

A Wonderful Morning

It was a wonderful dawn on a warm, sunny summer day and I was sitting on my patio, enjoying the wind and the breeze. Over in the distance I could see a river shining in the morning sunshine, fish jumping out of it, their scales glittering like the sun. Trees were swaying, dancing to the wind, their leaves green as the grass on the flat countryside. There was a crimson barn, its cows grazing, thankful for the gracious grass, in the sun. The farmer was growing fresh fruit and vegetables of all sorts, from apples and oranges to broccoli and carrots, which had grown like crazy since the last time I saw them. Small houses were nestled on the river bank, where People were walking around, buying food from the local food stores. As the sun rose into the sky, which was a wonderful mixture of red, pink and a little bit of yellow, I sat, still as a rock, looking around at the flowers growing in my garden. And I thought to myself what a wonderful day it was.