

S P R I N G      A T      L A S T !

April 3, 1993      Saturday

Dearest Ones!      After the horrible blizzard of '93 and mountains of snow all of March the last little patch of white by the front steps is gone. I saw my first robin in Glen's onion bed yesterday (where do robins winter over?) and the lucite birdfeeder in the window has five tiny birds perched inside and on top all at once fighting for seeds. Our big window wall is a benison view of Nature. Today is misty with jewel droplets of rain, perfect globules tremulously hanging from each delicate branch like diamond necklaces. Aha, this very moment at 10:45 the sun is breaking through! Oh, how I love the sun. The grey days remind me of interminable overcast Northwestdays during my childhood, albeit the trilliums peeked up from the loam on Sehome hill sometimes in mid-January. So Bellingham had its virtues too!

Today is 40 degrees but on Wednesday last the temperature soars to 59 and I was ecstatic, was invigorated out of my usual lethargy into vacuuming and mopping the kitchen with gusto and garbed only in a sundress. It was the last day of March which indeed came in like a lion and went out like a lamb. Then the next day, April Fool's, Robert Redfurred bit me viciously and I cried. It seemed such a paradigm of life, as an old song says, "We always hurt the one we love." I was combing Robert on my lap because he has matted fur and I suppose it pulled a bit so he reared around and sank three fangs into my wrist. He hadn't bit anyone for years it seems, although he was feisty when we first got him as a stray and he has inoculated all of us at one time or another: Jackie Miller, Carmen Greenidge, many unsuspecting visitors who bent down to stroke his golden fur. Maybe it was a means of survival, learned behavior or hereditary?

I say to Glen: " I wish I had a sweet, cuddly kitten instead of one so fierce." But he has one stellar virtue: He is a loud and constant Purr-er. It's very comforting to see a lithe cat curled up and buzzing like a teakettle. Whenever I sit down to read in my rocking chair, he likes to leap up and sleep on my lap. But while the scabs form on my wounds I shoo him away by rattling the newspaper. Somewhere in his past life this phenomenon terrified him and he runs wildly to hide.

Enough about Robert of the Red Fur. Of course he is old and needs to be forgiven. I indulge him with read Person tunafish which Glen doesn't like but Robert adores.