



Old Age and Death

The leaves mourn.

“Once we were young, supple and strong, beautiful workers helping our tree. But now we are deteriorating, discolored, fragile and useless. Weep and wail, grieve our loss, this terrible tragedy!”

Yet thousands of tourists swarm to see the autumn color in its majestic glory.

Someday, when that time comes, will I be a vibrant leaf, bringing pleasure to others and to my Creator?

“Even to your old age and gray hairs I am He, I am He Who will sustain you. I have made you, and I will carry you; I will sustain you, and I will rescue you.”
Isaiah 46:4

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Western Sunrise

I love watching the sun rising as I drive southwest through the Colorado foothills.

No, I’m not confused. The actual sun is to my left and behind me, causing problems for eastbound commuters, according to the traffic reporter. What I’m seeing is the rosy-gold reflection on the sheer rock face of the foothills. That glory cannot be hidden or diminished, even when I turn my back to the sun.

God didn’t need to make the world beautiful. More to the point, He didn’t need to make us notice the beauty—the colors, the forms, the variety in creation.

Beauty serves no utilitarian purpose, has no evolutionary function. But—oh!—I’m glad the world is full of it!

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Renaissance Cat

I am a wild tiger, driven by instinct. I lurk in ambush, seeking bears or pterodactyls.

This is not easy on a leash. I don’t know why Elsi won’t just let me out. After all, I’d come back when I got hungry. But no, I always have to be in my harness and on lead.

Then, when we get out there, we don’t do fun stuff. I can’t climb trees or burrow under bushes. But I can stalk rhinoceros (for some reason Elsi calls them “ants”; isn’t that silly?) and pounce on recently landed spaceships (she calls them “thistles”).

I am a wild beast, prowling through the jungle, free and proud of my instinct-driven life. Interfere at your peril.

Oh, did I mention I also enjoy typing on the computer and sending email? And I’m planning to learn to drive ... then I’ll really be free!

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I know I can catch them!
by Dolphin

They’re wings—maybe big birds ... maybe pterodactyls. Some flying creature that likes rain, anyway. I know, because they only fly when it’s raining.

They flap their wings, back and forth. They never go anywhere, though. Mostly they sleep, right in front of our little house (Mama calls it an RV for some reason). When it rains, they wake up and flap. Back and forth, back and forth.

I try to catch them. It’s an easy pattern to learn, and I know I’ll get them some day. I leap, swipe at them, stalk them, lie patiently in wait ... one of these days, I **know** I’ll catch them!

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