

Story 3
The Big Tree
By Jean Brown

This story can be fun for the children to see how one can change their attitudes toward each other.

The children can do a few things before the story is read. They can make pictures of a big tree. The tree should be big enough for a young boy to be able to find a cavity that he can live in for a while. The tree should also have sturdy limbs for someone to sit. There are various scriptures to be read. You can give them to the children so they can be ready to read them when it comes time in the story to read them.

Here are the various scriptures in order so the children know when they will be reading them.

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| #1. Psalms 23 | #4. Ephesians 6:10-20 | #7. I John 4:11-21 |
| #2. Proverbs 3:1-12 | #5. Psalms 119: 105 | #8. Samuel 16: 7 |
| #3. Ephesians 6:1-4 | #6. Proverbs 6:23 | #9. II Cor. 12:9-10 |

Chapter 1 Sharing with Grandpa

“Good morning, Grandpa. What are you doing here? I thought I was the only one who came to this part of the land.”

“No, Grandson, I came here as a boy myself, only that tree over there was not so far away,” replied King Ollam.

Young Arthur looked across the rough water and wondered how the tree could have ever been close enough to climb on. It was on an island now all by itself and seemed so lonely.

“How did the tree get over there, grandfather? Did you climb it?”

“Seeing as you are about the same age as I was when I started climbing trees, which was about eight years old, I guess I can tell my story to you. You are eight, right?” Arthur nodded. “One day, I was finally given permission to leave the castle grounds to go wandering on my own. Ivan, my brother was not much for hiking in the woods, so I went by myself. When I came upon this tree, I did not think too much about it. Then one day, I needed to get away from something I thought was really dangerous (though it was just an unhappy squirrel). I ran to that tree and climbed it. I realized then it was a very special tree. That squirrel actually lived in that tree. It reminded me of a poem I had heard in my schooling: ‘I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth’s sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God (Yah) all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God (Yah) can make a tree. (By Joyce Kilmer)

“That’s a pretty poem, Grandpa.” Arthur smiled as he glanced at the old tree.

“What happened next Grandpa?”

“Well, I saw that squirrel go down a hole in that tree. I didn’t want to scare him so I waited quietly until he was completely down the hole. Then I found a huge hole. I climbed down and sure enough, there was a very nice warm spot for a boy like me to

have as a secret hiding place. The squirrel did not seem to mind as long as I brought him treats every time. I also discovered a bottom entrance so you did not even need to climb the tree.

“I made sure no one else found the secret entrance by blocking it with some moss. The moss has probably grown there permanently now but I am sure the hole is still there.

“One day my parents learned of my secret hiding place and came to visit me. They were the only ones who ever knew of my little get-away place in the woods.

“On my 9th birthday my brother and I both received a little gold box. It was pure gold on the outside, however inside was the fresh smell of cedar. My father said in the boxes were important guidebooks for life; and that we should always keep them with us or some place where we could read them. At once, I thought of my wonderful tree. I looked at the box and the book. The box was far the prettier of the two. I told my father and mother thank you. Later that day, I asked to go to my secret place. I took the gold box and the guidebook. I took an old gunnysack, some nuts for my friend JO-JO, the squirrel and headed for my tree.

“I spent even more time in that tree after that. I would read the guidebook every day. I often asked Ivan if he was reading his. He would reply ‘sometimes’. I learned such wonderful things out of the book, that my folks could see a change in me. Ivan was interested in playing with the other children and riding horses. I had a slight handicap, which no one noticed. They still don’t know much to this day.”

“What was it grandpa? Were you lame like I am? I hate being this way. I do not see how my father ever thinks I could ever become a King like him. He is so strong and healthy. You must have been proud of both your sons, Grandpa.”

“I was Arthur, but your father was not always that strong.”

“He wasn’t?”

“No, it took him many years and a hard journey to attain his strength.”

“But he wasn’t lame to begin with was he?”

“No, son, he wasn’t.”

“Please go on with your story, Grandpa.”

“Okay, my son. Do not be too rough on yourself. You are still very intelligent and a king must be very wise. Now---back to my story. As I grew up I used that guidebook for everything and realized that what was inside the gold box was far more valuable than the gold box itself. One year something strange started happening to me. I began to notice other things catching my interest and the guidebook would lie in the old tree for weeks unread. I didn’t realize how important that book was until it was too late.”

“What do you mean too late, Grandpa?”

“You wondered how that tree got over there all by itself,” Grandpa replied. “I always figured the next thing that happened was because of my neglect of that precious guidebook. Yahweh somehow had to show me the value of something by taking it away. Therefore, that is what happened. There was a terrific rainstorm, a dam broke and caused the peaceful river that once flowed by here to turn into a raging river. The river somehow did not consume that little island. The river went around that tree and left an island in the middle. The tree remained there alone. The tree is called a Fremont Cottonwood; it helps hold the shifting banks along the river.”

“So you left that little guidebook in that tree all these years?” asked Arthur.

“Yes. I could never seem to bring myself to cross that river. Someday maybe you will be strong enough to cross it yourself.”

“Why didn’t you ever tell my dad about the tree or about the golden box?” inquired Arthur.

“I didn’t feel he would appreciate it. Besides, I think I found the right person to tell today. I gave my sons gold boxes and guidebooks of their own. I was rather ashamed how I had let something so valuable slip away.”

“Thank you Grandpa, I feel honored, but rather frustrated. How could I ever try to cross that river if you never did?”

Chapter 2 A time of Change

Grandpa Ollam just smiled and lay back on the warm grass and rested. Arthur could not think of sleep. Arthur wondered, ‘what was in that guidebook—how could he cross that river with such a handicap as his bad leg? I wonder what grandpa’s handicap was when he was a boy.’

Soon all these thoughts started giving Arthur courage to cross that river. He remembered his father, Herman, telling a story how he crossed a river and made it to the other side. Well, he could too! Arthur got so excited about crossing the river that he stood up and waded to the edge of the water. He went deeper and deeper. He did not even notice how cold the water was. Finally, he was all the way up to his waist. He was surprised at the swiftness of the water. All of a sudden, he slipped on a rock and the water caught him off guard and swept him under. He let out a desperate scream without realizing it. It woke up Grandpa Ollam on the shore.

“Arthur, what are you doing? Come back.”

“Grandpa, help!”

Grandpa knew how that river could take a young boy without a trace. What could he do? He was just an old man. He could not let his grandson be swept away. He took off his shoes and headed for Arthur. Arthur was not in his view.

“Arthur, where are you?”

“Help! Grandpa, over here!”

Grandpa tried to get him but he could not seem to see where Arthur was.

“No, Grandpa not that way, I’m over here.”

Finally, Grandpa reached a feeble hand to Arthur and pulled him into his arms. He held Arthur close, then Grandpa held his chest in pain. He carried Arthur to shore.

“What’s wrong, Grandpa?”

“Nothing son, I just need to rest a little,” Grandpa said as he lay down on the ground next to Arthur. Grandpa had saved his grandson’s life.

Someone was standing over them. It was Arthur’s cousin, Peter, Barrick’s oldest son. “What were you trying to prove Arthur? You were very foolish to try to swim that river. Besides you are a lame boy and should never try such a foolish feat!” Peter stated angrily.

“Grandpa, are you alright?” Peter inquired of Grandpa as he touched him gently. “This is Peter.”

“It’s just my heart, my son. This old man tried to do something he has not done in many years. Don’t be too hard on Arthur.”

“He shouldn’t have tried to swim that river, Grandpa. He is just a little weakling and he is lame too. How did he ever think he could cross that river?”

As Peter and Grandpa Ollam were talking, Arthur was feeling even less useful. Why was he alive? He needed to prove himself somehow. As Arthur was cradling Grandpa in his arms, he knew he must prove himself even if it meant to die. He was so confused and scared by Peter's outburst. Then he heard Peter shouting---"Look what you did?" Grandpa had stopped breathing now and was lying very still.

"He's just sleeping, Peter. Aren't you Grandpa?" There was no answer. Peter was weeping as he fell upon Grandpa.

"No, no. Wake up Grandpa! You cannot die here. Please wake up," pleaded Arthur.

"You killed him, Arthur." Peter looked scornfully at Arthur. Peter just stared at Grandpa while Arthur slipped back into the water. He began swimming, as he never swam before. At last, Peter noticed Arthur was gone. Peter yelled at Arthur but he kept right on swimming to that big tree. Peter knew Arthur could not make it.

"Come back, Arthur, I'm sorry. Come back, please!" Peter called. Peter watched until he lost sight of Arthur. How could he return to the Castle of Elim and tell such bad news?

Peter went to his father, Barrick first. Barrick got the wagon to bring King Ollam home to the castle. Peter told the story of how he had told Arthur some very hurtful things.

Herman and Teah could not believe Arthur was dead, so the family got together and decided to search the river. They brought in big caterpillars and scoops. They literally changed the course of the river trying to find Arthur. They found not one trace of his clothes. They soon gave up.

After a week of searching, they had a grand memorial service for King Ollam and the would-be King Arthur. It was a sad day to think they had lost two kings in one day.

Now it just so happened, that Arthur had made it to that big tree. He had found the secret hole and hid there while everyone had been looking for him. He cried the first few nights as he lay there alone in that comfortable old tree. A Squirrel had made a perfect bed just for him out of soft moss. When the first night was over, he started looking around inside the tree. There he found that precious gold box with the guidebook inside. He hardly recognized the gunnysack, but he gently slipped the box out and opened it oh, so carefully. Arthur was anxious to learn what was in that book. He knew he must find food and things to make it more comfortable in that tree. He recalled another valuable book he had back at the castle. It was a book on edible plants. How could he survive out here if he did not know what to eat? Fortunately, the big tree was no longer on an island and he could walk across the riverbed. Arthur was amazed how the river had been changed. It allowed him access to other parts of the forest now. He made sure no one saw him traveling around and made sure that he was inside the tree if he heard any noises. He made friends with the squirrel. He was sure it was a grandson to the one grandpa had known. The squirrel would make a chirping noise when anyone was in the woods. He called the squirrel Jo-John and his mate Jo-Joy. They always seemed too busy to play much but were helpful in keeping his presence a secret.

One warm summer night, Arthur decided to risk sneaking into the castle to retrieve some of his old stuff. He was surprised to find his room exactly as he left it. There was a special note from his mother lying on the bed saying: *My dear Arthur, I cannot accept that you are gone, so I write this note to let you know I care. I know I*

seemed distant to you those last few days you were here; it was because I was expecting your little brother at anytime. He has been born since you have been gone. Sure, I know I have him and your little sister, Leah, but I miss you so very much. We named your brother, Samuel. If you are still alive, please come home to us. You are still a prince, to us, and still the future King. Lovingly, Your Mother, Queen Teah.

Arthur had tears in his eyes as he laid the note down exactly as it had been. He quietly found the things he needed. Knowing no one would miss the little things he had saved. He found the book on edible plants and quietly crawled out the window from which he had come. The summer nights were warm enough but he made sure he brought his heavy coat. No one in the castle heard a noise that night, nor did anyone expect that there had been a burglar by the name of Arthur.

Chapter 3 The Visitor

The next day Arthur did a lot of thinking of what his Mom had said in that note. He did not dare go back to the castle yet. He needed time to study that guidebook and do some thinking before he could go back. That very day he decided to start reading that guidebook from cover to cover. For an eight year old, he read pretty well, but he had never learned to read silently to himself and so he started reading aloud. Little did he know he had a visitor?

Peter had come from the castle for the first time since the accident. Peter was feeling very down that day. He felt he had lost his two best friends.

He remembered a song sung at his Grandpa and Arthur's service. He decided to go to the place where he had last seen Arthur and Grandpa alive. Peter was about two years older than Arthur was but they had been good friends as well as cousins. He climbed the tree without effort. He had a strong healthy body like his father, Barrick, yet he had the mind of his Grandpa and was constantly seeking Yah's guidance. How do you get over such a shock? As he laid his head on the tree, Peter began to hear a voice. He recognized the voice however the voice was not the important part, it was what it was saying.

Psalm 23-Yahweh, is my shepherd, I shall not want. (Have the children read it together) Peter quietly slipped away feeling so close to Yahweh. He repeated that Psalm all the rest of the day. His parents were amazed at the change. Peter seemed more at peace than he had been for some time.

Arthur did not know of the visitor, the first time; however, the next time it was good that Jo-John warned him that someone was coming, for he was just going to go looking for something to eat, when Jo-John had made his warning chirp. Arthur went back through the hole and covered it with the moss just as Grandpa had done.

This time he heard Peter climb the tree and heard him, start talking. "Okay, old tree what message do you have for me today?" Peter asked. Arthur did not know what to do but pick up the guidebook to where he had been reading. He read Proverbs 3:1-12

My Son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of Yahweh and man.

Trust in Yahweh with all thine heart; and lean not unto thing own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear Yahweh, and depart from evil. It shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones.

Honor Yahweh with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

My son, despise not the chastening of Yahweh; neither be weary of his correction: For whom Yahweh loveth, he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth

Peter laughed and cried for joy. “You did it again old tree. You lifted my weary heart and gave me guidance that I needed. I am so glad that you have the voice of my old friend, Arthur. It seems that he is a part of this tree. What a joy it is to come here and receive counsel from an old tree.” Peter left singing away. (*Sing—The Joy of Yahweh is my strength---he gives me living water and I thirst no more—or whatever song you feel is appropriate here.*)

In the meantime, Arthur was so thrilled after Peter left; he hugged that old guidebook and said a special prayer unto Yahweh. “Oh, let me be in tune with you always. Oh, Yahweh let me a servant to you to help others and not just thinking of myself.” Arthur knew it was time for him to gather those Shooting Stars he had seen in the meadow. He would cook the roots over the fire when it was dark that night. He ran through the meadow to the woods. Near the stream, he found some Water shield that would make a good salad with the Shooting Starts.

Peter and Arthur slept well that night, even though one was in a beautiful big house and the other in a big old tree.

Each time Peter came to the old tree, he seemed to have a new problem he could not handle himself. Arthur never knew the problem until he had read out of the guidebook and afterwards heard Peter start explaining to the tree his real problem had been.

One day Peter came to the tree very angry and upset, but as soon as he sat and rested in the large limbs and leaned his head against the limb where he could look up to the sky, he seemed to calm down. “Well, Old tree, I need your help today.”

Arthur did not know what happened with Peter, but he reached for his guidebook once again. He began to read in another part of the guidebook (Ephesians: 6: 1-4)

Children, obey your parents in Yahweh: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that is may be will with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of Yahweh.

Peter explained to the tree how his father had given him so many chores that he felt overwhelmed. He felt he should have some free time after his lessons to play. They had argued, but Peter still had finished his chores.

Arthur was still amazed how the guidebook was helping him find the answers to Peter’s problems. This was actually fun, and enjoyable to bring joy and counsel to a good friend.

That night Peter went home and shared the scripture he had received from the big tree with his parents. His father was amazed to learn a lesson from the scriptures too.

“I’m sorry, son, that I provoked you to such anger. Please forgive me. I do make mistakes, too.”

Peter gave his father a big hug and smiled. That night Barrick did not sleep very well. Where had his son received this message? Next morning he questioned Peter about the scripture.

“Dad, you wouldn’t understand,” Peter replied.

“Yes, I would son. I know the Holy Spirit can speak to a person. Is that where you received it; or did you find it in the Bible on my desk. Maybe it is time I give you a Bible all your own.”

“Thanks Dad that would be nice.” Peter could not bring himself to tell his father of the voice he heard at the big tree. He was not sure himself what it was.

Peter ran on to his studies with an excitement. He knew some scriptures and learned a few in his lessons but to have his own Bible would be great. He still knew the tree had more wisdom than he could ever have. On his way to the big tree that day, he came across some boys he had never seen before. There were five of them. They looked rather tough and a lot bigger than he did. Where could he go to hide? Or should he hide? He could tell by the way they were talking they were not the kind of boys he was familiar. All at once, they saw him in the meadow. They started running towards him; he began to run like never before. He headed for the old tree. He heard them say. “Let him go. He is heading right for that rough old river. He will never make it; no use wasting our time on him anyway. There are plenty of squirrels to shoot.”

Peter realized these boys had not been here since last summer when the river had run by the old big tree. Peter climbed the tree as if he was still being chased. What could the old tree do for him today? He felt so safe and secure in that big old tree. He noticed other things felt secure there too. He saw the birds had made many nests and a robin had three young ones just learning to fly just above his head. Why were they not afraid of him? Peter started feeling like there was more to this tree than he realized.

As Peter lay there, thinking and wondering these things the familiar voice started speaking once again. (Ephesians 6:10-20) *(Have children read) Finally, my brethren, be strong in Yahweh, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of Yahweh, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rules of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of Yahweh, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of Yahweh; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all the saints; And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.*

Peter was astonished at the truth from this message. He had heard it before and yet it had new meaning when he was up in this tree. Today he had new courage. He knew that those boys could not hurt him; not as long as he had the word of Yahweh for protection. Peter began to desire that Bible even more after hearing this new message.

“Father, I am so glad you are home. Do you remember when you said something about getting me a Bible for my very own? Do you think I could have one soon?”

“Yes, Peter, I would be happy to give you one. I guess I hesitated to give you one sooner since I thought we were teaching you enough at home. Besides your grandfather had promised me before he died to give each of his grandsons a new Bible. I guess it is up to me now. Poor Grandpa, he always told of the first Bible he ever had which he lost. He never did tell me where he lost it.

“Peter, you never did answer me the day we had that quarrel. Where did you learn that scripture?”

“Dad, after Grandpa and Arthur’s death I went back to where we tried to find Arthur’s body. In my wanderings, I found an old big tree, which is very comforting. I have been going there when I wanted to be by myself and think. I know this will sound crazy but the tree tells me things that help me live correctly. The strangest part is the tree actually has a voice and the most awesome part is that the voice sounds just like Arthur. It is wonderful to hear his sweet voice again. The tree has told me many things that I needed to know as a growing boy. Today it even gave me comfort and courage at the same time.”

“What? Peter, no tree can talk. I am sure this must be part of your creative imagination?”

“No, Father. I really do hear a voice. Why don’t you come and hear for yourself.”

“Fine, I will.”

“Do you think you can still climb a tree at your age, Dad?”

“You little rascal, I’m not that old.” They both started to laugh and play. That night Peter was given his Bible. His father had put it in a gold box just as his father had given him. “This is the most important book you’ll ever own, cherish it always.”

Psalms 119:105 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path
Proverbs 6:23 For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life. (Children may read)

“It’s not what is on the outside that counts but what is in the inside,” confirmed Barrick.

“Tomorrow we will go to my big tree, alright Father?” questioned Peter.

“Fine, Peter, we will go and see this talking tree.”

Peter and Barrick left after the morning chores to head to the big tree. Arthur was in for a big surprise that day. Jo-John was very excited that particular day so Arthur was alerted very quickly.

He began to pray to Elohim/Yahweh as he had always done when he knew Peter might be coming to climb the tree. He missed his old friend even though he had been hurt by what he had said that day Grandpa had died. Even though Peter was older, Peter had respected Arthur knowing he would be the next person in line for the Kingship.

Peter climbed the tree quite easily and gave a little help to Barrick. Barrick was amazed at the old tree. “Son, this is a splendid tree. I am surprised it is still standing. This variety doesn’t usually live very long.”

Arthur grabbed his guidebook when he heard two voices. What scripture would come from the book today? He heard Peter explain how he heard the voice and he laid

down right next to the hole that carried Arthur's voice. Barrick found just enough room to lie beside Peter.

"Peter, how do you start this conversation going?"

"I just ask the big old tree what he has for me today and it starts speaking. Now be quiet!"

Arthur began to read I John 4:11-21

Beloved, if Yahweh so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen Yahweh at anytime. If we love one another, Yahweh dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Yahshua is the Son of Elohim, Yahweh dwelleth in him, and he in Yahweh. And we have known and believed the love that Yahweh hath to us. Yahweh is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in Yahweh and Yahweh in him.

Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

We love him, because he first loved us.

If a man say, I love Yahweh, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love Yahweh whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth Yahweh love his brother also.

Barrick looked at Peter in unbelief. That was Arthur's voice. How could it be? He had heard of spirits, saints and ghosts but this must be some kind of joke.

After the scripture, Barrick and Peter climbed down from the tree very silently. As they walked in the woods, Barrick asked Peter some questions.

"Peter, why do you think Arthur attempted to cross the river?"

"Probably because of the cruel things I said. I was so upset. I didn't know what he was going to do," replied Peter.

"I feel he didn't think he was capable of being King and he was actually thinking it was better for him not to be in the Kingdom," said Barrick thoughtfully.

"Father, do you think he wanted to kill himself?"

"I don't know about that, I have a feeling that young boy is not dead."

"What? You said yourself not even a strong man could swim that river."

"I know but my brother surprised me once. I have a plan," Barrick said with a grin on his face.

The next day Barrick called all the family members of the castle and his house together. It was the day of the feast of trumpets and he knew they would all be together anyway. He felt this announcement would bring great joy but he had to be sure not to embarrass either of the boys. He told Peter to look up I Samuel 16:7 and II Corinthians 12:9-10.

Peter proudly carried his new Bible. Meanwhile, Barrick was carrying a large chainsaw. Everyone questioned Peter as to what his father had in mind. It was a beautiful fall day and everyone seemed in happy spirits. Queen Teah still looked sadly

around and was holding little Samuel in her arms. Barrick stood outside on the steps of the castle and made his request.

“I want you all to stay here until Peter and I return. We may have a surprise for you.” Teah and Herman looked at one another. What could he be talking about?

Barrick and Peter walked quietly to the big tree. Peter was a little fearful that his father would really have to cut the big tree down.

“Now son, I want you to climb the tree and read those scriptures down the hole.”

Peter climbed the tree.

“You know old tree I really appreciate all the things you taught me but now I have my own guidebook, which is my own Bible. I really do not need you anymore. Here is a scripture for you old tree. My dad told me that I was becoming to dependent on you for my spiritual help. Peter began to read the story how David was chosen as King.

I Samuel 16: 1-13 (*Have children read*)

Then he read II Corinthians 12: 9-10 (*Children read*)

These scriptures then came to life in Arthur’s life. Why was Peter reading these particular scriptures to the tree? He was aware that something had happened to Peter. What would happen if Peter did not come anymore to the big tree?

“Now old tree I hate for this to happen to you, but my father is at the base of you right now with his chain saw ready to cut you down.” Out of the tree came a voice of pleading---“NO, NO! Please don’t cut it down!”

Peter look down and there stood his old friend Arthur.

“It was you, Arthur. I am so glad you are alive.”

“You are? You are not mad at me?”

“No, but now I know why you hid from us, you were ashamed. Come on Arthur, we won’t cut this old tree down,” Barrick gently said.

“This was once a tree grandpa used to climb when he was a boy. He had a weakness, as I did. However, I could never figure out what that weakness was. What was it?” questioned Arthur.

“Peter and Arthur, your grandfather was totally blind in one eye. He could only see out of the other one just to get along, but he could still read and see where he was going most of the time.”

“Wow, which explains why he couldn’t see me in the water very well.”

Barrick, Peter and Arthur went joyfully back to the castle, after Arthur retrieved his golden treasure and his guidebooks. He looked once more at the tree he had called home for the past months. This had been his tabernacle for two whole months.

Everyone received Arthur back with opens arms, especially his mother. She did not let him out of her sight for the rest of the whole day.

Arthur and Peter had learned many things from the Big Old Tree and they knew now where to go for the guidance they both needed. They both were considered much wiser, stronger in spirit and in physical strength. Arthur’s lameness had seemed to disappear. It might have been from a healing herb that he had eaten or something else. What do you think?

