

A parting message from Jon, November 2022:

In the Manner of the Trees

In these times, biologists have come to see that trees may know the weather a year or even many years in advance. In the time of our ancestors, when the trees were gods of the land, very little escaped their attention, be it ancient, present, or prescient. The trees, in their woody, wisened ways, were woven within the wood-wide-web. And in so doing, spoke to all beings.

In their ruminations and foresight, and most especially in their awareness of the needs of the myriad beings of their locale, they modeled the reciprocity necessary for life to be sustained, supported and served through the fullness of their life cycle, which in equal measure included their living and their dying. Through this lived relationship, they were able to come to know the particulars of the sustenance entrusted to them.

And in this way they would come to know their time of dying in advance.

With an allegiance to the greater fecundity of the forest, decisions would be made. In selfishness, the time of dying could be forestalled for months, even years, if the objective was solely to reach new heights. In contrast, rather than waiting, the choice was always clear to gather their vital force the very next spring and prepare the most abundant florid, flourish of fruit. In so doing, with help of winged and legged creatures, their bounty of seeds were cast far and wide. The grief of their dying was made manifest in flowering beauty and nourishment. Amazingly, that's the way they keep their promise to the procession of life.

In this way I have chosen to proceed in the manner of the trees, knowing my time, rather than waiting, so that the last flourish of my living may be cast into the world as blossom, fruit and seed in devotion to the source that made me.