

Grandmother Ironwood Tree's Wisdom
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My grandmother, she is the Ironwood tree, my
grandmother's not so tall,
not quite unlike me.
I greet her with my smile
and thank her for
her days,
living on this earth,
serving as a teacher -
"900 years," she says.

She is not majestic in height,
but she is strong of will,
stronger than the iron
forged by Hephaestus,
son of Zeus and Hera.
Yet she is humble like Buddha,
she sits on patient path.
Waiting with an open heart
for those to approach her
and have a nice chat.

My grandmother's branches -
the arms of a windmill,
the gears of a water wheel,
remind me, like Don Quixote,
to never stop chasing my dreams. She teaches me how
hard work and persistence
are needed
in each endeavor and
through belief, inner strength and optimism,
a dream can be reached,
Faith restored and weariness healed.



My grandmother, the Ironwood tree, I sometimes visit, laughs
when I call her old.

"Who are you calling old, child?" she jests with me.

"Oh Grandmother, I just meant you were older than me."

I ask her for advice of living
in this harried life.

Her advice, through the wisdom of her bark,

"To be as tough as nails," she says, "and yet see my blossoms?

How dainty, pink and light."

I nod yes, that I agree.

"To keep a gentle, humble, open heart will lead to you to the prize you seek."

"But let the prize reveal itself," she says.

"For it may be different than you think."

"Thank you Grandmother," I say
to her, bowing my head with humility.

"I am resistant to many diseases unlike some of the other trees I live with. But I don't
resist change as it shows up for me."

"I am strong in my core,
humble in my voice,
sweet in my blossoms,
with an easy and gentle heart.

This you can learn from me."

"and I will teach you how to keep a strong body, strong mind, strong will and keep a
loving, kind and peaceful heart."

My grandmother, the amazing Ironwood tree,
she is as strong as nails,
as patient as Buddha
and as loving as all Divinity.

