

SIGNIFICANT VALUE

Jan Chaffey

Two hundred years. Possibly five hundred. A long, long time. All things being equal. (They seldom are).

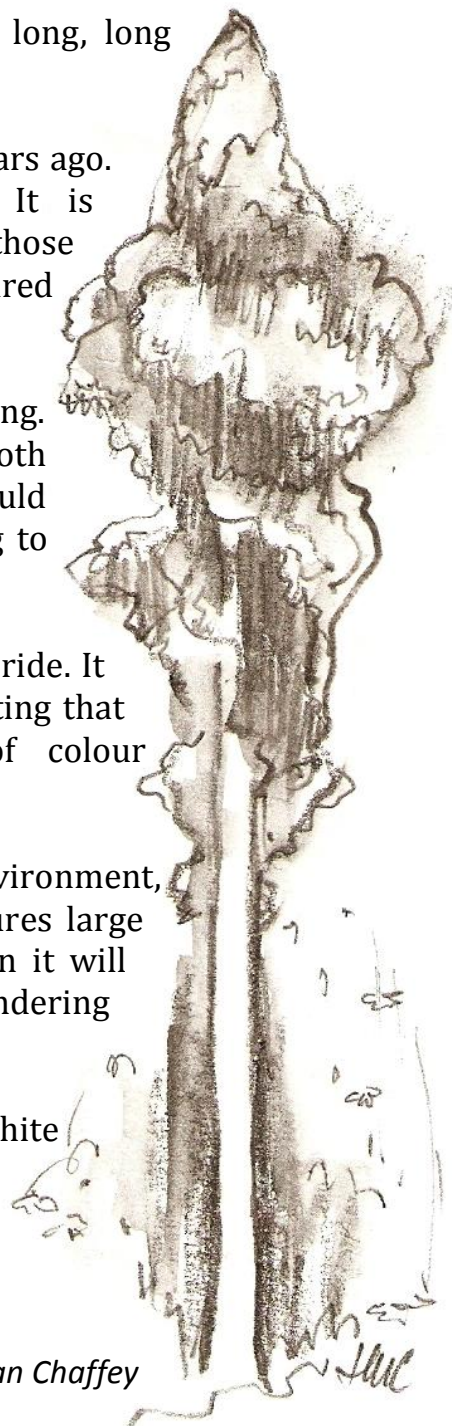
I bought it for eight good dollars, eight short years ago. A wonderful eight dollar shopping spree. It is tempting to let your mind savour just how those eight fresh dollars could compound in two hundred years. Dollar signs! Lotto signs!

Never the less, it is dependent and needs nurturing. It is fragile and needs protection. It is both vulnerable and defenseless. Man and fire could have the final say. Anything else seems too big to contemplate.

I visit it constantly, and show my friends with pride. It has survived a difficult early youth, and is starting that long path towards adulthood. A touch of colour announces this. A subtle change of form.

It is even now contributing towards its near environment, reaching for the sky. Making a place for creatures large and small. A flutter here, a wriggle there. Soon it will create a place for people. For picnics. For wondering under. Could be a poet's paradise.

My eight dollar, eight year, eight metre high, white pine. Once used for butter boxes – **Kahikatea**.



Drawing: Jan Chaffey