The Caswell News

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There's Someone In My Garden

There's a someone in my garden and He makes my flowers grow,
Colors all the blossoms 'till they're brilliant and they glow.

Gives each plant a fragrance that they claim as all their own,
Making a glorious spot of beauty where my seeds and bulbs are sown.

My seeds and bulbs are dormant, but He cuddled them with care,
Performed miracles of wonder in my garden plot out there.

First a sprout and then a blossom, now my flowers keep calling me,
Wonderful in their beauty, clothed in colorful majesty.

My flowers are far too numerous to call them all by name,
But each plant is clothed in glory and my garden is aflame.

Just a rioting of colorings, hiding ridges and the scars,
Ever drinking in the sunshine or nodding at the stars.

There's someone in my garden, not a stranger, though, to me:
Side by side among the blossoms do we both dwell happily.

For I know His hand must raise them, push them gently through the sod.
I just planted seeds and bulbs there, leaving all the rest to God.

—J. C. Glassford

—A poem written for Caswell Training School by J. C. Glassford, Grand Junction, Colorado.

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