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.