

The Gardener

George W. Jones

Lord,

You made me a gardener
in your Sherwood garden.
I've toiled through the seasons
and the years.

Many souls
that had their roots in cinders
now grow in soil
that fertile richness bears.

But Lord,
some of my plants
that should be a rose or violet
persist in growing up
obnoxious weeds.

Lord, I pray,
make all plants in my garden
grow to Thy glory
and to fulfill Thy needs.

My son,

Since the day
of good earth's creation,
Mine it has been
to sow some good seeds of grain;
Mine the wisdom
to send the proper seasons;
Mine to send
the sunshine and the rain.

Throughout the ages
I've yearned for each plant
to reach perfection,
to provide the means
to every end I go.

But I have never forced
a single plant
to please me.
I've never even forced
a single plant
to grow.



Scent of Lavender
Wilmington, North Carolina
Photo by Dan Hardison