

## *Morning on Heath Avenue*

**August 20, 2010**

Fog hangs heavy this morning with no breeze to push it aside. We finish breakfast in our preferred location (on our carport). Doing this every morning since early spring, each early morning meal is a leisurely bonus as we start our day.

A very young neighbor boy from the house two doors down comes by to say, "Hi!", with his dog. He is a cute little guy and has been a part of our neighborhood a bit less than two years: he and his brother were adopted from Singapore. The dog investigates everything on the carport but Jonathan seems more interested in what we are eating (bacon and eggs). He says he hasn't eaten yet and I suspect he is hungry.

Soon the morning parade of vehicles begins. Our street has nine school employees and they join in the caravan, heading to their classrooms for a day of organizing. The kids will descend on them Monday for the new school year but today the teachers still have relative calm around their desks.

Neighbor Becky, in her housecoat, scoots out to the end of her sidewalk to gather the morning paper. She waves a greeting to us as Paul, in his pretty blue truck, drives by and honks his Hello too.

Part of Jim's daily routine is tossing bread crusts onto the side lawn for his menagerie. Soon the cardinals, blue jays, wrens, and a very brave squirrel appear. Most mornings they entertain us with their antics. That squirrel shoves the bread into his mouth like a corn sheller. The birds dart down, grab a hunk of bread, then fly to eat the bounty in some "bird-only-knows-where" secluded hideaway.

Tiny spiders have been draping the boxwoods with webs and this morning the fog has turned those webs into gauzy white crowns. The New Guinea Impatiens plant on our table has very fine hairs protruding from the edges of its leaves and those hairs have collected droplets of water from the air. They look like hundreds of diamonds, reflecting light from the rising sun.

Several more neighborhood dogs pass by with their owners in tow. Apparently, our street has a whole lot of "sniffing options".

The sounds of morning on Heath Avenue drift over us. Traffic is whizzing along on Fort Avenue, about a block south of us. Somebody on Coronado, on the other side of the woods behind us, has his lawn mower fired up. A barn owl hoots his version of the AM news as birds and bugs add to the music.

In a distant treetop, crows are arguing over whatever it is that crows argue about. Bees check out Zinnias and Marigolds for nectar. Neighbors three doors up the street have chickens in their back yard and those cluckers are vocally making their presence known today.

A gentle breeze wraps itself around us and the dancing jingle of our wind chimes (a gift from precious friends Bud and Bev) is candy for our souls.

The lawn, glistening with moisture, sports pools of yellow leaves under the dogwood and ornamental crab apple tree. That breeze is drawing aside the wispy veil of fog and one adventurous gold leaf, riding a poof of air, gently floats by me. Ah, yes, Fall is knocking at our door. This carport will soon take up its annual vacuum cleaner characteristic and suck in a good many fallen leaves, much to Jim's dismay. He wonders why anybody, for blocks around, bothers to rake because all their leaves end up on our carport eventually.

The crab apple tree in our front lawn is bowed under its load of a bumper crop. We hear the whispered thud of falling, cherry-size red fruit. Already, the deer have been grazing the goodies; we see them in the middle of the night but, also, during the day. In fact, the deer have stripped the apples from branches as high as they can reach.



The Amtrak Regional Train, at Kemper Street Station about two miles east of us, sounds its warning toot. Passengers to New York will have a glorious ride today as the sun burns its way

through the fog.

Oh, oh, Neighbor Becky needs Jim to check out a light in her microwave oven so he trots across the lawn to her rescue. Neighbor Dot adds a friendly chat to our morning mix. She wonders if Jim can come to her house later to help her move a Christmas tree. (She lets it stand all year, changing decorations with the seasons. It is high time I get our tree out of mothballs!)

Jim reports success with the new light bulb and Becky is a happy camper again.

At first glance, many might call this morning mundane, but I find it to be salve for my very being. If you are blessed with the time to simply sit still, you become aware of God's wonders around you and they seep into your soul.

Have a great day!