

What Anchors Me, 25 October 2015: Richard Waddell

The things that anchor me and give me peace:

THOSE SPECIAL SOUNDS: Barred owls and coyotes calling in the dark of night; the ringing of our old farm bell each time a good friend from away comes to visit us; the leaves of the quaking aspens fluttering in the breeze; the approaching rain as it moves over the hillside; the crunch of dried leaves underfoot when walking in the woods in late autumn; the swish-swish of cross-country skies; the strike of the chime calling us to settle down for these services; Pierre's quiet breath sleeping beside me at night; the flute-like song of the Wood Thrush; and music, music, music.

THOSE SPECIAL PLACES: Any mountaintop anywhere; any spot on Squam Lake; this beautiful state that is special beyond words; Chicago (and especially the Lyric Opera House); the lovely gardens at our own Twin Gables; this beautiful building; the drive over the back roads of Hartland on our way to Woodstock; the immense barn on my grandparents' farm in Indianapolis that is, sadly, no longer owned by the family; and Tanzania that has become almost a second home.

THOSE SPECIAL PEOPLE: All of you—our good friends at the North Chapel; Gene, Nelda, and Linda & Shirley in NC; all of our close friends and neighbors in Hartland (way too numerous to mention); and most important—the anchor of my life, Pierre.