

Today is October 3, 2014 and I sit in the shaded, little red Cavalier, windows rolled all the way down and doors ajar. We are camped out today at peaceful Reusens, Virginia. Off to my right a muffled radio in the distance is emitting indistinguishable jabber. That's OK. The cool wind just breezes over the sound of that radio and all is well in this small part of the world.

Vehicles pass by and the occupants wave. They've seen us many times before and are confident that we are no threat to this beautiful place. They know that Jim is almost a local here with his camera, ready to record the next passing train.

Most trees have that less-than-lush appearance today and dry leaves drift through the open windows and glue themselves to the windshield. They are perfecting their wind-dance skills and gently pirouette to the ground, making room for next year's growth.

I am getting older, too, and feel as though some of my own leaves are gradually drifting down each day. But, don't you just know, I still have a whole lot of strong leaves left and intend to enjoy each day that God grants me!

Someday all of my leaves will have fallen but there will always be a new supply of life to follow. I hope some of that new life will occasionally remember "Old What's-Her-Name" and smile.

Lucy Maude Montgomery (She's the gal who wrote Anne of Green Gables.) said, "I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers."

