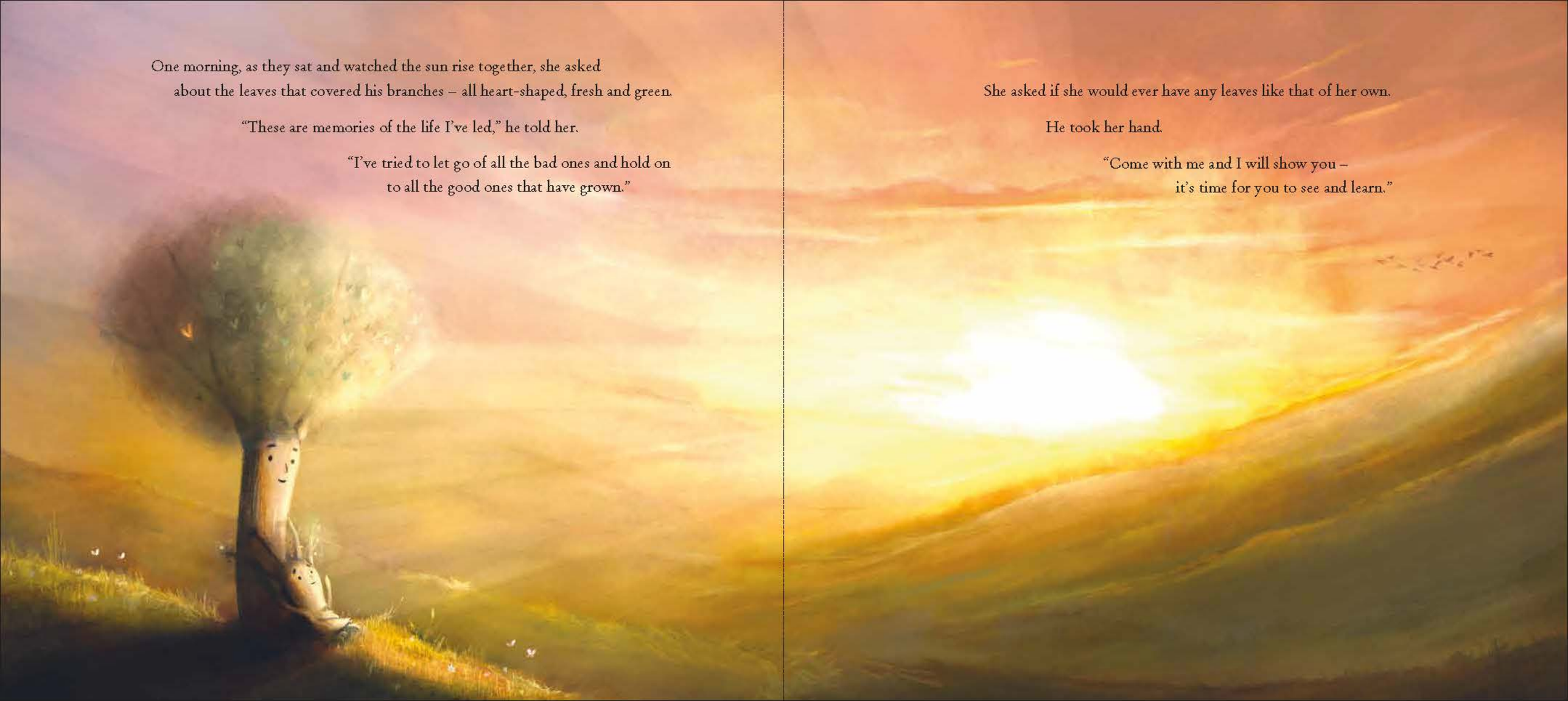


One morning, as they sat and watched the sun rise together, she asked
about the leaves that covered his branches – all heart-shaped, fresh and green.

"These are memories of the life I've led," he told her.

"I've tried to let go of all the bad ones and hold on
to all the good ones that have grown."

She asked if she would ever have any leaves like that of her own.

He took her hand.

"Come with me and I will show you –
it's time for you to see and learn."


Soon *she* had leaves too, all heart-shaped, fresh and green.
"Feel the sun on your face . . ." he told her.
"And the breeze blowing through your leaves.
Although your limbs and twigs may twist and turn,
with patience all will heal and grow.
But, above all, don't forget to
sometimes let things be . . .
to STOP and enjoy the view."


"Come with me," he said. "To feel the breeze rustle
through our leaves is what a tree must do."

So they ran one last time through the hills,
far away to a place they had
never travelled before.