

Spring Green

And the endless shades and hues

About six months ago I left the northern hinterlands of 'The County', the Little Finger of the Great State of Michigan. Spring became somewhat of a one to two week season over the last few decades there, transferring from the dreariness of gray dragging winters to summer in a half a month or so.

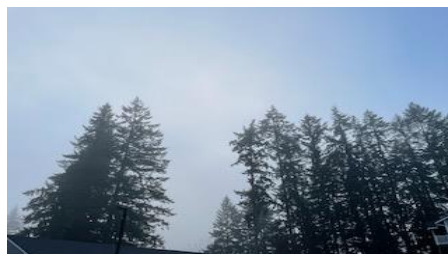


Out here, on the western edge of the Continental United States of American, in the capitol of Washington, Olympia, where I now live and love, it started well over a month ago and still reins, every day a new explosion of the great and glorious wonder of our Creator.

All kinds of trout and salmon are spawning, though the big salmon runs come in September and October. It is a fisherman's paradise. Being a four-generation fisherperson, I deeply appreciate this, yet another miracle from Him to sustain us. But it is the greens of the budding trees and foliage even more incredible that the flowers and flowering trees mixed in of such brilliance, they must be florescent.



It is incredible living on the edge of a rain forest. A Ponderosa pine covered foothill or mountain amazes you beyond belief.



Out here, they do not call it rain. There is light mist. There is medium mist. And there is heavy mist. Because we are so close to sea level, yet our mountains are peaked with snow, especially The Mountain, Tahoma, which touches the sky, all year with its glaciers; the temperatures rarely fall below freezing even in the winter down here near the coast.



His Creation must love it here. And most people strive to protect it, be the red people, blue people or purple people and all persuasions and races in between.

I cannot help but be enthralled every single time I leave to go outside. My jaw usually drops, even six months later.

I cannot begin to describe 'the greens' in earth speak. Only the language of heaven and music will do. So, I included the pictures.



I cannot believe how much He loves us to let us live in such splendor that not even Solomon could match it within .00001 percent.

I think the best thing we could do with all His love for us, is to love one another as He loves us, unconditionally.

The only thing I miss, is all of you at our little church at the end of Alleluia Row, overlooking the great sea Michigan, but you remain in my heart, my soul and my prayers every single day I still breathe His glorious air and will do so into the next....

