

NATURE

Maxine Hicks

I close my eyes and enjoy the scenes that flit by in my mind. I am sitting on a camp stool along the side of one of my favorite places to be. We have our beautiful Nu-Way fifth wheel trailer parked in my favorite spot about twenty feet from the sparkling, clear Poudre River. I glance off to the right and see Ronnie just under the bridge, casting his fishing rod line out to the other side of the river where he spies a likely hiding spot to catch a yummy brown or rainbow trout for our breakfast trout almandine the next morning.

Behind me I spy a Stellar Jay pecking at some crumbs that were left on the picnic table. There is Barry starting to lay the wood in the firepit for this evening's campfire. I get up to bring my chair back from the river. As I walk up there a small chipmunk goes skittering across in front of me.

Now it is almost dark and the humming birds that have been flying around are settling nearby in some of the large pine trees that overlook our campsite. There comes Jackie and Leslie chattering away and laughing, back from their exhilarating hike up to the little stream where there is a pretty little waterfall cascading over the rocks. Ron returns after having cleaned the fish and stored them in the fridge inside the trailer.

Now it is dark and we are all gathered around the wonderful aromatic smelling campfire which is merrily blazing away. For a little while we sit there toasting our marshmallows for lovely squishy s'mores. Then Barry brings out his guitar and we all start harmonizing on some of the old cowboy songs Ronnie loves, finally ending with "Amazing Grace." Someone points out the Big Dipper and we all stare up at the sky that is

radiant with beautiful stars sparkling overhead. A sight we rarely see at home due to the city lights surrounding us. We are all relaxed and happy as well as sleepy so slowly one by one we disappear. After as I lie in my cozy bed I can hear the river gurgling along and the next thing I know I am peacefully sleeping after another perfect day.