



The Broken Tree

In my mind's eye, in the distance there stands a tree,
Scarred by the storms of life, only broken limbs I see.
There seemed to be no life left, the storms had taken their toll,
The world looked and called that tree "old".
Shall we cut it down, it seemingly has no use,
It's purpose is gone, what can it produce?
But God had other plans for that old tree,
For the rain that had come with the storms,
Had produced new fruit for all to see.
Yes, a broken tree, sometimes unsightly to the world,
Can still produce fruit more precious than a pearl.
Souls precious to God are still waiting for that old tree to share,
About the One who can make their storms easier to bear.

By Louise Hall