elusive and far easier to welcome into our lives.

We often imagine happiness as something external, like a stroke of luck, a perfect job, a beautiful home, or someone else's affection. But time and again, research and experience remind us that happiness is largely internal. As Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic philosopher, once said: "The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts."

Modern science supports this. Studies in positive psychology show that almost 40% of our happiness is shaped by our intentional daily actions ~ the way we think, the habits we build, the perspective we carry. That means we can actively learn and practice the art of happiness, regardless of our circumstances.

خودی کو کر بلند اتنا کہ ہر تقدیر سے پہلے،

خدا بندے سے خود پوچھے، بتا تیری رضا کیا ہے۔

Translation: Elevate yourself so high that before destiny is written, God Himself asks you what you wish for.

This is a line I have heard countless times growing up and you must have heard it many times too, It's famous for a reason as it holds a power that goes beyond mere words, it's a call to make yourself the very best version of who you can be, so refined, so excellent, so prepared, that even fate itself must bend to accommodate you.

It's about mastery whether in your character, your work, or your dreams.

It reminds us that when you've done the work, truly done it, there's nothing that can keep victory away from you.

It urges you to build your skills & strengthen your mind, until you stand unshakable. It tells you to be so excellent that opportunity has no choice but to come knocking, that doors because you've made yourself impossible to ignore.

It's about preparation meeting faith. About lifting yourself so high that when God looks down, He can only nod in agreement and ask, "So, what shall I grant you?"

आसी वाणी बोलिए, मन का अप्पा खोये, दूसरों को शीतल करे, स्वयं शीतल हो।

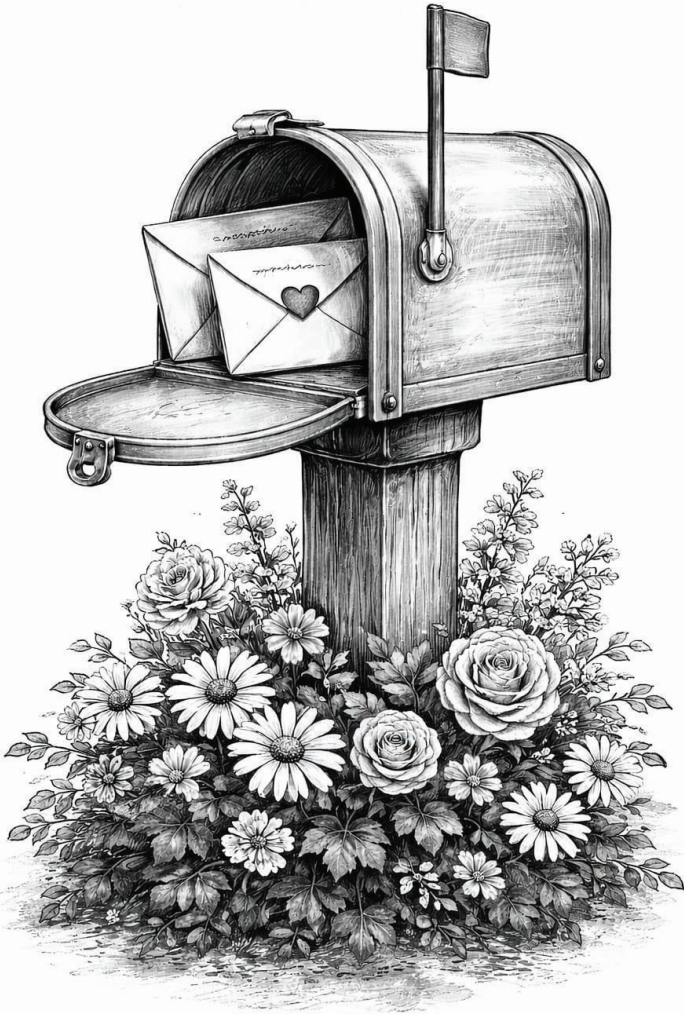
Aasi wani boliye man ka appa khoye, Auran ko sheetal kare, apahe sheetal hoye.

Translation: Speak in such a way that your ego dissolves. Let your words bring calmness to others, and peace to yourself as well.

There's something undeniably soothing about individuals who speak softly, those who take a moment to carefully consider their words before sharing them. If no one has ever acknowledged or praised you for this quality, I would like to.

I was first introduced to this profound teaching during a road trip to Gujarat and somehow I remember it ever since.

I feel speaking softly is more than just an act of courtesy; it's a form of grace that cultivates peace ~ in others, & within ourselves. Soft-spoken words possess a power all their own; they have the ability to heal, to soothe, and to connect people in ways that harsher tones simply cannot. It is as though the world itself slows down in the presence of gentle words, making everything feel infinitely more relaxed.



THINGS THAT TWIRL LIKE DAISIES

To twirl like a daisy is to live with lightness, to turn with joy toward the sun, to be moved by things that are not grand, but deeply present.

There is an old charm in the littlest of things, as if they hold in their simplicity, the secret music of the world. Much like daisies dancing in a summer breeze, these moments arrive unannounced, they are gentle, almost forgettable to the hurried mind, yet upon closer look, they are spun from gold. To those who choose to live attentively, these small graces are not mere details, but poetry scattered across the day.

Consider the morning cup of tea served in a favourite porcelain cup ~ the one with the fine crack running through the handle and tiny faded roses curling along its rim. It tastes no different from any other cup, and yet in it resides a memory, a belonging, a comfort that no gilded banquet could offer. Or I think of the tender ritual of tying my hair with a ribbon ~ a soft gesture of readiness for the day, a nod to one's girlhood and the elegance of becoming.

- A handwritten letter in a world gone digital. The rustle of curtains as the wind dances in.
- A smile exchanged across a room without a single word.

- The scent of pages from an old book read on a rainy afternoon.
- You know the one where you notice admiring how the sunshine is filtering through the trees.
- The way the wind sways the flowers each petal dancing in its glory.
- Enjoying the daily chores with relaxing music filling in the air.
- A room that glows gently at twilight.
- A tune hummed while folding freshly sun-dried linen. All of them, moments of no consequence to time, yet timeless in their charm.
- Beach sunsets that paint the sky in watercolor pastels. Mist rising through the mountains like a secret.

These glimmers that speak in lace, light, and lavender. They are the silk lining of a simple day. They belong to those who walk a little slower, who watch the way sunlight spills across a tiled floor, or who know the weight of joy held in a dainty spoon of jam on toast, prepared for oneself. It's the littlest things that brings the most joy ~ like glitter dancing in the sunlight or the charm of the cutest stationery tucked into a drawer. There's something magical about crafting beauty with your own hands. I adore painting, decorating, and small DIYs like making my own diary from scratch, tying satin ribbons to drawer handles, or softly transforming my room with fairy lights and fresh flowers.

To gather such moments is to live richly. One need not be surrounded by grandeur to feel blessed.

Joy, after all, is less often found in triumph than in presence. The soul delights in these unnoticed marvels, for they are what ground us to our senses, to one another, and to ourselves.

Perhaps that is why daisies are so beloved. They do not demand notice. They simply sway, unfurling their faces toward the light with grace and consistency and they ask us to do the same ~ to find wonder in simplicity, to live light-footed and full-hearted, and to remember that a life is not built on milestones alone, but on the delicate stitching of small, beautiful things.

So, I wish for you all the little things that twirl like daisies, those innocent, joyful, and ever faithful things that makes your life feel like a soft, sunlit waltz.



SIMPLICITY OF A WINTER MORNING

It was a languid winter morning, one of those rare, unhurried days that seem to stretch indulgently into the afternoon. My sister and I sat in our sprawling lawn for breakfast, wearing cozy sweaters lovingly knitted by our mom. The air was crisp, the sun warm upon our backs, and the hours unfolded gently.

Might I share, we feasted on round after round of paranthas (Indian bread stuffed with potato filling) each one served hot and golden, each crowned with a lavish pat of butter that melted and shimmered in the morning light. With every bite, we delighted in the food & in the merry shared ritual of urging one another to take just one more laughing at our own indulgence.

Our cook at the time was a man of simple warmth, he prepared each batch with evident joy. With a broad smile he would return from the kitchen beaming, insistent-ready to make more. His delight in our happiness and the love he put in cooking for us was folded into every bite he served.

We ate slowly, without the faintest sense of urgency, with the conversation meandering as lazily as the morning itself. Laughter rose and fell with the mild breeze, and we remained there well past breakfast, basking in the winter sun, letting the day unfold at its own unhurried pace. It was one of those days when the

simplest of things could spark laughter, and laughter itself became delightfully contagious. Every small gesture, every passing remark, seemed to carry a hint of mischief-as though the day itself conspired in our light heartedness.

I would say it was, in truth, a simple morning, unadorned by grand design and yet, in the chambers of memory, it returns often, unchanged in its simplicity bringing cheer on our faces.



A LETTER TO THE WILTED ROSES

Wilted rose reminds me that even when things fade, they do not lose their significance. They simply transform, while carrying with them the beauty of what was once whole..

The world often esteems the rose in its prime, they see it as vibrant and unspoiled yet I feel, there is a great beauty in the faded flower, one that has borne witness to the passage of days and the silent unfolding of life's secrets. There's so much beauty in roses that have passed its prime, notice how its once crimson face now bears the softened blush of age.

But what has this rose seen? What all has it borne witness to?

It has been clasped in the hands of youth, offered with uncertain breath and hopeful eye. It has adorned the hair of a bride, waiting before the eternal vows.

It has sat, unassuming, on the bedside of the infirm, offering silent comfort. It has celebrated unions and borne witness to the unspoken words that pass between souls too proud, or too afraid, to voice them...

It has known the touch of rain on churchyard stone. It has graced the hand of a nervous suitor. It has been placed on graves and altars...

Though bent and brittle, the wilted rose endures not merely as a remnant of what once was, but as a testament to what mattered.

For, you see, the beauty of a wilted rose is in its journey. It's the tale of a love that wasn't perfect, but was real. And even in its faded state, it's still beautiful.

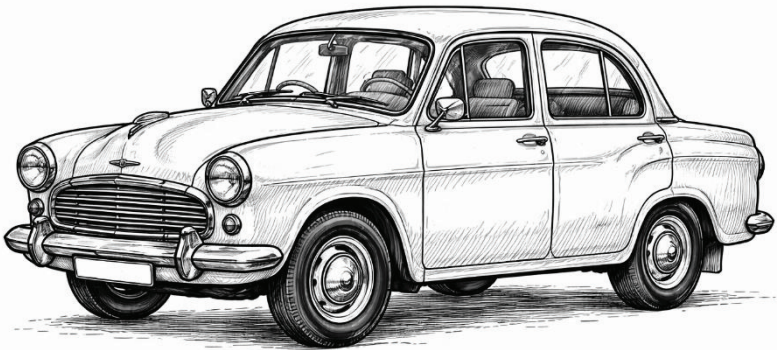
You may have, at some point of life found a wilted rose... have you?

Perhaps you found it nestled between the pages of an old book, The book, though forgotten in the dusty corners of time, still whispers with the faint fragrance of promises made long ago, as though it's still waiting for someone to pick it up and finish what they started...

Or the one that may have rested unnoticed upon the pavement, its lays abandoned, still it bears the delicate fragrance of a promise once made. Or perhaps it lingered among a bouquet that was once spoke of hopes that never fulfilled and the vows that floated away with the changing winds.

Wilted roses speak of moments too delicate to be forgotten, the first stirring of affection, the parting of hands reluctant to let go, the vow spoken beneath starlit skies, the tremor of a heart laid bare...

And so with all the gentle insistence.. Can you recall, Where, in the midst of your own charmingly imperfect life, have you found that reminder of love and loss, of laughter and awkward silences? What story does it carry, and how does it make you smile? Perhaps just a little, as you remember what was and what is?



AN ODE TO THE NINETIES

The glorious nineties was a time wrapped in a gentle calm and the world moved at a rhythm less hurried, and life unfolded with a charm of its own. Those years, bore a grace not easily replicated. Though I hold no bitterness toward the present. Indeed, I see goodness in the world as it is, and I have never been the one that dwells in comparisons. Yet, I must confess, there was a particular warmth to that simpler time, a beauty in its unembellished ways.

Friendship then was pure and unadorned, untouched by the glare of social media and the weight of curated impressions. We loved freely and laughed. When friendship was not virtual, but laced in coloured threads, Woven in friendship bracelets with joy, exchanged with earnest smiles. Given with shy hands and bright eyes. Little treasures were bought at fair stalls., chosen with care, like offerings to kindred souls. Friendship then bore no weight of expectation, only the lightness of presence and pure affection.

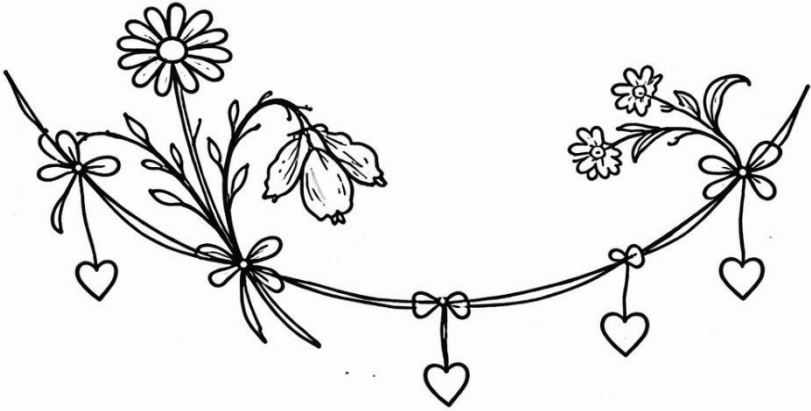
I also remember how we waited, sometimes with giddy impatience, for our favourite television shows to air, an act that unbeknownst to us, taught patience and anticipation.

And the Birthdays were small celebrations of sincere joy, where colourful paper ribbons adorned living room walls, and paper

plates overflowed with noodles, cake, candies, and ketchup, such an extravagant feast to our young eyes. We danced to mixtapes, often unaware of the lyrics meanings, yet we moved with unbridled delight. Musical chairs reigned as the crown jewel of every gathering, and the echo of laughter chased us in circles. Invitations were not printed or posted online, friends simply came, their presence felt so natural.

The world of technology had only begun to stir, yet mornings were greeted not by the glow of a screen, but by the golden warmth of the sun. One did not know the daily musings or whereabouts of a beloved unless effort was made, a conversation, a glance, a note passed in secret. We lived in a world of endless play, where imagination knew no bounds. Make-believe games flowed as freely as laughter, and everyday was a new chapter in our unspoken stories. I see myself as that little girl with a neat front fringe and silky dark hair, darting playfully through the long corridors of our home, whose high ceilings echoed with my laughter. Life was slower, but no less rich. We lived in moments, not in metrics. We were present. And in that presence, there bloomed a joy I carry with me still. Those small, seemingly ordinary moments of songs half-sung, joy tucked into mixtapes and Sunday cartoons and the warmth of shared silence have now become some of my dearest memories. There was a sweetness to those times, a kind of gentle charm that lingers in my heart like a soft tune from long ago.

They remind me of a childhood both tender and rich from a time when joy was simple, and life carried a grace now hard to find. How lucky I feel to have grown up in that magical world. It was, by all means, simplest of things the one I now carry like a delicate pressed flower in the pages of my memory.



ON WHIMSICAL LIFE

Lately, I've been adding more softness and whimsy to my days. I've always been drawn to fairy-tale living, those dreamy pockets of everyday magic...

Many, many moons ago, I stumbled into the habit of reading the newspaper. I owe this to my father, who would hand me the day's paper every morning and encourage me to read it, even when I barely understood half of what I was looking at (I was in 7th grade that time). I would read whatever I could, ask him questions about the rest, and together we'd discuss it. Somewhere along the way, this simple act became an inseparable part of me. Today as well, I adore the feeling of flipping through a physical newspaper almost every morning I like the soft crackle of the pages, the slow and grounded way of staying informed. It feels like a delicate thread tying me back to my childhood, to my father, and to a gentler version of life.

And my mother has always added a graceful and gentle touch in our lives. Her calm is a daily blessing, unspoken but so deeply she shielded our world with her utmost patience and in doing so, taught us the precious gift of inner stillness.

Life has been kind to me, and I don't take that for granted. I'm healthy, safe, and deeply grateful for the life I have. On the days when things feel uncertain, I remind myself to flow with

whatever comes, to do my best and leave the rest to God. Over time, I've learned that intentional living simply means trusting that whatever unfolds is unfolding for my good.

Here are some whimsical things you can add to your days -

One of the rituals closest to my heart is writing letters. There's something beautifully old-world about ink touching paper, about a message crafted slowly by hand. I often write little notes to the people I love, spray them with a hint of perfume, maybe add a bit of sparkle. It's become my signature.

Another thing that has shaped my life in the sweetest way is dressing up every day. It doesn't matter whether I'm stepping out or staying home. I love wearing something that makes me feel put together. I've realised that dressing well has little to do with the world seeing you; it has everything to do with you seeing yourself with love. Add a piece of jewellery, a pretty lipstick, a fabric that floats with you, and you suddenly feel like the most enchanting version of yourself. Don't save your best things for "later." Wear them today. Celebrate today. Wear natural colors and dress with the seasons ~ Let spring coax you into pastels, let summer drape you in airy whites, let autumn claim you with earthy browns, and let winter crown you in deep velvet. Dress like you're quietly matching the mood of the earth.

I've also learned to add beauty to small, mundane moments. Lighting a candle, playing soft music, sipping something warm from my favourite mug.

Slowing down is such a great way to add whimsy to your life ~ try to pause more like watch the sky, feel the breeze, take slow walks.

Another thing I read somewhere is what perhaps feels one of my most whimsical—is slipping sweet handwritten notes into random books at bookstores. You never know who will find them or when. Maybe someone will discover it on a difficult day, or maybe on an ordinary afternoon. Either way, it might be a tiny light for them, and I love that thought.

Simple act of drinking water becomes special when you choose the prettiest glass or cup you own. I have a mug I adore, and sipping from it feels like a tiny everyday celebration. The same goes for buying flowers, whether it's for yourself or someone else. Fresh flowers brings happiness into a room; they brighten corners, brighten moods, brighten you.

Something I've always believed in is complimenting freely. Whether it's someone's outfit, their handwriting, the way they speak, or simply the energy they carry —say it. A genuine compliment stays with people far longer than you realise.

Another little ritual that can make days softer is celebrating my small accomplishments. Finished a task? Treat yourself. Completed an errand? Take a small moment of rest. Even making it through a busy hour deserves a smile. Life becomes gentler when you honour your tiny victories.

Feeding the birds has become one of the sweetest parts of my mornings. Every day, I put bird food on my balcony, and I see so many different kinds of birds show up. I adore watching them flutter and hop while I soak in the winter sun. As soon as I show up on the balcony, they plop themselves right where the food goes and start chirping away, it makes me chuckle ~ they are adorable and hilarious at the same time! It's a stillness that feels like nature reaching out to me because I made space for it.

I also make it a point to open my windows every morning. Let the breeze drift in, let the sunlight fall in patches across the room, let the day settle slowly around me. Fresh air has a way of resetting your entire mood.

My bedroom has slowly turned into a tiny fairytale filled with soft colours, fairy lights, comfortable blankets, gentle textures. A space that feels like my own little world. A place that feels like me.

Use rose water on your skin and in your hair.

A spritz of rose water in the morning feels like a tender blessing. It cools the skin, softens the hair, and makes you smell like you're perpetually standing in a blooming garden at dawn. I absolutely recommend it. Get 100% natural rose water and see the magic.

Laugh often and without inhibition.

Kindly don't hold back joy. Let your laughter ring out like bells in the forest. Let it soften your shoulders and brighten the air around you.

Use a silk or satin pillowcase.

The feeling of sinking your cheek into something cool and soft can feel like resting on a cloud spun from moonlight. Invest in one.

Go for a long walk in nature.

As someone who's been taking a daily walk for over a decade now... I can vouch on this to improve your quality of life. Let your feet kiss the earth. Listen to the wind speak to the leaves.

Watch sunlight drip through branches. Nature is the native tongue of faeries..

Let the sun shine on your face.

Close your eyes. Feel the warmth settle on your skin. Let it remind you you're alive and glowing.

Little whimsical Makeup Tip.

Fairy makeup is soft, glowing, and touched with magic.

Something pink and plump —like you've just bitten into a berry.

Colours them rosy cheeks as if you've been laughing in the sun.

A dusting of shimmer powder on the high points of your face creates that gentle, luminous glow, like morning dew on petals.

Use glittery eyeshadow in soft silvers, pinks, lilacs, or champagne tones —eyes that glimmer every time you blink.

Finish with a sparkly body powder, you can make it with baby powder and clear shimmer with a spritz of natural perfume mixed together in a jar)

Dust it over your collarbones, shoulders, the tops of your cheeks.

So that when you move, it looks like a quiet trail of fairy dust follows you.

Let yourself shimmer.

And finally, try to laugh at silly things. Laughter makes everything lighter, it's true what they say, it really is the best medicine.

All of these rituals— my morning newspaper, my love for handwritten letters, soft dressing, gentle noticing— have become

the magic of my life. Over time, I've realised that these things have enriched my life so much.

So, choose wonder over monotony.

The more I add softness to my days, the more I feel like myself...
And maybe that is also a part of the real fairytale..



A PARTING GIFT

On my final day of holiday in London, I experienced a beautiful, unexpected moment. It felt like I stumbled into a daydream and it felt like a parting gift from the charming city.

I'd always harbored a little desire to run through a flower field, and fate, in her infinite benevolence, made my desire come to life. There it was, in front of me, a resplendent floral tapestry; on a fine summer's day in the outskirts of London.

I gently ran through a sea of flowers, With the soft breeze whispering through my hair, rustling the delicate petals of the flowers, and caressing the soft folds of my pink dress. As I lingered in this floral field, the enchanting scent of the flowers enveloped me in a sensory delight. That fleeting moment bought me such delight, I know that the mere recollection of it shall evoke a smile. And thus, whenever I come across a rainbow of flowers, I'll feel the urge to twirl in it.



TIMELESS PRACTICES FROM THE EAST FOR A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

Across centuries, the cultures of India and Japan have cultivated entire philosophies of living, these deliberate arts turn the everyday into the sacred. India's rhythms of sunrise salutations, oil massages, breathwork, and chanting meet Japan's grace in preparation, cleansing, and the beginner's mind, each grounded in a deep dialogue with nature and the self. Though oceans apart, both traditions speak a truth that modern science, at last, affirms.

1. Nemawashi (根回し) : The Gentle Art of Preparing the Ground

In Japan, nemawashi is the tending before action, like a gardener loosening the earth so roots can take hold. In modern life, it might be five mindful minutes to clear your desk, open the day's document, and light a candle before work.

Indian life has its own reflection of this. Think Dinacharya in Ayurveda ~ the daily rhythm of rising with the sun, cleansing, and preparing for the day ahead.

Science agrees. Environmental psychology shows that tidy, ordered surroundings reduce cognitive load, whether its candle's

flame or the cool splash of morning water it primes the brain for focus and flow.

2. Misogi 禊

The Art of Spiritual Cleansing

If nemawashi steadies the soil, misogi is the rain.

In Shinto tradition, purification comes through the elements ~ the cold sting of a river, the salt kiss of the ocean, or the wild freshness of morning air.

Science behind it—Cold water exposure activates the vagus nerve, boosting circulation, sharpening focus, and elevating mood. Fresh air oxygenates the brain and lowers cortisol. Even a brisk walk outdoors realigns the circadian clock. The ancients intuited what physiology now confirms, cleansing is both a bodily and mental act.

3. Shoshin 初心

The Beginner's Mind

Shoshin is the Zen art of showing up with curiosity instead of pressure, it's like arriving at life as if you have never been here before. It is the unhurried gaze of a traveller in a familiar city who still finds wonder in its corners. In a beginner's mind, we step beyond ego's, meeting each moment as a teacher. It is rightly said "From wonder springs knowledge."

Science smiles at this wisdom ~ Fixed knowledge narrows perception; novelty activates the brain's exploratory network, releasing dopamine, fostering creativity and adaptability. The beginner's mind keeps the senses alive, the heart teachable, and the spirit supple.

4. Surya Namaskar (Yoga For Greeting The Sun)

At dawn, the body flows through twelve postures in reverence to the rising sun. For ancient yogis, the sun was a source of vitality and clarity.

Science translates this as a perfect morning ritual: exposure to early light boosts serotonin and resets the circadian rhythm.

5. Pranayama (The Art of Breath)

Breath in yoga is more than oxygen exchange; it is the bridge between body and mind. Inhale slowly, pause, exhale deliberately and the nervous system shifts toward calm.

Neuroscience confirms. Controlled breathing stimulates the parasympathetic system, lowering heart rate, improving focus, and enhancing emotional regulation. The yogic text Hatha Yoga Pradipika simply states: “When the breath wanders, the mind is unsteady; but when the breath is still, so is the mind.”

6. Shant Path (The Ritual of Stillness in Sound)

In Indian tradition, chanting mantras whether the Gayatri, the Mahamrityunjaya, or a simple Om among others, is considered both devotion and therapy. The vibrations harmonise the mind and shift emotional weather.

Acoustic science confirms that repetitive chanting induces alpha and theta brainwave states linked to deep calm and heightened creativity. In group chanting, breath and heartbeat synchronise, fostering a sense of unity. As Kabir sang, "The river that flows in you also flows in me."

Together, It is a way of Living

- Prepare (Nemawashi/Dinacharya) Clear the

ground.

- Cleanse (Misogi/Ganga Snan) Renew the spirit.
- Open Shoshin/Beginner's Wonder) Meet life without armour.
- Energise (Surya Namaskar/Pranayama) Tune the body and mind.

Ancient Japan and Indian traditions remind us that we are woven in nature.

To live this way is to greet each day as a garden. And as both lands would agree: prepare the soil, water the roots, and the blossoms will take care of themselves.



A SUMMER BARBECUE

It was one of those tender summer nights that lives in the folds of memory, it's the one that is cloaked in golden warmth of strung bulbs and flickering candles set in aged glass playing host to a gathering of kindred spirits some friends, family, laughter, and flame together with a soft breath of the evening breeze.

The air that day felt thick with the mingled aromas of slow-grilled delicacies like charred corn, sweet marinades, and the faintest trace of barbecue smoke. The scent danced with the strains of old school music curling out of a weathered speaker, these notes from another time were made new again by memory and merriment.

There was something deeply comforting in the simplicity of it all, I love how food as a humble gift, could summon so many hearts to one table.

Around me, my loved ones leaned close in for conversations, the hum of conversations drifted lazily between sips and smiles, their voices filled me with memory and affection. There were moments of raucous laughter, but also soft pauses, the one filled with meaning beyond words. Plates passed between hands like offerings. There was no ceremony, and yet everything felt sacred. Children ran barefoot over the grass, with their feet damp with

dew and their voices high with delight, they moved as though time did not follow them, their laughter was echoing like wind chimes through the dusk. They invented tunes as they ran, melodies known only to their light and unfettered souls. Giggling, tumbling, and rising again like they were music in motion.

And I stood amidst it all, in a lime dress the color of young leaves, light upon the skin. The wind was playful and scented with flowers in the garden and charred wood. My hair felt unbound, lifted with the gentle wind like soft velvet ribbons trailing behind. The hair strands would sometimes veil my face, obscuring a smile or covering the corners of my eyes, but never quite hiding the shy laughter that escaped me in these moments of joy. There was no need to suppress it as the day permitted all tenderness. And as I sipped fizzy soft drink, the bubbling effervescence danced across my face, bringing with it a tingling surprise and a burst of playful flavor. It felt like the taste of summer itself ~ fleeting and sweet.

In between songs, the garden would fall into a kind of tender silence, the kind that only comes when hearts are full and nothing more is needed. It was in this silence that I felt most keenly the beauty of companionship. Of love that does not boast. Of friendships that ask for nothing but presence.

We ate, we laughed, and we danced slowly under the stars, as if the night itself had nowhere else to be. And in that stillness, in that warmth, the world felt softened, as if summer had wrapped its arms around us one final time before letting go.



A HOME THAT SMELLS LIKE SOMETHING WARM

Let me start by saying the most important thing - EVERY HOME IS BEAUTIFUL.

A gentle sense of comfort washes over you when you step into a space that feels warm. It might be the scent of fresh bread or the earthy aroma of a candle flickering on a shelf. Home tells you, instantly, someone lives here. Someone cares here.

It's about feeling safe and gently being held by your surroundings. You know that feeling of walking into a space that reflects something true about the people who live there. The textures, the scents, the softness in the air —it all says, you're welcome here, just as you are.

I've learned to notice how often comfort is sensory. Little things like the smell of stew simmering on the stove in the evening. The creak of an old chair that's held generations. The feel of a cotton throw pulled over your lap. All these ordinary details shape the soul of a home.

We often think of homes in terms of luxury or aesthetic perfection but rarely do we speak about its emotional texture, the ones that carry presence. That smell faintly of vanilla and history, like someone thought to light a lamp just before the light faded.

A Home That Smells Like Something Warm means someone has taken the time to make it feel like more than just walls and furniture.

Warmth may come through -

The smell of morning coffee drifting down the hallway.

A certain candle you light when it rains.

A favorite blanket, always draped over the arm of the couch.

A dish you cook that reminds you of someone you love.

Gentle Ways to Invite Warmth Into Your Home

1. Use scent to anchor memory.
2. Bake something simple. Burn a candle you love. Simmer herbs or citrus on the stove. Let your space carry a signature fragrance that calms you.
3. Light with feeling, Use warm-toned bulbs. Let the light feel like a companion.
4. Choose beautiful things Natural textures like cotton, wool, wood invite ease. Choose what feels good in your hands. What wears in, not out.
5. Keep something always ready. A pot of tea, a slice of cake, a playlist you love. Let there be something small in your home that says, "you're home now."

Warmth in a home requires heartfelt attention to little things. The ways in which you can make it a space that feels soft to the soul.

So let your home smell like something warm. Let it carry memory in the air.

Because the most beautiful homes are the ones that offer rest for the body and for the mind.



IF LIFE HAD A SCENT

If life had a scent, It would be a blend, that is layered, evolving, impossible to bottle. It would smell like memories and mornings, joy and quiet, the past and the possible, all wrapped into one invisible trail.

Some days, life would carry the clean scent of an early morning ~ cool air and pale light, the promise of a new beginning. Notes of lemon tea, freshly washed linen, and the soft cotton of a made bed. The kind of scent that stays with you all the time.

Other days, it would smell warm and familiar like worn leather, cracked book spines, brewed coffee, and sunlight on wood floors. These are the days that feel grounded and calm.

And of course, there would be florals, but not just the ones tied in bouquets. Life would sometimes smell like wild jasmine caught in wind, or lavender drying on a windowsill. The scent of walks through overgrown gardens and of petals pressed into old books.

Then come the citrus days, fresh and bright. Orange zest, sliced limes, grapefruit on fingertips. The energy of laughter spilling from kitchens, sunlight bouncing off glass, and spontaneous joy. These are the days that sparkle..

Sometimes, life smells like rain on dry earth petrichor. The air before a storm. Damp sidewalks, wet leaves, clean beginnings

that feels like a scent of renewal. The kind of moment that washes away the unnecessary and makes room for something honest.

And there's the scent of the sea, salt, wind, driftwood, the faint sweetness of something blooming far away. The scent of standing beside something vast and unknowable. A reminder of how small we are, and how beautiful that can be.

There's also comfort in the woodsy notes ~ cedar, pine, old firewood. The kind of scent that speaks of roots and safety.

Then, the amber days that are warm, golden, lingering. Like soft skin at the end of the day, a familiar sweater, a voice you trust. These are the moments that carry a depth you can't name, but you feel it long after.

Because life is a blend — of florals and citrus and woodsy and ambers, of bold and soft, natural and soothing. Each moment has its own layer. Some bright, some calm. Some that vanish in seconds. Others that stay with you forever.

If life had a scent, it would rise from the ordinary: folding towels, lighting candles, opening windows. It would bloom in the pauses, the held breaths, the things unsaid. And you would only need to slow down — to breathe deeply — to notice it.



NIGHT RAIN'S EMBRACE

There is a peculiar poetry in the night rain-an intimacy that day showers seldom possess. As the town, is already hushed by the fall of night the world seems cloaked in a soft, silver serenade that the heart listens.

Together, rain and breeze weave a symphony both wild and tender, rendering all shelter futile, Umbrellas bow in surrender, and those who love it are unshielded ready to rejoice in the surrender. I observe how wind stirs the falling drops into a lively dance as I feel them scatter around me forming a glittering cast.

Its for those who would rather twirl in the rain than be shielded, the hair gets heavy with rain, pressing close, and its a joy to lift your eyes to the heavens ~ With arms outstretched and senses opened letting the breath mingling with mist.

At times, amidst rain when you lay upon the earth, with your back to the stone or soil, the sky is your only ceiling, it is serene to me as every droplet seems to speak in a language so profound and then the cold seeps in, yet it brings no shiver; only a deep, resounding aliveness.

Additionally soothing is the rain's gentle patter upon the tin roofs that sings a hymn of joy, while the earth's fresh scent rises as incense to the heavens. The Lamps glow dimly behind veils of

mist, and the streets, dark and glistening, reflect both the heavens and one's own inward musings.

There is delight in the glow that clings to me-the gleam of water upon my flesh, caught in the lamplight as if nature herself had anointed me. In that moment, twirling in the rain's embrace, it becomes everything: veil, voice, and truth. And I am not merely beneath the cast of happiness descending from heaven - i am within it, and it within me.



FAIRY LIGHTS AND FALLEN LEAVES

There are always those moments when the world softens, when the air grows still, as though time itself has drawn a curtain, letting the light fall gently through the spaces in between such moments. In such moments life asks nothing of us but presence. The simplest kind.

Leaves begin to let go. They drift slowly downward, getting caught in invisible threads of air. And their colours deepen into warm tones like golden browns, quiet reds, soft ochres. I love how they fall so gracefully. Each one displaying a small act of surrender and change.

And then, almost as if to balance the letting go, comes the soft glow, as fairy lights begin to appear in corners of the evening. They Curl around garden fences, tucked beneath window ledges, tracing soft halos along streets. They shimmer gently like little echoes of starlight are brought closer to earth.

Together, the falling leaves and the lights create a world just slightly removed from the ordinary. As if one has stepped into a painting where nothing needs to be explained. A world where silence is peace. Where every small thing has its place, and every pause has purpose.

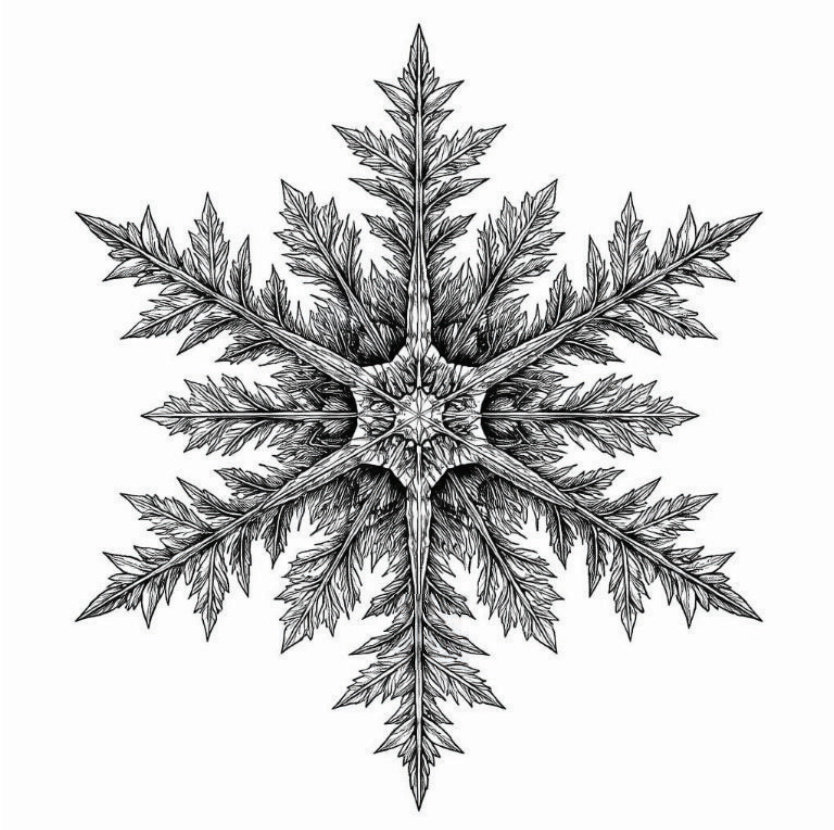
There is comfort in the warm cups held between your palms. In windows glowing softly against the dusk. In the hush of a light

and thankfulness. Autumn is often said to be the season of new beginnings, the weight we carry can be gently placed down, without words, without reason.

In the glow of these lights and the calm descent of leaves, something beautiful stirs. That not all beauty is meant to last forever. That some things are most lovely just before they fade. And that we, too, are allowed to change.

A soft cadence of release and renewal. Of holding on lightly, and letting go with grace.

Autumn offers a soft life lesson: that release, change, and simplicity are not things to fear, rather they are invitations to peace and personal renewal.



THE GENTLE SIDE OF WINTER.

There's a common belief that winter is meant to be endured rather than enjoyed. We often speak of it as something to "get through," with its early sunsets, bare trees, and biting winds. But Winter is simply another version of Joy.

Step outside early on a winter morning, before the world has fully stirred. There is a stillness that feels sacred. The air is crisp, i love how fog drapes over the landscape like a perfect veil, not thick enough to hide, but just enough to soften everything it touches. Trees stand with calm, their outlines feels blurred and the light that filters through is pale gold, gentle and diffused.

And then, if you stand still and listen—really listen— you will hear one of winter's most delicate gifts: the fall of dew.

The dew gathers slowly on the branches of tall trees, tiny droplets forming during the long, cold night. When there is silence you can actually hear the dew falling. A drop will slide from the edge of a palm frond, landing on the lower branch with a soft tap, then continue its descent toward the earth, leaf by leaf. It's the kind of sound that is so very soothing that if you catch it, it stays with you. It is the gentlest music the season offers - it's pure, soothing, and real.

Those dew drops eventually reach the little plants below, leaving a shimmer on each leaf, like winter's own form of applause. And it makes the world feels so alive and so intricately woven.

And then, there is snow.

Snowfall drifts, softly, as if the sky is blowing feathers. Watching it fall is like being inside a dream where everything slows down and hushes itself. It covers the ground in silence, and in beauty. No two flakes are the same, and yet together they become a kind of stillness you can walk through.

Snow turns even the plainest street into poetry. It balances on branches, dusts rooftops, rests lightly on eyelashes. It is such tender glowing magic. And when you catch a snowflake on your glove, and it melts into nothing, it feels like a fleeting gift—something small and perfect, just for you.

Sometimes the fog is light enough to walk through, those tiny droplets in the air will touch your cheeks, your forehead, your nose. And when they touch your skin, it's as if winter itself is greeting you. It always makes me smile. The cold lifts the color into your cheeks, makes your nose blush pink, and wraps you up in the sensation of being part of something vast and slow and beautiful. Winter allows you to rest. It teaches you to notice the little things—the way light curls around bare branches, the hush of snow falling through fog, the sound of dew making its way home.

Winter is a season of subtle beauty and secret joy.

And if you take the time to look and listen, you'll find it everywhere.



WHEN THE DAY SOFTENS

Evenings arrive softly in our lives on daily basis.

It drifts in gently through windows left slightly ajar, across the rim of a teacup, between the folds of a cardigan hung on the back of a chair.

The light shifts first, it gets Golden at the edges, The rush of the day has passed, and what's left is a slower rhythm.

The kitchen holds the scent of something recently warmed, the music plays quietly with tunes familiar enough to hum without thinking. Lamps glow in corners and air feels settled.

Evenings are gentle landings to place your worries down without needing to solve them. A time to move slowly on purpose. To linger in what's left of the light. Sometimes we often overlook the importance of these hours. We see the day's tasks as the "doing," and the evening as the leftover. But maybe this is the heart of day, the hour of return, of reflection, of restoration. Home takes on its truest shape at dusk. Walls hold our belongings and moments too. The "I'm tired, but I'm here." The soft laughter from the next room. The shared silence. The long, slow breath.

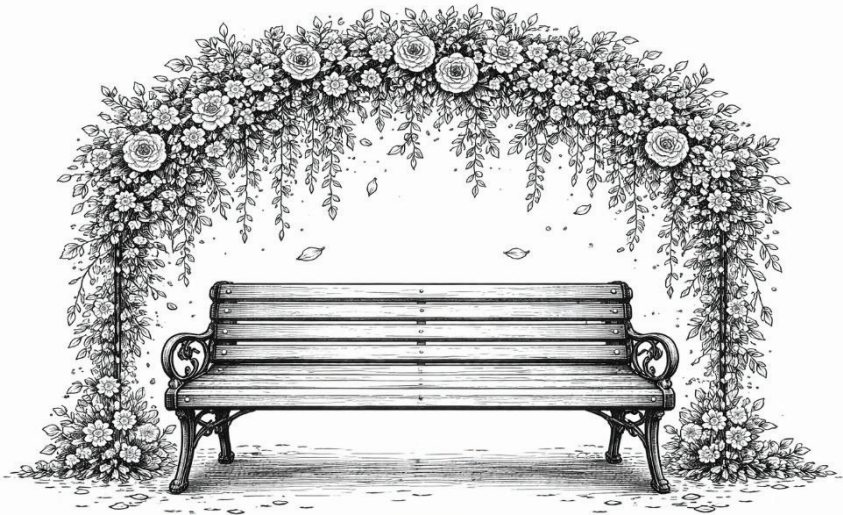
If mornings are about beginning again, evenings are about remembering what matters.

And sometimes, that's as simple as a warm light in the hallway. A familiar book. A clean face. A body wrapped in softness and a mind that is calm. The day has done what it could. Now, we let it go.

We allow the house to settle into its quiet.

We allow ourselves to do the same.

And in the soft hush of an ordinary evening, we must let ourselves settle into peace..



THE BENCH BELOW THE BLOSSOMS

Some places hold more than space. They hold memory and comfort.

There exists a kind of calm that can be found beneath blooming branches. A simple bench that rests is softened by years and seasons. It sits beneath a tree that blushes with blossoms each spring, when the sky begins to warm and the light turns kind again.

This bench has known many things. It has known companionship and the warmth of conversation that is spoken softly over the sound of petals brushing against coats. It has given company to those who arrived alone and needed nothing more than a place to be gently held by the moment. Some came with thoughts too heavy to speak aloud; others with joy that needed no words. And the bench held them all.

It has shared meals with those who brought bread wrapped in paper, fruit in small wooden bowls, or tea in a thermos still warm. It has offered stillness to the restless, and solace to those who came seeking rest. Just the presence of wood and blossom and sky.

When the breeze passes through, it carries with it a soft, drifting fragrance, faint and floral, sometimes distinct and sometimes not. The scent of blossoms mixing with something older, deeper:

earth, bark, perhaps of lavender or jasmine nearby. It arrives only in hints, like a memory.

The petals fall slowly. They catch on sleeves and eyelashes, gather in the folds of clothing, or land silently on laps as if they were always meant to be there. Underneath, time feels slower and softened. The world narrows in the best way.

That bench below the blossoms may not be grand or ornate. Its beauty lies in what it allows: a pause and a return. It gives space to those who sit there and often find what they weren't quite sure they needed.

Even when the petals are gone and the tree stands bare, the memory lingers, of light through branches and of scent on the breeze.



THINGS THAT WAIT FOR US

“Patience is not simply the ability to wait—it’s how we behave while we’re waiting,” — Joyce Meyer

Not everything we love has arrived yet.

There are books resting on shelves, unopened and quietly waiting for us, as their pages hold words we don’t yet know we need—lines that will soften something in us, or name a feeling we’ve never put into words. These stories are patient. They wait for the perfect afternoon, the perfect hour, the moment when life knows we are finally ready to listen.

There are places we haven’t stood yet. Hills we haven’t climbed, with views that will one day take our breath away. A quiet town where we’ll feel strangely at home. A garden bench beneath a tree that will shade a future version of ourselves. Or a seaside shore, where the rhythm of gentle waves will soothe your heart. It feels like the world holds spaces already preparing to welcome us.

There are evenings we are yet to share —soft laughter spilling around a dinner table, the gentle hum of conversation beneath glowing candlelight. Moments of joy so subtle they might be mistaken for ordinary, but which will bloom into memory. The salt-tinged breeze at the ocean’s edge, the distant call of gulls, the

simple peace found in watching tides come and go, these too wait patiently, tucked just beyond today.

And then, there are parts of ourselves, that are still becoming. The confidence that's still gathering strength. The creativity that's stretching in the dark. The peace we'll make with things we once ran from. These are things not lost - only waiting.

Joy, Sometimes, waits on the side table in the form of a letter we forgot to read. It lingers in a song we haven't yet heard, or a scent we'll one day associate with comfort. Beauty hides in the pages of notebooks we haven't filled. In conversations we've yet to have. In people we haven't met, who will one day know us well.

It is comforting to knowing that the things meant for us don't pass us by. That what we're meant to love has a way of returning. Or arriving, when the moment is right.

Life unfolds in its own time. The unopened, the undiscovered, the not-yet-experienced, all of it is simply waiting with patience. We can pause. We can sip slowly. We can walk at our own pace, knowing that what is ours — be it joy, beauty, belonging, or clarity, knows the way.

There are things that wait for us: mornings we haven't woken to yet, calm we haven't felt in full, dreams we've only barely whispered.

They're not far.

They're just waiting, for when we're ready to receive them.