

Autumn Leaves

By Joan Mish

The falling leaves
Drift by the window
The autumn leaves
Of red and gold

I'm sure most of you know that song. Every time I take a walk in the fall and hear the beautiful music the crunch of the leaves make, I think back to my college days in Michigan. Most of the trees here in Colorado turn yellow. In Wisconsin and Michigan you see much more red because there are so many maple trees. The leaves change color because there are fewer hours of sunlight at this time of year. The days become shorter and the nights get longer. And that makes the temperatures slowly drop.

I have such good memories walking home from college my second year with my future husband. We had joined the choir together by this time and had gotten to know each other. We would hold hands, enjoy the weather, sunshine, and friendship. The sound of the leaves always remind me of this wonderful memory. I still lived at home for I planned to go abroad my junior year. But my future husband came from Muskegon, Michigan, about 40 miles away and had an apartment about three-quarters of a mile away from my home. We would spend a short time having fun in this small city park we walked past. We would play together for about 15 minutes on the merry-go-round and the slides. We weren't too old for those children's playground equipment!

Last night as I looked outside my lanai I watched a Clark's Nutcracker and a Gray Jay dancing with the yellow leaves blowing off the trees. It was like attending a ballet. I just imagined the music from the Nutcracker Suite. The ballet the other night was at sunset. The lighting was perfect. What fun that was.