

# Garden Whispers

*A poem by Rev. Amy Lunde-Whitler*

Some mornings I wake up early-  
when the light is soft in the sky.  
The garden calls me,  
an invisible string pulls  
my heart into the warm stillness.

I pad outside barefooted  
to say goodmorning to the plants,  
to check their growth, to breathe  
in the sweet smell of life while I  
breathe out all  
that is weary...tired...used up.

Is this how God felt as She  
walked in that first Garden,  
heavy from the work of creation?  
The earth soft around Her toes  
as She bent down to tell her stories  
to the plants, trusting them to hold  
Her secrets --

I puzzle at the small plants  
growing up next to the larger ones.  
“Any weeds?” I wonder, my hand poised  
to pull it.  
The tiniest plant waves in the breeze.  
I hesitate.

Did you hear the words  
of the Teacher? Wait for the harvest. Then  
you will see the weed from the plant.

The plants know the ancient secrets. They whisper  
A deeper wisdom often lost in the rush of life.  
I lower my hand.  
Thoughtful.  
Reminded of my place in the family of things.

