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# THISREQUIRESTHOUGHT

AND THINKING IS NOT FOR THE FAINT OF HEART

TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 2009

## spring here & there

The spring days open like a morning glory, unwinding delicately and unabashedly under the warm sun. By high noon, the trumpet-cup is drunk with the balmy air, swaying and dipping under the tread of bees newly-sprung from damp pine knots and clumps of huddled moss where they droned only in their winter dreams. Late in the afternoon when the sun lazily begins to reel in her spun lengths of gold, the twisted paper blossoms droop like used party hats. The birds are the last to leave the party; they dance and sing straight into the dark.

These magic days have a marked effect on everyone and everything. Stolid and bulky shapes which recently moldered under snowdrifts -woodsheds, mailboxes, compost piles- become things of romance with violets, mayflowers, and crocuses peeping out from underneath their frames.

In the heart of this yearned-for week of warmth and blossoms and singing, we jumped the gun and flew dead south to South Carolina, where they look askance at such natural phenomena. There, every roadside screams riotously with bushes of purple and pink azalea. Nary a front porch nor a telephone pole without a fair draping of wisteria. We relished the season's excesses in a dizzied state, as paupers who stumbled upon unheard-of wealth. We didn't know how to take it all in, except to draw slow, deep breaths and insist that it really wasn't all that stupendous.

Besides the distasteful display of flora & fauna down south, there are way too many waffle houses down there and churches with baffling names, like "Weeping Mary Baptist Church" and "Rapture-Ready Church" (the subtext being "we are ready and you probably are not").

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We had a lovely time, though. Here are some notes of interest:

-My brother Michael from Montana was there, groovin' on the dance floor at the wedding reception. His long braid is grayer than I remember, but otherwise he looks the same. He laughs loudly and freely. He hugged me tightly and warmly. My kids were infants when we last laid eyes upon him. They were duly impressed by his hippie-coolness.

-My sister made a stunning bride. It was very touching to watch the father-daughter dance.

-An outdoor wedding needs a microphone in order to compete with an entire wall of a water fountain and screaming kids playing at a riverfront park. But we didn't foresee this.

-Mediterranean food is simply the best. The Lazy Goat outdid themselves.

-Before the reception wound down, my cousin Mitch grabbed me to participate in some naughtiness. We sweet-talked the hotel clerk into GIVING US the key to the bridal suite. We couldn't believe our luck. In a short ten minutes, the room was properly short-sheeted and festooned with toilet-paper.

-It did my soul good to visit with dear people whom we hardly ever see. (We had to SHOUT over the stinkin' loud music into each others faces. I will never understand the appeal of loud music at wedding receptions.)

-I never cease to be surprised that people read this here blog. Even at wedding receptions, they talk to me about it. They reprimand me for not being a more faithful writer. (Ok, ok already. I'm writing now, right?)

-Congratulations to Judy & Jim! It was a memorable wedding full of beauty and fun.

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