

Welcome to the Honey Mustard Haven,

Every home holds stories, but this one seems to hold them in seasons. When we first arrived, it was the season of beginnings from being newlyweds and new homeowners. The rooms felt wide with possibility. Then, as we upgraded each and every room, the house settled around us like a steady companion amidst the changing seasons.

Spring brought growth in ways we never expected. With the backdrop of **blooming azalea bushes in every color and hot pink crape myrtle trees**, this home welcomed us into parenthood and held us in those tender, blurry days of becoming new parents. There were quiet mornings with **sunlight spilling into the living spaces**, long afternoons learning new routines, and nights pacing softly around the flowing downstairs with a baby in our arms. The house held those moments gently.

Summer was for gathering. Friends filling the rooms, laughter carrying easily from one space to another, doors opening and closing as people arrived with snacks, stories, and games. **The layout of this home made it effortless to be together**—no one tucked away, everyone connected. Game nights stretched long, baby showers for friends filled the rooms with celebration, and spontaneous dinners with neighbors turned into lasting memories. Even the garage provided a space of hospitality with a golf hitting bay, television for football games, and moveable fire pit that lent perfectly to gathering.

Fall might be the season we'll remember most vividly. Long walks along the **Greenway Trail near MacDonald Woods Park** as the leaves changed became our favorite. Halloween became a special tradition too. Neighbors, friends, and families gathered, costumes appeared at the door, and the house buzzed with that warm, joyful kind of chaos that only comes from **community**.

Winter, too, brought its own kind of warmth. **Cozy evenings by the fireplace** and the slow pace around us. There is something about the privacy here—**the sense that the house is a peaceful retreat**—that made those still moments feel even more special.

But perhaps the greatest gift this home gave us was the people around it. From the very beginning, when neighbors welcomed us with Crumbl cookies, we knew this home was something rare. When our daughter was born, that kindness showed itself again and again—meals appearing on the porch, books and diapers dropped by, messages checking in. **This neighborhood doesn't just exist beside you; it surrounds you with care.**

Over the years, this house has held so much life. It has been the backdrop to celebrations, the quiet witness to ordinary days, and the gathering place where friendships deepened and family grew. **It gave us ease in the way we lived, convenience in location, privacy when we needed rest, and spaces that brought people together.**

As we pass the keys to you, we hope you will fill these rooms with your own seasons — your celebrations, your quiet mornings, your traditions not yet imagined. May this home hold you through every season, too.

With gratitude for the time we shared here and excitement for the memories waiting for you,
The Sellers

