



THE SEED THAT PLANTED ROSE BIRD FLORAL

Growing up on a small raisin farm planted a seed in me that has only grown with time. As the years pass, that seed continues to flourish—fueled by a deep love and appreciation for the beauty nature so generously offers.

Some of my fondest childhood memories are of warm days spent swimming at my grandparents' house, where the pool was surrounded by my grandmother's rose garden. I can still remember the soft, sweet scent of her roses and the way she'd cut them by the bunches, carefully arranging them in vases throughout the house. Her last name was Byrd, and in her honor, Rose Bird was born.

It was in her garden that my love for flowers truly took root.

Today, I tend my own rose garden, often finding peace in the stillness that blooms all around. There's something magical about being surrounded by flowers—the way time slows, the way colors speak without words.

Spring has always been my favorite season. It's a time when the world wakes up in color, and every first bloom feels like a new beginning. That feeling never gets old.

Amanda



RB