

“Hi, Francisco. Come walk with me while I visit one of my tree friends.”

“You like trees? I had no idea, Katie. So do I!”

“I have talks with my tree friends,” said Katie. “I hear them with my heart.”

“That’s where I hear them too!” Francisco sounded excited.







“I love this meadow. See that big cottonwood, Francisco? That’s Grandfather Tree, one of my favorite trees.”

“What a huge trunk! And there are so many big, leafy branches,” said Francisco. “This tree must be very old.”

“And very wise. We like each other.” Katie smiled at the tree.

“I think it’s cool to have tree friends,” said Francisco.

“If I were a tree, I would be your friend,” Katie told him.

“If I were a tree, I would be your friend too.” Francisco thought for a moment. “But I already am your friend!”


Katie smiled. “The tree is happy that we’re friends. My heart feels warm, like sunshine.”

“My heart feels good too,” Francisco said with a grin. “I’m glad the tree likes me!”









“Grandfather Tree, we’ll play in the meadow under your branches,” said Katie.

“We’ll make pretty designs with rocks in your shade,” Francisco told the tree.

“I’ll make a chain of flowers to string around your trunk,” Katie added.

“If I were a tree, I would say thank you by singing to you as the wind whistled through my leaves.” Francisco cocked his head. “Listen! I hear the song!”