

A Love Story and Church Doors



The little seedling pushed its way through the Minnesota soil, unaware of what was in its future as it soaked up the nutrients in the soil and fed off the sun's rays and the rain that fell from the sky. This little seedling was simply doing what it was created to do. As its main stem began to harden and tiny branches began to form, it was dug out of its home and transported to Nebraska, roots and all, where a young groom planted it in the backyard of the home he would build with his Minnesota bride. The young groom, so in love with his lovely bride, knew it was difficult for her to leave behind her family, her friends, and the state she had called home for most of her life. For this reason, he gifted her this small oak tree, honoring all that had made her into the woman he loved.

The tree grew, shadowing their backyard and witnessing their love, their growing family, their joys and sorrows, their struggles and victories. The years ticked on, one after the next, and soon, the groom and his bride were no more, but the tree continued to carry their love within its solid trunk. The house where this tree was planted in the backyard was sold and the new owners had no interest in keeping the tree. Their request for the current owner to get rid of the tree led to offering his

neighbor, a woodworker by the name of Don Knapp, the opportunity to take the oak tree or it would be made into firewood.

It was a solid tree, ten feet tall with a circumference of 4 feet and 12 feet all the way around. Don saw the great potential of this oak tree, which had already lost its branches to the sharp edge of the chainsaw, and decided to take it, though there were no immediate plans for it. Getting the tree to a friend who helped cut the trunk into planks. It was so big around, they had to cut corners before putting it through the machine. Don then transported all the planks to his woodshop and set them to the side, where they stayed for four years.

This beautiful oak, which was once a gift from a groom to his beloved wife, became a Groom's gift once more for God's Bride, the Church. May these doors be an open and welcoming reminder to all who enter and exit, of God's love for His children and our love for Him and for His people.