

The Living Vine

There it was in the middle of a small clearing. It wound tightly about a vertical stick for a distance of about 3 feet. The vine was almost unnoticeable in the vast expanse of the forest, but its maker knew exactly of its placement, where it had been blown by the wind as a seed. The seed had taken root in the earthy ground where it received earthly nourishment to sustain life. But there was another need in the vine because it continually followed the light from above as it circled the stick daily.

It never seemed to complain about the weather. The heat or cold, wet or dry. It just clung to the life given it, existing day to day. It never seemed to question, why it grew there, why the light was ever moving, drawing it to it. It never wondered about the lights reasoning or motive for movement in life. It cared little about what other plants were doing or how they felt about the vine. There was no jealousy involved in the vine. No coveting the better parcels of ground. There was no concern about elegance on its part. It was a simple, plain vine. It seemed quite satisfied to be grounded and growing as it followed the light necessary for real life. In time, even blooms appeared as it prepared to pass on the plan of its existence. It seemed to trust that the wind, earth and light would continue for it and it's offspring. It was just happy to be alive and in the light.

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