

The Trees and The Sun – (A Solstice Story)

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In the start of Summer, when the air is warm and moist and the breeze is playful, The Trees dance. They dance because they are overjoyed that The Sun is willing to get up early and stay high in the sky. The Trees take the long strands of The Sun's rays and knit gorgeous, flowing robes; layered with many hues of green.

Each morning as The Sun appeared on the horizon, The Trees would bend toward the sun and wave their verdant arms in appreciation. "Good Morning, Sun!" and "We love you!" they would shout. And The Trees would dance and shake their robes so The Sun could see how beautiful they were.

And The Sun smiled. It was nice to make a difference, and it was good to have friends!

And in turn The Sun would stay out late and gather a few of The Clouds, and together they would give a marvelous light show just before bed.

But as the summer wore on, The Trees grew accustomed to their robes, and while they continued to dance all day and show off their robes to each other, they did not dance for The Sun so much. And in time, they even stopped their morning greeting.

The Sun noticed this. There was no complaining, but The Sun began to see no urgency to get up in the morning, and kept coming later and later, and traveling lower and lower in the sky, and leaving earlier and earlier every day.

The Trees did not notice this. They were too busy dancing.

By late September, The Sun had shortened its day so much that the leaves on the trees began to change. At first, The Trees worried, but then they saw how gorgeous their robes had become with all the pretty colors.

"Pfffttt", pooh-poohed the Oak. "What ever did we need the sun for? Our coats are even MORE beautiful now and the air is still warm!" The Maple exclaimed, "Just look at my flaming orange jacket!"

And they went back to dancing. And they danced even more effusively than before and they became so enamored with the dance that they even let themselves free from where they stood. They began to roam and left the forests to find other places to dance.

They were having the time of their lives.

And then, it happened. A few of them had leaves turn brown and then fall off. And then a few more, and then more and more, until all The Trees were bald and bare.

The maple found that she was growing very tired. The air was getting very cold and the oak no longer had his robes to keep him warm.

It was then that The Trees realized that they had not said hello to The Sun for some time. They could see that they had forgotten that it was The Sun who had kept them warm and shown them how to knit their beautiful robes. They looked around for The Sun, but all they saw were The Clouds which had become very thick; and The Dark, which had become very long.

So each Tree began to go back to the forest; because that is where they found their community and family. And together they realized that they had taken their Sun for granted; and in their arrogance, had been frivolous with The Sun's gift of friendship.

So one night, they called upon their new Wisdom, touched their branches together and began to sing song after song to The Sun, hoping that their friend would hear their sincere apology through The Clouds and The Dark and come back to them.

The next day The Trees still did not see The Sun, but they noticed that The Dark left a little earlier in the morning and brought dusk back a little later. They took this as a sign, and each day they sang a little louder, their voices getting increasingly strong, hoping for the day when they would once again dance with their friend, The Sun.