

My Oak

By Betty Arzt

I was a wimpy little switch of an oak tree, not long out of the acorn, sitting in a little pot of dirt on a shelf at a store with other little oaks. People came by and bought many of the other little oaks but passed me by. I was afraid that I would die there and be thrown out. Then one day a white haired little old lady came by and looked at all of the little oaks. When she came to me, she stopped and got a tender look in her eyes. She picked me up and, Glory be, she bought me. She took me home in the trunk of her car and when we got there, she took me out and said to me, "I'm going to plant you here in my front yard with plenty of room to grow. I'll water you every day, give you lots of loving care and see to it that no one will cut or trample on you. I'll put a little fence around you to protect you. You will grow tall, straight and beautiful."

That is exactly what she did. It was a relief to get out of that little pot. She dug a hole, put good soil and even extra food in it. Then she set me in it and very gently patted the soil around my roots. She put a little stick beside me and tied me to it so that I would grow straight. Every day she came by, watered me, and told me how proud of me she was because I began to grow so well. Soon I was as tall as her shoulders and was putting out a couple of limbs and lots of leaves. I could tell that she loved me so I do my best to please her.

I grew taller and taller and as the years went by, I became a mighty oak, fifty feet tall. My trunk is thick and straight. My lady had some men clean out dead twigs and moss and now I am truly beautiful. If you want to see how beautiful I am just come by ... and you'll see me standing in the front yard. My lady is so pleased and I raise my limbs in thankful prayer for her love and care.