

DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

by Harry Zirkelbach 12-16-2016

Stars and Sun date 34640

Yesterday, no sleigh, tracks, or footprints searching for a chimney was seen on any roof of the buildings of Windsor Gardens. Bill Walsh could not be found to explain this to the grandchildren and other tots visiting family here. And elf Dennis McKnight, while not answering his phone, had told a buddy, "We are now in a no-Santa fly zone"; new Fed Regulation.

Our young'uns were skeptical as usual. Would have preferred toys, not clothes, under our small lighted Christmas tree.

Outside our third floor window, wind blew helter-skelter around trees and their close friends, our buildings.

For no reason the youngest asked his Uncle Geoff,
"Where does the wind go?"

Geoff was prepared. Then decided to be evasive, answering with a question. "How do you decide, Timmy, where the wind is coming from?"

"You know that Uncle Geoff, you taught me. I go outside, put a finger in my mouth, take it out, hold it up in front of me. The cooler part of my finger tells me which direction the wind is from. That's usually west here in Colorado."

"You recall well Timmy.

The answer is equally obvious. Your test means
the wind goes east usually."

Timmy did not reply, thought. "Uncle Geoff is sure smart. But surely, there must be a lot of wind struck in that far away east he mentions.

"Like the time he was walking in Denver, west on East 8th Avenue, dry fall day. As he nears the south east corner of 8th and Josephine in Congress Park, the wind called to him. Then having his attention,
preforms for him alone.

The first gust of swept across the Park's grass, picking up thousands of dry leaves there, rises into the air, begins dancing with these leaves. Constantly spinning, various arrays, following the lead of the head-piece-of-air, they raced, buzzed the grass, changed direction, plunged, rose, sped, stopped, turned around, until his eyes full of leaves without air, creating pictures of a world of such beauty, complexity, all for his simple mind. He recalls watching a long time, while walking half a block, when just as suddenly, the wind was gone The leaves then doing what they always did, fell to the grass of Congress Park; then doing what they never did, spell his nick-name on the Park grass, ghwzb.

"Well, that was a different day. Right now I'm more interested in playing in the snow before it's gone.

"Then I'll find time to ask him to explain to me why snow is white, snow doesn't fall as ice, changes directly to water, or sometimes simply evaporates.

"Time to play now. Ask later. I'll always have questions. Hope I always understand Geoff's replies."