

TREES

What season was it when you created trees, Lord?

Was it winter time, when everything is exposed –
Trunks, branches, limbs
thick and thin,
Every twig visible
and beautiful?

Or was it spring time, when trees are full of promise –
Buds swelling, sap flowing,
changing daily,
Blooming, fragrant
and beautiful?

Maybe it was summer time, when trees are full of leaves –
Green – so many shades of green!
Some with fruit, some with nuts,
All with shade
and beautiful.

Perhaps it was autumn, when leaves change their color –
First a tinge, then breathtaking beauty.
Such variety!
Leaves preparing to die
and beautiful.

Lord, you designed the trees
so we could use them
creatively.
We could cut them down, trim the wood
And make 'most anything, bad or good.
Houses, furniture,
paper to write upon –
Why, we could even make some beams
and form a cross
to hang you on.

Thank you, Lord, for dying on a tree –
for hanging there – willingly –
for me.
Creator, Lover,
God and King –
Redeemer, Friend,
my Everything –
Lord, you are beautiful!