

The Battle of the Fig Tree

By Ian Menzies



I am at war with a fig tree. Self-sown in a narrow garden bed and disturbingly hard up against a wall of the church, it torments me. Only seaside daisies, perennial and annual bulbs have my permission to thrive in that bed, but this wretched fig has other ideas. Unable to dig it up due to the proximity of both church and pathway, I remorselessly and regularly hack it off at the roots.

With surprising vigour it reshoots anew while I'm not watching. A reluctant poisoner, I am forced to reach for the secateurs once more. O for a faith so determined, a spirit so undeterred! I can only look for Luke's promised signs of the Kingdom as the battle rages on...

Reflection:

"See the fig tree, and all the trees. When they are already budding, you see it and know by your own selves that the summer is already near. Even so you also, when you see these things happening, know that the Kingdom of God is near."
Luke 21:29-31