



Rain enhanced the Foothills' beauty

The rains brought all kinds of surprises: changed the course and pattern of the creek, uncovered the roads and made a mockery of man's attempts to pave washes.

But the green, the glorious green! The desert is once again carpeted and fools us into thinking it is soft. The true Earth Mother.

We climbed Circle Mountain. We had been going to do that since we moved here, but today was the day. And what a rewarding choice.

The mountain had burned in 1979. A trash pile in late May had been caught by the wind, and soared up the side.

As a result, now the growth is low. And that soft green covers all those rocks — so many to scramble over.

We climbed the north side, and the moss was so thick and moist, one would have thought this was not the desert at all. We had to be careful not to slip on it.

At the top — more surprises! No more than 20 feet wide, narrower in some places, we could survey the area both near and far. To the south, all the way to South Mountain with greenish vapor covering Phoenix — to the northwest, the Bradshaws.

And all the houses and ranches, laid out in no pattern at all. What was this? It looked like a lake

near the house ... down to investigate.

Later, walking back from the house in the forest towards the "lake" — the dogs eagerly running along — what is normally a cattle watering hole had indeed become a lake.

It was very exciting. The discovery is made and you want to shout to everyone, "Look! Here is a lake, so near us — we will swim here in the summer!" Of course then it will be just a memory.

On the way back we came upon the carcass of a coyote — it has been shot and dropped on our trail.

The dogs ignored it, taking death in their stride, as animals do.

I hold onto days like this, for when I am low and when things are generally rotten.

It was so easy, wasn't it, to enjoy this beautiful day? Tomorrow will be just like it, and the day after.

Only we know better. Savor the cool rocks, the warm sun, the moss, the hawks slowly circling — even higher than we are.

All I had to do was be smart enough to go out and fall in love with the desert again. And I did.

I'll stay right here, thank you, right through the blast furnace of summer. There is enough here to spend a lifetime of discovery!