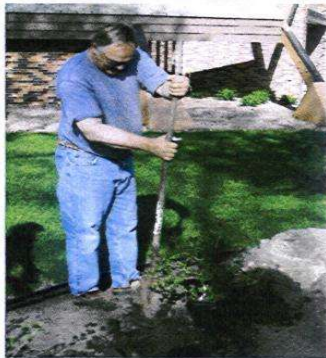




Hope Presbyterian Prayer Garden



*Digging Planting Hauling
Stretching Working Moving
Laughing Talking Living*

*Duane Alisa Carter Isaac
Daryl Kathy Marv Glenyce
Don Hilda Andrew Jonelle
Harold Kristene*

In The Garden by C. Austin Miles

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses.

Refrain: And He walks with me, and He talks with
me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy
we share as we tarry there, None other has ever
known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

Refrain: And He walks with me, and He talks with
me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy
we share as we tarry there, None other has ever
known.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe His
voice to me is calling.

Refrain: And He walks with me, and He talks with
me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy
we share as we tarry there, None other has ever
known.

In 1912, C. Austin Miles was studying the story of
Mary coming to the Garden of the Sepulcher to
visit Jesus' tomb and was inspired to write the
famous verses and chorus of the hymn "In the
Garden." According to some polls, it is the second
most popular gospel song.

Psalm 46:1 (NIV) God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.

Thank you, Lord, for Your patience with my
reluctance to weed my heart of harmful
attitudes. ...Author unknown...

If you'd like a mind at peace, a heart that cannot
harden, find a door that opens wide, upon a lovely
garden. ...Author unknown...

With A Flower by Emily Dickinson

Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T.W.
Higginson

I HIDE myself within my flower,
That wearing on your breast,
You, unsuspecting, wear me too--
And angels know the rest.

I hide myself within my flower,
That, fading from your vase,
You, unsuspecting, feel for me
Almost a loneliness

**A Child Is the Greatest Gift
by Nicholas Gordon**

A child is the greatest gift
That our lives can bestow.
It brings the most exquisite joy
That we will ever know.

Some days deliver happiness,
Far more than we can touch.
We need the help of all our friends
To comprehend how much.

And so we thank you for the gifts,
Both those you brought and are,
That celebrate this rich, full life
And its rising star!

Genesis 1:29 (NIV) I give you every seed-bearing
plant on the face of the whole earth and every tree
that has fruit with seed in it. They will be yours for
food.

The most important thing you can put in the
garden is your own shadow. ...Author unknown...

Luke 12:27 (NIV) Consider how the lilies grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these.

THE LILY by William Blake

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble sheep a threat'ning horn:
While the Lily white shall in love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

The fragrance of praise: Thank you, God, for the cold seasons that give repose to earthbound sleepers and grant gardeners time to reflect. ...
Author unknown...

**On being asked, Whence is the flower?
Ralph Waldo Emerson – The Rhodora**

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose the self-
same Power that brought me there brought you.

Gardeners realize the value of reshaping, retraining, and controlling the contours of a plant. Can we not then trust God when He clips away as us with divine secateurs? He intends only to enhance those whom He prunes. How much more will we flourish when we are sheared by the expert skills of the Master Gardener.
...Author unknown

By Emily Dickinson

Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T.W. Higginson

NEW feet within my garden go,
New fingers stir the sod;
A troubadour upon the elm
Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below;
And still the pensive spring returns,
And still the punctual snow!

Corinthians 9:6 (NIV) Remember: sparse sowing, sparse reaping; sow bountifully, and you will reap bountifully.

**From "Thoughts in Solitude"
by Thomas Morton**

My Lord God,
I have no idea where I am going.
I do not see the road ahead of me.
I cannot know for certain where it will end.
Nor do I really know myself,
and the fact that I think I am following Your will
does not mean that I am actually doing so.
But I believe that the desire to please You
does in fact please you.
And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing.
I hope that I will never do anything apart from that
desire.
And I know that if I do this,
You will leave me by the right road,
though I may know nothing about it.
Therefore, I will trust you always,
although I may seem to be lost
and in the shadow of death.

I will not fear, for You are ever with me,
and You will never leave me to face my peril alone.

John 15:1-2 (NIV) I am the true vine, and my Father is the gardener. He cuts off every branch in me that bears no fruit, while every branch that does bear fruit he prunes so that it will be even more fruitful.

Church in The Wildwood

Words and music by William S. Pitts

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier spot in the dale;
No place is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Chorus

(oh, come, come, come, come)
Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh come to the church in the vale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning,
To list'n to the clear ringing bells;
It's tones are so sweetly calling,
Oh come to the church in the vale.

Chorus

There, close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow,
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

Chorus

There, close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
When farewell hymns shall be chanted,
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

Genesis 1:29-30 (NIV) Then God said, "I give you every seed-bearing plant on the face of the whole earth and every tree that has fruit with seed in it. They will be yours for food. And to all the beasts of the earth and all the birds of the air and all the creatures that move on the ground—everything that has the breath of life in it—I give every green plant for food." And it was so.

The root of the matter: I find this principle so like my relationship with God. If I'm too busy to read His Word or to wait prayerfully in His presence, I may not realize I'm getting dry, or I've become diseased by a pestilent attitude, or am in need of extra water due to a fiery trail. God's always there for me, but if I don't place myself in His presence, I won't notice His signs, hear His voice, or respond to His instructions. I must be consistently related to God if I hope to grow. ...

Author unknown...

A SONG IN SPRING

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

The Little Book Of Modern Verse

O Little buds all bourgeoning with Spring,
You hold my winter in forgetfulness;
Without my window lilac branches swing,
Within my gat I hear a robin sing –
O little laughing blooms that lift and bless!

So blow the breezes in a soft caress,
Blowing my dreams upon a swallow's wings;
O little merry buds in dappled dress,
You fill my heart with very wantonness –
O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring!

AGAMEDE'S SONG

Arthur Upson

The Little Book Of Modern Verse

Grow, grow, thou little tree,
His body at the roots of thee;
Since last year's loveliness in death
The living beauty nourisheth.

Bloom, bloom, thou little tree,
Thy roots around the heart of me;
Thou canst not blow too white and fair
From all the sweetness hidden there.

Die, die, thou little tree,
And be as all sweet things must be;
Deep where thy petals drift I, too,
Would rest the changing season through.

Blessed Assurance

Text: Fanny J. Crosby,

Music: Phoebe P. Knapp

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Refrain: This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long;
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
(Refrain)

Perfect submission, all is at rest;
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with his goodness, lost in his love.
(Refrain)

Thank You, God, for the likeness of Christ in the
petals of a flower. ...Author unknown...

Song of Songs 2:12-13 (NIV) Flowers appear on
the earth; the season of singing has come, the
cooing of doves is heard in our land. The fig tree
forms its early fruit; the blossoming vines spread
their fragrance. Arise my darling; my beautiful
one, come with me.

Go forth in love! Root yourself deeply in the earth
God gave to your love and care. Drink deeply of
the waters God pours out for you. Grow through
the sun and wind and storms. And your lives will
bear fruit to honor the God who gives you life.
Amen...Author unknown...

Isaiah 40:8 (NIV) The grass withers, the flower
fades, But the word of our God stands forever.

The Harper James Whitcomb Riley

Like a drift of faded blossoms
Caught in a slanting rain,
His fingers glimpsed down the strings of his harp
In a tremulous refrain:

Patter and tinkle, and drip and drip!
Ah! but the chords were rainy sweet!
And I closed my eyes and I bit my lip,
As he played there in the street.

Patter, and drip, and tinkle!
And there was the little bed
In the corner of the garret,
And the rafters overhead!

And there was the little window --
Tinkle, and drip, and drip!--
The rain above, and a mother's love,
And God's companionship!

TRANSPLANTED. by Emily Dickinson

Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T.W.
Higginson

AS if some little Arctic flower,
Upon the polar hem,
Went wandering down the latitudes,
Until it puzzled came
To continents of summer,
To firmaments of sun,
To strange, bright crowds of flowers,
And birds of foreign tongue!
I say, as if this little flower
To Eden wandered in--
What then? Why, nothing,
Only, your inference therefrom!

The love of gardening is a seed
that once sown never dies. ...Author unknown...

The garden boasts of God's handiwork. Look closely at a leaf as it glistens in the morning sun, or count the ways insects make cocoons on the leaves and stems of a tree. Inhale the fragrance of wild honeysuckle or jasmine, and give praise to the One who created such pleasure.

...Author unknown...

Amazing Grace

Text: John Newton; Music: Edwin O. Excell

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

Just Sort-of

Submitted by Ollie Caylor

“Who is that girl in the house over there
with the checkered dress and the blondish hair?”

“She sort-of works there,” Bob replied.

“She takes the baby for a ride;

She does their washing, and irons their clothes
and plants their flowers in neat little rows;
and washes their dishes, and gets their meals,
and makes marmalade out of orange peels.

When the lights go out, she mends the fuse;
and darns their stockings and cleans their shoes,
and bakes them cookies and rolls and cakes,
and doctors them for the stomach-aches.

When they moved into the house last fall,
She papered and painted the upstairs hall.”

“Oh-I know then,” said little brother,

“She doesn't work there-she's their mother.”

The Happiest Heart

John Vance Cheney

The Little Book Of Modern Verse

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

Take My Life and Let It Be
Words: Frances R. Havergal

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold:
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.
Ever, only, all for Thee.

"For a long time it had seemed to me that life was about to begin -- real life. But there was always some obstacle in the way, something to be got through first, some unfinished business, time still to be served, a debt to be paid. Then life would begin. ..

At last it dawned on me that these obstacles

WERE my life."... Fr. Alfred D'Souza...

Galatians 5:22-23 (NIV) But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control.

By Mother Teresa

The fruit of Silence is Prayer
The fruit of Prayer is Faith
The fruit of Faith is Love
The fruit of Love is Service
The fruit of Service is Peace.

Matthew 7:15-20 (NIV) Watch out for false prophets. They come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ferocious wolves. By their fruit you will recognize them. Do people pick grapes from thorn bushes, or figs from thistles? Likewise every good tree bears good fruit, but a bad tree bears bad fruit. A good tree cannot bear bad fruit, and a bad tree cannot bear good fruit. Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Thus, by their fruit you will recognize them.

A Noiseless Patient Spider
Walt Whitman

A NOISELESS, patient spider,
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood,
isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of
itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of
space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the
spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till the
ductile anchor hold;

Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch
somewhere, O my Soul

His Eye is on the Sparrow

Lyrics by Lauryn Hill

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain:
I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain:
I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Matthew 6:26-33 (NIV) Look at the birds in the sky. They do not plant or harvest; they gather nothing into barns. Yet your Father provides for them. Consider the lilies of the field. Solomon in all his glory was not clothed as beautifully as they are. Will not God provide for you also? Do not worry about what you will eat or drink, or what you will wear. Your Father knows what you need. Seek first the kingdom of God, and everything else you need will be given to you.

The more balanced our lives, the fewer problems we create. For example, if we work too much, we become stressed and dull. If we play too much, we fall behind and get frustrated. When we blend work and play, along with other essential needs, what's the result? A balanced lifestyle, like good soil-is capable of growing, supporting, and maturing the life that God planted within us. ...
Author unknown...

Psalm 23 (NIV)

The LORD is my shepherd,
I shall not be in want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures,
he leads me beside quiet waters,

He restores my soul.
He guides me in paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Even though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD
forever.

If we want flowers in our garden, we must plant flower seeds. If we want different varieties, we must plant seeds that hold those designs. But if we hope to see answers to prayer, we must sow faith. Never say, "Just a seed." For if it is a seed of faith, it will move mountains. ...Author unknown...

THE GRASS. by Emily Dickinson

Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T.W. Higginson

THE grass so little has to do,--
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine,--
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away,--
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!

Love's Garden

by Ellen Robena Field

There is a quiet garden,
From the rude world set apart,
Where seeds for Christ are growing;
This is the loving heart.

The tiny roots are loving thoughts;
Sweet words, the fragrant flowers
Which blossom into loving deeds,
Ripe fruits for harvest hours.

Thus in our hearts the seeds of love
Are growing year by year;
And we show our love for the Saviour,
By loving His children here.

Psalm 46 (NIV)

God is our refuge and strength,
an ever-present help in trouble.

Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give
way and the mountains fall into the heart of the
sea,

though its waters roar and foam
and the mountains quake with their surging.
Selah

There is a river whose streams make glad the city
of God, the holy place where the Most High
dwells.

God is within her, she will not fall;
God will help her at break of day.

Nations are in uproar, kingdoms fall;
he lifts his voice, the earth melts.

The LORD Almighty is with us;
the God of Jacob is our fortress.
Selah

Come and see the works of the LORD,
the desolations he has brought on the earth.

He makes wars cease to the ends of the earth;
he breaks the bow and shatters the spear,
he burns the shields with fire.

"Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth."

The LORD Almighty is with us;
the God of Jacob is our fortress.
Selah

Dear Father in Heaven, Bless the children as we
plant the seeds of learning your Word. Keep them
safe as they grow strong. Amen.

..Author unknown...

Our Lady of the Lakes Catholic Church
6680 153rd Ave NE, Spicer, MN 56288
Phone: (320) 796-5664 Parish
www.ourladyofthelakeschurch.com

Peace Lutheran Church
Hwy 9 & CR 40 , New London, MN 56273
Phone: (320) 354-2774
www.peacenewlondon.com

Faith Lutheran Church
310 Medayto Drive, Spicer MN 56288
Phone: (320) 796-2522
www.faithspicer.org

Living Word Lutheran (LCMS)
Prairie Meadows Learning Center
Co. Rd. 10, Spicer, MN 56288
Phone: (320) 796-0742
www.livingwordlutheran.net

Crossroads Community United Methodist
3400 113th Avenue NE, Spicer MN 56288
Phone: (320) 796-2339
crossroadsspicer.com

Evangelical Covenant
New London MN 56273
Phone: (320) 354-2446
<http://www.nlcovchurch.org>

The Harbor Spicer Foursquare Church
5608 90th Avenue NE, Spicer MN 56288
Phone: (320) 796-0427

Our Lady of the Lakes Catholic Church
6680 153rd Ave NE, Spicer, MN 56288
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Phone: (320) 796-0427

Affiliated Community Medical Center (ACMC)
www.acmc.com
ACMC—Willmar (320) 231-5000
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Community Addiction Recovery Enterprise
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320-231-6074

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www.woodlandcenters.com

Six ways to stress less

1. Get together with a friend.

Discuss your stressful situation and let her tell you about hers (don't worry, she's got one too!) – maybe while going for a walk, baking cookies or doing some other fun thing. Together, figure out ways to cope. Or better yet, just laugh until your stomachs hurt! Rent a comedy, make up silly jokes, or do imitations of famous people.

2. Focus on your inner voice.

Spend some time in a quiet place reflecting on how to get a better handle of stressful situations.

3. Say yes to yourself.

You don't have to join every club or go to every party. Doing too much can be a stressful burden. Say no to others in order to say yes to yourself.

4. Get organized.

Write down your test and other school work due dates, activities, chores, etc. Cross off items as you complete them. Give yourself a small reward for every task you complete.

5. Do a good deed.

Helping others is a great way to feel good about yourself. When you feel good about yourself, you may find you can manage your stress better. Volunteer, help a neighbor, do something special for a family member. Take your mind off your own worries and focus on helping someone else.

6. Don't procrastinate!

Putting off things you have to do and don't want to do just creates more stress for yourself. So make up with your friend or start writing that essay you've been putting off- and do it TODAY!

Adapted from uniquely ME!: The Real Deal
©2002 Girl Scouts of the United States of America

New London Spicer High School

Crisis Hotline: 231-9158

Guidance:

Bill Zanin 354-2252 x 2605

Linda Lorenzen-Groth x 2604

School Psychologist:

Deb Hanson x 2647

School Social Worker:

Lynn Dwyer x 2429

Liz Kruger x 2430

School Principals:

Kevin Acquard x 2618

Joe Broderick x 2611

Trish Hall/Perry x 2401

**Please be considerate of
others who may be
using the garden or
grounds.**

A copy of this booklet can be found on:

<http://hopechurchspicer.org>

Hope Presbyterian Church
7730 North Shore Drive,
Spicer, MN 56288
(320) 796-2650



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