

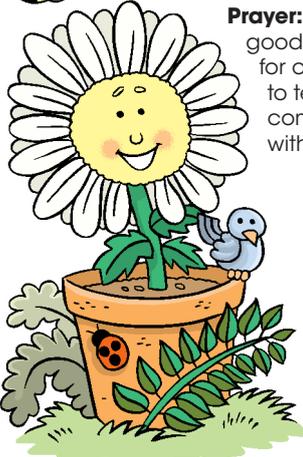
Just then the gardener noticed the daisy with its bright and happy face. "Dear little daisy," the gardener asked, "why is it that you are still so cheerful, when all my other plants are sad?"

"Well," said the daisy, "I know I'm just a small daisy, but this morning this thought came to me—if you'd wanted a different flower or tree instead of me, you would've made that your plan. But since you planted me, I'm determined to be the best little daisy I can!"

The gardener was glad to see that this little flower was grateful for its place in the garden. "My flowers and trees," said the gardener, "you ought to be ashamed! Even though this daisy is so small, she's not whiny, but is grateful and glad for how she is made!"

All the plants that had been complaining said, "Never again will we grumble and gripe about how we were made. We'll be thankful for how we've been created!"

Moral: Instead of comparing with others around, cheer up and be happy, and be the best that you can be. Be thankful for all that you have.

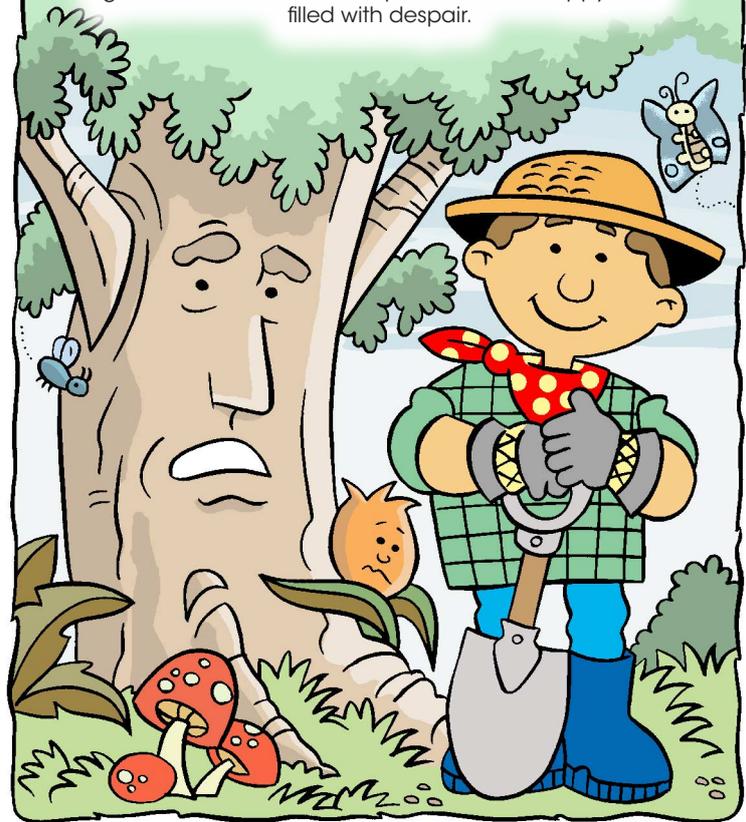


Prayer: Dear Jesus, thank You for all the good things that fill my life. Thank You for coming to earth to save me and to teach me about Your love. Please come into my heart, and fill my life with Your love. Amen.

Visit: www.thefamily.org
E-mail: family@thefamily.org
Illustrated by Didier Martin. Story retold by Katusiwa Giusti. Design by Aliaksei Koran.
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The Garden

There once was a gardener who tended his garden with great care. But one morning he came to his garden and found that his plants were unhappy and filled with despair.



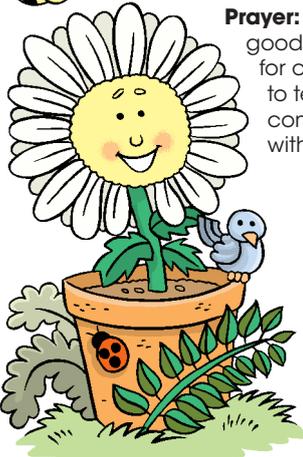
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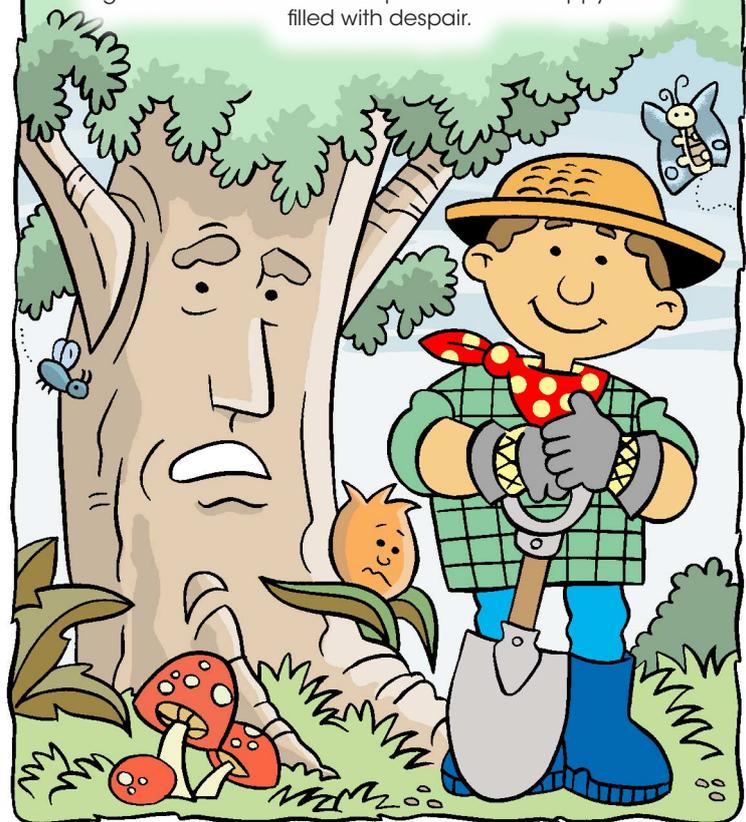


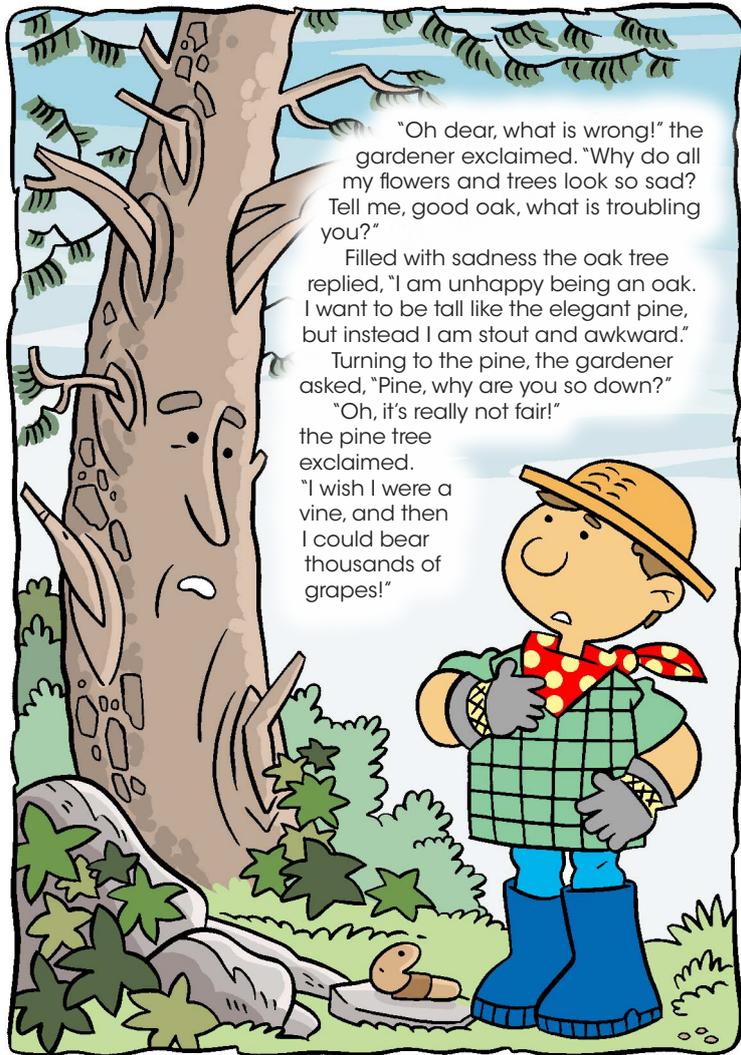
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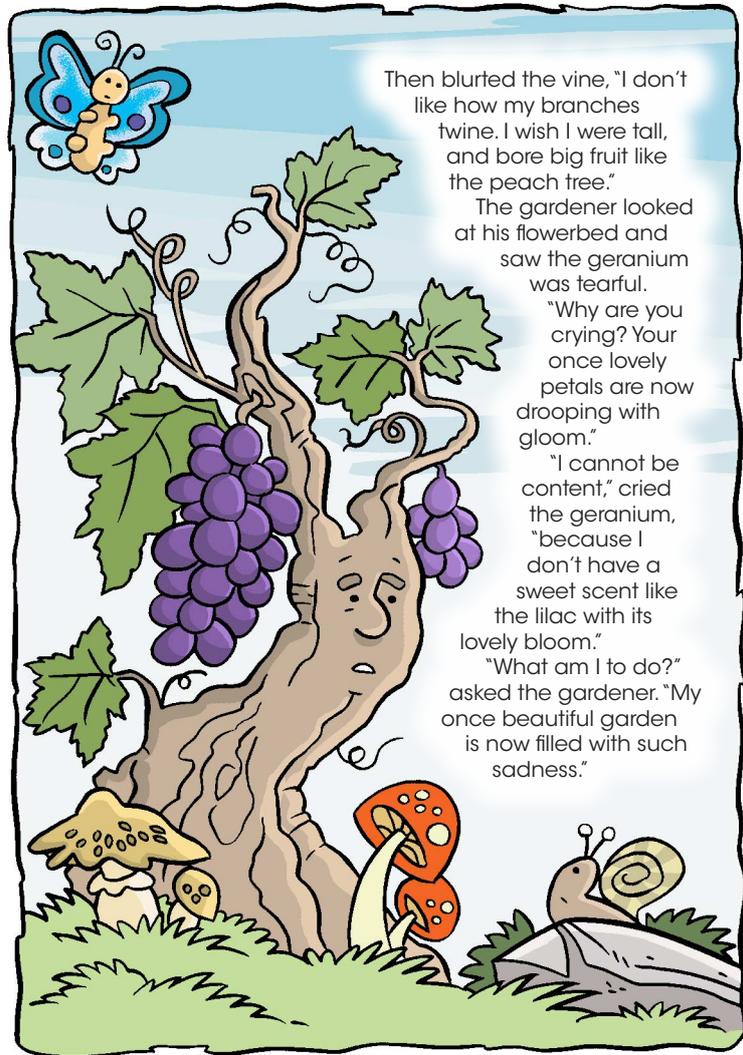
"Oh dear, what is wrong!" the gardener exclaimed. "Why do all my flowers and trees look so sad? Tell me, good oak, what is troubling you?"

Filled with sadness the oak tree replied, "I am unhappy being an oak. I want to be tall like the elegant pine, but instead I am stout and awkward."

Turning to the pine, the gardener asked, "Pine, why are you so down?"

"Oh, it's really not fair!" the pine tree exclaimed.

"I wish I were a vine, and then I could bear thousands of grapes!"



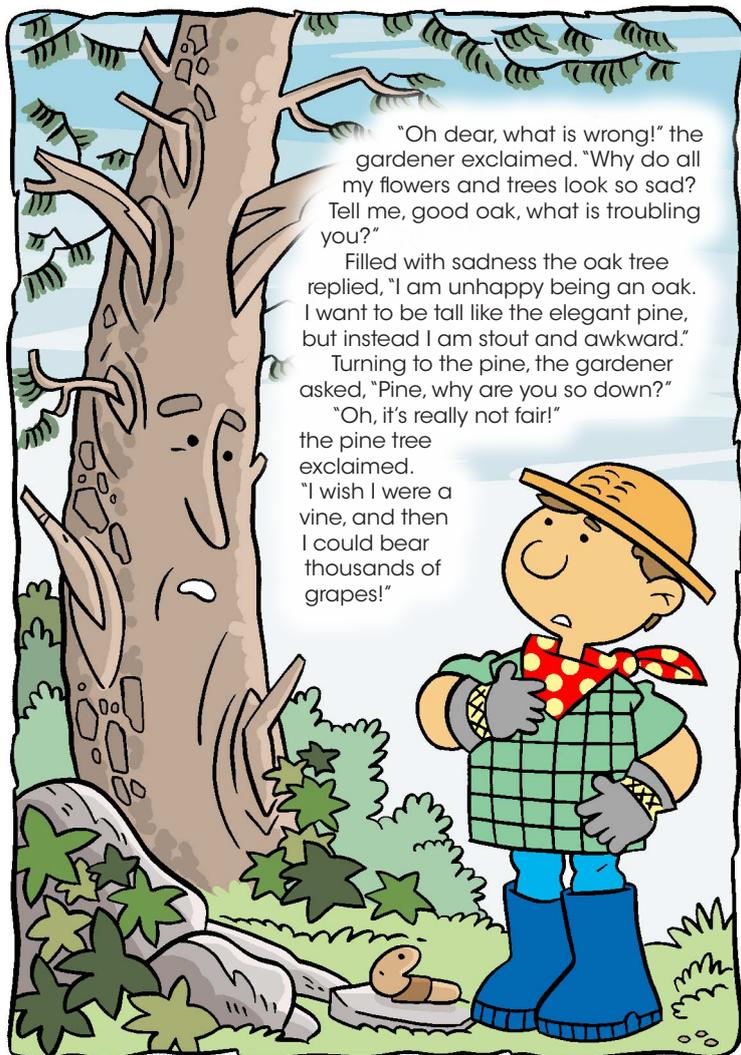
Then blurted the vine, "I don't like how my branches twine. I wish I were tall, and bore big fruit like the peach tree."

The gardener looked at his flowerbed and saw the geranium was tearful.

"Why are you crying? Your once lovely petals are now drooping with gloom."

"I cannot be content," cried the geranium, "because I don't have a sweet scent like the lilac with its lovely bloom."

"What am I to do?" asked the gardener. "My once beautiful garden is now filled with such sadness."



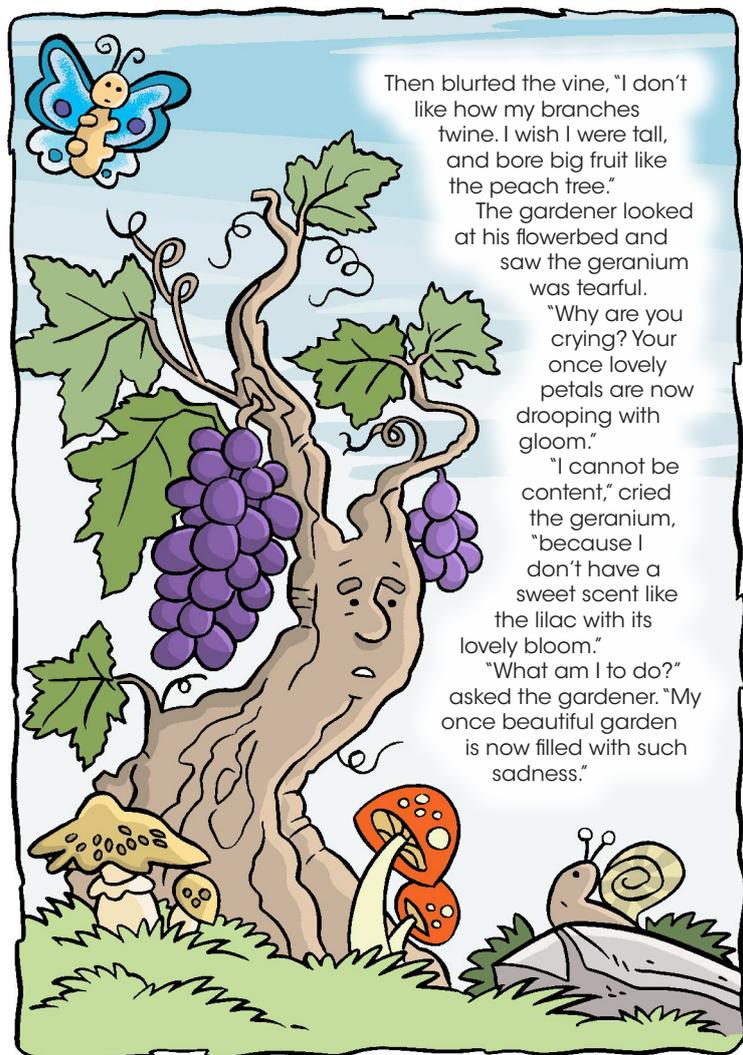
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