

# THE CEDAR

I am the Cedar,  
The Cedar of God,  
Planted up high  
On Lebanon's mounts,  
From North to South,  
From times old,  
From Creation.

My roots are deep.  
No one can remove me  
Except God Himself,  
God, my Creator,  
To whom I bow down.

Since Creation,  
I witness  
In the land,  
And further South  
And further North and East,  
Human madness,  
Human depravity,  
Little human purity,  
Little love.

I look to the West,  
I see the sea,  
The sea that sees  
God's people leave,  
Leave the human madness,  
Leave the human depravity,  
Searching for new lands,  
Searching for God's love.

I will miss you, my dears,  
I weep at each one's departure  
But I understand  
There is no longer  
A place for you here.

Here, I give you a little root  
From my deep divine roots.  
I plant it in your beautiful heart  
As a reminder of the land  
God meant to be Heaven,  
Heaven on earth.

Remember,  
Remember the land of beauty,  
The land meant for love,  
The land of plenty,  
The land of God.

And take heart,  
God's spirit is in you,  
God's spirit will accompany you.  
Let the little root in you,  
Grow deep in you  
And see you flourish,  
Beaming love around you,  
Witnessing to God's Word,  
Bowing to no one  
Except in humility to God.

And, when you return,  
I will still be here,  
Waiting for you,  
Waiting to see you,  
To hear from you,  
To also tell you  
God still hopes  
To see His seeds  
Here in the land,  
To see the weeds  
Wiped out of the land,  
The land here,  
The land to the South  
And to the North and East.

I am the Cedar,  
The Cedar of God,  
Planted up high  
On Lebanon's mounts,  
From North to South,  
From times old,  
From Creation.

I, the Cedar,  
The Cedar of God,  
Witness to you  
God's love to you  
Till time is no more,  
Till time is no more.

*Bettina Skaff Chéhab  
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