

December 2003

*Dear Wendy & Bob,*

Random thoughts passing through my mind this December evening as I sink my shoulders into the steaming water of our hot-house bathtub: The kerosene lamp highlights the undersides of the potted bamboo. The spirals of incense smoke in the ginger jar on the shelf at the faucet end of the tub satisfy my sense of smell and the sounds of shakuhachi, koto and samisen on the tape titled "Zen Garden" satisfy my sense of hearing.

This morning, during meditation, thunder rattled the windows and hail pelted the deck but didn't wake Jack. He was resting soundly after a morning of splitting and stacking wood and an afternoon of clearing grass and weeds from the drainage ditch connecting the road to the creek.

The rain has driven the buck, doe and two fauns back to the shelter of the forest, but before they left they nibbed the nasturtiums to a bed of stubby stems.

This afternoon I addressed envelopes to friends and family wondering what there was to say about our uneventful life. Then the mail came with the first two Christmas cards of the season along with a post card from a new friend. Part of her message was this:

"Post cards are a true lost art. To me they are like Tibetan prayer wheels--spreading joy wherever." Christmas cards and notes are an opportunity to reconnect and pass on spiritual blessing from our home to yours.

*Enjoy your life -*

*Marian & Jack*