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The Human Acorn

by Doro Kiley, PCC

<http://www.creationcoach.com>

If an acorn had a human mind I believed it would be quite happy gently swaying among the leaves on warm summer days, supported by its mother tree along with all its siblings.

But as the days grow shorter and the mother's sap begins to slow this human acorn might begin to feel uncomfortable as its mother's nourishment withdraws. As the acorn looks around he sees his siblings falling one by one into the dark and mysterious ground cover below, suddenly it feels afraid. "Oh God! How horrible!" It cries. "I don't want to fall!"

But alas one late afternoon the acorn feels itself losing its grip. "It's the end! Someone help me!" But its cries go unanswered. The last fiber of connection is severed and the acorn falls mercilessly into the unknown.

After it hits the ground and rolls a few inches it is surprised to discover it is still alive, although cold and unable to see where it is anymore. It can no longer see its siblings and the few warm rays of the sun are blocked by the undergrowth. "I'm so lost! I've been abandoned!" It cries. And the days grow colder and colder.

The poor little acorn believes it has been cast into hell for reasons unknown to it. The wind blows; it is covered in the death of rotting leaves, buried under snow and ice. With the long winter comes a horrific cascade of painful thoughts and feelings of despair, hopelessness and confusion.

Then one day the snow and ice melt away and the warmth of the sun can be slightly detected through the heavy layers of rotting debris that has covered the little acorn in darkness. "Oh, thank you God. That feels so nice!" it says to itself and fully enjoys the brief experience.

As a little acorn begins to feel more alive it starts trying to find a way out of this dark place. It tries yelling and praying but no one answers. He knows there must be more because he can hear birds singing and other sounds of little creatures beginning to stir.

"I've just got to get out of here!" It says desperately and begins pushing and pushing, praying for strength all the while. "There is nothing else to do. I have no other choice. I've got to get out of here!"

After pushing and pushing it tries to roll or jump or fly; whatever works. Suddenly he breaks. "Ouch!" And the pain quickly subsides. "What's that?! I feel something warm and delicious! It's wonderful!"

The little acorn begins to reach through the cracks of its shell and absorb the moisture and nourishment. "Oh! Thank you God! You have answered my prayers at last!"

It reaches and reaches deeper and deeper gaining more and more strength. After it has been fully nourished it pauses. "But... I am still lonely God. I have no friends."

And with its eyes gazing upward it discovers that its old, rotting shell no longer confines it. It begins to move, pushing easily through the darkness. "I wonder if I'm going in the right direction. I don't know what I'm

doing! I'm so alone and confused. I may be lost forever. But I have to keep going, keep going. There's no turning back."

Then suddenly there is a blinding light. "Oh my God! This is it! I've attained enlightenment! I'm in heaven!"

As it grows it can see its mother again and all its siblings waving happily. "Hello, hello!" they all cry.

"This is incredible!" it thinks as its heart over flows with joy.

And the little acorn is suddenly struck with awe as it realizes it is now a healthy, young tree. "If I had only known; everything was perfect all along!"