

The Old Pine

I learned a new word at the end of June this year. No, it's not a swear word but it should be. The word is (wait for it) Derecho. A word that I hope I never have to hear of or experience again. When the wind started to roar and everything turned black and the power went out, I knew that this was serious. Then the outside turned a greenish color and my 60 foot plus white pine tree fell down like it was a toothpick. It missed the house but took out a long section of split rail fence.

My poor tree. For nineteen years (that's how long we've lived here) that tree has kept the rain, snow, and sleet from hitting the west side of the house too badly, held and protected the bird feeders, housed some of the birds, and gave me bushels of pine cones.

I used to be able to look out of my bay window and see its mighty branches. Now there is just an empty space. No branches blowing in the breeze or bending in the wind. No branches sparkling with rain drops or frost. No branches bending under heavy snow or ice.

Yes, it was a mighty tree ,and I miss it. It's cut up and gone. It stood up to wind, heavy snow, being struck by lightning, and ice storms, and was still there –but the Derecho was just too much and the chain saw finished it off. SIGH!!

'Til next month
~Judy~

P.S.

I kept some small branches, a few small pieces of wood, and some pine cones. It's so hard to let go.