

# The in-between and all around us

Leslie Thompson

On the hill of boundless beauty in Washoe Valley stands your home and mine. In-between and all around us is a desert life filled with wonder. A desert that reminds me of you.

Like the owl that graces us with her hoots amid the fabric of nocturnal symphony, she bellows great knowledge and wisdom and I think of you. Something new and interesting or full of insight and perception always pops up when I am with you.

Like the coyotes who join the night music on our hill, you originally gathered this pack here today, the fiber group, as we roam our world of creations, laughter, and joy.

Like lizards, your curiosity abounds in finding great places to venture, and places to watch, and wonder. Within our desert hill, you have built a special place filled with color, kindness, and comfort. You bring me the comfort of friendship, and joy in our shared events, like today.

You are strong like the red tail hawks that soar on the winds above us.

Like the steadfastness of the desert and freshness of the sagebrush after a night rain, you are uplifting and dependable, yes, that is who you are. I carry the certainty in my heart that you will stand by my side, because I have seen that is who you are, wherever you need to be you are there when you are needed.

And, like the Russian thistle that prickles, I am counting on you to poke me in the back when I am not standing up straight.

It is a true gift to be your friend on this hill in the desert which reminds me of you.