



I lived in a house where the plants gossiped too much

Over the years, the situation of living in a small space with three children and a nanny began to frustrate me. Not even the dog fit anymore.

So, exasperated, I set out to find a new house. I found one within my budget and decided to spend as little as possible to acquire it and the most to renovate it.

I moved into the house with my young family with great fanfare. I was very happy.

Things took a different turn, and I no longer lived there with my children.

One day, my eldest daughter, very connected to nature, connected with a beautiful plant on an unknown level and decided to take it home.

The plant seemed to approve of its new home. My daughter placed it at the entrance level or, colloquially speaking, "street level," right in the living-dining room.

This plant somehow communicated to my daughter to bring another plant, and so, more plants became aware of the excellent place to live.

Then, a few days ago, my second daughter informed me that she had thought of starting a garden on one of the house's terraces. I know "she thought of it" is not accurate; rather, the plants orchestrated a cunning plan to come live in this phenomenal house.

Curiously, when I lived there, it seemed to me that something was missing from this house. Now that I visited my daughters, I found a great silent hubbub of plants gossiping happily.

It's curious to think that humans are in control of the situation and that we are the ones "who come up with things," without realizing that these cunning biological beings have more ways of communicating than we are aware of.

So, if you go to that house, you'll see that every day is a celebration. By the way, the plants make everything resemble a true natural environment.

And you: have you noticed that your plants have some kind of communication that influences your way of thinking?