



COLLECT
The Garden Club of Alabama, Inc.
by Edith Craddock

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 Thy Son who suffered in a garden, we thank Thee, and in His Name we make this prayer.