# Budding Romance

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I couldn’t live without my indoor garden. I find abandoned plants that need a little loving care—it’s my life-affirming therapy. Sometimes, I go out at night with a Baggie and scissors and clip pieces of plants that I bring home to root in water, then plant in soil and feed until they start to grow.

Plants want to live. It’s truly amazing how resilient life can be. I take that into my own situation. I was diagnosed 10 years ago, but my doctors figure I’ve been infected for 20, and I don’t feel like I’m sick. I’m not political; I’m not into support groups. But having this one little activity that I feel good about—giving a plant a new foothold in life and watching it blossom—makes me happy.

With my garden, I can keep spring in my head all the time, because I always have little things sprouting. That gives me a lot of comfort.

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