

THE APPLE TREE

by

Campbell M Gold

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In a quiet garden stood the great apple tree; and it seemed as though it had always been there - producing its exquisite fruit in due season. And at the garden's gate was a sign which announced, "THE LORD OF THE GARDEN INVITES ALL TO ENTER AND PARTAKE FREELY THEREOF".

When the summer was yet tender, a man entered the garden and saw the ripe inviting fruit nestling in the strong arms of the tree.

The man's mouth watered, his stomach gurgled, and he desired the fruit.

He sat under the tree and waited; and as he waited, he smiled and thought, "Good things come to those who wait."

The summer was mature when the fruit on the tree over-ripened, and was attacked by insects. Eggs were injected into the fruit and juicy worms were born, and the worms thrived. The man was still there - he was a patient man.

He sat under the tree, and waited; and as he waited, he smiled and thought, "Good things come to those who wait."

The summer was old when the brown, rotting fruit started to fall to the ground. And at last an apple fell into the lap of the man. He raised his eyes to heaven and thanked the powers of the universe for the Lord of the Garden and His bounteous gift.

And he took the fruit that he had been given, and he left the garden.

The cycle turns...

When the summer was yet tender, a man entered the garden and saw the ripe inviting fruit nestling in the strong arms of the tree.

The man's mouth watered, his stomach gurgled, and he desired the fruit.

He looked upon the fruit, smiled, reached out his hand, stretched forward a little, and plucked the fruit of his choice.

The man raised his eyes to heaven and thanked the powers of the universe for the Lord of the Garden and His bounteous gift.

And he took the fruit that he had chosen, and he left the garden.

End

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