

## DANCING IN THE BLUE SKY

The soaring blue sky balances above us, opening everything to the possibilities of our own uniqueness.

Towering in the cerulean blue a very large maple tree swayed its outstretched branches. His leaves were green in the summertime and would turn deep auburn in the autumn.

In the late fall he would get ready for winter, his leaves would sway to the ground and lay by his roots. A man from the yellow house near him would come by and rake them up.

Around his trunk was grassless dry earth. He was so tall that very little sunlight would allow for anything to grow near him.

Occasionally a mushroom or two would grow under him. But passing deer would eat them up before Maple Tree and the mushrooms could forge friendships.

Lawn grass grew nearby and would sing as a group rather than talk as trees would. This made conversations difficult, as it was hard to hear what the tiny grasses were saying.

In the mid-spring when his maple keys were growing, he was quite pleased to see a seedling growing near him, right near his base.

He called out to the little seedling, "hello down there."

The little seedling looked up and politely said, "hello Mr. Tree. I'm a prairie grass."

"That's wonderful, I am glad to meet you. Where did you blow in from?" Maple Tree asked the little blade of grass.

Prairie Grass pointed west. "From over there I think, I get all twisted around in the wind."

"I know just what you mean," said Maple tree. "My seeds go every which way in this kind of weather. Sometimes I loose track of them completely."

"You sure are tall Mr. Tree. Once day I'll grow nice and tall too. Not as tall as you, but one day I'll be tall! Tall enough to be apparent."

"But you are not very secure down there, are you?" Maple Tree said rather superciliously. "You need to reach up high and plant your roots very firmly in the ground like I do."

"That's not how I like do it," said the little prairie grass. "Grass likes to bend and dance with the breezes."

"But what if someone comes to pluck you up, then where will you be, you need to have your roots very firm in the ground," he said.

"I'm a prairie grass, not a tree. We don't grow like that; we grow like ourselves. We greet the world with individuality, just as you do. Our shape decides what's best, not others."

"Maybe that's true," said maple tree. "But one day you'll see I am right."

And one day they did see. Over the summer prairie grass grew as only she knew how to grow, long and tall, lithe and bendy.

In September a great storm came in from the north. Gray storm clouds turned into black blowing gusts of winds.

The long, tall blade of grass bent and danced in the high winds. She had a wonderful time of it all and hoped the storm would last for days and days.

But maple tree didn't have such a fine time. His top swayed in the black winds but many of his branches broke off and flew far away.

As the storm passed into memory, maple tree looked rather disheveled. His branches and leaves were fluttered about. But he gathered himself up and was able to carry on.

"This kind of thing happens every decade or so," he told the blade of grass. "This is why I was so worried for you. But it looks like you faired rather well. I am glad."

"That was great fun," She exclaimed. "Maybe you should be a bit more bendy like me," she said with a giggle. "You should learn to be less ridged. One day you'll see that I am right."

Soaring in the cerulean blue sky a very large maple tree swayed its outstretched branches and danced with the tall blade of prairie grass.