

*Take time to sit back and let the beauty of God's world seep into your very soul.....*

### An Evening on Heath Avenue

This April evening I am sitting in my favorite room of our house. Well, actually, it isn't a room; it is our carport.

As I glide back and forth in the big white swing, my senses are alive with the wonder of God's world around me. It is raining and the wind plays in the wind chimes behind me as a cool mist drifts around my shoulders. Every neighborhood lawn boasts a sea of lush, emerald-green velvet. The trees have a pale-green, gauzy cloak draped around their branches. Some sport beige seedpods which are ready to float to the earth beneath them in the ever-continuing dance of life.

Snow white dogwoods are a film of lace up and down our street. Ah, but Marie, across the street, has a dogwood of deep pink and it stands out in the rain. Beloved Ruth, next door, has a bush of dogwood that looks as though it is blooming both pink and white. Her secret? Plant both varieties in the same spot.

Neighbor Becky's bleeding heart bush is a mass of pink at the base of her tidy, brick home. Tulips dot the lawns in every direction. A doe comes to a stop in Mr. Martin's lawn and stares at me. When I speak, she evaporates into the woods behind our home. There are probably new-born fawns in those woods as well. (Many summers the fawns choose to take their afternoon naps under the crape myrtle trees in our back lawn.)

Neighbor Bill, who lives two doors down from us, zooms by in his shiny blue pickup, on his way home for supper. Kathy's grandkids, two doors up the street, are inside where they are safe and dry. I notice that Dot, uphill at the corner, is gone tonight. She is such a busy lady and must be on yet another mission. The brilliant-pink azalea stands guard alongside Mr. Schmettow's front door.

Wars and earthquakes and the economy are brushed aside just for this evening. I am so very blessed!

