



# The Testimony of a Tree

*The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands.  
Day after day they pour forth speech; night after night they reveal knowledge.— 2  
Psalm 19:1-2 NIV*

“I don’t know that I believe in God anymore.” His voice was shaky as his eyes were fighting tears with all their might. He’d graduated high school just two years before and completed a semester at a Bible college without the desire to go back.

Becoming an adult can be so hard. Parents many times make it seem so easy. Dad’s seem to always have the correct (or close to it) answer and stronger than anyone. Able to leap tall buildings and pay for anything. Mom’s knew just what say and do when you were sad or confused or hurt. She could talk dad into most things and was just a hug with a smile. But children don’t see the development years.

So here he was doubting what he thought was truth for so long. I told him to look out the window and tell me what he sees. “A tree.” He said, somewhat cynical. I asked him what the tree was doing. He said the leaves were falling off (it was autumn). And that was the beginning of the tree’s testimony.

I asked him who told the leaves to fall. He said science, not knowing where I was going. I corrected him by telling him that science doesn’t create. It only brings some kind of order to things we cannot control. Besides, the preciseness of all the years of that tree is much too exact to leave to chance. Every fall the leaves brown and drop. Every spring they bud and grow. Amazingly that tree’s leaves take in carbon dioxide and turns it into oxygen for us. We take in the oxygen where we turn it into carbon dioxide to exhale. Then the trees take in the carbon dioxide... All at the direction of a succinct, precise, powerful being. God.

He said, “Ok. I believe that there is a God. But which one?” And a new discussion began.

Who would’ve thought a tree could give a testimony? I mean, it’s just a tree! Stands in the field. Silent. Growing at a steady rate. Always reaching for its creator. Now that look at those words, why not a tree? Maybe we should be more like trees.

**Standing in silent reverence. Always growing. Reaching for God through Jesus Christ, who made it possible.**

From My Heart,

*Billy*

\*\*\* By the way, this not quite so young man has a family of his own and is very active in his church. He is doing well and striving to be who God wants him to be.