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The parable of the tree

This poem was written for the book *Still Digging (Scratching the surface and plumbing the depths of prayer)*

Reaching high, branching wide, rooted deep.	When winter comes I rest preparing myself to give again.
I feed on light, inhaling gases which, to humanity, are poisonous.	There's hope for a tree; if I am cut down, my stump will bear leaves and send out branches.
I drink from deep wells, drawing refreshment, and I exhale the oxygen of life.	I may live again. I will give again. giving is my joy it's what I live for.
My leaves give shade. My fruit is a gift I give - Shade Air Wood Fruit Beauty Life	And all of this flows from my stillness.
Multitudes live here – I shelter them all. I don't strive for fruit – I live and it grows, flowing out from my being.	I was young I am ageing I may grow very old.
I don't shout. I don't complain. I don't fight. I simply live.	But, all my days, I will look upwards arms raised towards heaven living and bearing fruit a constant prayer for the benefit of life and for God.

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Blessed is the one who does not walk in step with the wicked or stand in the way that sinners take or sit in the company of mockers, but whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and who meditates on his Law day and night. That person is like a tree planted by streams of water, which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither— whatever he does prospers.

Psalm 1:1-3 NIV

Then the angel showed me the river of the water of life, as clear as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb down the middle of the great street of the city. On each side of the river stood the tree of life, bearing twelve crops of fruit, yielding its fruit every month. And the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

Revelation 22:1,2 NIV