

Sometimes It's Nice to Visit Someone Else's Garden



This past week, my partner and I stayed at an Airbnb with a beautiful backyard garden. We chose it because it was dog friendly and our dogs were the entire reason that we were going there. But, of course, the garden itself was a nice added bonus. And I realized while I was there that sometimes it's really nice to enjoy someone else's garden rather than sitting in your own.

Why We Took Our Airbnb Garden Trip

My pup just had CCL surgery, which means that she is on sedatives and not supposed to walk around. Her full recovery time is about ten weeks. However, those first days are, of course the toughest ones. We live in an apartment up two

flights of stairs, and neither one of us wanted to deal with the headache and hassle of taking her up those stairs immediately after surgery. Instead, we wanted a place to stay where she could easily walk out the door into a yard and do her business and go right back in, no stairs necessary. That's why we got an Airbnb for a few days.

We chose the Airbnb because it was a home that didn't just say "dogs allowed" but actually really welcomed dogs. There's a difference. Especially when you have two dogs and the smaller one is 80 pounds. The one who had surgery is 108 pounds. If you were wondering why we weren't ready to carry her upstairs, that probably explains it. We communicated with the homeowners in advance and throughout the stay. They were generous with their space and great about our dogs. It was a wonderful experience.

We stayed in a small studio guesthouse without a real kitchen which ended up just perfect because there wasn't a lot of space for the dog to try to move around while she was supposed to be resting. There was a regular door as well as a double sliding door. That was perfect. With the cone of shame on her head, she could still walk easily through the door, off onto the porch, get some fresh air and do her business.



Dogs in the garden, photo by Kathryn Vercillo

The Garden at the Airbnb

What was perfect about this garden was that it was lush and beautiful ... but it wasn't perfectly manicured. In other words, if my dogs trampled it a little bit, which my dogs do, nobody was going to complain. That's exactly the kind of garden that we needed.

The backyard consisted of a ground level and then a small set of stairs up to a slight upper level. On the upper level sat a wooden swing. The garden included plants throughout both levels. From the upper level, a perimeter of plants extended around much of the yard against the fence.

There were a variety of different plants and trees in this garden. I honestly didn't look closely enough at most of them to identify them. I was in a state of wanting to just receive the overall impress and indulge in that beauty and sensation. In other words, I didn't want to think about it too much. And it was a beautiful, peaceful garden, so I didn't need to.

There were also a lot of extra decor items in the garden. Wind chimes hung in trees and off of the patio. I adore wind chimes so that was particularly delightful. Statues, fountains, trellis, potted plants, and other decor added to the space. It was all perfect.

The Pleasures of Another Person's Garden

What was particularly great about enjoying this garden is it's the kind of space that I like but I probably wouldn't create myself. We all have different styles and sometimes we just don't think about doing things the way that someone else might

do them. When we spend time in those other spaces, we get inspiration. Sometimes we use that inspiration to make changes in our own space. Sometimes we just delight in the differences while we're in the other space. Either way, it's a beautiful experience.

Indulging, Enjoying, Without Working

The best part of enjoying someone else's garden for just a short period of time is that there's no work to be done there. Yes, working in the garden can be meditative and enjoyable. But sometimes you just want to rest and indulge in what the garden has to offer without having to do any work. At least, I do. Do you?

If I'm in my own space, I always see the flaws, the imperfections, the little things that still need to be taken care of. Even if I'm just relaxing in the space and overall not feeling the need to "work" in it, it's still a little nagging thing in the back of my mind. This could be watered, that could be swept up, this needs to be planted ... It's hard to look at your own space without thinking of what there is to be done. At least, it is hard for me. Is it hard for you?

However, I don't have any of those judgments in another person's space. I simply enjoy what is there to be enjoyed. I'm more in the moment. The birds were chirping, the squirrels were scurrying, the leaves were fluttering ... and I didn't feel any particular need to do anything, fix anything, water anything, trim anything. I could simply mindfully take in all of the details of the space without any obligation or desire to do anything more than exactly that.

Other Pleasures of Another's Garden

Some of the other things that are great about spending time enjoying someone's garden other than your own might include:

- Bonding with the person whose garden it is, celebrating their space with them
- Enjoying seeing and even learning about plants that differ from those in your own space, especially if you've traveled far from home to someone else's garden
- Likewise, enjoying plants that you would never plant yourself – flowers if you're a vegetable gardener, for example, or vice versa
- And finally, returning home to your own garden with a completely different perspective and appreciation for it

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10 Steps to Learning to Garden Meditate



Gardening was never my forte. Honestly, I proudly wore the label of a “brown thumb” for most of my life. I’d often cringe at the thought of tending to plants, certain I’d unintentionally send them to an early demise. Little did I know that my journey from reluctant gardener to someone who finds solace in the garden would be a transformative experience. It’s the mindfulness/ meditation aspect that does that for me. Here are the ten steps that it took to get there.

1. Starting Small

My first foray into gardening was timid. I began with a single-potted plant—a resilient succulent known for its ability to withstand my neglect. It required minimal care, allowing me to build confidence slowly. It wasn’t the first one I’d ever bought. I had killed others before. But I was ready, albeit with baby steps.

2. Learning Through Mistakes

The beginning was marked by countless failures. Overwatering, underwatering, and choosing the wrong plants were all part of the learning curve. But with each mishap, I began to observe the subtleties of my plants' needs, fostering a sense of mindfulness in the process. I honestly never thought that I'd get there. My sister always tells me "Just ask the plant what it wants." I always thought she was nuts. But she's not. You observe and you attend and you are mindful and then it starts to all click.

3. Patience and Presence

Gardening helped teach me the art of patience and presence. Instead of rushing through tasks, I started to slow down, observing the nuances of my plants. And when I failed to do that, they died. This repeatedly reminded me of the importance of being fully engaged in the moment. This is really what mindfulness is all about.

4. The Healing Power of Nature

Amidst the frustrations and mishaps, I found solace in nature's healing embrace. The garden became my refuge, a place where I could escape the chaos of daily life and immerse myself in the serenity of the natural world. I am an urban woman. However, I love the fact that San Francisco offers so many opportunities to immerse yourself in nature within the city itself. You don't even have to have your garden. You can enjoy any of the small and large gardens throughout the city as spots for meditation.

5. Nurturing Growth, Both Plant and

Self

As my gardening skills improved, I noticed a parallel growth within myself. Tending to plants became a metaphor for self-care and nurturing personal growth. I found that the more I nurtured my garden, the more I nurtured my well-being. The more I nurtured myself, the easier it was to remember to nurture the plants. It helps to feel more tied into nature.

6. Accepting Imperfection

Gardening taught me to embrace imperfection. Not every plant thrived, and not every leaf remained unblemished. Just as I accepted my plants' flaws, I learned to accept my imperfections with greater compassion. This is something I've worked in throughout my life, particularly through therapy. There are many ways of approaching it. The point is that gardening teaches us things like this in a somatic, experiential way that differs from just thinking about it.

7. Mindful Observations

In the garden, I developed the practice of mindful observation. I'd spend moments simply gazing at the play of sunlight on leaves, the dance of pollinators, or the delicate unfurling of a bud. These contemplative moments allowed me to connect with the beauty of the present. They reminded me that everything that's happening in my head is related to the past or the future. What's happening right now in front of me is what's real. The rest is usually just noise. By teaching myself to focus on just one thing in a garden, I learned mindfulness. And that leads to learning meditation.

8. Letting Go of Control

Gardening reminded me that life, like the garden, is filled with uncontrollable variables. I couldn't command the rain to

fall or the sun to shine. I couldn't always shield my plants from pests or disease. Even when it seemed like I was doing everything right, plants would fail to thrive. It was hard. I wanted to fix it.

However, in relinquishing the illusion of control, I discovered a profound sense of freedom. It was a reminder that there is beauty in the natural ebb and flow of existence. Sometimes, the most vibrant blooms emerge from the unexpected and unplanned corners of life.

Gardening became a symbol of embracing impermanence. It offers an ongoing lesson in letting go that extends far beyond the garden's borders into my life. I still struggle with wanting to control everything but it reminds me again and again that it is okay that I cannot.

9. Celebration of Growth

Each tiny sprout, every new leaf, and the first bloom are all reasons for celebration. Witnessing the gradual transformation of my garden taught me to savor the journey and appreciate the beauty of growth. As with all of the other lessons, this was less about the garden than it was about myself. I exist in cycles and seasons but am also always growing. It's a powerful thing and it's nice to see it outside of yourself then to see how it relates to the inside of yourself.

10. Gardening as a Meditation Practice

Surprisingly, I found that gardening was my form of meditation or mindfulness. The act of tending to plants, gazing upon the deep colors of flowers, and immersing myself in nature's rhythms all became a profound mindfulness practice. I didn't know that this would happen although looking back it seems inevitable. By learning not to worry about "doing it right"

and just being present in the act of doing it, I was able to allow things to grow. And in the process, I grew, too.

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