

Let's plant a tree

Many cultures have the tradition of planting a tree whenever a child is born. I, too, have my very own larch, still growing next to the house where my grandma used to live.

We are all familiar with the adage that every man should have a child, write a book, and plant a tree. At least one tree. We can plant it next to our house, in our community or neighbourhood, or in a forest damaged in a storm. We can plant it alone or join a tree-planting or afforestation initiative. Gardens, neighbourhoods, and streets with trees are full of life, and any urban open space feels different, livelier, and friendlier when graced by trees. Towns and villages only achieve perfection when viewed from afar in the green network of meadows and forests surrounding them, both connecting them and keeping them apart, so they do not merge into a uniform drabness.

We should plant trees wisely, by selecting the right one for a particular location. We should not plant a linden tree where there is only enough room for a hawthorn, or a cypress where a linden tree should grow. Let us plant our trees now and, with a little luck, they will still be growing after we are no longer here. Trees provide shelter to other living beings, are an invaluable natural resource, and are a symbol of life and real permanence. Our descendants will appreciate their cool shade with gratitude for every living green piece of the planet we have left behind.

May the thought of a green and bright future keep you warm in these times. Winter will soon be over, and the time will come again for planting trees, cultivating them, and enjoying everything they give us.

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