

Zucchini | zoō'kēnē |

noun (pl. same or **-nis**)

a green variety of smooth-skinned summer squash.

ORIGIN Italian, plural of *zucchino*, diminutive of *zucca* 'gourd.'

**MAY ALL I SAY AND ALL I
THINK
BE IN HARMONY WITH THEE,
GOD WITHIN ME,
GOD BEYOND ME,
MAKER OF THE TREES.
— CHINOOK PRAYER,
PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST,
NORTH AMERICA**

**Lord, the air smells good today,
straight from the mysteries
within
the garden
of God.**

**The trees in their prayer,
the birds in praise,
the first blue violets,
kneeling.**

— Rumi

It's harvest time,
It's harvest time,
How rich is nature's yield
In fruit of earth
And bush and tree,
From orchard, farm and
field.
It's autumn time,
It's autumn time,
When leaves turn gold and
red.

In smiling sky
And land and sea
God's glories are
outspread.
It's Sukos time,
It's Sukos time,
This day of our
Thanksgiving.
We hymn the praise
Of God above
For all the joys of living.
— Israeli Sukos Song

**How strong and good
and sure your earth smells,
and everything that grows there.
Bless us, our land,
and our people.
Bless our forests with mahogany,
wawa and cacao.
Bless our fields
with cassava and peanuts.
Be with us in our countries
and in all of Africa,
And in the whole world.
— Ashanti prayer (Ghana, Africa)**

Thank you for the apples like berries
that color the trees and the sky.

I want to leap and talk
and then sleep in the air
where your fruits ripen and dance.

Mother of earth, this is my prayer!

Oh yes — at night
when we turn from father light
please cover my cloud bed
with your phosphorescence.

Thank you for your apples.

— Small Prayer by Scott Chaskey, North America

O Lord
Let my spirit
glow
so brightly,
that darkness
will disappear.
- Islamic child's prayer,
Pakistan

i thank You God for most this amazing
day:for leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
— e.e. cummings, North America

WHEN TRUE SIMPLICITY IS GAINED,
TO BOW AND TO BEND
WE WILL NOT BE ASHAMED.
TO TURN, TURN
WILL BE OUR DELIGHT,
'TIL BY TURNING, TURNING
WE COME ROUND RIGHT.
— SIMPLE GIFTS, A SHAKER SONG,
NORTH AMERICA

Mother of Plenty,
Bless this Bread
Father of the Grain, Lend Your Seed
Let it nourish Heart and Head
Let it nourish Thought and Deed
Let its breaking be a Spell
That hungry mouths be fed as well
And let its eating keep Us Free
As is our Will
Blessed Be!
— Wiccan prayer

Oh, the Earth is good to me
And so I thank the Earth
For giving me the things I need
The sun and the rain and the apple seed
The Earth is good to me
Johnny Appleseed
Amen!