

Fond Childhood Memories of Trees

By Cindy Peters

I love to see the changing colors of the leaves of the trees during the various seasons. My favorite trees however are the fruit trees. I have fond memories of a sunny Spring day walking home from school and seeing the brilliance and smelling the fragrance of the apple blossom and cherry blossom trees. This was my favorite part of the day.

As a child I enjoyed climbing trees. In our country church there was a huge oak tree on the back lawn. There were wood planks for climbing that tree. Once on top, us kids had to grab the rope of the sandbag swing and make a giant leap. Once we made the dare devil leap on the sandbag swing it was a crazy wild ride until we made it safely to the ground. Every recess from bible school all of us 100 kids looked forward to standing in line if even for one chance to ride that swing. Then tragedy struck as one kid missed the bag swing and lost his grip and fell several feet below and broke his leg. So down went the sandbag swing which adults now deemed too dangerous. Then more tragedy as that same Summer lightening hit that beautiful old oak tree and it had to be cut down. The only good thing about that is that it made a wonderful bond fire. So, us kids sat around the bond fire singing songs, roasting hot dogs, and marshmallows.

Every Arbor Day our teachers would take us out on the school grounds to plant trees. It was fun to watch the trees grow and bloom. When I drive through my childhood town, I look up in amazement at how huge those trees are 50 years later. It is unfortunate as an adult I am allergic to most leafing trees. I suffer a great deal with allergies when the trees bud in the Spring and the leaves begin to fall during Autumn.

In grade school one of my teachers must have been very fond of trees because she made the entire class memorize a poem by Joyce Kilmer:

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.
Upon whose bosom snow has lain.
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.