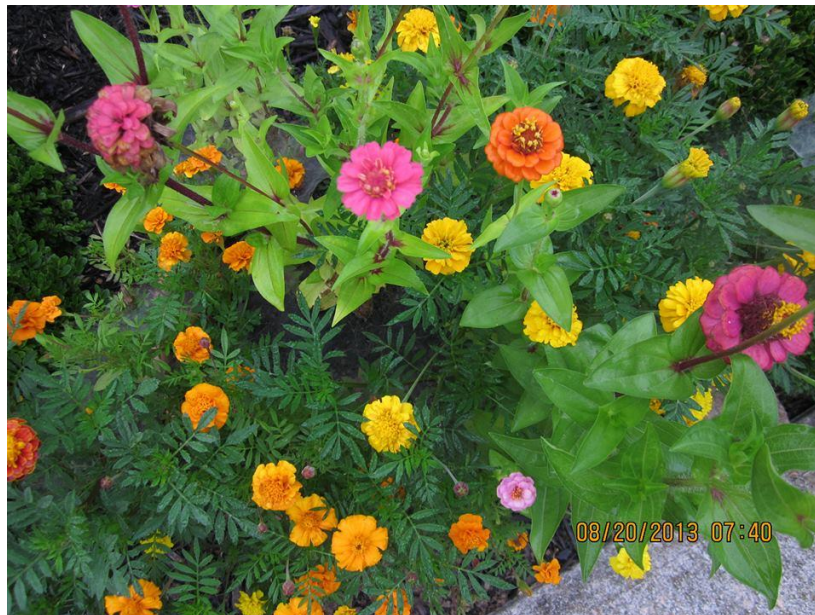


Hey, Guys, the coffee pot is on and fresh chocolate chip muffins (compliments of new neighbor, Ann Pavlic) are on the counter. Come join us for a peaceful "sit" on the carport this morning.

2013: On this foggy August morning a heavy dew is settling over the web-veiled boxwoods.



Zinnias and marigolds are poking their faces heavenward, inhaling the morning breeze.



The kids in our neighborhood, all spiffed up with backpacks bouncing and hair slicked down, are rolling by for their first day of school. The cat (A.K.A. CatNip/Garfield/CatFat), who runs this street, is mooching breakfast treats from Jim. This is the cat who is convinced that everybody loves him and wants to feed him. When he hears the mailtruck round the corner, he hightails it to the street and jumps into the open door for loving and goodies.



These pictures, posted on Facebook, prompted some fun comments.

Cousin-And-A-Half Christina Hibner of Savannah, GA wrote, “I never stop loving the view from your home.”

Cousin Carolyn Schock (from Nebraska) has memories of another time in her life, “Wish I was there to enjoy the morning with you. Mom Lostroh and I with our neighbor always had coffee and rolls at 6:30AM. I really do miss her.”

Cousin Lois Miller Covault, who calls Montana home now, commented, “Sipping coffee with you ~ via thin air.”

Sweet Lynchburg, VA, friend, Tina Dean, was immersed in memories of her own, “In light of the photo of myriad spider webs you posted on FB the other day, I am sharing a poem written by Billy C. Clark about that type of spider. It is called "Spiders' Way."

Spiders' Way

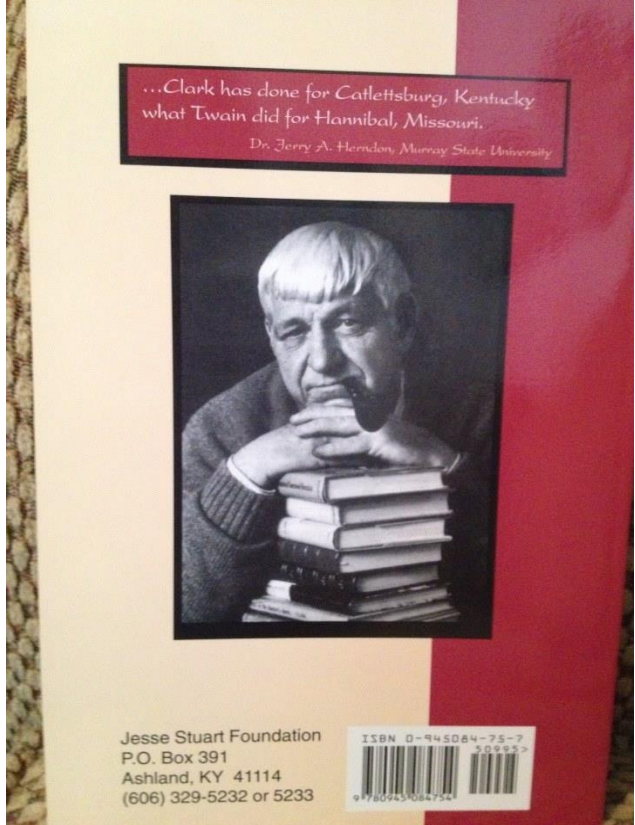
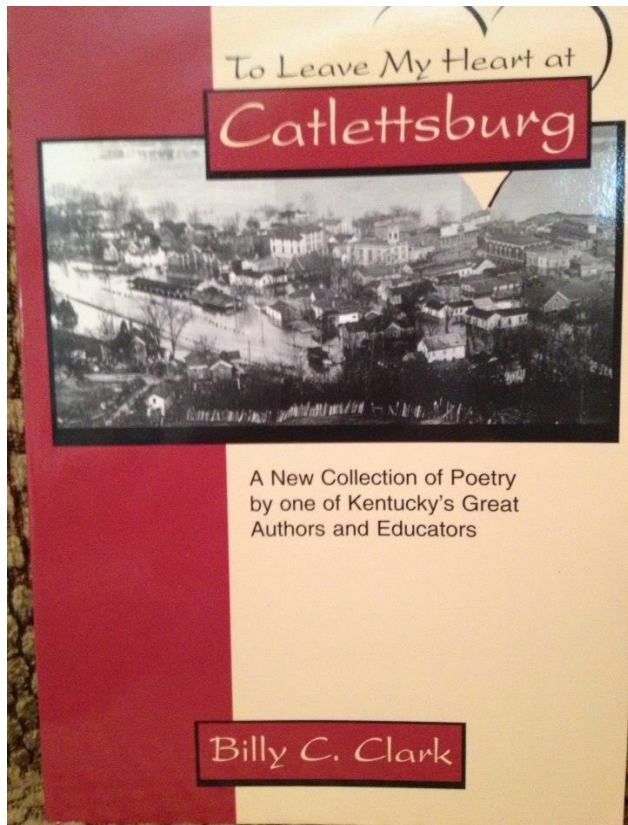
They did not see me yet I know
They pitched tents in the field below
My window and I saw them there
Wind-dancing in the morning air.

A spiders' camp beaded with dew
Framed within my window's view,
White tents like puffs of summer clouds
Spider-spun into silken shrouds.

Then under camouflage of sun
They struck their tents their campaign done,
Bivouac complete by early dawn
They left as silent as a yawn.

To leave so inconspicuously
Is how the going ought to be,
The why and where no one to say—
Silent as the spiders' way.

Tina continued, "Billy was my dear friend/boss at Virginia Writing and was a highly published, and awarded author of novels, short stories, autobiography, and poetry. I am posting the front and back covers of the book in which the poem appeared. Billy is in heaven now, but I still miss him so much."



All these memories sparked by spider webs and a cat....Isn't life great?