

# Garden Blessing

## Open

**Leader:** Today we are gathered to bless this garden. May its fruits nourish this community and restore justice to all. Please repeat the final line of the thanks and blessings as a group.

**Leader:** We give thanks for this soil teaming with life, the tools and seeds, the hands and backs to work the land, so that many may be fed by the food grown here. We give thanks for this garden.

**All:** We give thanks for this garden.

## Blessing

**Leader:** Bless this garden with rain and sunshine - that new life may spring up, contributing to the interconnected natural cycle that supports all life on this Earth. May this garden be blessed.

**All:** May this garden be blessed

**Leader:** Bless the workers of this garden, that they may enjoy community amongst themselves and the plants, and find spiritual sustenance in those connections. May the workers be blessed.

**All:** May the workers be blessed

**Leader:** Bless us all that we may be truly at one with the integrity of all Creation. Strengthen us as inhabitants of your magnificent garden, our sacred Earth, to speak up when it is being abused and misused, to stand firm in our conviction to be faithful contributors to the health of our common home. May we all be blessed.

**All:** May we all be blessed

**Leader:** We give our most heartfelt thanks for the blessings we receive from this garden. We give thanks for this garden.

**All:** We give thanks for this garden.

**Leader:** Now let's sing this song for our beautiful garden.


## Song

"The Garden Song", (great to include children in this song)

Sung by Raffi: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSNkeA2z8aA>

Sheet music: <https://www.musicnotes.com/sheetmusic/garden-song/39485>

Lyrics below:



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## The Garden Song

Inch by inch, row by row  
Gonna make this garden grow  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe  
And a piece of fertile ground  
Inch by inch, row by row  
Someone bless these seeds I sow  
Someone warm them from below  
Till the rain comes tumbling down  
Pulling weeds and picking stones  
Man is made of dreams and bones  
Feel the need to grow my own  
Cause the time is close at hand  
Painful rain, sun and rain  
Find my way in nature's chain  
Tune my body and my brain  
To the music from the land  
Plant your rows straight and long  
Temper them with prayer and song  
Mother Earth will make you strong  
If you give her love and care  
Old crow watching hungrily  
From his perch in yonder tree  
In my garden I'm as free  
As that feathered thief up there

## Closing

**Leader:** May we learn to love and care for our common home by caring for this garden. May we grow closer to God and to one another as we work in the garden together.

**All:** Amen

## Additional Blessings

Catholic Blessing: <https://www.ncronline.org/blogs/prayer-garden>

Christian Blessing: <http://commonprayer.net/occasional-prayers/blessing-of-the-land-at-planting-or-harvest>

Lutheran Blessing: <https://flclincoln.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/01/blessing-garden.pdf>

Iroquois Blessing: [https://www.worldprayers.org/archive/prayers/celebrations/we\\_return\\_thanks.html](https://www.worldprayers.org/archive/prayers/celebrations/we_return_thanks.html)

Islamic prayer for planting: <https://www.beliefnet.com/prayers/islam/duaa-454.aspx>

Jewish Prayer for Appreciating God through Nature: <https://www.aish.com/jl/jewish-law/daily-living/32-The-Jewish-Garden.html>

## Ode to dirt

Dear dirt, I am sorry I slighted you,  
I thought that you were only the background  
for the leading characters—the plants  
and animals and human animals.  
It's as if I had loved only the stars  
and not the sky which gave them space  
in which to shine. Subtle, various,  
sensitive, you are the skin of our terrain,  
you're our democracy. When I understood  
I had never honored you as a living  
equal, I was ashamed of myself,  
as if I had not recognized  
a character who looked so different from me,  
but now I can see us all, made of the  
same basic materials—  
cousins of that first exploding from nothing—  
in our intricate equation together. O dirt,  
help us find ways to serve your life,  
you who have brought us forth, and fed us,  
and who at the end will take us in  
and rotate with us, and wobble, and orbit.

—Sharon Olds