

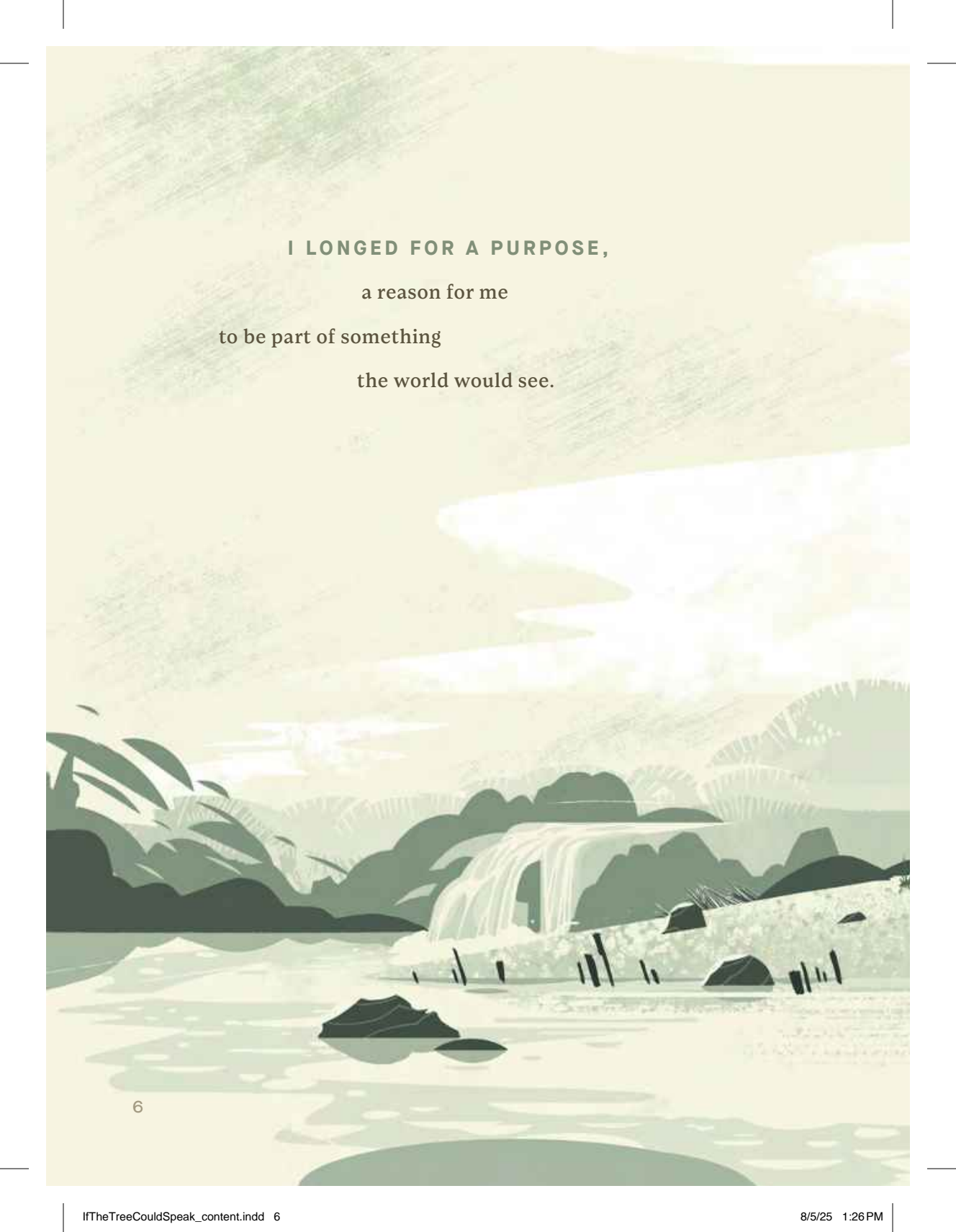
I ONCE WAS A SEED

like all other trees.

Each year, new branches
grew wild and free.

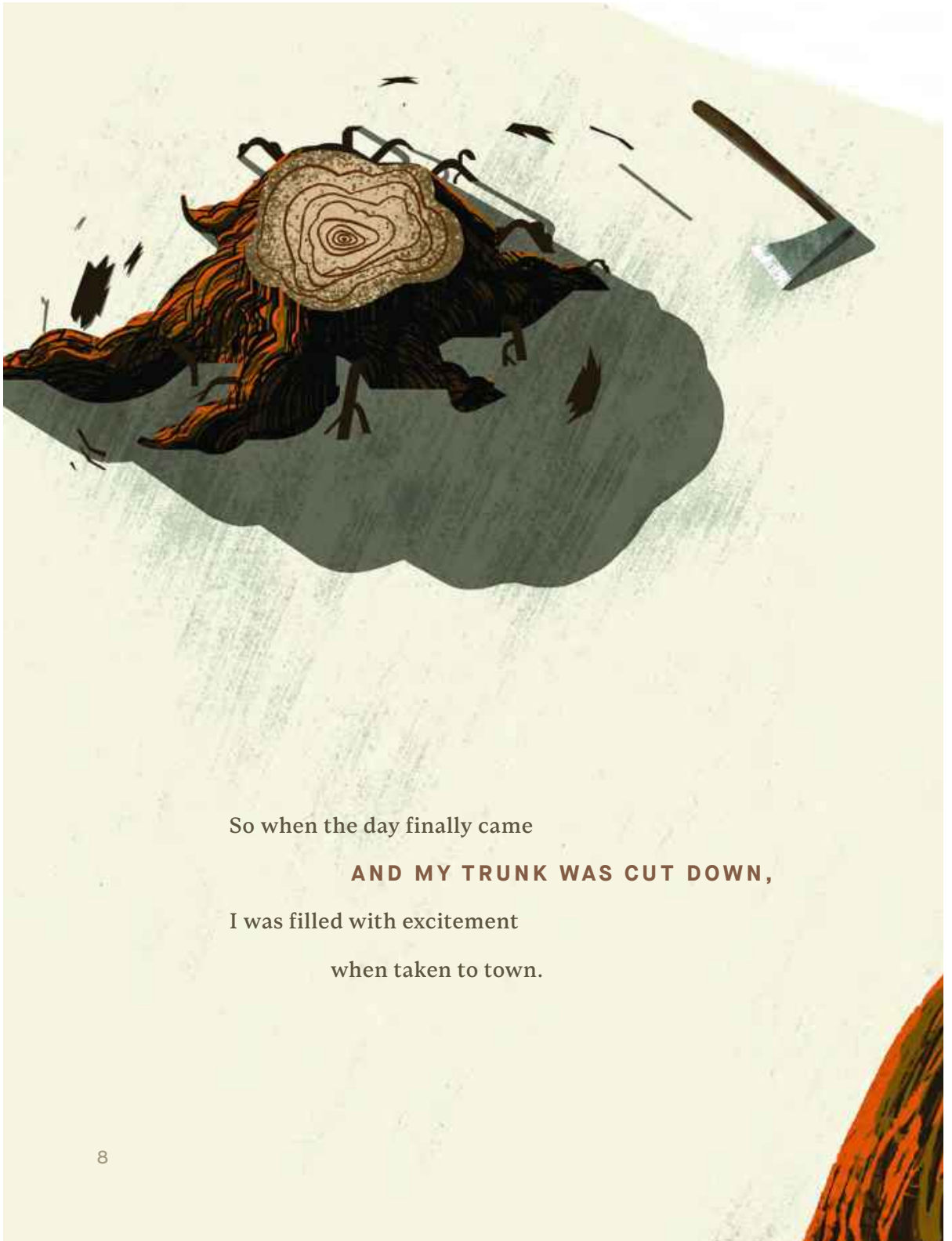






I LONGED FOR A PURPOSE,
a reason for me
to be part of something
the world would see.





So when the day finally came

AND MY TRUNK WAS CUT DOWN,

I was filled with excitement

when taken to town.



Approaching a city, we came to a stop.

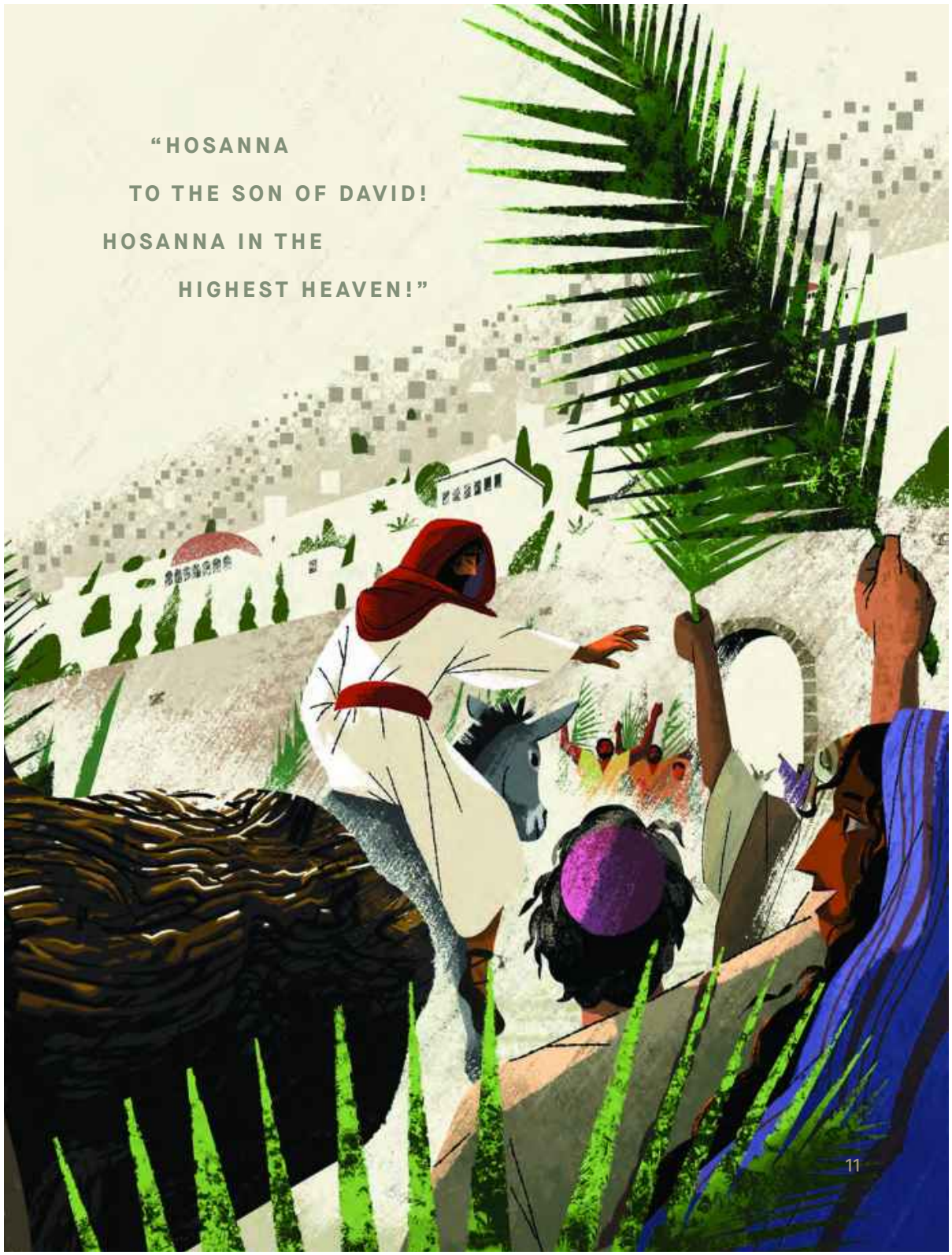
A donkey was passing. **A MAN RODE ON TOP.**

Crowds followed behind as the colt trudged ahead.

The man must be important because people said,



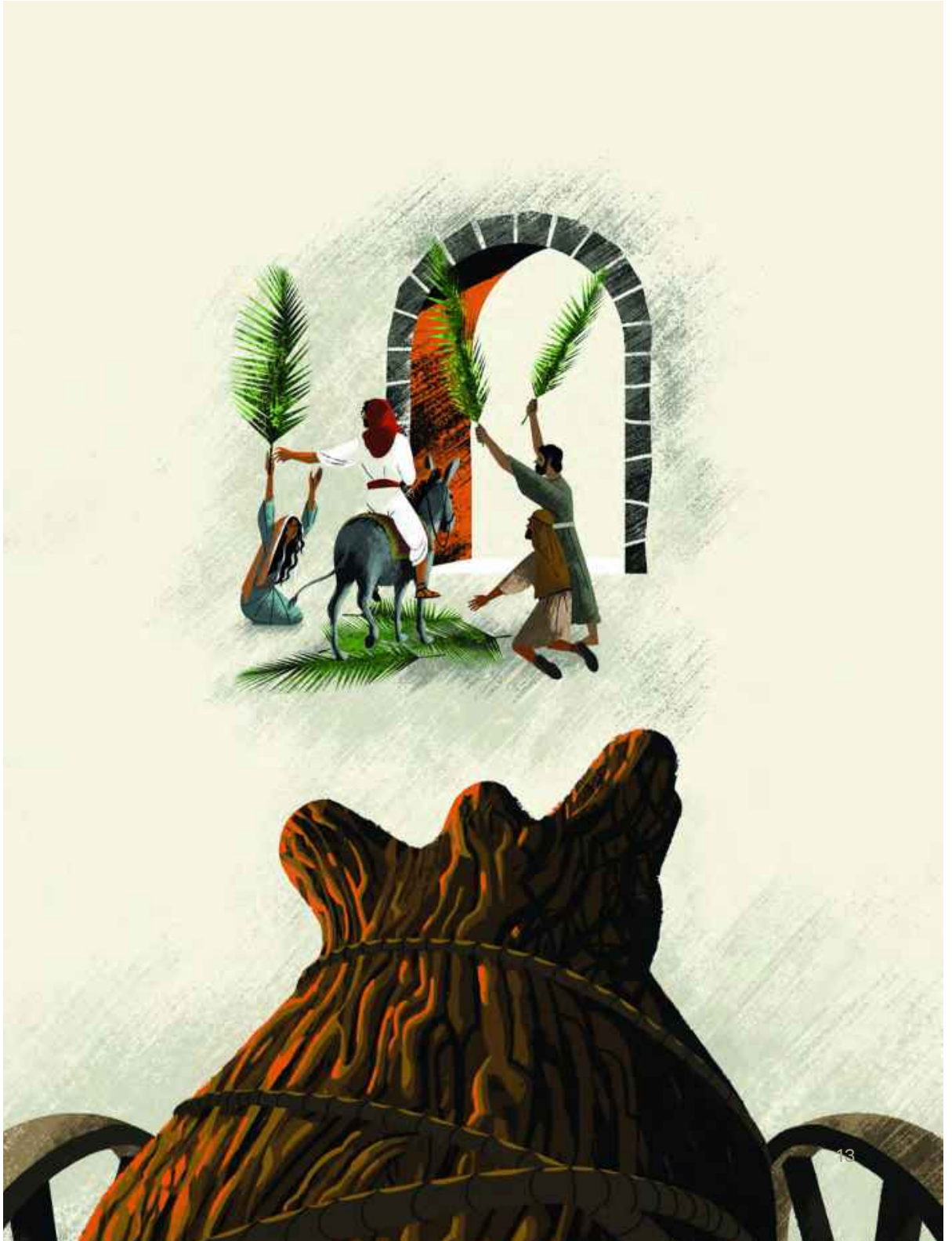
“HOSANNA
TO THE SON OF DAVID!
HOSANNA IN THE
HIGHEST HEAVEN!”



Perhaps he's a king
who has just returned home?
Maybe, just maybe,
I'll be his royal throne.

We entered the city. The man caused a stir.

Everyone was asking, **“WHO IS THIS CARPENTER?”**



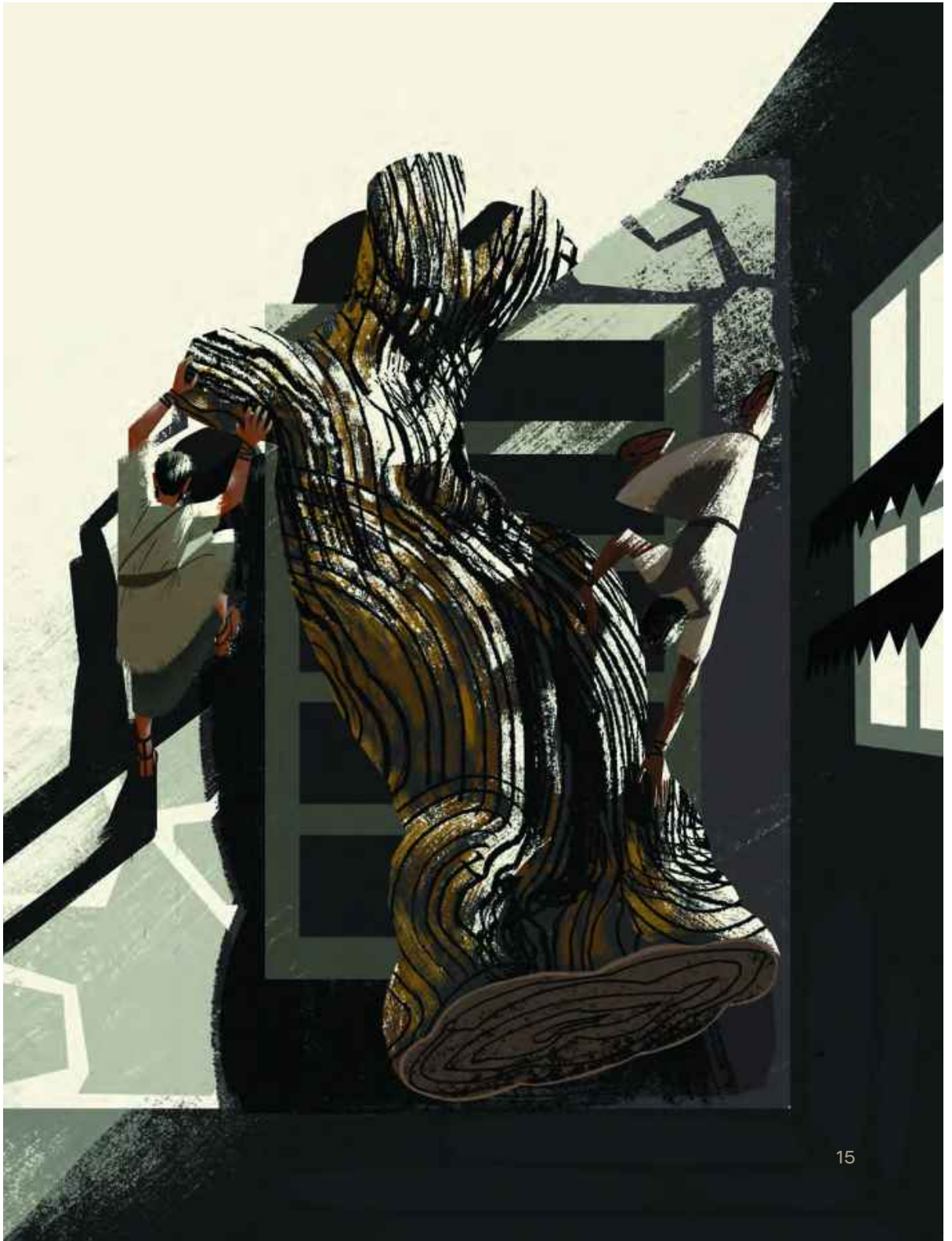


A CARPENTER?

*Could this be the man to give me new life,
to make me a masterpiece with chisel and knife?*

As we moved along,
I caught a glimpse of what I could be.

*Perhaps in **HIS** hands,
I'd be more than a tree.*



But then . . .

**SOMETHING
UNEXPECTED
HAPPENED.**



