

For all of those who care to take a look, or better yet step right into it, nature is on full display come April time. The spring season brings some of the great rites of nature across our grand state.

White bass are making their runs up the Colorado. Crappies have moved up from the depths to spawn in lake shallows. Warblers, vireos, tanagers and myriad other songbirds have completed their trip back home across the perilous Gulf waters. Pompous gobblers, and vermilion flycatchers are in full spring regalia, strutting and flittering prominently in pastures and meadows, doing all they can to attract the attention of a partner of the opposite sex. Bluebonnets and other showy native wildflowers are blanketing the roadsides.

The season is unmistakable. The bees are humming, the birds are singing, and the flowers are blooming. Spring has finally sprung. And if ever there was a reminder that life is better outside, this is it.

A recent study shows that Americans of all ages in all places now spend on average more than 90 percent of their time indoors. I guess I shouldn't be surprised, what with the realities of where most people live these days, as well as the demands of school and work and all the electronic gadgetry that we have to amuse ourselves. I can't help but think about those poor souls and all they are missing though.

Even if you want to be lazy, be lazy outside. You never know what might transpire. Last Sunday while spending some time relaxing in my "queens seat" (a seductively comfortable lounge found beside the road in Cherokee with a "free" sign on it) I felt a bird light on my head. I couldn't see what it was, so I continued to read my book while it proceeded to pluck me baldheaded. I had to work not to have a giggling fit as it went about gathering materials for its nest. At last it flew down on the arm of the chaise. A black-crested titmouse. It then fluttered back up and continued its endeavor. Fast forward a week, I'm being lazy once again and I can hear the titmouse land on the back of the chaise. He seemed to be contemplating the offering which was much lighter and decidedly shorter (due to a visit to the salon), wondering if it was worth the effort. Little Ricky, the cat, showed up about that time and that was the deciding factor. The bald spot can be put on hold for a few more years!

Thankfully, we have a rich and bountiful nature to enjoy right here in our own little piece of heaven in Central Texas. We are blessed with an abundance of water and we are so fortunate to have the most stunning and serene parks around right here in our community. If you run into Farrel Whitley or any of the city employees, you might want to tell them how their vision and hard work has enhanced our life and our town. Take a short drive. Some of the most spectacular wildflowers I've seen are between San Saba and Llano. So, I hope this month and every one hereafter, you'll devote a good bit more than 10 percent of your time to doing something in the great outdoors.

Thanks for caring about our wild things and wild places.