



How the Tree Got Its Bauble

Here's a holiday gift from Isabelle and me,
A story omitted from books of history,
There once was a sad and lonely tree,
All by itself, feeling down, no glee.

One day a cardinal happened to stop by,
And noticed that the tree had begun to cry
The cardinal was curious and made inquiry,
But all it got back was sobs from the tree.

After a bit, the tree said it was worthless,
Its life was sedentary, its existence mirthless,
The cardinal thought a few minutes about this,
And decided this tree was completely clueless.

"First of all, you saved me" the Cardinal said,
"Finding your limb kept me from being dead,
I had flown off course and needed to stop,
And I was being shadowed by a nasty hawk."

"But more than that, you trees are the key,
To life on Earth – you recycle C -
The carbon dioxide that we all make,
And release the oxygen we need to intake."

The little tree looked up with a smile,
"Do you mean to say I'm really worthwhile?"
And the cardinal spoke from its big bulky beak,

“You are our center, you’re certainly not weak.”

And the little tree’s sadness fast went away,
And the cardinal was rested after its stay,
And the feather he left became an ornament,
A reminder that counseling can seem heaven sent.

So when you look at a holiday celebration,
Remember the red bauble and the tree’s salvation,
Earth church sends help in sometimes strange ways,
Now you and the tree have a happy holiday.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Here we write the Earth story
And gift it to you.