





I don't remember the lilacs last year, for that was the springtime when my dear wife Patsy died after our 57 happy years of marriage.

As we both grew older Patsy always sat in a comfortable chair from which she could see our yard, the trees, the one black squirrel that seemed to return every year, the humming birds, and the lilac bushes. For years I had never really sat in her chair, or noticed the lilacs except when I was outside. I usually hurried past them with just a glance, when their blooms announced the coming of spring. They had graced our yard for all the 35 years we lived in this very old house on the Westside of Colorado Springs. We had not planted the bushes ourselves. They had been here, seemingly forever, next to our 110 year old house.

It took me a year to partially recover from my grief from losing the love of my life. So it had only been recently that I started sitting in Patsy's favorite chair myself.

I began to notice, just this month, looking out that same window, from the same chair, the Lilacs she saw every year. They were blooming again. I slowly began to appreciate what they were bringing into the world, and me. And what beauty they had brought to Patsy's gentle eyes, every spring, during all those years we lived here, together.

Now the lilacs are in full bloom again, even if briefly. They are more beautiful than I ever remembered. They will give me memories and comfort from that chair and through that window, every spring to the end of my days.



COOPER'S HAWK by Tanja Britton



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by Tanja Britton
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Reply by Dianne Hartshorn on April 28, 2012 at 8:58am

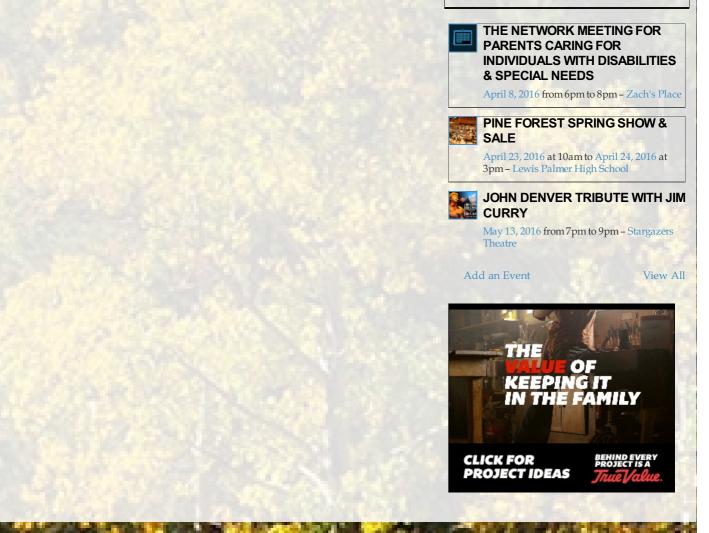
Dave those lilacs are from Patsy



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