

Feb. 15, 2020

Well, it has finally come to this! When Christmas was over I just could not take down our tree. The decorations came down one day and the light reflectors were removed another day but that tree just kept looking at me. This went on for a week. Finally I had enough of the misery and dug into my stash of "stuff" for the plastic canvas red hearts that I'd made for a year-round tree several years ago. I slapped those red hearts on the tree and bought it some time.

Granted, most Valentine trees do not sport multicolored lights but, to me, it was still pretty.



This afternoon Jim carried the naked tree back down to the storage, the lights were labeled for this coming Christmas and the red hearts went back into the netherland of stashed "stuff". The room looks so bare!

I am 77 and, each year when I take that tree down, I wonder if I will be physically able to put it back up again after summer. So far, with Jim's help, I have and need to just trust God that He will keep that tree humming for more years to come. Happy Spring!