ED ON LOVE

“Raivaaja” May 8, 1986

There could not be a nicer Easter Sunday than today, at least here in New England. The sun is producing its heat at full throttle, as if she’s smiling at us wretches. The thermometer on the south wall of my home shows 101 degrees and there are records being set in the shade as well.

When I came out, I noticed that the birds were busy even though today is a holiday. I believe they are discussing where to build their nest this year. I think they are considering the large thick fir tree in my back yard for their house lot, for it is so secure from climbing enemies.

The squirrel is involved in his usual chores, gathering cones from the side yard. I would like to ask if you are the same bushy tail that has been featured in my “Raivaaja” articles before. The cat has put on weight and thus laziness during the winter, so the squirrels have full reign here.

As I napped in the warmth of the sun, I thought of the Easters of my youth with their seesaws, swings, mämmi and sausages plus the pleasant girls. Piles of pine branches were put in the farmyard. We made a seesaw to jump from and shouts of joy echoed to the neighboring village. A swing was built and the boys exhibited their art and their daring to the girls.

There in my distant youth I remember an Easter when I fell in love with a lively and daring girl. She was the best jumper and spunky “in other ways”. This love affair was not long-lived for it turned out as they say in the song about the bachelor “another swindler stole her from me>”

At that age we did not know enough about the sorrow of such an adversity, nothing was left to gnaw at the heart. The babbling years passed by and we became young men and women. The young folks dated and loved and forgot. Sometimes that separation tugged at the heart, but we were cured when new love appeared.

That is the tempo of life!

Ed Helander