

Does My Brown Thumb Make Gardening a Waste of Money?



I have a confession to make: I have a bit of a brown thumb. In other words, I'm not that great at gardening. I have let more plants die than I'd like to admit. And yet, I keep trying to grow them and learning from my mistakes. Does this mean that gardening is a waste of my money? I don't think so. Here's why:

I Keep Gardening Costs Minimal

First of all, I don't spend a lot of money on gardening costs. I live in a small apartment, so my options are limited anyway. I have indoor plants and windowsill plants. Obviously, I could still spend a lot of money getting really expensive plants and supplies. However, as a general rule of thumb, I stick to frugal gardening. Therefore, I don't spend a lot of on gardening.

Re-Using Supplies Saves Money

Initially, I probably spent more money on gardening than I needed to. I didn't fully understand how to reduce costs with DIY planters, etc. However, once I got the pots, the soil, the supplies, I didn't need to keep buying most of them. I can re-use what I have. Therefore, ongoing costs are particularly minimal.

I Tend to Grow Plants I Can Use

For the most part, I grow edible plants. Sure, I'm imperfect at it. Nevertheless, I do tend to get some use out of the plant even if eventually the plant succumbs to my brown thumb. For example, I'm growing rosemary right now. I've successfully grown mushrooms. And I can usually grow herbs and lettuces fairly well. So, I spend money on the plant but then I consume the plant, so I usually at least break even, typically.

Gardening Is Affordable Entertainment

We all spend money on hobbies and entertainment. If I focus time and energy on learning how to garden, then that cost falls into that category. As far as hobbies go, it's a very affordable one. If I enjoy frugal gardening and sometimes reap the rewards of food from my plants, then the cost is low for the number of hours that I've put into the work.

I'm Learning and Improving As I Go

Gardening doesn't come naturally to me. Don't believe me? Let me tell you the story of my first plant.

I was in first or second grade. We were each given a styrofoam cup along with seeds. We were taught how to plant the seeds

into soil in the cup. Then we were taught to water the plant and let it grow. I don't remember if I got anywhere with the plant. What I do remember is that we took our plant home for either winter break or summer break. I promptly stuck mine on a shelf ... in a dark closet. I doubt I remembered to water it. Apparently, I hadn't learned much in the class in gardening.

But when you start at the bottom, the only place to go is up! I have allowed more plants to die than I'd like to admit. However, each time, I get better at this. I've learned which plants are sturdier than others, which needs less water than my heavy hand is prone to give them, and how to notice a plant needs something before it's actually dead so that I can turn things around.

I'm getting better and wasting less. And plants give us a lot in life: they're calming, they add beauty to our homes, they improve health. So, I might have a brown thumb, but it's not hopeless. And therefore, I think it's worth it to keep on gardening.

What's your worst story of killing a plant? Share in the comments so I feel less alone!

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