

## Imagine the conversation The Creator might have with St. Francis about this:



*“Frank, you know all about gardens and nature. What in the world is going on down there?*

*What happened to the dandelions, violets, thistle and stuff I started eons ago? I had a perfect,*

*no-maintenance garden plan. Those plants grow in any type of soil, withstand drought, and multiply with abandon. The nectar from the long-lasting blossoms attracted butterflies, honeybees, and flocks of songbirds. I expected to see a vast garden of colors by now. But all I see are these green rectangles.”*