

How I Became a Plant Lady

Three years ago, I was just another girl who couldn't even keep a cactus alive. Fast forward to today, my room resembles a cozy indoor jungle--and I've never felt more rooted (pun intended) in who I am.

It all started during the lockdown. Like many others, I was stuck indoors, craving a connection to something slow, alive, and grounding. That's when I picked up a sad little money plant from a roadside vendor. I didn't know what I was doing, but I started reading, experimenting, and talking to fellow "plant parents" online.

Soon came the monstera, the peace lily, the rubber plant, and the dramatic fiddle leaf fig. With every leaf unfurling, I noticed something change inside me too. I became more patient. I started appreciating quiet routines--watering every Sunday, cleaning leaves, rotating pots. It became meditative.

But the real joy? Watching something grow because of your care. Every brown tip taught me resilience. Every root rot moment? A reminder to not overdo it, to give things space. I was growing too.

Today, I share plant care tips, write stories about my green companions, and help others fall in love with the stillness and satisfaction of slow growth. My blog, "Fern & Footprints," is filled with leafy lessons and stories for anyone curious about adding green to their life.

So yes, I became a plant lady. And it's one of the best stories I've ever lived.