



BESIDE MY CABIN DOOR

I sit beside my cabin door
I am deep in meditation
For what I see about me now
Is not of man's creation.

God hand made these mountains high
This valley and river
All life I know must come and go
But these will stay forever.

They look the same as yester eve
With little variation
But this I change in just a flash
Through my imagination.

I see a great theater now
Built long before man's age
Where evening sun provides the light
And nature sets the stage.

The actress is yon mountain high
The princess in a story book
Her silken gown is the autumn leaves
Of the aspen and the oak.

On the valley floor are carpets bright
Spread out beneath her feet
The green ones are the new mown hay
And the yellow ones the wheat.

Yon ridge could be her gallant knight
The river is a silver chain
He has tossed it lightly at her feet
That her love might be his gain.

The evening breeze could be her sigh
Her heart fills with emotion
The rippling of a mountain stream
Are his words of devotion.

He has traveled far - he needs much rest
In her lap she holds his head
Whose stately pines across his chest
Are like a blanket spread.

The scene must change for night is here
The evening sun has set
With a pink and blue and golden hue
That no brush has painted yet.

A timid doe walks down my path
Her fawns are by her side
A buck comes next his head held high
Each step he takes with pride.

A coyote howls - his mate replies
A night bird softly sings
A great horned owl in search of prey
Flies by on silent wings.

A bull elk sounds his bugle call
From the top of yonder hill
He bugles twice - The echoes die
And now the night is still.

'Tis late and now I must retire
But I loath to leave my seat
I kneel and say my evening prayer
My day has been complete

These giant spruce have been my church
My cabin is my altar
My prayers out here are simple words
I do not pause or falter.

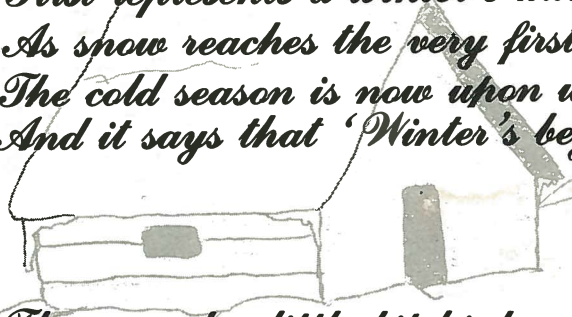
I do not pray for longer life
Nor to increase my humble worth
I just feel closer to God here
Than anywhere on earth.

Orval Bedell


Three Wire Winter

Three small pieces of wire
That glistens against the snow
Each represents a stage of winter
Determined by depth of snow.


First represents a winter's mild
As snow reaches the very first one
The cold season is now upon us
And it says that 'Winter's begun!!'



The second a little bit higher
As it reaches two feet or more
The winter's not mild but normal
Cold months ahead, lay in store.



The snow now touching the third one
Has covered the land all around
The blanket of white holds its glitter
With three feet of snow on the ground.



Near a cabin, on a hillside
A fence post has started to splinter
The snow has now made its marker
As it marks a *THREE WIRE WINTER.*



by Jan Fishback

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