SUMMER NOTES

FROM THE YEAR OF SMALL THINGS

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seasonal inspiration / art / nature /
creativity / everyday beauty



A Note for Summer



This little collection was created as an invitation to notice, walk, laugh, dance, swim, remember, and make this summer one damn good summer.

Strawberries eaten until you cannot eat a single one more, wildflowers gathered during evening walks, sunlight on linen curtains, handwritten notes, the scent of herbs drying in the kitchen — these moments often pass almost unnoticed, yet they shape the feeling of a season.

Within these pages, you will find reflections, one simple summer recipe, creative ideas, and small reminders to slow down and enjoy the season a little more fully.

And this summer, read Tove Jansson's The Summer Book.
And when you finish, read it again.

Leena

SUMMER MOOD

SMALL THINGS TO NOTICE THIS SUMMER







...bare feet on wooden floors, rain, cherries, ducklings, the scent of freshly cut grass, wild strawberries, thunderstorms, freckles, linen curtains moving in open windows, melting ice cream, meadow flowers, sun-warmed skin, bees, dragonflies, late sunsets, peaches, lake water, dusty roads, picnic blankets, butterflies, tangled hair after swimming, candlelight, warm stones, tomato sandwiches, the sound of grasshoppers, garden roses, flip-flops, coffee in the morning sun, bicycles, birdsong, shadows on walls, raspberries, pressed flowers between pages, drying swimsuits, fresh bread, windows left open for the night, lavender, seashells in pockets, apricots, the smell of sunscreen, old wooden boats, morning swims, blackberries, riverside walks, soft cotton dresses, postcards tucked into books, salty skin, wheat fields, jasmine, watering plants at dusk, breakfasts outside, hedgehogs, wet hair, mosquito bites, white cotton sheets, striped beach towels, sleepy afternoons, ice cubes melting in glasses, sandals kicked off in the grass, evening walks without jackets...



GATHER

SMALL THINGS CARRIED HOME

I often returned from walks with something in my pockets. Sometimes a shell or stone, a feather, or a piece of sea glass — tiny reminders of days I did not want to forget.
I also love filling our box with train tickets, pressed flowers, photographs, concert bracelets, receipts from favourite cafés, and little things carried home almost without thinking.

Sometimes I open the box again and suddenly remember it all.

Small things, perhaps.
But somehow enough to hold a whole summer inside them.

This summer, allow yourself to notice what you want to keep.

Maybe it is a photograph taken through a train window, a handwritten recipe from somebody you love, a cinema ticket from a warm evening, or a pebble carried home in your pocket for no particular reason at all.

Keep the tiny things that would otherwise disappear unnoticed.

Fill a small jar or a box with reminders of days you do not want to lose.
Not because these things are valuable on their own, but because they carry memories inside them.
Your collection does not need to look beautiful to anyone else.

It only needs to remind you that you were here.
That you walked these roads, swam in this water, sat beneath these skies, and loved these days enough to save small pieces of them.

And one day, when life feels rushed, heavy, or too ordinary again, open your collection.
You may discover that there was more life and warmth around you than you realised while it was happening.



BAKE

TOMATOES, ROSEMARY &
WARM BREAD

The best focaccia I have ever eaten came from a small market in Hebden Bridge, England. It was still warm when I bought it, wrapped simply in paper, the scent of rosemary and olive oil rising into the morning air.

I carried it down to the canal and sat by the water while narrowboats drifted past and ducks glided between reflections of old stone buildings.

The focaccia was warm in my hands, crisp at the edges and soft in the middle, with roasted tomatoes and sea salt baked into the golden crust.

Sometimes happiness arrives in warm bread, slow boats, and ordinary afternoons.

PICNIC FOCACCIA

Ingredients:

- 500 g bread flour (Type 550)
- 7 g instant yeast
- 10 g sea salt
- 2 teaspoons honey or sugar
- 420 ml lukewarm water
- 3 tablespoons olive oil



Topping:

- olive oil
- cherry tomatoes
- fresh rosemary
- flaky sea salt
- black pepper

Instructions:

1. In a large bowl, combine the flour, yeast, salt, and honey. Pour in the lukewarm water and olive oil and mix until a soft, sticky dough forms. Cover and let rise for 1–2 hours until doubled in size.
2. Generously oil a baking tray and gently transfer the dough into it without kneading. Let rest for another 30–40 minutes.
3. Oil your hands and press deep dimples into the dough. Top with cherry tomatoes, rosemary, flaky sea salt, black pepper, and a generous drizzle of olive oil.
4. Bake at 220°C for 22–28 minutes until golden and crisp on top.

Best enjoyed warm on slow summer evenings.



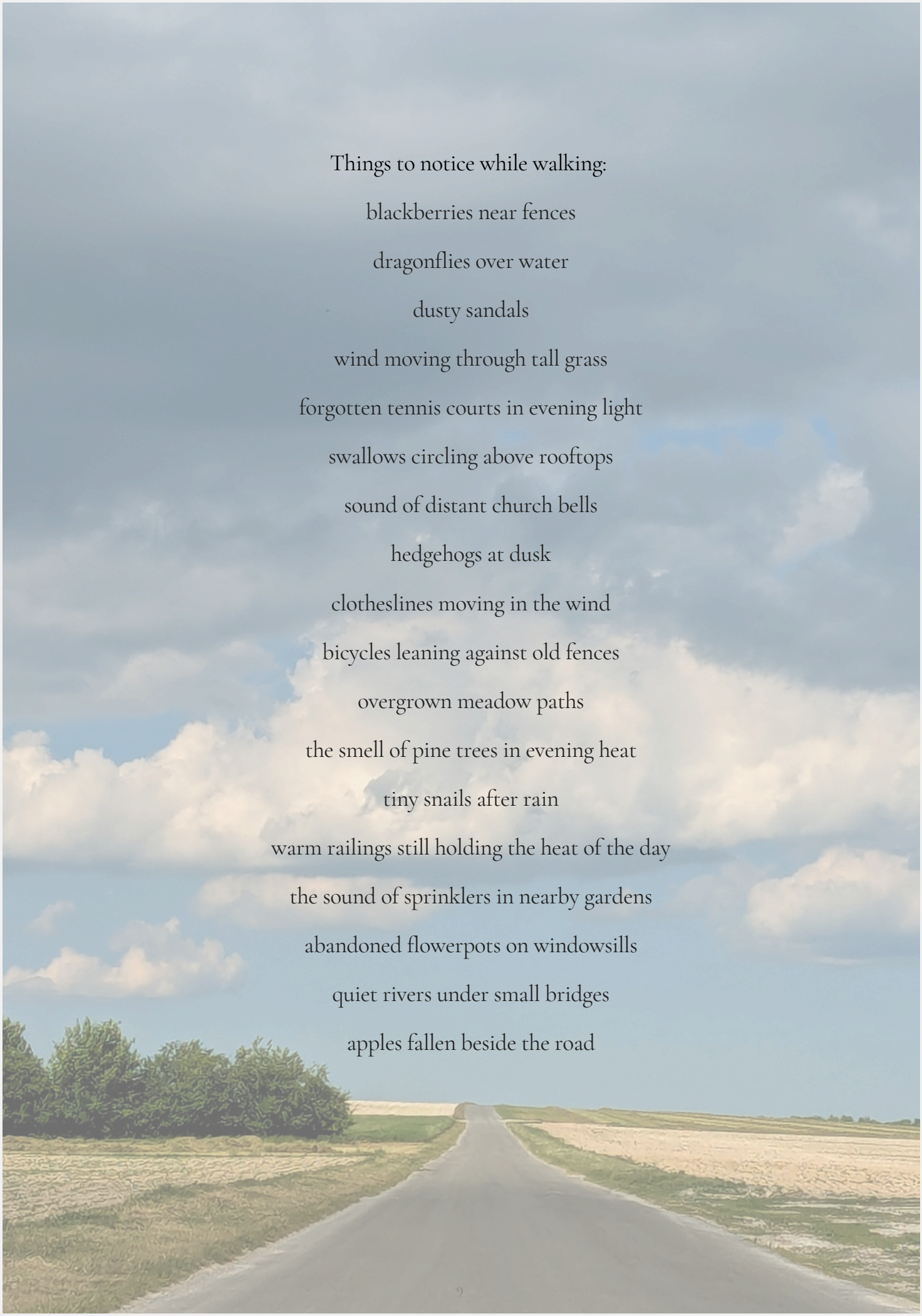
WALK

EVENING WALKS &
QUIET ROADS

Walk when the sun is rising and the streets still belong to morning people. Walk with someone you love. Walk with a friend when conversations stretch longer than expected.

Walk when you feel full of happiness and when you feel completely lost. Walk when you are tired, heartbroken, restless, confused, overwhelmed, or unable to sit with your thoughts any longer.
Walk when it rains. Walk after the rain. Walk through fields, along rivers, through sleepy towns and empty streets at dusk.
Walk when the world feels loud. Walk when the world feels unbearably quiet. Walk when there is nobody around except your own footsteps.

Because some things can only be found while walking.



Things to notice while walking:

blackberries near fences

dragonflies over water

dusty sandals

wind moving through tall grass

forgotten tennis courts in evening light

swallows circling above rooftops

sound of distant church bells

hedgehogs at dusk

clotheslines moving in the wind

bicycles leaning against old fences

overgrown meadow paths

the smell of pine trees in evening heat

tiny snails after rain

warm railings still holding the heat of the day

the sound of sprinklers in nearby gardens

abandoned flowerpots on windowsills

quiet rivers under small bridges

apples fallen beside the road



CREATE

INK-STAINED HANDS &
SUMMER LINEN

I have never been very good at leaving things plain.

A blank notebook makes me want to write in it. Empty flowerpots make me want to plant something. And plain kitchen towels somehow feel unfinished until they hold a little personality.
I carved simple shapes into printing blocks, rolled paint across the surface, and pressed the patterns into the fabric again and again.
Leaves, flowers, and uneven marks appeared one by one across the cloth.

Imperfect.
Mine.

BLOCK PRINT KITCHEN TOWELS

What You Need:

- plain cotton kitchen towels
- stamp ink pads for fabric
- rubber carving blocks
- carving tools



Instructions:

1. Draw a simple design onto the rubber block using a pencil.
2. Carefully carve away the areas you do not want to print — the raised surface will hold the paint.
3. Press the carved block gently onto the fabric ink pad, making sure the surface is evenly covered.
4. Stamp the design onto the fabric and repeat the pattern across the cloth, allowing small imperfections and uneven marks to appear naturally.
5. Let the fabric dry completely, then iron the fabric to set the ink according to the instructions on the ink packaging.

The towels do not need to look perfect. Slightly uneven prints, overlapping patterns, and visible handwork are often what make them beautiful.



JOURNAL

THINGS I WANT TO REMEMBER

Some summers are remembered through photographs, others through small handwritten notes scattered across notebooks, receipts, and the corners of books.

I have always wanted to remember the small things before they disappear.
Sometimes it is only a single sentence written late in the evening that brings a day back.

There are summers I remember through fragments — tickets, postcards, and lists written in hurried handwriting.

Perhaps this is why I write — to hold onto summer a little longer.

This summer, take your notebook somewhere quiet and let yourself write...

Write about what summer looked like in your childhood

and about a summer evening you wish you could return to.

Write about the small things you noticed today

and the scent that reminds you of summer.

Write about a conversation you want to carry with you

and the sound of summer at night.

Write about a walk you do not want to forget

and the taste of your summer.

Write about the things currently resting on your kitchen table,

and what you would like to remember when summer is over.


Make this summer
one damn good summer.





You can find more of my work at
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