

## Adversity

The tree that never had to fight  
For sun or sky or air or light  
Who stood out on the open plain  
And always got its share of rain

Never became a forest king  
But lived and died a scrubby thing  
People who never have to toil  
To rise above the common soil

Who never have to win their share  
Of sun and light and sky and air  
Never reach the potential they can  
But they live and die as they began

Good timber does not grow with ease  
The stronger the winds, the tougher the trees  
The further the sky, the greater its length  
The more the storm, the more its strength

By rain and by cold, by winds or snows  
In trees, or in people  
Good timber grows.

- *author unknown*