

JULY 22nd. 05:15

May and June of 2012 were months of early morning hours and too few places to go. A six o' clock training class at Afni, Leesburg, dictated when Charlie's Burgman 400 left our driveway. Few places possess people; voices with bodies that welcome a newcomer.

"May I join you," I ask. "Sure. We'll soften the color of our words for a lady."

"Please do. We're accommodating." "Join us."

Few places have this type of atmosphere so early in the morning. McDs. will let us visit. With a purchase, we folks will sip senior coffee for 81cents and eat for minimal cost while parking our bones to converse.

When one sits at the window facing Highway 441, that person receives the gift of witnessing dawn and morning's modest paint strokes travel across the sky.

Having an unspoken invitation to sit at an unoccupied table, I received an added bonus of sitting next to a lovely, amiable woman, well into her years, who was reading a contemporary paperback novel while sipping coffee from McDs. brown insulated cup, though only after placing it inside a patriotic ceramic mug.

Upon the request to explain, she showed me highlights of our nation's history as we slowly rotated the mug upon its base.

When nearly an hour passed, we both noticed a visiting cattle egret pecking at the window and like some people, tapped at the window and door frame, as offering, "Hi," and, "Good morning," before flying off to do whatever this day offered.

The handsome woman with the patriotic ceramic mug spoke, saying, "I have one who sits on the roof of my car for as long as it takes for me to feed it bread. By hand."

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