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Trees Are Life’s Greatest Role Models

 In the maze of life, when we fall to our lowest of lows and get stuck in the weeds of uncertainty, I believe we should look to the trees. These silent giants, standing still and straight through the trial of time, provide valuable lessons that anyone can take, if they know to look.

 The trunk of a tree is an embodiment of resilience. Faced with the harshest of storms and constant changing of the times, the trunk stands tall, unmoved. The trunk can bend under winds, lose its shell due to another’s intent or lack thereof, and see its beauty fall due to circumstances out of its control. Yet each time it remains tall and strong, fighting the variety of challenges thrown at it, despite having enough excuses to fall and crumble. The trunk is an artist who specializes in facing life’s challenges without losing its core strength, allowing it to reach new heights and continue to give to others. This I believe.

 A look up is all it takes to see the branches of a tree, constantly trying to reach new heights and undiscovered spaces. Each limb stems from the trunk with the goal to set new boundaries for itself and others who lean on the tree. The branches of a tree push the limits of stability and growth, extending beyond its own confines in a manner that promotes development for itself and those who rely on it. The intricate entwining of branches coexists in a manner that doesn’t intrude on the space of others, echoing that unity and collaboration can flourish without the expense of anything. This I believe.

 The leaves stemming from each branch change with each season and tree. For some trees, their leaves stay there forever, from the time they grow to the time they die. For other trees, their leaves come and go as often as the seasons. Yet no matter how bare or full of leaves the tree may be, it is still a tree, whose identity and beauty surpasses the seasons and the eye candy that is often the leaves. The tree is grateful for the leaves, as they provide beauty and color, but is free to display their true self when the leaves fall, highlighting beauty in an authentic way. The leaves of a tree are storytellers, as they write in the language of seasons, showcasing how each chapter contributes to the evolving story of a tree. This I believe.

 Roots, hidden in the rich soil, function as a network that stabilizes the tree, and connects it with the environment around it. The stability of the roots provides support for the trunk, for when the trunk wants to fall, the roots hold it in place, reminding it of how it got to be so strong. The roots act as a complex web of connections, forming a supportive community. The tree draws from this community, gaining strength from the connections that hide under the surface. The roots of a tree weave a narrative of interconnected strength that lies underneath the surface and supports the tree through its toughest of winters and its brightest of summers. This I believe.

 I believe that if I looked to the trees more often, I would be better. I would have more strength, founded in my beliefs, and displayed through my actions. I would be beautiful, no matter how I looked or how barren and authentic I am. I would constantly be striving for more, providing space for others in the process. The timeless lessons offered by trees, rooted in strength, authenticity and growth have the power to transform individuals. If everybody just looked to the trees more, we would all be better people. This I believe.