

Topic: Sunsets, Rainbows

Moonrise
by Liz Gibbons

Our home in Atlanta faced west, but there were so many trees in our neighborhood that we could not view the sunset other than occasionally seeing some rosy color high in sky. But I felt we were compensated at times by the beauty of the rising of the moon, particularly those several days around the time of the full moon when it rose early in the evening. Our kitchen and its eating area faced the east with a big window over the sink and a large double window in the eating area. Often when I was cleaning up the kitchen after dinner my attention would be drawn to the moon rising above the tree line casting its silver illumination on the backyard. Its bright round saucer shaped face beckoned me to stop and contemplate our interconnection. By November when the last leaves had fallen from the trees, the moonlight cast the shadows of the trees' barren branches like a spider web over the yard. It was a tranquil sight, a beacon in the darkness of the evening. Enchanted, I often looked out to view the moon's progression in the night sky until it was time for me to turn in for the night. Even if I awoke during the night I could see through the window the moon's bright illumination shining down on the houses in the neighborhood. I felt a very comfortable feeling as if wrapped in a safe cocoon with a silent being watching over me.