

# Inspirations, Quotes and Prayers

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## FORWARD

This book of inspirations, quotes, and prayers was the idea of Carolyn Schaag, President of the Florida Federation of Garden Clubs, 1999-2001. We thank her for the idea and will be grateful for its use in our meetings and events or for just the enjoyment of reading. Gloria Blake, President, FFGC, 2001-2003

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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*TOUCH TOMORROW TODAY*—author, Carolyn Schaag

What can I do today that will long  
Touch others tomorrow? Let me see:  
Write a book, stitch a sampler, compose a song?  
I think it would be great to plant a tree!

Should I plant a fruit tree—apple, peach, cherry?  
Oh, childhood memories—climbing to the highest branch,  
To read a book, be alone, dream, munch the crisp fresh fruit.  
Smells from my own kitchen, a fresh cherry pie, peach cobbler, and apple sauce.

Shall I plant a nut tree—walnut, hickory, pecan?  
Young Days gone before—off to the woods in fall with brothers and sisters,  
To fill the gunny sack with nuts, home to crack them on the front step.  
Adults love sweets too—nut cookies, pecan brittle, hot roasted nuts from the oven.

Perhaps I shall plant a shade tree—maple, elm, oak?  
Return to youth—a limb, a rope, a tire, swinging to the highest branch.  
Shade from the summer sun, autumn turns them gold and orange.  
My youngsters too love fall leaves—rake the, toss handfuls, huge piles.

I could select an evergreen tree—spruce, pine, fir?  
Childhood never leaves—twinkling lights in December,  
His birth to rejoice and celebrate!  
Relived each year—the smiles, joyous shrieks the shining eyes of our own.

I may pick a flowering tree—orchid, royal poinciana, jacaranda?  
A little girl—flowers clutched in grubby hands,  
A treasured gift to Mother, beauty in a Mason jar.  
Artistic designer—abstract design, a Hogarth curve, flowers interpret a song.

Maybe a citrus tree from my adopted state—an orange, lemon, lime?  
Grade school days—long past but still vivid in the mind,  
A big orange at bottom of the teacher’s Christmas stocking.  
My own back yard—fresh citrus from my tree, perfect in ice tea.

A wise choice could be a palm—coconut, cabbage, royal?  
Little child in the North—pictures in books, swaying palms in other lands.  
Dreams of traveling to visit that far away land.  
Resident in Florida—branches to clip, twist, weave, loop for palm crosses.

How about a row—many trees in a long line?  
A youngster again—walking down a shaded lane, lunch to father in the field,  
A place to ride a bike, foot races with the brothers.

My rear lot line—third tree from east, my children buried family pet, tears.  
So many trees—fruit, nut, shade, evergreen, flowering, citrus, palm?  
Tiny me—seedlings popping in the Sprint, Summer brings green leaves,  
Bright colors in the Fall, snowy branches mark Winter time.  
Years later—insects, bulldozers, disease, saws, tornadoes, fires.

The love of trees that my parents gave to me is in my heart and life to stay.  
I pass it on to my sons three, I too can Touch Tomorrow Today.

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*THOUGHT TO TREASURE*—author unknown, submitted by Doris Kratz

If instead of a jewel, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of another, that would be giving as the angels must give.

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*GRANDMOTHERS PRAYER*—author: Unknown, Submitted BY Helen Hoskins

Our wrinkled old grandma used to say  
“When your hands touch bread ‘tis time to pray.  
Let your head for a breath by meekly bent  
And the words you whisper be reverent-  
And your heart as clean as he fine milled flour  
Which could laugh into loaves through the baking hour.  
For back of the flour is the busy mill  
And back of that the earth men till  
And back of it all is the sun and the rain  
And the mercy of God himself made plain.

So, line the board and contrive a prayer  
When the sweet brown loaf awaits you there.  
For holy is bread which once sufficed  
For the body and token of Christ.”  
And that is what my wearisome grandma said  
When we hungry children would clamor for bread.

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*JUST ONE*—author unknown

One song can spark a moment,  
One flower can wake the dream.  
One tree can start a forest,  
One bird can herald spring.  
One smile begins a friendship,  
One hand clasp lifts a soul.  
One star can guide a ship at sea,  
One word can frame the goal.

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WHAT DO WE PLANT? Author Henry Abbey, submitted by Gloria Blake

What do we plant when we plant a tree?  
We plant the ship which will cross the sea  
We plant the mast to carry the sails’  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—  
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me.  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,  
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,  
The beams and siding, all parts that be,  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see;  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,  
We plant the staff for our country’s flag.  
We plant the shade, from the host sun free,  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

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THE STARFISH—Submitted by M. E. DePalma

Once upon a time there was a wise man who used to go to the ocean to do his writing. He had a habit of walking on the beach before he began his work. One day he was walking along the shore. As he looked down the beach, he saw a human figure moving like a dancer. He smiled to himself to think of someone who would dance to the day. So, he began to walk faster to catch up. As he got closer, he saw that it was

a young man and the young man wasn't dancing, but instead he was reaching down to the shore, picking up something and very gently throwing it into the ocean. As he got closer, he called out, "Good morning! What are you doing?" The young man paused, looked up and replied, "Throwing starfish in the ocean." "I guess I should have asked, why are you throwing starfish in the ocean?" "The sun is up and tide is going out. And if I don't throw them in, they'll die." "But, young man, don't you realize that there are miles and miles of beach and starfish all along it. You can't possibly make a difference!" The young man listened politely, then bent down picked another starfish and threw it into the sea, past the breaking waves and said, "It made a difference for that one."

There is something very special in each and every one of us. We have all be gifted with the ability to make a difference. And if we can become aware of that gift, we gain through the strength of our visions the power to shape the future. We must each find our starfish. And if we throw our stars wisely and well, the world will be blessed.

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*FRIENDSHIP GARDEN*—author Pat Makar

When I enter my garden  
I recollect my thoughts  
Of the beauty of this space  
and the friends I have not.

My garden is a memory book  
Of all my friends past,  
Who shared conversations  
And memories that last.

I gather up the petals  
That have fallen to the ground  
And throw them to the winds  
To my friends they are bound

Then I gather my flowers  
In a basket I brought  
And see Gods richest blessings  
In the friends I have got.

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*IF YOU THINK*—author unknown

If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't.  
If you like to win, but think you can't,  
It is almost certain you won't.

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*MY FLOWERS, HOW THE FLOWERS GROW*—author Gabriel Setoun, submitted by Gloria Blake

This is how the flowers grow;  
I have watched them and I know.  
First, above the ground is seen

A tiny blade of purest green,  
Reaching up and peeping forth  
East and west and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,  
Circling in a curious way  
Round a blossom, which it keeps  
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way  
To the sleeping bud and say,  
“We are children of the sun  
Sent to wake thee, little one.”

And the leaflet opening wide  
Shows the tiny bud inside,  
Peeping with half-opened eye  
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south  
Lay their kisses on its mouth;  
Till the petals all are grown,  
And the bud's a flower blown.

This is how the flowers grow.  
I have watched them and I know.

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DAD AND MOTHERS' GARDEN—author Esther Hoepker, submitted by Carolyn Schaag

We have just a little garden plot,  
Its only a small 6x6 foot spot.  
But we raised onions and carrots too,  
We've eaten cucumbers till we are blue,  
There's soy beans, peppers and black-eyed peas,  
Tomatoes and strawberries, just a few of these  
There are rutabagas just in the growing stage,  
All kinds of herbs even some sage.  
This is dad's garden and gets his care.  
My garden is the kind that blooms so fair.  
We don't eat anything that I raise,  
But I do get a lot of praise.  
There are flowers blooming galore,  
There just wasn't room to put anymore.  
My garden has morning glories that vine,  
Around anything and everything they can entwine.  
Baby-faced pansies, salvia and carnations, so pink,  
Gladiolus, zinnia and a few petunias, I think.  
Four O'clocks, mums, marigolds, I also have those,

Old mother hen and her chicks and then there is the primrose,  
Oh yes, I forgot the Alyssium, so fragile, dainty and white,  
Sets off the other colors, a beautiful sight,  
Makes my heart glad, brings joy and delight.  
It's not only the beauty that you can see,  
It's also the sweet perfume that fills the air,  
This is my garden that means so much to me.  
It's the one that gets special care.  
I only wish that you could be here,  
And see and enjoy my flower garden this year.

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LESSONS FROM AN OYSTER—author unknown, submitted by Karen Flaack

“There once was an oyster  
Whose story I tell, who found that some sand  
Had got into his shell.

It was only a grain,  
But it gave him great pain.  
For oysters have feelings  
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate  
The harsh workings of fate  
That had brought him  
to such a deplorable state?

Did he curse at the government,  
Cry for election,  
And claim that the sea should  
Have given him protection?

Now the years have rolled around,  
As the years always do,  
And he came to his ultimate  
Destiny stew.

And the small grain of sand  
That had bothered him so  
Was a beautiful pearl  
All richly aglow.

Now the tale has a moral,  
For isn't it grand  
What an oyster can do  
With a morsel of sand?

What couldn't we do

If we'd only begin  
With some of the things  
That get under our skin.

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*FINANCIAL SECURITY*—author unknown

A man will pay \$2 for a \$1 item he needs.  
A woman will pay \$1 for a \$2 item that she doesn't need.  
A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband.  
A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.  
A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend.  
A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

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*FRIENDSHIP*—author Ruth Mayer Gilmour, submitted by Shirley Cook

Cultivate a friendship,  
As you do a garden bed,  
Nourish, feed and watch it grow,  
With help and nice things said.

Smile, it's like the sunshine  
Needed for the flowers,  
Loving hands to tend and care,  
Soft rains and sun-filled hours.

Little hurts are like the weeds,  
That come between the rows,  
Pull and cast them out before  
The beautiful friendship goes.

Be proud of your well-tended garden,  
And proud of a good friend too,  
All the work you put into them  
Will come straight back to you

Don't neglect your garden,  
Or the good friends that you know,  
Don't let a single day go by,  
Keep trying, both will grow.

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*PLANT YOUR GARDEN*—author unknown, submitted by M. E. DePalma

Plant three rows of peas:  
    Peace of mind  
    Peace of heart

Peace of soul  
Plant four rows of squash  
    Squash gossip  
    Squash indifference  
    Squash grumbling  
    Squash selfishness  
Plant four rows of lettuce:  
    Let us be faithful  
    Let us be kind  
    Let us be happy  
    Let us really love one another.  
No garden should be without turnips:  
    Turn up for service when needed  
    Turn up to help one another  
    Turn up the music and dance.

Water freely with patience and cultivate with love.  
There is much fruit in your garden  
because you reap what you sow.

To conclude our garden, we must have thyme:  
    Time for fun  
    Time for rest  
    Time for ourselves.  
Pretty nice garden, don't you think?

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*NEW BABY*-- author Gladys McKee, submitted by Doris Kratz

Smaller than a tulip.  
Softer than a rose,  
But by love's secret miracle,  
He has your eyes, my nose.  
Is it not to marvel,  
How, with little fuss,  
God has kept since Genesis  
An exact blueprint of us?

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*GETTING OLD*—author unknown, submitted by Emma Short

Well, our tadpole days are over,  
Feeling older, tired, broke,  
Can't hop as high, can't catch no fly  
But at least we haven't croaked!  
Older, sure,  
But still have great legs.

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*MORE*—author unknown, submitted by Patricia Pryor



The more of everything you share,  
The more you'll always have to spare.  
The more you love, the more you'll find  
That life is good and friends are kind.  
For only what we give way,  
Enriches us from day to day.

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*I WOULD RATHER*—author unknown, submitted by Patricia Pryor

I would rather have a little rose from the garden of a friend  
Than flowers strewn around my casket when my days on earth must end.  
I would rather have a living smile from one I know is true,  
Than tears shed 'round my casket  
When this world I bid adieu.  
Bring me all the flowers today  
Whether pink or white or red.  
I would rather have one blossom now than a truckload when I am dead!

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*THANK GOD*—author Esther Hoepker, submitted by Carolyn Schaag

God made the moon and stars that shine at night,  
God made the sun that gives us light.  
He made the mountains, so lofty and high,  
Also, the clouds up in the sky.  
The trees, the flowers, the birds and bees,  
The elk and deer, all animals such as these.  
The rivers, the streams and ocean so wide,  
Also, day and night and even tide.  
The summer, the spring, winter and fall,  
You and me, God made it all.  
We have so much to be thankful for each day,  
So always than God when you pray.

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**QUOTES**—submitted by Jo Ann Guise

*Pleasure in the job puts perfection in the work.* Aristotle

*Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power.* Abe Lincoln

*It is better to sleep on things beforehand than lie awake about them afterwards.* Baltasar Gracian

*You may delay, but time will not.* Benjamin Franklin

*It is not because things are difficult that we do not dare; it is because we do not dare that they are difficult.* Seneca

*Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined.* Henry David Thoreau

*I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.* John Locke

*Home is an invention on which no one has yet improved.* Ann Douglas

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**QUOTE**—submitted by Pat France

Don't worry, it may never happen.  
It is not so bad growing old, it is just the things that go with it.  
Grow old with me, the best is yet to be!

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**QUOTES**—submitted by Lillian Georgia Barnes

If one nurtures a dream, it is bound to blossom like a flower.

The world will step aside to let you pass, provided you know where you are going.

A prepared mind will capture the opportunity for success.

One never knows the value of friendship until it is lost.

A true friend is like a wedding band, it has no end.

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**QUOTES**

*Life is 10% what you make it and 90% how you take it.* Irving Berlin

*Any fact facing us is not as important as our attitude toward it, for that determines our success or failure. The way you think about a fact may defeat you before you ever do anything about it. You are overcome by the fact because you think you are.* Norman Vincent Peale

*Always look at what you have left. Never look at what you have lost.* Robert H. Schuller

*If you believe you can, you probably can. If you believe you won't, you most assuredly won't. Belief is the ignition switch that gets you off the launching pad.* Denis Waitley

*What happens is not as important as how you react to what happens.* Thaddeus Golas

*You can complain because roses have thorns, or you can rejoice because thorns have roses.* Tom Wilson

*A happy person is not a person in a certain set of circumstances, but rather a person with a certain set of attitudes.* Hugh Downs

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**PRAYERS**- author Ruth Bell Graham, submitted by Patricia Pryor

Lord, when my soul is weary and my heart is tired and sore, and I have that failing feeling that I can't take any more, then let me know the freshening found in simple childlike prayer, when the knelling soul knows surely that a listening Lord is there.

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*THANKSGIVING PRAYER*-author William Bradford, Governor of Plymouth Colony, 1623, submitted by Dorothy Cart

TO ALL YE PILGRIMS; In as much as the great Father has given us this year, an abundant harvest of Indian corn, wheat, beans, squashes, and garden vegetables, and has made the forests to abound with game, and the seas with fish and clams and inasmuch as He has protected us from the ravages of the savages, has spared us from pestilence and disease, has granted us freedom to worship God, according to the dictates of our own conscience, now, I, your magistrate do proclaim that all ye Pilgrims, with our wives and little ones, do gather at ye meeting house, on ye hill, between the hours of 9 and 12 in the day time, on Thursday, November ye 29<sup>th</sup> of the year of our Lord, on thousand six hundred and twenty-three, and the third year since ye Pilgrims landed on ye Pilgrim Rock, there to listen to you pastor, and rend thanksgiving to ye Almighty God for all His blessings.

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*NEW YEAR PRAYER*-submitted by Dorothy Cart

Father, we thank you for the many blessings of the past year. Hopefully in your sight, we have used those blessings well in our own lives, in the lives of our families and in our relationships with friends and members of this club. Help us in this new year to search for new ways to make this a better community—to plant kindness among our neighbors, to plant love within our families, to ask for wisdom for ourselves and especially how to reach out to others for a common goal to have peace in this world. It has been said there are six kinds of peace: The peace that comes from goodwill between nations, the peace that comes when neighbors help each other, the peace that a man draws from nature, the peace that exists within a family, peace between man and God, and finally, peace with oneself. May each of you have these six kinds of peace all rolled into one for a Happy and Healthy New Year.

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*SERENITY PRAYER*-author Reinhold Niebuhr

God grant me the serenity  
To accept the things I cannot change,  
The courage to change the things I can  
and the wisdom to know the difference.

Living one day at a time,  
Accepting hardship as a pathway to peace,  
Taking this sinful world as it is,  
Not as I would have it.

Trusting that you will make all things right  
If I surrender to Your will;  
So that I may be reasonably happy in this life and  
Supremely happy with you forever in the next.

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*OPENING PRAYER*-submitted by Billye Hemphill

Dear Father, we as members of this organization recognize all outdoors as Thy garden. Help us to live as we labor, as we plant, as we cultivate and beautify the little portion entrusted to us, that our lives may be as beautiful as the fragrance that radiates there from.

These things we pray of Him whose last hours were spent in a garden, Who died under open skies but Who lives eternally. Amen

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*CLOSING PRAYER*—submitted by Billye Hemphill

Dear Father, we heartily covet a wideness in our circle, God's blessing on our purposes, true fellowship within our Circle, a love for floral settings for our homes, peace on Earth and abiding in each of us.

For the food of which we are about to partake, we thank Thee, O Lord, in Christ's name, Amen

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*DEAR GOD*-author unknown, submitted by Louise Bennett

So far today I've done alright. I haven't gossiped and I haven't lost my temper. I haven't been grumpy, nasty or selfish.

But in a few minutes, God, I'm going to get out of bed and that's when I'm going to need a lot of help. Amen

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