

The Tree

In the beginning,
In the garden,
Two trees grew,
One with fruits
Of eternal life
The other, fruits
Of death and strife.

In his ignorance
In his innocence
Adam, the first man
Was tricked, deceived
To believe the tree
Of good and evil would give
life
So he ate the fruit that
produced
Shame and sin and strife.

In that decision
In that delusion.
Man was severed
From His Father;
The tree of Life,
Remained untouched
So twas hid by the Lord
Guarded well by cherubim
Guarded well with flaming
sword

In Bethlehem,
In a manger,
A babe was born
Who knew no sin,
Who Sin could not ensnare,
For He was not of Adam' seed

But a new seed He did bear.

In the garden
In the darkness
He would pray
For the people
He would save.

On a hill
On a tree,
He would hang
For you and me;
But by God's grace
This tree would be,
On this dark night.
The tree of Life
Restored to sight.

In each home,
In Christmas splendor,
A lovely tree
Will lift it's branches,
Evergreen, ever-hopeful;
May the tree reminds us
Of the Babe born
On Christmas morn
To be the Way
The life, the truth
The tree, the Vine,
The precious Root,
Who bears through branches,
me and you
His eternal fruit.

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(2003)