

## ***Dialogue and Narration that precedes "Eyes in the Trees"***

***Cheryl Leah:*** *Where did he get the courage to live alone in the wilderness? It has often been said that to live fully one must live without fear and to live without fear one must first make friends with death. Perhaps for those lucky few that don't fear it, far less courage is necessary.*

***Narrator:*** *The rugged old Norsemen spoke of death as Heimgang - "home-going." So the snow-flowers go home when they melt and flow to the sea, and the rock-ferns, after unrolling their fronds to the light and beautifying the rocks, roll them up close again in the autumn and blend with the soil. Myriads of rejoicing living creatures, daily, hourly, perhaps every moment sink into death's arms, dust to dust, spirit to spirit-waited on, watched over, noticed only by their Maker, each arriving at its own Heaven-dealt destiny. All the merry dwellers of the trees and streams, and the myriad swarms of the air, called into life by the sunbeam of a summer morning, go home through death, wings folded perhaps in the last red rays of sunset of the day they were first tried. Trees towering in the sky, braving storms of centuries, flowers turning faces to the light for a single day or hour, having enjoyed their share of life's feast-all alike pass on and away under the law of death and love. Yet all are our brothers and they enjoy life as we do, share Heaven's blessings with us, die and are buried in hallowed ground, come with us out of eternity and return into eternity". Our lives are rounded with a sleep."*