



Tree Rings

I look down at the rings within the tree,
And try to interpret their meaning to me,
I explore the life of this timbered soul,
By viewing these signs made by getting old.

Life started with the acorn in the middle,
It was just a sprout – it was really little,
And it grew enough in that first year
That it was able to claim a presence here.

There were many years when the growing was good,
There was lots of rain for growing more wood,
And the rings expanded as the tree grew,
And it lost track of how fast the time flew.

But then came the drought when growing was hard,
There was barely any growth in the backyard,
And the tree had a hard time making its way,
It was all hard work with no time to play.

And now I gaze on the edge of the rings,
And I ask the tree what the future brings?
And the tree smiles at me in a sweet way,
And says, “I don’t ask beyond today”.

“But what about drought or even a flood,
Will you be fine if the dirt turns to mud?”
And the tree smiled again and looked at me,

Saying "I'm rooted here for eternity".

Now I had to think about that for a while,
It's been at the same place since it was a child,
No travel or vacation, no moving around,
Just staying put in the same piece of ground.

The tree kept on talking saying it was grateful,
That its lot in life wasn't the least bit painful,
Saying "Just being alive was all one could ask,
I enjoy the sun in whose rays I bask."

That tree taught an important lesson that day,
Being grateful's important, come what may,
So the key to adding more and more rings,
Is to try to be accepting of what life brings.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we're growing rings
Of gratitude for you.