

When we bought our house in 2002, it came with a gorgeous ornamental crab apple tree smack in the middle of the front lawn. Jim made sure there were plenty of feeding stations for our beautiful birds:



Most springs our tree put on a glorious show of color and glowed in the morning sun. Because it was in front of our bedroom window, the entire room was bathed in a world of pink.



It protected our home from the glaring heat of the summer sun.



Early summer found a new generation of fawns seeking its shelter.



During late summer and early fall months the local deer vacuumed up the fallen fruit below it.





The old tree provided a Christmas card scene when the storms of winter came:







And, don't you just know, Jim kept the birdfeeders full for our feathered friends:





In May of 2014 it was decided that the old tree had too many branches hanging over the electric wires and could present a problem in a windstorm and, certainly, in an ice storm (which we have most winters) so our tree needed a haircut...big time. The man from the tree service discovered cracks in its main branches and it had been attacked by bugs. The sad decision was made to cut down our beautiful tree and arrangements were made for the crew to come the very next day to do the job.



The next day it rained...a deluge..... and the tree gained one more day. That evening Jim opened our bedroom window and remarked that the birds were serenading us from the tree. The longer we listened, the more we knew what had to be done.

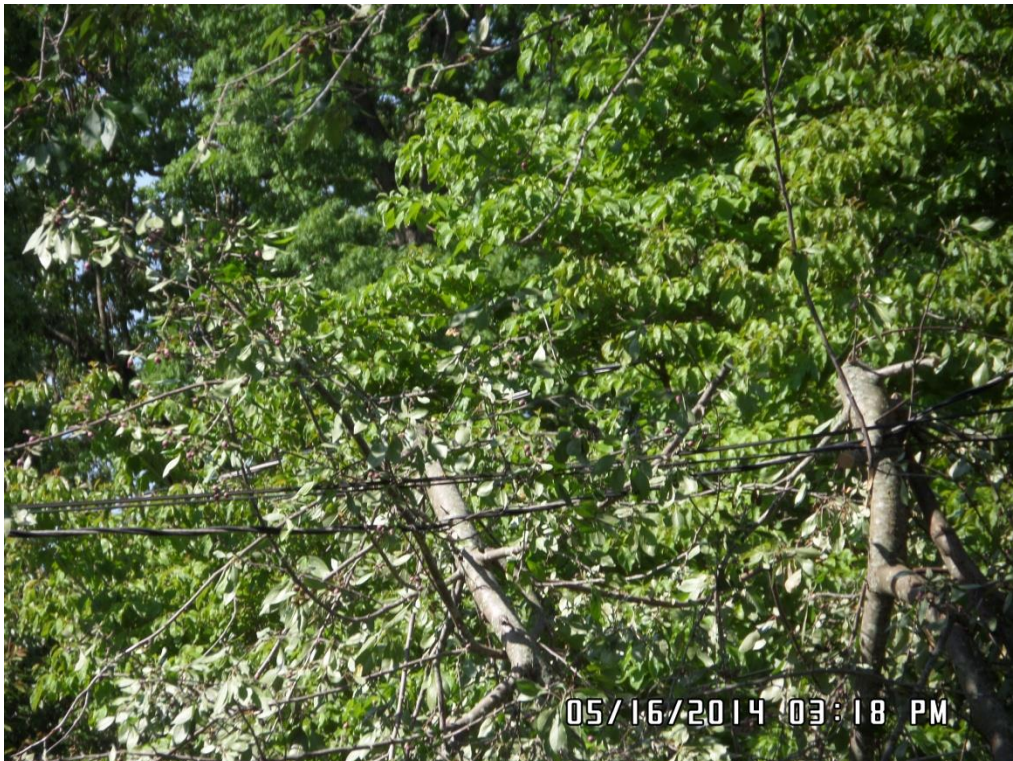
When the crew came, I explained to the owner that I am old with cracks and holes where they don't belong but I sure hope somebody tries to give me a longer life. Allrightythen.....Paul Bunyan and his merry men went to work:



Tarzan was way up in the branches, suspended by a rope and lots of guts:



At one point the branches tried their best to take the wires along for the ride:



As the guys were cleaning up the last of the debris I spotted fragments of blue egg shell. Oh, oh!



At last, the workmen were finished and the tree was trimmed:



Jim made sure the feeders were back in place for our feathered friends:



This morning I spotted Momma Robin, flitting back and forth between the electric lines across the street and the tree, searching for her nest. She made a circle in the lawn, around the tree trunk, and then slowly flew away. It will be OK, Momma Robin; the tree will sprout new branches and leaves and, as the song goes, "Roses will bloom again."