

COLLECT

*By Edith S. Craddock
of
The Garden Club of Alabama, Inc.*

*Father of all Gardeners, we thank Thee that in the long ago
Thou didst begin the world in a garden. We thank Thee for
the morning and the singing of the birds. We thank Thee
for the quiet and peace of eventide and the blessings of sleep
which comes with the night.*

*As we rise in the morning to work in our gardens, grant
that the toil of our bodies may bring tranquility to our
minds; that the growth of our plantings be exemplified in
the growth of our souls. That the fruit of our lives, as the
fruit of our trees, be the perfect attainment, the crowning
Glory of a life dedicated to Thee.*

*Encourage us to lend a helping hand to the needy, to speak
words of sympathy to hearts that mourn, to bear the
burdens of the weak, to make the waste places of human
need to blossom as the rose. Exterminate the weeds of
doubt, sensitize the roots which nourish our inner being that
these roots may drink from the still waters by which Thou
dost lead us.*

*For the gift of the Son who suffered in a garden, we thank
Thee, and in His name we make this prayer.*

Amen.