

My Farmer Father

A young girl wrote this tribute to her father who is also a farmer, and tells how it is more than just a profession to him, more a whole way of life.



MY FARMER FATHER

My father is a farmer,
His heart is in the soil.

It's there he finds his solace,
Among the grimy toil.

He plants the seed in springtime,
The corn, the beans, the hay -
He prays that God will bless it,
A harvest, Lord, he prays.

He tills and cultivates it,
Provides the most tender care,
Believes that, come October,
He'll reap a harvest fair.

Blue skies are his cathedral,
A tractor his altar of prayer.

God meets him in the cornfield,
They have communion there.

My father is a farmer,
That's all he'll ever be.

The values that the land taught him,
He handed down to me.

I love my farmer father,
I'm thankful that he's mine.

I pray that God will bless him,
Today and for all time.

Jasmine N. Swantz

A farmer's prayer to Mary

O Blessed Lady of the Fields, who loved the land of your native Galilee,
who watched the tiller of the earth and the shepherd of the flock go out
and return to Nazareth, who lived with and loved the rural folk of the village.

Look down graciously on the fields and pastures of this your adopted land.
Make our homes sanctuaries of Christ, as was your own home. Make our

fields fertile and abundant in the harvest. Help us to understand more fully the dignity of our toil and the merit it acquires when offered through you to your Divine Son, Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Spirit, lives and reigns for ever and ever. Amen

Angela McGhin