

THE DIARY OF A PEACE TREE

A TREE'S JOURNEY FROM A SEED TO A SYMBOL OF HOPE

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April 4, 2025: The First Day

I was planted today. The soil is still warm from the touch of human hands, but I sense something different on this earth. It is heavy, carrying stories of fire, loss, and voices that once screamed but now whisper in the wind.

A little girl placed me here, her hands gentle but firm, pressing my roots into the ground as if she were grounding herself too. I do not know her name, but I felt her sadness seep into my sap. I want to grow for her. I want to stand strong for her.

June 3, 2025: The First Leaves

The rain kissed me awake today. I stretched my small leaves toward the sky, soaking in the fresh drops. Around me, the land still wears its scars burnt buildings, shattered glass, empty streets. But I hear laughter now. The girl returns every day, watering me and whispering stories. She calls me "Hope."

She told me her brother never came back from the war. I do not know what war is, but I think it is the opposite of me.

November 11, 2026: The First Shade

Children played beneath me today, their laughter brushing against my branches. I have grown taller, my roots holding the earth firmly.

An old man rested against my trunk, running his fingers over my bark like reading a story only he knew. "They fought here," he whispered. "Right where you stand. And now, look at you. Proof that life prevails and wins."

September 5, 2028: The First Birds

A bird built a nest in my branches today. I watched it bring little twigs, creating a home in my arms. People have begun planting more trees around me. A Peace Garden, they call it. Where once there was silence, now there are voices. Where once there was smoke, now there is green.

The little girl no, not so little anymore sat beneath me and smiled. "You're not just my tree anymore," she said. "You belong to all of us now."



May 14, 2035: The First Generation Grown in Peace

I have stood here for ten years. The land has healed, but I still remember the hands that planted me, the voices that grieved, and the people who chose to rebuild.

They come here often. Some sit in silence, others place their hands on my bark as if seeking some strength, forgiveness, a memory of those lost.

I am just a tree.

Yet, I hold the weight of a thousand stories.

I do not speak, yet I remind them.

Peace is not an absence of war. It is something we grow together.

