

WHERE THE SUN LIVES

FOGGY MORNING

The fog rolled in a couple of days ago, came for breakfast and refused to leave.

It is early morning and the quiet of light gives way to the darkness of the day.

The fog is an unwanted guest.

There is no letup in sight.

The white-dark puts a quilt of gloom over the small village.

Barely does the smoke spiraling from the nearby chimneys, clear the roof tops before dancing into the darkness of the morning's fog. Gloom is in the air, and so is a loneliness.

The mountains disappeared long ago, and the roads leading out of the hills in yonders way go unused, whitened with the past week's gift of snow to the winter season.

It is now that I began to wonder if we will ever see the sun again.

My mind's creative instincts have begun to dissipate and I feel the beginning of a funk in my mind's eye. So much for smiling today.

The trip to the grocery store sounded like welcomed relief to this feeling, so, I donned my weathers coat and boots and headed for the car.

I am quiet and this brings about the question; "wie geits?"

My reply is in the same rhythm as the outside cold accentuating the mood of the weather, lack of brightness and the tempo of the people.

Bridgette understood.

When the offer to "go where the sun lives" came, my spirits rose.

This is exactly what I needed; the sun and its brightness on the day before us.

So, as we headed to the mountains in the distance, I looked around and car-watched.

I am so fascinated by the "round-about" circles along the roads and all through the small towns in Switzerland. One would think that by now I would be used to them.

No chance for that. I still can't figure out when to go, and who has the right of way.

I once got stuck in the round about around the Arch de Triumphe' (sic) .

We get out of town and pass along the vast areas of empty farm land now,
where the snow is "knee deep" I'm told.

I see a lone yellow cat scratching the snow looking for food. A stray field mouse or anything stray that moves in this frozen field. All at once a red fox appears and dashes across the frozen road ahead. He too, forging for food no doubt.

A daunting task I must admit.

Bridgette assures me that neither of them will freeze to death.

I marvel at the mountains in the distance that look like post cards of snow. The trees; frozen in time, that still carry the aura of a white Christmas come into view as we round yet, another curve and enter another small unnamed village.

Folks on bicycles, or walking, so used to these conditions as to not to be concerned. A mother on her morning walk with her new born wrapped in clothing, its cheeks as red as an apple.

As we leave the village, the foot of a mountain suddenly appears looking like
an unexpected encounter with a giant.

It is so tall, that it frightens me. And yet she tells me; "This is where the sun lives."

There is no ticket to buy to enter this ice heaven. The only price is a slow and long winding drive around a thousand curves. Each with its own personality. Like the one where, from out of the blue, sits a farm house painted a myriad of colors. A throwback of the bebop era.

Buck Clark had in Washington D.C. in the fifties painted the same colors. It was a hangout for jazz musicians.

More fields and more curves greet us with varying shades of snow and hanging trees
frozen in time.

Ice cycles that hang precariously long and low showing the strength of the winter's cold and the determination of the waters that dance along the falls.

Each curve takes us higher; I could feel it in my ears and the lightness
of the air.

We were greeted with hanging rocks frozen, their moss still green from summer, but, locked into the freezing cold nevertheless. temperatures. The sun doesn't visit here. They live on the wrong side of the mountain. Yet the vegetation is lush and healthy looking, and locked in the season we all know as winter.

The drive is slow as well. The roads have not escaped the cold. In spots, they, too, lay frozen, while on other roads, there is cold water standing like sentry's peeking out at visitors who dare to venture into the heavens...where the sun lives.

After too many curves to count and too many breathtaking scenes, the roads give way to smooth passages and the cold is replaced with a warmth that I have not felt for a while.

The grass is greener and a small farm house appears. Animals graze nearly totally oblivious to the cold below, enjoying the lush grass and fresh water flowing in the nearby creek. And now we are close, where the sun lives.

As we come out of the clouds of darkness and tip toe into the light of day, we are greeted and welcomed to the heavens above. We have arrived. This is where the sun lives.

It greets us expectedly and invites us to lunch. We accept the invitation with glee.

I walked a bit higher and looked down at the carpet of white below us through the maze of God's majesty and into the fog that had been my ceiling for several days.

It was then that I realized the greatness of God's power as he showed me once again that he is the all-mighty, giving his portraits of wonderments when and where ever he so chooses. He allowed us entry into the heavens above and to visit this place. And as I bowed my head before eating my bowl of Gulasch, I thank God again for an amazing journey to his place "Where the Sun Lives."

Dedicated to: Brigitte Tischhauser

Serftigen, Switzerland 1/27/17

r.

- 1)
- 2) GO WHERE THE SUN LIVES
- 3) LONG WINDING ROAD
- 4) SPARSE HOUSES
- 5) RED FOX
- 6) ICE CYCLE TREES
- 7) MOTHER NATURE PICTUREQUES
- 8) SLICK ROADS
- 9 SUN PEEPS THROUGH
- 10) ICE HANGING FROM TREES AND ROCKS
- 11) REACHING THE TOP
- 12) FOG BLANKET OVER THE CITY BELOW
- 13 WHERE THE SUN LIVES