

I AM A TREE

I am a tree, planted beside a stream,
Sending out my thirsty roots,
Searching for life-giving nourishment.

At first, I was a little sprout,
Hardly noticeable among my elders.
But the rains came, and the rains went.
My roots probed deeper,
Searching for the passing stream.
Dry winds splayed my fragile branches,
But I persevered.

Finally, the day came
When my roots reached the passing stream,
I rejoiced, secure at last.

The years passed,
And I grew tall and stately.
People came to gather under my branches.
The sun smiled down on my leafy arms.
At night I looked up to see sparkling jewels,
Embedded in the dark velvet of a moonless sky.

But then, a savage winter storm
Raged against my limbs and tore at my core.
Ice encased my branches
And broke the vulnerable ones.
My stream was frozen, and I was desolate.

Just when I thought I could bear no more,
Spring came prancing in on gentle feet.
The ice locked stream was free at last.
My roots wakened after their winter sleep.

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Jean L. Easterly
(Lines from Jeremiah 17:8)