



Into the Depths:

An Advanced Training on Rituals, Shadow and Facilitation

Tree Storytelling

Nigun: Lai, Lai, Lai, la lai lai; Lai Lai Lai la lai Lai; La La Lai La La La Lai, La La La deda dai

This is the story of a tree
An itsy bitsy, teeny weeny sapling little tree
Who found herself
There
Alive one day.

At first,
Unaware that she was, well... short...
She stood in all her majesty
A daughter of the earth
Connected to the mother beneath her
Grateful for the day in front of her
Happy to be her.

And so it went, day after day, night after night
Until one morning, as she was greeting the sun,
The little tree looked up and realized
That she was not alone
She noticed 3 other trees not too far away from her
Just a little bigger, a little taller
Than her.

Oh my, the little tree thought
I'd like to be that tall too
Well, it won't be long now –
Not more than a day or two
That I'll grow to look like that.

And it was in that moment that she first felt that
Beautiful, glorious... pressure-filled feeling of wanting
To fulfill her potential.

Two days later the little tree greeted the morning
Expecting to be much taller
And to her dismay
She found
That she was exactly the same size!
And, she looked up to the 3 other trees
And found
That they were even taller, even stronger
Than they had been before
And could it be... that their branches held fruit!

Well, you may know how it went here:
An itty-bitty voice
Was activated in the teeny weeny tree
And it went like this:
“What is wrong with me! I must be cursed! I am just not good enough! Why can’t I grow? My life would be so much better if only I were bigger, taller!
If only...
If only I were better,
If only I were richer with fruit,
Then my life would really begin!”

And so it went, until the tree decided that she could force herself to grow. She took a deep breath and began to push. She pushed and pushed and pushed...
But nothing happened. She didn’t get any taller, though she was truly exhausted.
She pushed and pushed and pushed again, so hard that...
One of her delicate, beautiful branches broke right off and onto the ground,
And that itsy-bitsy voice inside of her,
Which was no longer itsy bitsy, but loud and strong, said:
“What a failure I am! I can’t get anything right! And those other, bigger, better trees MUST be laughing at poor little me!”

And there she was.
Alone
Dejected
Frustrated.

Now this is when the little tree gave up pushing. She was so tired that all she could do was be and wait.
And so she waited and waited and waited.
And took care of herself. And waited. And tried to love herself. And waited.
She waited some more until one morning
She woke to greet the sun, and noticed the view was different.
Could it be? Oh, yes, it could. The view was most certainly different.
She had grown so tall, so strong during the night that she could look down and see... the tops of the other tall trees.