

## Summer Is Here

It is early in the morning-walking west with the sun over my shoulders. The sun lights up the dew drops hanging from the grass; there are sparkling diamonds everywhere. Songbirds are voicing their morning ritual and all around me are the wild flowers of summer.

Spring comes in fits and starts, warm and cold, wet and dry. Anticipation rises waiting for ice out. Then comes the most glorious day, the temperature increase and wind blows. Like magic the lake is open.

It is then time to rake the leftover leaves, clean and mulch the gardens, take note of the fruit trees in bloom. (This is done with a bit of anxiety; will the frost overtake their endeavor to bear their fruit?) Again they have not surrendered, the apples are set and the cherries are starting to ripen. We watch for the appearance of spring bulbs, first robins and all the harbingers of spring.

Some of us spend a bit of time fishing. My venue is our rivers. The mayfly hatches have progressed from the Hendrickson to the Sulfurs, to the Drakes and now the Hexagenia Limbata-- the real fest for the trout. Have you noted that trout live in the most beautiful environs? There verdant river banks, Marsh Marigolds, and then Iris blossoms. Now the streamsides are blanketed with the blue of forget-me-nots.

Thunderstorms roll in. They bring freshness to the air. Fawns are seen with their mothers whose coats are now burnished red. Bears are out and about with their cubs, at times causing a bit of disturbance with birdfeeders. This is a small transactional cost for being able to share this bit of heaven on earth with them.

Now sitting on the deck, facing west, the sun is setting--the lake is reflecting the sky--loons are calling.

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