

Fly Me to the Moon

by Kenita Gibbins

Oops, our assigned topic is to write about "On the Road Again." We have plans so far for three motor trips. We haven't been to the Wild Animal Sanctuary in the winter; therefore, if we get a lovely day in January, we will be off to Keensburg to see how the animals are doing. I wonder if all of the new bears know about hibernating.

Any day, any time, we can approach the best road in the world. We call it the High Line Canal. I don't have to go to Keensburg to find wild animals. One splendid day, a raven dived into a tree, going after a mocking bird. With wings spread, the mocking bird looks huge and probably wanted to raid the raven nest. The raven won this time.

Last summer, I talked my neighbor into going out before daylight since I wanted to capture a coyote with my camera. Another concerned neighbor had a hissy fit and proclaimed my idea dangerous. She brought me a gadget that would make loud noises for our protection. I'm less afraid of a coyote than of a human in the dark. We spotted an animal going 90 miles an hour across the path. We kept going toward Fairmount Cemetery. On the way back, the coyote ran across our road again, and my picture has streaks and enough of the animal to prove we saw him. The tripod will go up next summer with me waiting in the shadows. So far capturing a young raccoon in a tree has been my best image.

The migratory birds bring new species to watch. One time bats came into the conversation, and the less knowledgeable person wanted to get rid of them. With a quiet voice, my question was, then how do we get rid of mosquitoes? We already have no water, which keeps the bugs at bay. Bats occupy the reign as our friends.

Some days I count how many dogs I pet who also enjoy the canal. Our Serena, the cat, enjoys her perch on the lanai where she can watch the activity along the canal. Except for a super-fast bicycle rider, everyone is friendly, even a runner who sometimes doesn't have the breath to talk, but offers a smile.

Deer spotted near or in Fairmont and close to the west gardens of Windsor Gardens may be a treat to view at the right time of day. I'm disappointed our neighborhood across the canal has been cluttered with more apartments, thus cutting out the wildlife sanctuaries. I hope the Lowry land to our north across Alameda never gets occupied by humans.

By the way, the best full moon shots in our neighborhood are from Fairmount Cemetery. They sometimes open their grounds as a moneymaker on a full moon night, but you must make a reservation. There I can pretend I'm flying to the moon.