

What is it about the solitary tree that so captivates me?

Is it because of some magnetic force extending from its majestic silence?

Is it because of some form of sympathy I feel for the way it stands, always alone, but never seemingly lonely?

Is it because I am curious about the events the tree has witnessed over the passage of time?

Is it because of my great admiration for a living thing, which can accept the present without judgment, never questioning the darkness or the glare of the rising sun?

These are certainly some aspects of the solitary tree.

However, perhaps the most captivating is that such a tree is forever patient.

The solitary tree, standing away from its peers, forever waits, yet always listens.

It is impossible to know what it is waiting for, or what it makes of the things it listens to.

However, it takes on a unique appearance through its waiting.

And over time, such a tree has the potential to become a miracle tree.

The lone tree is like the crossroads of life and death.

Not to say that the tree top, reaching out to the blue sky, is life, or that the roots reaching down to find water are death.

But like the holy tree from Norse mythology, Yggdrasil, the lone tree can serve as a connection between worlds, with life and death penetrating deep into its being.

That is why it can capture our eyes and our imaginations, and how it can become a miracle tree.

