

My Knight In White

By Christina Nellemann, Carson City, Nevada

AT THE END of my lush green garden, slung between two trees, is my precious white hammock.

All winter I dream of sliding onto its woven surface, feeling as if I'm defying gravity.

I do my chores early in the morning so I can spend some uninterrupted time in my hammock. There, I'll read library books in the dappled shade and listen to the background "music" of nature.

It's not long before I close my eyes and sink into its simple luxury. On summer nights, I relax in bare feet and enjoy the aroma of honeysuckle made even more fragrant by the moon shining upon them.

The calm breeze coming off the mountains and the gentle swinging lulls me to sleep outside, where the birds are my wake-up call instead of the cantankerous alarm clock.

Savoring the Moments

I'll even retreat to my hammock on crisp fall days, bundled in a quilt and sipping a warm cup of herbal tea. I savor those last precious days with my hammock before I must put it away for winter.

From my secret place I watch the families of wild quail waddle through the garden. They gurgle and coo to their young, not even noticing me swinging just above their heads.

I stay wrapped and cozy, watching the garden's greens turn to gray and black in the dying light.

I would never think of staying in bed for half the day. There is too much guilt and laziness associated with that.

But in a hammock, guilt falls through the woven strands. I'm just content to float between the trees, the ground and the sky—suspended between Heaven and Earth.

Photo: Gay Thompson

