

Gillespie Creek Journal

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Perhaps for some this snap shot of the Gateway Trail is a "road less traveled." Not for this gorgeous Yellow Lab and me! Tia sleeps outside of my bedroom door in Stillwater. "It's time for our walk!" Is the silent message exchanged when we awaken. Our following mile and a quarter constitutional takes us down the road, through the woods and on to the trail at this point. Back home in about 45 minutes, she bows, "Thank you" to me. "You're such a good girl," I reply.



This charmer slept on the seat across from me on our flight to Phoenix.



Saturday's flight from MSP to Phoenix was quiet, smooth and quick. You can see some fog lingering over the St. Croix River in the distance.



Now in the desert it's time to assess Nature's creatures' current adaptation as I observe it. Each morning I walk my neighborhood just as the sun is rising. I turn on Norton to verify bird calls. The most prominent birds are these European Starlings. The Killdeer on Quail Run Golf Course were a surprise sighting.



I disturbed this Lizard while cleaning my patio. Generally they are called Geckos.



Gecko Breath Poem (author unknown)
 Just like Gecko,
 Oh so small.
 I won't give up,
 I'll give it my all!