



Morning Science

SPEAK TO THE EARTH
& IT SHALL TEACH THEE.
JOB XII.8

Every morning, for years & years & in all seasons, Joe & I walk the same walk ~ out a dirt road that meanders through the woods & around the pond, to road's end, where the pond opens to the sea ~ a place known locally as "the creek." Every season is wonderful there, but in the fall the woods dazzle us in reds & golds & wood smoke spices the crisp ocean air. He bundles up, me in my green plaid scarf & Joe in his black beret.

After so many seasons, we feel intimate with every stick, tree & critter on the road. Over the years we have seen hawk, osprey, egret, owl, wild turkey, swan, deer, snake, Canada goose, bunny, lobster, skunk & of course, dog.

As we walk along we ask each other questions, trying to divine the secrets of nature. It's become a kind of game we call "Morning Science," which is FUNNY to us because we know NOTHING about science, something that has really come to light out there. That doesn't stop us ~...

For example: MORNING SCIENCE, OCT. 12

ME: Look at the BIG hole in the trunk of that tree. Look how PERFECT it is ~ what do you s'pose made it?

JOE: A woodpecker?

ME: A WIDE-MOUTHED woodpecker?

JOE: How 'bout a beaver?

ME: Silence (I know there's no beavers here.)



(NOW I SEE WHY PEOPLE LIKE TO PAINT THESE ADORABLE CREATURES...)

I HAD TO STOP MYSELF FROM PUTTING LITTLE CLOTHES ON THEM. ♡