

October

Nobody asked but ...

We are celebrating October the 35th today out at the farm. We will be celebrating until the end of Indian Summer. Last night, I celebrated the federally-granted early sunset with a cup of hot coffee on the front porch, watching the sun-tipped wild diorama of the flame-colored ridges. The only thing that could drag me away from my old Kentucky home permanently would be if I could find a place where it was October all year long. And if I could find such a place that valued individualism as much as Kentuckians do, as well. The basketball is good, too.

Kilgore