

## PARABLE OF A TREE

Late one night,  
Before I went to bed,  
I knelt down to pray  
The concerns in my head.  
But I couldn't focus  
On a thought or a word  
That I was trying to pray  
To my almighty Lord

So I grabbed my Bible,  
Ran out the back door,  
And headed for the woods  
So I could pray more.  
Looking and listening,  
I needed to find  
A solitary spot  
To have an open mind

I finally came to rest  
In a peaceful place.  
His Spirit overwhelmed me  
With amazing grace.  
My knees hit the ground,  
And I bowed my head,  
My hands folded together,  
And this is what I said.

"Dear heavenly Father,  
Hallowed be thy name,  
Help me to shine brightly,  
Like your eternal flame.  
I need help God,  
To spread your blessed word.  
I share it and live it,  
But I don't think it's being heard."

Then God spoke to me  
In a voice so small and still,  
"Open your eyes and listen well  
If you want to do my will."  
So I opened my eyes  
And did what He said.  
I saw a large tree  
In the path ahead.

I was struck with awe  
When I gazed upon the tree.  
As I walked all around it,  
His Spirit over took me.  
"If you listen well  
Then indeed you will learn,  
But if you apply your knowledge,  
Then wisdom you will earn."

"This tree is full  
Of beauty and of might,  
It's branches reach out far,  
To the left and to the right.  
It's leaves are full  
Of life and of color  
And it's seeds will soon spread  
From one place to another.

But if you listen close  
And you look all around.  
You'll hear the sound of nothingness  
And find no seeds are on the ground.  
The leaves will not flutter,  
The seeds will not fly,  
The branches will not wave around  
Even if they try.

One thing is missing  
For this beautiful tree  
To come to life  
For all around to see.  
When this tree's not moving,  
It surely needs revived.  
And *wind* is just the very thing  
That makes this tree alive."

The wind picked up and swirled all around  
It became so very strong.  
The leaves did scrape and rattle together  
And chattered a glorious song.  
It swung its branches all around  
As if to go along  
With the groans it seemed to preach  
To its heavily wooded throng.

As the wind grew in strength,  
I marveled at its power.  
As I watched the seeds all drift away,  
It began to lightly shower.  
It wasn't pouring, it wasn't hard,  
Those raindrops from above.  
But they came down to soak the ground  
With His redeeming love.

Now those seeds will plant and sprout  
Wherever they may land.  
And in due time they'll grow sublime  
Steadfastly they will stand.  
They'll be fed by rain and light  
Throughout the lives they live.  
Just as freely as they receive,  
They must also freely give.

"You have asked and I have answered.  
My child, do you see?"  
Then I began to understand  
Just what the Lord had showed me.  
I headed back home  
Remembering what He taught  
The things that He showed me  
Consumed my every thought.

No matter how much I speak,  
Or how I live each day.  
The Spirit must flow through me  
Whatever I do or say.  
Like the wind through the tree  
The Spirit must always flow,  
In order for those around,  
And my own spirit to grow.

Content with what I leaned  
And taking it all to heart.  
I have the tools to witness.  
Now it's time for me to start.  
Then I had to hurry home  
And get myself to sleep.  
I must rest up to sow His seeds  
And in the end I'll reap.

**Inspired by God**  
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