



# Everett Green

## A Tree for All Seasons

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The north winds blew fiercely and the mother trees tried desperately to shelter the small seedlings beneath their branches.

Everett Green was such a seedling, planted in late winter.

Everett loved the woods but knew that someday he would be plucked from this ground and placed in the corner of someone's house.



It was getting close to the selection season and he was beginning to fret.

"Ah, but it is an honor to be chosen!" said his uncle, "Legend has it that your great, great, great, great, Aunt was picked and decorated for the White House many, many selection seasons ago!"



But as Everett watched his friends and family get selected one after the other, he began to wonder "wouldn't it be grand to stay rooted in one place and get decorated for all seasons of the year!"

The other trees laughed and teased Everett, "No tree is decorated for all seasons. We are *Christmas Trees*."

Everett ignored the other trees. The season was over. He could rest easy as he'd been too small to be chosen. Comforted, Everett settled in to the fading winter and looked forward to welcoming the warmth of the coming spring.



Through the seasons Everett grew tall with beautiful branches, pine cones, and one small bird's nest.

"How grand I am!" thought Everett.



As the new crisp winds came and the sky turned gray, the robins and flowers disappeared. Snow would begin to fall, first an inch, then a foot.

Day light grew shorter and the dark sky glittered with stars.



He watched the other trees rustle, standing tall and full. Everett stood still trying not to show off in any way.

From a distance, Everett could hear the jingle bells from the horse drawn sleighs carrying families ready to select a tree.



Through the woods trudged a father and three small children, bundled from head to toe.

"Please Daddy, this one with beautiful branches, pine cones, and look one small bird's nest," pleaded the children.

"Let's get the shovel and the burlap bag."

"What," thought Everett, "no ax or saw?"



Father dug a large circle including the roots, and with a yank and a twist Everett was on his side. His roots wrapped in burlap, Everett was loaded onto a toboggan.

As they pulled away he looked at his woods one last time.



A short drive home and a few preparations later, Everett was propped up in the corner of the family's living room. His roots in a warm tub of water.



Cheerful music was heard. Hot chocolate was poured. Strings of popcorn and lights were swirled around Everett. Cookies, bows, and ornaments placed on every bough. One of the children placed jelly beans in the bird's nest, while another positioned the star on Everett's crown. Friends and relatives gathered around.

"What beautiful branches!"

"Lovely pine cones!"

"And look, jelly beans in the bird's nest!"



The holiday ended much too soon. Decorations were taken down and packed away. "It's time," thought Everett.

"Put your coats on," said father, "the hole is dug."

"I'm being buried." thought Everett anxiously. He already longed for the stars that he'd never see again, the wind he wouldn't feel breezing through his branches. Everett had loved being decorated, and didn't want it to be over.



Carried outside, Everett was plunked into a hole and pulled up straight by his branches. The children stamped the soil all around his roots.

"I'm staying," Everett realized with glee.

He looked up at the stars and wiggled his branches. "I'm staying!"



Winter passed into Spring. Robins made nests, flowers bloomed, and Everett's roots warmed once again.

A little girl hung colorful ribbons and decorated eggs on Everett's branches. "Happy Spring!" She said.



In the hot summer month of July flags and streamers of red, white, and blue decorated Everett.



The fall brought more decorating, pumpkins, gourds, Indian corn, and bales of hay.



When the sky turned grey and brisker winds began to blow, father brought out the larger colorful lights and strung them top to bottom all around Everett.

At night it wasn't only the stars that glittered. Everett shined brightly, too.



He'd gotten his wish. He felt the soil on his roots, saw the stars, felt the wind, was home to the birds, and had been decorated throughout the year.

He was a tree for all seasons.

**And it was grand!**



*The End*