

Explore the Theme — Tenderly Sown

Paintings by Grace Carol Bomer, with a reflection & prayer by her art student, and a haiku poem
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The ground is covered with holes. The Gardener is stooping over, tenderly shaping and carving each abyss with a bare hand.

It seems to us sometimes that there are holes in our lives everywhere. They feel random and purposeless. A friend commented, ‘think about how you have to dig a hole in order to plant something.’ What a great observation!

God loves me and if it takes these things to refine me to be more who God created me to be then it’s worth every gouge in my heart in order to fill it with a seed that is worth growing.

So, Lord, continue to dig. Take out the rocky soil that I so desperately want to cling to. You have purpose in the placement of every hole. Make my life a fertile soil and fill the hole as only you can. Be the Keeper of the holes, the Gardener of my heart. Reflection by an art student

**Seed tenderly sown
but the heart’s hole, its abyss,
feels the harrowing**



“I must fall and die like a kernel of wheat
that falls into the furrows of the earth.

Unless I die I will be alone—a single seed.

But my death will produce many new wheat kernels—
a plentiful harvest of new lives.

John 12:20-26 – *Living bible*

