



Old Age and Death



Western Sunrise



Spring



My Protector



Renaissance Cat

The leaves mourn.
“Once we were young, supple and strong, beautiful workers helping our tree. But now we are deteriorating, discolored, fragile and useless. Weep and wail, grieve our loss, this terrible tragedy!”

Yet thousands of tourists swarm to see the autumn color in its majestic glory.

Someday, when that time comes, will I be a vibrant leaf, bringing pleasure to others and to my Creator?

“Even to your old age and gray hairs I am He, I am He Who will sustain you. I have made you, and I will carry you; I will sustain you, and I will rescue you.” Isaiah 46:4

I love watching the sun rising as I drive southwest through the Colorado foothills.

No, I’m not confused. The actual sun is to my left and behind me, causing problems for eastbound commuters, according to the traffic reporter. What I’m seeing is the rosy-gold reflection on the sheer rock face of the foothills. That glory cannot be hidden or diminished, even when I turn my back to the sun.

God didn’t need to make the world beautiful. More to the point, He didn’t need to make us notice the beauty—the colors, the forms, the variety in creation.

Beauty serves no utilitarian purpose, has no evolutionary function. But—oh!—I’m glad the world is full of it!

The roads are clear ahead of me, though slush—dirty and sullen—clings defiantly to the edges. Stalks of dead, brown grass poke hopelessly through the snow across the fields.

Sometimes my life, too feels frozen, dead, with no hope of change.

A flash of brilliant color pierces the brown-and-white scene: the promise of spring’s return, new life, fresh hope, a chance to begin again.

And I pick up the shards of my plans, fill my lungs with the breath of new growth, and start over.

I don’t even pretend that Dolphin wants to help in the RV. He simply expects food, water, occasional walks, and a friendly tone of voice.

In exchange, he provides protection from marauding predators. When we are stopped, he moves from window to window, alert for vicious bunnies and squirrels, warning off terrorist robins.

On the highway, he lives in his fantasy world, hoping for rain. When it rains, the magic birds come out, flapping their wings outside the windshield. He runs back and forth on the dashboard, leaping high to swipe with his paws at the moving wipers.

Someday, he is sure, he will catch them. In the interim, he waits, patiently. © 2006 Elsi Dodge

I am a wild tiger, driven by instinct. I lurk in ambush, seeking bears or pterodactyls.

This is not easy on a leash. I don’t know why Elsi won’t just let me out. After all, I’d come back when I got hungry. But no, I always have to be in my harness and on lead.

Then, when we get out there, we don’t do fun stuff. I can’t climb trees or burrow under bushes. But I can stalk rhinoceros (for some reason Elsi calls them “ants”; isn’t that silly?) and pounce on recently landed spaceships (she calls them “thistles”).

I am a wild beast, prowling through the jungle, free and proud of my instinct-driven life. Interfere at your peril.

Oh, did I mention I also enjoy typing on the computer and sending email? And I’m planning to learn to drive ... then I’ll really be free!