

Almost Fall

September 12, 2015

It's almost fall here on Heath Avenue. As I sit in my favorite room of this house, the car port, Nature is serenading my senses. Often, if you just sit quietly and cool your jets for a while, God rewards you with a life-picture that simply needs to be stored in your memory bank.

The glass-top table in front of me boasts a heavy piece of driftwood (and some sea shells from the Atlantic Ocean that were brought to me by Neighbor Marie) that was gathered during a summer jaunt to Glen Lyn, VA. All those years that hunk of wood was part of a tree miles away from here but now it makes my heart smile.



More smiles are on the faces of Paul and Nancy and they call out a friendly, "Hi", and step lively on their morning walk. You can always hear those two a half-block away as they discuss events in their lives and fill the street with laughter.

There must be a kazillion birds in our neighborhood this morning. Three cardinals vie for the best branch in a scraggly bush down by the edge of the woods. Two blue jays race across the lawn and disappear into Pavlic's apple tree.

A swarm of crows flies high above our street, chatting among themselves. Several other crows are in the tall tree behind Mr. Martin's house and they are broadcasting the latest, "Crow Report", at full volume. Across the ditch behind us, some of their family add their own commentary. (Neighbor Dietrich Schmettow, sans shirt, is out at his paper box, collecting today's edition of the Lynchburg News and Advance. Apparently, he doesn't depend on the "Crow Report" for his morning info.)

One bird negotiates a short cut, flying thru this car port on his way to check out the latest gold mine of crumbled-up, warmed bread that Jim has placed in the green birdfeeder in the front lawn. They will soon have it snarfed down and will be chirping in the bushes, trying to drum up more goodies.



We spot a flash of yellow as a sole bird perches atop the post that holds Neighbor Becky's beloved bluebird house. (Becky moved away a few years ago and Joe and Ann Pavlic live there now but that birdhouse still belongs to Becky in my mind.)

We have a healthy population of squirrels around here and they are chasing each other like little kids. One varmint scoots up the apple tree and stands his ground as several birds try their best to intimidate him. Several more are running in circles around the base of Marie's maple tree across the street

It has been dry this past month so the lawns have that crunchy-brownish-green look. Trees are no longer emerald green and leaves are slowly drifting earthward. Today you can see the sky through Pavlic's apple tree and their lawn is peppered with dull brown dots.

Our apple tree has rebounded from its severe trim last spring and is full of teeny-tiny red jewels that will soon fall to the ground beneath it. Ah, but then the feast will begin with deer coming out of the woods behind us to vacuum up the treasures from the ground. Jim says those little apples feel like ball bearings under his feet when he mows.

Grape vines behind Mr. Martin's house across the street (Mr. Martin no longer lives there but it will always be Mr. Martin's house to us.) are sporting green-brown leaves and the deer will soon find a purple fruit largess there.

The Zinnias and Marigolds, in front of our house, have begun to look lanky and the flowers are nearly as bright as they were a couple of weeks ago. They spill out over the sidewalk and driveway now, their blossoms reaching for the warm sunlight.

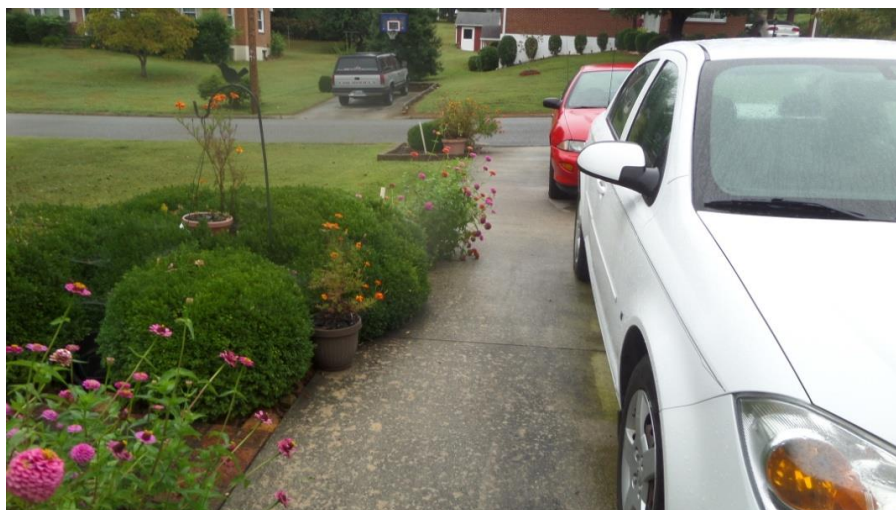


Pavlics' Dogwood trees are heavy with red berries, waiting for the inevitable flocks of migrating birds which fill their tummies and move on south for a few months.

Traffic on Fort Avenue and The Expressway is humming along. I wonder about the stories of all those drivers. The air is heavy this morning so sounds are muffled. Off in the distance a train adds its mournful whistle to the mix. And, don't you just know, the circle of dogs in every direction is yapping, "Good morning!", to each other. El Poocho next door has already left for his every-weekend trip to their farm so he misses adding his two cents to the music.

There is not one wisp of wind today but the air is crispy-cool, a portend of sweaters and jackets ahead. Five little sparrows are lined up like soldiers on the power line. Are they there to warm their feet on the flow of electricity or are they there to watch life unfold before them? Chimes at the Old Quaker Memorial Church proclaim that it is Nine AM.

Truth be known, it is past "Almost Fall" and this old grandma is already thinking about putting up the Christmas tree. Isn't life GREAT?!!!!!!



P.S. In the picture above, you will notice that Little Red Cav is in the position closest to the street. You can almost see Coby scowling. For more on the ongoing competition between these two, please, read "Little Red Cavalier" and "Little red Cav Rides Again."