

Summer Tells Her Story

By Sara Emmons

My name is Summer and I love being summer. My days are hot and maybe you'd like to stroll through my evenings to cool yourself within gentle breezes brushing gently into your skin. Notice my sky becoming a backdrop of dimming light and my sun's rays starting to pierce the sky. The colors are reflecting light off of bodies of water and land masses.

Feel my coolness now. And listen to my orchestras of crickets and cicadas (sa kay das) plus perhaps katydids and sometimes an owl will chime in singing tenor and baritone depending on his mood. Don't you agree?

Summer evenings feel much better than just a damp cloth across your tired forehead or air conditioner churning cooled air wafting over you, but running up your utility bill!

Heavens sakes! You deserve better! I totally get it! When my air is too hot for you and even burns your skin, of course you're not sorry to see my sun disappear below the horizon. If you haven't enjoyed me yet, it's not too late. If you want to see sunlight painting the sky in arrays of multi-colors, maybe you'll see my act tonight.

Yes! Watch my ominous dark clouds gently floating across the earth's surface. And feel my prevailing surface breezes brushing these clouds with powerful dry air and vapor currents as if they all need loving backrubs to nurse them into night's oncoming blackness.

Change is constant. As the moments pass, stark colors will dim a bit and turn into pastel or pastels will flow into a fan of brilliant steams of color!

So, as you finish walking through my twilight, my summer breeze keeps wrapping her arms around you. When my darkness begins to cover every distant mountain under a blanket of black night you might turn on your flashlight and walk back home hoping that tomorrow's twilight will be as refreshing.

See you tomorrow evening!