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Marsha Crouch

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THAT STRANGE OAK TREE

By Marsha Crouch

That strange oak tree
on the old creek bank
has weathered the test of time.

I remember when Pa
took me by the hand
and told this tale to me.

There was a strange storm
way back in 1906
the worst they could recall.

It rained so hard
the creek o'erflowed;
it rolled for hours, Pa said.

When the sun came out
the creek had moved
flowing right beneath the oak.

The tap root was bare
where the bank washed away,
why did the oak still stand?

Bark grew slowly upon the root
while deeper still it went
and held firmly upon the bank.

Well, son, I learned
a mighty lesson from that oak
as my pa did before.

We all face floods
and when the sun comes out
there are new banks within our lives.

Will we topple in
or grow new bark
and send our roots on down?

Remember, son, how
that strange old oak
has weathered the test of time.



Photo by Ruby Bell

Marsha Crouch, a resident of Custer City, where her husband pastors the Nazarene Church, teaches First Grade in Thomas. Crouch's first work published in WESTVIEW was a poem titled "Picture Day" that appeared in the Fall, 1986 issue. Writing and reading are two of her main interests; but she also enjoys several thread arts, including quilting and x-stitchery.