

Mr. D's Christmas Trees

LINDSAY ALMA GEERAERT

There once was an uncle who was just so fun.
'D' was his name and he was number one!

There were also two kids who loved their 'D' just so,
Because he helped them learn and he helped them grow

Yes.....

Those kids knew their uncle was a very special thing
because their uncle would do with them most of everything!

Now.....

Uncle D was an uncle who also lived in the woods
And he also had a knack for making Christmases good!

Because.....

Uncle D had a tree farm!!! but those kids didn't know...
Of the magical things that D's trees could grow

And.....

At the end of every year D would prune and pluck
all those magical trees that could bring them luck

So....

Lindsay Geeraert is the sister to our late colleague Dustin Geeraert. Dustin spent his winters living on her land near Valhalla, BC. Dustin's ashes are now in Valhalla at the top of Mt. Loki.

every December for those little kid eyes
D would prep for those babes such a wondrous surprise!

For.....

There was always one thing that meant alot to D.
It was growing those kids a bushy Christmas tree!

Now.....

D was an uncle who also lived on his farm....
He protected his trees and he did no harm.

He wore big boots and he tromped in the snow
And towards his trees he would always go

And Then.....

On each Christmas day they would go to their 'one'
to decorate together and share in so much fun!

Yes.....

They would take out their ornaments and Christmas tree strings
and they'd decorate that tree with such wonderful things!

Around and around they would go until,
from bottom to top that tree had had its fill.

Around and around they'd trim their tree so fine
and when they were done it would look divine!

But.....

Proud as they were of all the time they'd spent,
they'd never have imagined it would come to an end

For.....

their favorite tree had grown up so grand,
its trunk so large; so tall it could stand

Its strength and its presence were a thing of beauty,
and I think that this tree actually knew its duty.

It was there to protect uncle D and those kids
to bring joy to their lives the way that childhood did

But it got so big that its trunk came weak
and although it was grand, its future was bleak.

And so.....

It fell to the floor with a memorable boom
As it made the kind of noise that could capture a room.

It fell in the fall when the kids weren't there
and when Christmas came 'round they could only stare.

For.....

the hole in the forest where the tree had been
felt now like it was missing such a wonderful thing.

The giant protector of them was no more
and all that was left was the forested floor.

Until.....

Uncle D and those kids walked right up to its roots
and there, in the dirt, was the print of a boot.

And there in the print was a strong little plant
which looked to be a sapling... Alive, yet scant

It grew within the pressure of the new footprint
And it grew within a ray of sunshine: just a glint!

And so...

It was given a chance when that favorite tree fell
because the shade from that tree was no more, it could tell

It grew and it grew and it strengthened and it flowered
and unto this new tree is where these kid's love now showered

Ah yes....

It was a happy new tree and it grew from the loss
of a favorite old tree who'd now become moss

And although they were sad, those kids learned something, you know?
When we lose something we cherish, another love will soon grow.

So.....

Those kids had learned a lesson from their tree now quite slanted.

That if they ever feel they're buried.....

They may just be replanted.



Lindsay (right) and two of Dustin's friends, Nate (left) and Mackenzie (middle), on top of Mt. Loki where they spread Dustin's ashes.