

A Simple Pile of Leaves

In our telephone conversation, 3 year old Bradley was reminding me that he was coming to our house soon.



"Grandpa," he asked, "will you have a pile of leaves for me to jump

in?" The question may have been prompted by his Dad to build a little anticipation about the trip to our place for Thanksgiving.

But it also reflected years of tradition at Grandma's and Grandpa's house, the special

treat of playing in the autumn leaves.



So these cousins had a boisterous time. They jumped into the leaf pile, crawled through it, threw leaves on one another, and on Noley, the puppy. This wonderful toy required no batteries to install and no moving parts to break. The leaves did not talk. They did not sing any annoying songs over and over. They did not make any sound effects, except



an occasional rustling sound and some crunching as the children played. But they seemed to make as delightful a toy as any for that moment.

The leaves never seem to run out at this time of the year. When

they trampled the pile to the ground, I raked it up again, into a real "mountain."

And the second attack began. I thought of

their older cousins, who are now grown, doing the same thing in the same back yard ten or fifteen years ago. I suspect that the two unborn babies we are looking forward to now will someday be playing in the leaves the same way.



It was Thanksgiving. And what a lot we had to thank God for. Pictured here are

Bethany, Caleb, Josiah, Bradley and Sarah Beth. Hannah did not get into the picture. What blessings they are. And this is the first time we have had such a well-behaved and affectionate "grandpuppy" as well.

