



Perspective

By Jamie Buckingham

It's 6 a.m. and the mountains are slowly coming to life. The grey sky, just moments before twinkling with the last stars of night, is turning to soft pink and the trees in the surrounding woods are filled with a symphony of sound filtering down through the leaves. Far back in the woods I hear the sound of a mourning dove, and in a bush beside the path the familiar song of a mockingbird mingled with the chirping of a thrush as they serenade the rose-colored sky.

I walk down the steps on the front porch of the secluded cottage, down the stone pathway and, bypassing my studio door, continue down the long driveway toward the valley. The white gravel crunches softly beneath my feet and the grazing ponies in the next-door pasture lift their heads to watch me pass. Two rabbits, sitting with wiggly noses in the dewy grass, bound for cover in the woods. The leaves on the white oaks are stirring slightly. The air is chill—fresh.

Beyond the county road that winds slowly up the steep mountainside is a tinkling stream that gushes flippantly through a field white with Queen Anne's Lace. A black cow, stomach high in the wet grass, moves toward the rusty barbed wire fence hoping I will scratch her head.

The nostalgia flows as I remember as a boy walking this same road, throwing stones into the old sinkhole, running my bare feet through the dew-covered honeysuckle and singing lustily, "Nuthin' could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mawning."

Reluctantly I re-climb the long gravel driveway to my studio and sit down at the typewriter. Before me are huge stacks of paper, scattered in disarray over the converted picnic table and lying unceremoniously on the floor beside my chair. It's time to get to work.

Outside the birds have almost hushed. The leaves on the trees hang still and the tops of the poplars have turned from grey to bright silver as the morning sun streams across the mountain and reflects on their underside. The sky has turned from rose to pale yellow and light blue. The day has arrived and I want to go back out, walk the little path that leads beside the pasture to the top of the hill.

Will Say With Brevity:
I believe it was Vance Havner, commenting on Mark 6:31 ("Come ye apart and rest awhile") who said, "If a man doesn't 'come apart' occasionally—he'll come apart. But this kind of 'coming apart' pretty well glues a fellow back together."