

October 2014

We back out of our driveway in the navy-black air. The clock says a quarter to seven but my mind won't accept that. It has to be only about four AM.

Our western trek takes us past Lowes and they already have their Christmas trees glowing in the windows. Ah, yes, this will be a good, good day!

We watch in our rear-view mirror as the sky, first hinting daylight, eventually becomes a sea of red and orange. Suddenly, that big orange beach-ball-sun pops over the horizon and casts its magic light on the mountains ahead of us. We are still in the shadow of steep hills but that sun can touch the tree tops and distant peaks. A brisk breeze dances through the leaves and they literally sparkle. A golden-bronze leaf storm swirls around us and several colorful leaf-dancers slither across our windshield. But we are all warm and protected in our little red Cavalier cocoon.

That sun glistens off the feathers of flocking birds, all heading for some secret destination. The whole world seems intent on celebrating its last hurrah before the drab chill of winter invades.

Bright orange pumpkins lounge on doorsteps along our way. Yup, it will be an outstanding day! But we best enjoy the sun while it lasts. Rain-filled dark gray clouds are pushing over the western mountains. Not to worry; our Mr. Sun will prevail.

Life is good. God is great!

Enjoy the colors of God's paint brush.

