

A Garden
(To my Dear Wife)

A poem by Gene White

The Lord has given a garden, to love and to till,
Bound by a common faith and prayer and free will.
A new garden, a new beginning beyond our dreams,
Soil prepared, and nurtured with love and care it seems.

In God's time it was then our time to plant our seed,
With wonder and joy the first "sprout" arrived to heed.
Brought forth in love, to nourish and guide on God's fare,
Other sprouts follow receiving the same guiding care.

This garden has grown and bloomed, the Lord's will done,
The garden now fully mature each task is won.
Complete? Nay, new gardens with other rows to hoe,
Life goes on each season with new sprouts in a row.

New "sprouts" to see, growing in other gardens to share,
Yes, each year passes with gardens growing in faith and care.
As tillers of the good soil, a task for you and for me,
A full life time together in love, peace and harmony.

In love, your husband