O CHRISTMAS TREE OF LIFE

Beautiful fir tree,

fresh scent of pine and the bitter outdoors from which it was uprooted,

now domesticated, a center piece of the family room, warmed by videoed hearth,

waits to be adorned and adored for the Christmas season.

First come the lights, woven intricately through its needled branches,

the starry night cosmos begun so many millennia ago,

its fire and energy birthing this Christmas Tree of Life and

illuminating emerging species since the first burst of dawn.

Next are the shiny red balls, the Sun Star that sustains Earth, and

Grandma’s heavy blue ball, Earth our Common Home.

White and gold Chrismons weave another narrative

of this Tree of Life: Creationing, prophesying,

incarnating, sacrificing, restoring, communing,

resurrecting Earth and All that is in it.

Red bows proclaim the gift of this wondrous, sacred, extravaganza of time and space.

And simple, mostly gifted ornaments of all sizes, shapes and colors

celebrate the surging uniqueness, diversity and cooperation

unfolding, enfolding our universal story and

permeating our individual and family memories,

propelling us into the future unknown.

Sunflowers, walnut-shelled-cotton-bearded Santas, God’s Eyes, Dream Catchers, and Nut Crackers;

candy canes, crosses, chullos, and steepled churches;

photo pins of children, friends, MLK Jr., and Mandela;

ceramic Peruvian cherubim playing flutes, violins, horns and harps;

homemade, hand-cut and shaped metal snowflakes and stars;

a single purple blown glass tear drop that weeps for lives gone too soon or too far;

and fragile, delicately and intricately painted Slavic eggs;

nativity scenes, origami creatures, peace doves and frogs;

human figures, Earth balls, bells, and Tibetan prayer flags.

At the foot of the trunk, a babe’s manta cloth robe of many colors embraces this heritage and legacy,

and, at the top, an angel keeps watch like the eagle hovering over the Great White Pine Tree of Peace,

its streams of mercy gracing the branches as scotch plaid ribbons flowing to the four directions.

But, not alone, this Christmas Tree of Life extends its diorama

to cloth, ceramic, glass, and wooden nativity scenes in this and neighboring rooms;

to windowsill welcome candles, peace and cosmic Advents wreathes and Feliz Navidad trees;

to ivy light strands, greeting cards, manta stockings with llama bells, and gifts under the boughs.

And gathering as friends and family among, within and around this Tree of Life,

we feast, sing, dance, play instruments, make joyful noises,

exchange gifts and plunge with open hearts and eyes into the swirling silence and stillness of

the Promise of New Life and Light amidst an often dark and threatening world.

Surrounded and joined by a cloud of witnesses—

visible now or invisible in your metamorphic mulched return to the Earth—

O Christmas Tree of Life, you proclaim:

Hope beyond hope, Peace passing understanding,

Joy and Thanksgiving unceasing, and Love unconditioning—

Evermore and evermore….Amen… ejhs: 1/02/2018