

THE TREE

RT CROSSING

1992



As I grew up, some of my fondest memories were made as I played by a tree. It was not an extra-ordinary tree, nor did it have a special name. I did, however, love that tree more than any of the great trees of the world. Located at the edge of our house, somehow it became the focal point of the yard. Rarely did any other part of the property get as much attention as that part shaded by the tree. Because of its dense shadow, grass grew sparsely about the trunk, making an ideal area for playing with toy cars and trucks. The trunk itself was just perfect for a young boy to climb, and I exploited the possibility to my utmost extent. High enough to be a challenge, yet low enough to be sufficiently safe, it provided endless hours of satisfaction. In its season, the regular green foliage was overpowered by brilliant pink flowers providing a lovely blend of sights and smells. That tree gave me my earliest memories of nature and taught me to love all the outdoors - but especially trees.

Illustration by Melissa Nelson, Garden, Landscaping, and More