

# TIMMBERRRR!!!!

A few days ago Shawna and her son Tyler were ready to leave our home. Because I had a flower bed ornament to give her, I motioned Shawna to come around to the front of our house and, as I turned, I caught the toe of my shoe on an uneven spot of the brick sidewalk.

After teetering for what felt like ten minutes, it was obvious that the game was over and this gal was going to crash-land. That brick sidewalk did not seem like a healthy landing field so I launched toward the boxwood bush beside me.

Have you ever heard of the British model Twiggy in the 1960s? She and I are not even remotely built alike and I sensed that boxwood gasping. In a desperate attempt to save itself that bush split in half as I landed on it. It did break my fall and we gently floated to the ground. I remember wondering if we would ever get down to the grass.

Immediately Shawna, Tyler and Jim were circling me like a wagon train defending itself against warriors.

“Are you OK?”

“I don’t know. Let me quit shaking.”

Tyler volunteered to grab my arm to help me up but I told him no because that was one of my bad shoulders. I got a strange look after that comment as he pondered just how many shoulders I might have.

Well, don’t you just know, as I was gracefully sprawled on the lawn with one leg still in the boxwood canyon and the other draped over a pot of marigolds, friend Aubrey drove up? All pretense of dignity was down the tubes at that point and I felt as dainty as a pregnant water buffalo.

Eventually, my rescuers got me up into a chair. Tyler fluffed up the boxwood and Jim used a long broken branch of the bush to sweep leaves and grass off my backside.

Shawna and Tyler went home, Jim and Aubrey went downstairs to “talk trains” and I retired to my recliner to take inventory of my wounds. Not bad....a twisted shoulder and back, a banged-up knee and bruises on my arm that looked like I’d been to war and lost (which was accurate). The worst injury seemed to be my pride. I’m sure thankful that God provided the boxwood.

Later our friend Kay from West Virginia shared that, on one of her unplanned downward trajectories, her predominate thought was, “Timmberrrr!”