Did you ever climb a tree to declare yourself ruler of the world, or spot a gnarled old Trojan that reminded you of ghost stories?

TELL US HOW TREES HAVE IGNITED YOUR IMAGINATION!

SEND PHOTOS OR STORIES TO
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Submitted by: Ann Farley

"To really feel a forest canopy you must use different senses, the most useful one being imagination." — adapted from Joan Maloof

In our region, trees carry big personalities and inspire imaginings. They also provide boundless play, as you know if you ever held back foes in a tree fort. The North End's "spider tree" splays its limbs like a proud arthropod. Courtland boasts "Big Mamma" a gargantuan bald cypress, possibly 2000 years old. But a hands down favorite are those dripping with Spanish moss, especially in First Landing State Park, the northernmost area where Spanish moss thrives. With its silvery garlands swaying in the breeze, First Landing's Spanish moss groves have served through history and evoke deep-set feelings. Native Americans harvested Spanish moss for bedding and diapers--ouch. Henry Ford even stuffed Model T seats with it. Visitors at First Landing have described these living elements of the Antebellum South as "ethereal" and "beautiful and eerie at the same time.

Submitted by: Peter Navin

A cypress on Lake Drummond. We call it the Chapel, because when the lake level is right one can kayak inside, and because we skipped church a few times to go there. If you look close on the left side, part of the tree resembles a lion.

Submitted by: Rogard Ross

I've climbed trees for the joy of ascending into nature.

Submitted by: Stuart McCausland

Both my parents are from Maine, so we spent several summers up there when I was a kid. I had read Robert Frost's poem "Swinging Birches" and came to agree that "One could do worse than be a swinger of birches." I showed my own son how to climb up the right-sized tree and then kick out and ride it down until feet touched ground. I was happy that he passed this skill to his own children. I hope there will still be trees to swing when my great-grandchildren come of age.

Submitted by: Ann McDowell

I spent half my childhood up in a tree – a huge white oak with steps nailed on. And a smaller maple to ride out windy storms.