

A Garden

By unknown poet

(read by Ben Gelfand 12-10-10)

My grandfather kept a garden.

A garden of the heart;

He planted all the good things,

That gave our lives their start.

He turned us to the sunshine,

And encouraged us to dream;

Fostering and nurturing the seeds of self-esteem.

And when the winds and rain came,

He protected me enough;

But not too much because he knew

I would stand up strong and tough.

His constant good example

Always taught me right from wrong;

Markers for our pathway that will last

a lifetime long.

I am my grandfather's garden;

I am his legacy.

Thank you Papa Lawr, I love you.