



## Proof

I intended to write a newsletter on the process of growth, since we are always in a growth cycle or several simultaneously. However, the most magical, wonderful thing happened at around 4 am this morning and it deserves to be shared.

When I bought this house in 2021, the inspector brought to my attention that the dead tree in my neighbors' yard was positioned to fall right onto my bedroom. The tree corpse looked angry and hostile even though ivy was growing abundantly on its lower half. At his suggestion, I called an arborist. That man explained my options and I took pictures of the tree. He explained a way I could force the neighbors to top the tree and reduce the chance of damage.

I, not being of a mind to force anything and alienate good people, chose the Spiritual route. I talked with the tree and all the Nature Spirits, introduced myself as a steward of this place, offered them love and support and let them know how grateful I am for them, their being and what they bring to the world. Since then, this has been my daily practice.

The tree started looking less ominous. I asked if it had gender. Tree said he carries a stronger male energy. I asked him if he would watch over my home. He was quite delighted and surprised since he had few branches and could not produce leaves. I let him know that didn't matter. He looked majestic, and I knew he held a lot of wisdom. I told him that I would be honored and grateful to have him as one of my protectors.

Last year, also during our rainy season, my protector, now called Angle Oak cracked loudly, but did not fall. My neighbor came over to let me know. I thanked him and went to the porch to talk with the tree, again asking if he needed or wanted anything. He thanked me and we connected on a soul level for a time. His vibration was still strong. He emitted divine joy and peace. Even though he appeared dead to most people, there was so much life in him, not only in the body of the tree but for those beings he supported in other life forms. I wrapped him in love and protection and reset the protection for my home to help both of us.

Shortly after that, a hawk came and sat on the tree's highest branch for a long time. I quietly went out and thanked the hawk. It was a beautiful sight to behold and a blessing for all. It also brought neighbors together through texts and photographs.

We are once more in our "rainy season," which means we have random weeks of rain every day. It is usually gentle and lasts only a few hours at a time. We're right in the middle of one of these weeks so everything is soggy. The cats have been bringing me tons of sand, twigs and who knows what else when they come in from high stepping through the yard. I can only laugh and sweep.

This morning, I was suddenly awakened by my neighbor knocking on my door. She wanted to make sure I was OK. After my look of confusion and nodding of my OK-ness, she told me the tree had fallen. She would meet me in the back. As soon as I had gathered my wits, I went to the back porch to access the damage. My heart was very sad. And yet, I was also deeply grateful and relieved.

This morning, Angel Oak could no longer hold on. He toppled gently and peacefully. So gently that he didn't wake the neighbors or me. It was only the third neighbor, who was already up, who heard the fall. Yes, Mr. Angel broke some fence sections, both at his root where it lifted, and where the top came through my fence. But he didn't land on my bedroom as predicted, punch a hole in my roof or crush my roses. He also didn't harm any other houses. And really, he could have done damage to three homes. He didn't hit any cars either, though he could have. The only damage to any home was a rip my porch screen and a hole punched through one deck board. That is so minor to what could have been.

We have been blessed by his love and gentleness.

In his heyday, he had been a mighty white oak, strong and sturdy. He had given life and supported life. He brought shade and food for many. I don't know how old he was, but I do know several generations had enjoyed his many gifts. And I don't know what brought his demise. It could have been houses built too close to his roots. I never asked.

Under the cover of drinking coffee on the back porch, I spent time with him and the plants, making sure they know they are loved and supported. I checked in with the squirrels and birds and all that reside in my small corner of the world. They're all good. He is receiving love and gratitude from everyone. While on the porch, my neighbors let me know that they had been sending love to Mr. Angel Oak, as well. It is heartening to know that we are joined in love and the good of all, each in our own special ways.

In a few days, what is remaining of his body will be gone, cut up by the arborists and hauled away. His body is not good for furniture or sculpture so it will be returned directly to Mother Earth. His Spirit is staying with his body until it is removed. I will sit with him every morning and evening until then. In a few weeks, the fences and my porch will be repaired. The hole where he stood will be filled and the dirt patted down. Small plants and grass will cover the bare spots. There will be no visible sign of him here.

Yet, he will always be in my heart, a friend made through necessity and enjoyed through love and friendship. He will be missed by the birds and the squirrels and the hawk and all the creepy crawlies. He will be missed by the ivy and many other plants.



Some might dismiss this as simply the way of things. I say not. I say it is proof of the power and the beauty of love and acknowledgement. We are one family. Through our actions in love, we receive love. Did I selfishly begin this relationship with him to protect my home? Sure, I did. But it quickly grew into a friendship and mutual appreciation. I saw him through my windows and took comfort in

his protection. He, as the other trees in my hood, greeted me with love every day. I have always felt a profound security in their presence. Now that he has fallen, I hear the Nature Spirits singing their gratitude and love for him.

May you take this short story into your hearts and make friends with all that is, especially the bush that looks gnarly or the tree that is sad or the dandelions that you previously thought of as weeds. We are one family.

I need no proof, but I have it and I hope that you experience the same in your lives.