

All About Leaves

by Dale Gober

It's early as I wait in the car for the library to open. A library is knowledge at the tip of your fingers. Every subject known to man, worthy of study, gathered under one roof and offered at "No Charge."

As I waited for the librarian to commence her daily duties of sorting book titles and catalogs, I sorted my receipts from the previous week. I found myself organizing the events of my life by those tiny slips of paper. Two dollars here, twenty spent there. Is there nothing in life anymore that is enjoyable without being expensive?

My neighbor and his grandson were out in their backyard the other day. The little boy was playing with his toy cars while grandpa was raking leaves. After a great deal of effort all the leaves were in one large pile. Grandpa went in the house to get trash bags for the final clean up. Temptation? You guessed it. Less than ten minutes later the leaves were once again scattered over the entire yard. The deed done by a frolicking little boy as his laughter danced on the wind with the leaves he threw in the air.

As grandpa emerged from the back door, a stern face was softened as the little boy said; "rake em' up again Grandpa, but this time let's scatter them together."

That evening was filled with the sound of joy and it didn't cost them anything.

The library is open now. I think I'll check out a book on planting trees. The kind that will make a lot of BIG FLUFFY LEAVES.

