

The Empty Garden



by Linda Asato

Ethan loved helping his grandfather in the garden. Every morning, they checked the soil, watered the roots, and watched for the first signs of life.

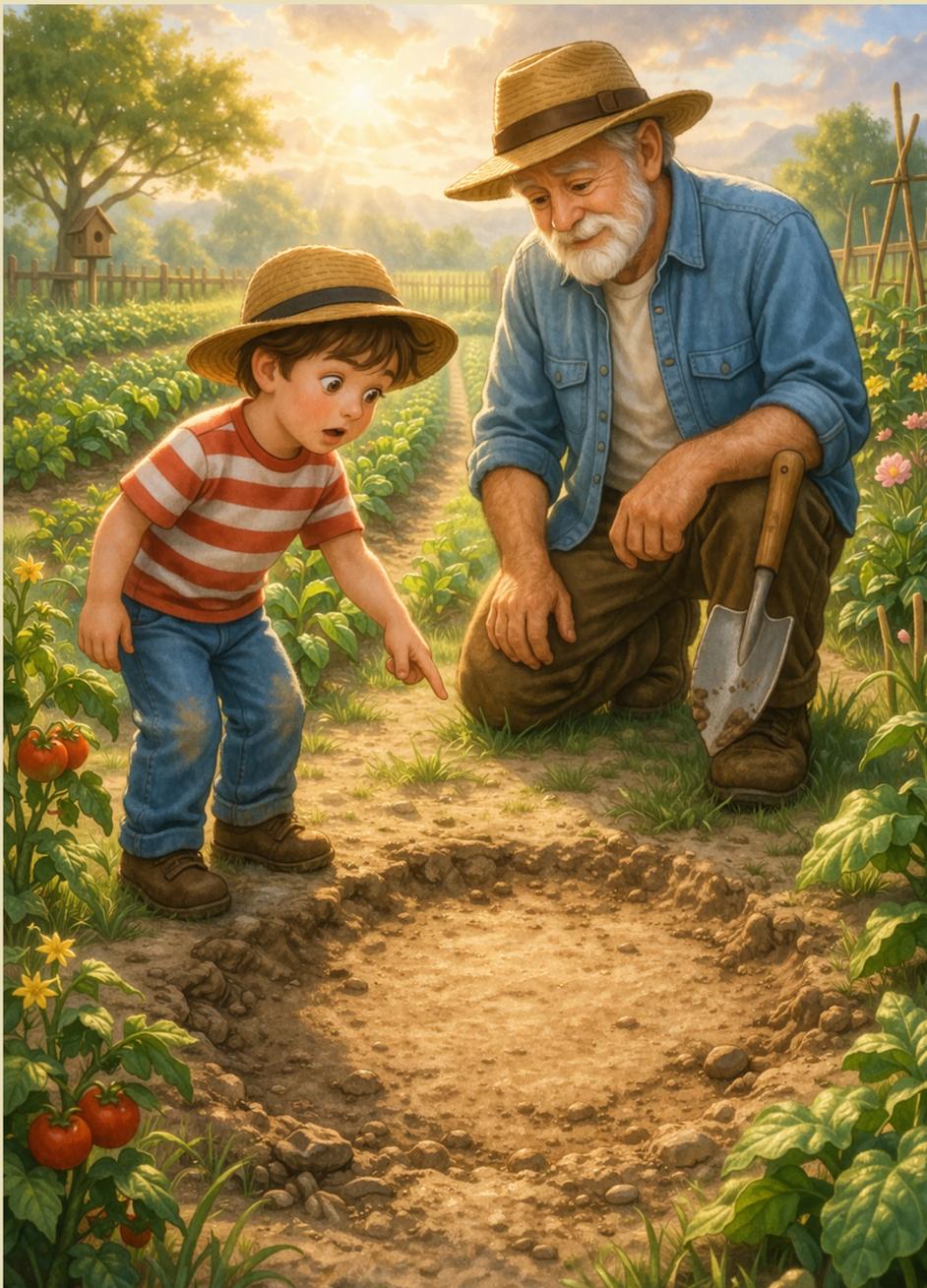
“Gardens teach us patience... and hope,” Grandpa said.



But one morning, something felt different.

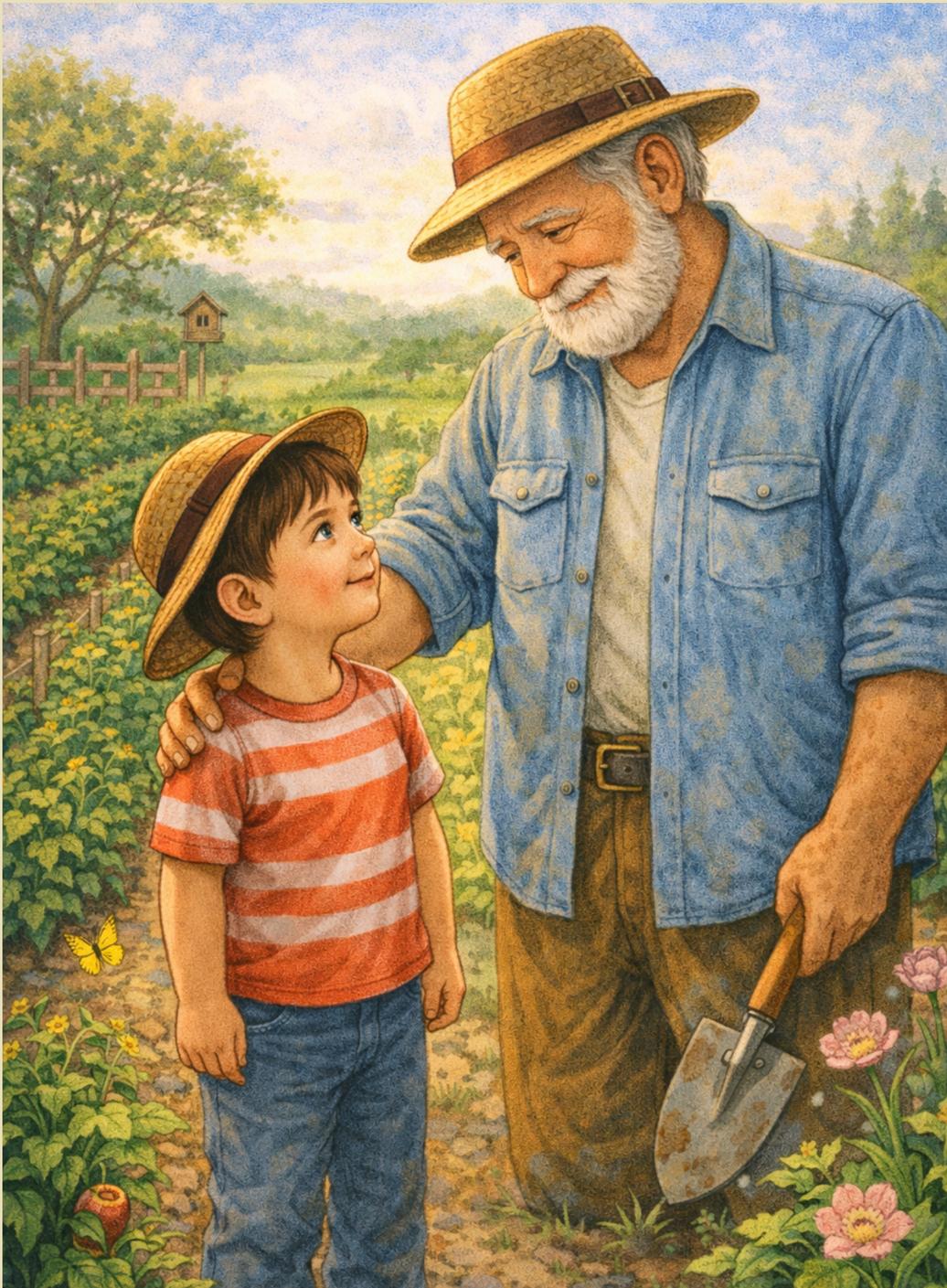
The garden was quiet. Too quiet. No birds were chirping or wind blowing through the tree branches.

Then Ethan noticed that a small patch of soil—where Grandpa had planted something special—was empty.



“Grandpa, what happened here?”

“Not everything that looks empty is gone,”
Grandpa said.



That afternoon, they sat together on the porch as the breeze moved through the trees.

“This time of year is special,” Grandpa said.
“Some call it Easter.”



“It’s a time when people are reminded that life can come back... even when it seems gone.”

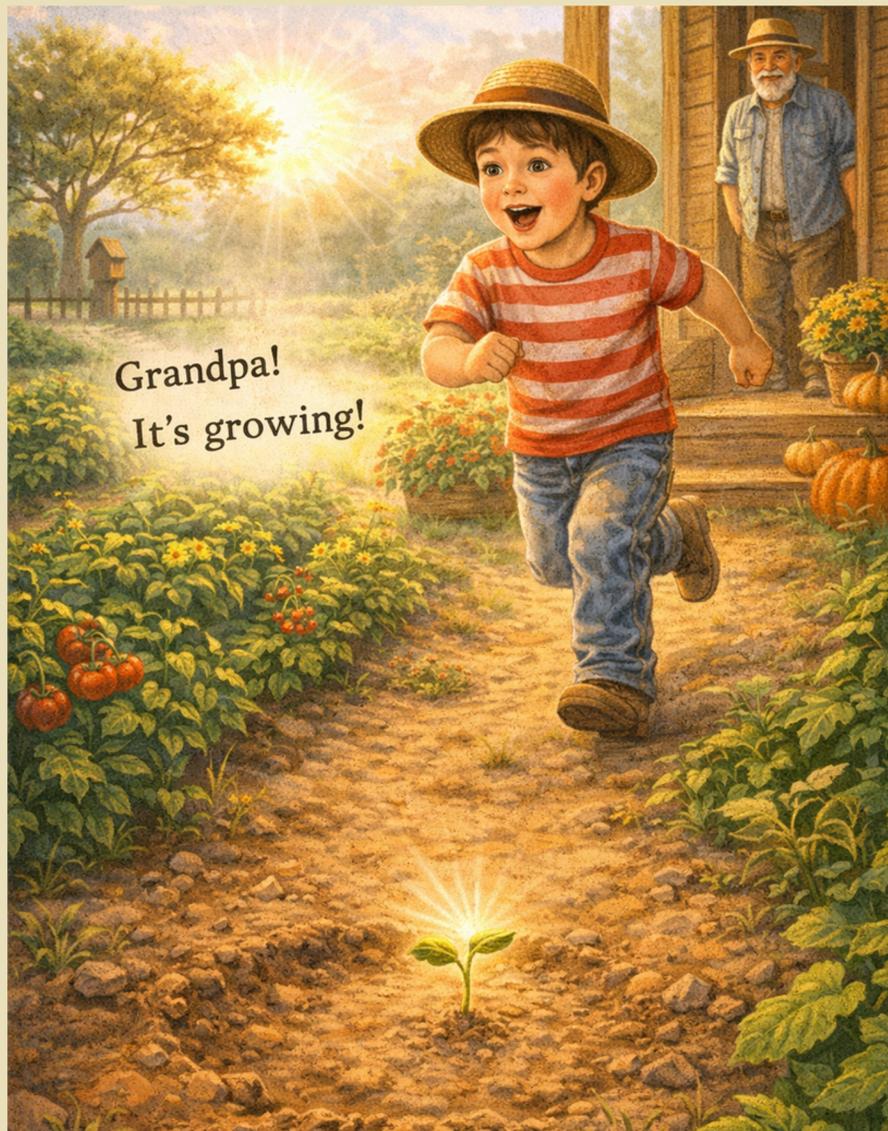
Ethan looked over at the garden. The empty patch didn’t feel quite so empty anymore.



The next morning, Ethan ran outside. He wanted to see what happened in the garden.

A tiny green sprout pushed its way toward the sun.

“Grandpa! There is something growing!” Ethan shouted.



“Life always finds a way,” Grandpa said, smiling.
“Sometimes it just needs a little time.”

Ethan liked that, and it made him smile.



From that day on, whenever Ethan saw something that looked empty or lost, he remembered the garden.

There will always be something to fill up the empty space.



And he remembered that sometimes, the most beautiful things begin where everything once seemed gone.



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