

## *Ode to the Poinciana Tree*

*The Poinciana tree was beautiful – tall with curving limbs.  
Fine tiny leaves adorned her canopy of green,  
With an embellishment of rich red flowers.*

*They chose her most beautiful, verdant time to cut her down.  
Maybe it was meant to be.  
She was able to show – one last time – her majestic beauty.*

*She had given lovingly, for one last season, her nesting hollow to the kookaburra family.  
The other – the stingless bees, natives of this land too, held on tight.  
Two of God's creatures who appreciated, and needed, the beautiful Poinciana.*

*The chainsaw screamed and growled.  
Her large limbs came crashing down – one by one.  
Each falling through the air, landing heavily on the earth – thudding in one last desperate  
show of strength.*

*And our tears fell.  
Somehow, in some strange way, we felt a sad connection.  
We held hands – we prayed – we sat and grieved the loss of this grand Poinciana.*

*Two ladies, a friendship forged – with our beautiful tree one last time, her final witness.  
Now we choose to make amends, to work together for the Common Good.  
Determined to find a way to make reparations to God, creator of our Common Home.*

*We went home – on our separate ways.  
Home to let our thoughts and emotions settle.  
Home to pray for Your guidance, for a beam of Your clear light, Creator God.*

*But we want to stop to say a heartfelt thank you to the beautiful tree,  
Standing for more years than anyone can recall,  
Witness to events happy, sad and in between.*

*Beautiful tree, you saw many new beginnings and witnessed many farewells.  
But now we farewell you from life in our Parish and our School,  
A sacrament of God's Creation among us.*