

Let us give thanks for a bounty of people.
For children who are our second planting, and
though they grow like weeds and the wind too
soon blows them away, may they forgive us our
cultivation and fondly remember where their roots
are.

Let us give thanks;
For generous friends...with hearts...and smiles as
bright as their blossoms;
For feisty friends, as tart as apples;
For continuous friends, who, like scallions and
cucumbers,
keep reminding us that we've had them;

For crotchety friends, sour as rhubarb and as
indestructible;
For handsome friends, who are as gorgeous as
eggplants and as elegant as a row of corn, and the
others, as plain as potatoes and so good for you;

For funny friends, who are as silly as Brussels
sprouts and as amusing as Jerusalem artichokes;

And serious friends as unpretentious as cabbages,
as subtle as summer squash, as persistent as
parsley, as delightful as dill, as endless as
zucchini and who, like parsnips, can be counted
on to see you through the winter;

For old friends, nodding like sunflowers in the
evening-time,
and young friends coming on as fast as radishes;

For loving friends, who wind around us like
tendrils and hold us, despite our blights, wilts and
witherings;

And finally, for those friends now gone, like
gardens past
that have been harvested, but who fed us in their
times that we might have life thereafter.

For all these we give thanks.