

## Forsythia's Fate

Sometimes you get lucky or as I have heard even a blind squirrel finds a nut once in a while. No, I didn't find a nut but something good happened. Lunch was over and my son was headed to his trailer for a nap. He had to get up at 5:00 AM to make a trip to the Clarksburg V.A. Hospital. Frank, well, he was headed to the couch by the wood stove to take a nap too. I tell him that he's like a big, wooly bear. He eats, sleeps, and wallows around on the couch.

Me, I was headed to gather up some clean clothes and soak in a hot tub of water. As I was walking, I was talking about what to write for the January newsletter. I wrote the December article in November. So it would be in the December newsletter. So now I had to write the January article in December to make sure that it would make the deadline. This is December, what to write, hmmm. Suddenly, I heard the front door close. I went to investigate.

I looked out the front door and there was Frank heading down the sidewalk. He was moving (for him) pretty fast. I watched to see where he was going and there it was- "the hacker-whacker"!!! Frank walked over to the big tractor sitting across from our garage to talk to the driver but it was too late.

The "hacker-whacker" arm was already in motion. When Frank came back in I asked what was going on. He told me that the big, beautiful forsythia bush had been hacked off to the ground. The guy driving the tractor (state road) told Frank that it was too close to the road. Yeah right.

This bush was here when we moved here 18 plus years ago. It wasn't too close to the road for all of those years-- so why now? Every spring it bloomed bright yellow and every summer it also had turned bright green. But every summer it also had pinkish purple sweet peas entwined in its green leaves. So it was pretty up to Fall.

We dug up some of its babies when we moved here and they are growing in our yard. You see, there used to be a house on the property across from us. I was told that lightning hit the house and burned it to the ground. The flowers that the woman who lived there planted, still come up and grow every Spring. We have some of her irises and gladiolas. The forsythia bush will not bloom this spring and it makes me sad. Hopefully it will come back- not in my lifetime. The next generation can enjoy it. I am going to have a talk with it often. It will grow again. I promise.

Have a great New Year!

~ Judy ~