

GOD'S DRAMATIC DISPLAY

It turns out that this past Saturday, July 18, had a lot to behold – and hear – for Lola and me.

First of all was the family wedding, scheduled in early evening at the Rosewood Hall Wedding Chapel halfway up a small mountain near Gainesboro, Tennessee. The bride, our grandniece, and her fiancé repeated their wedding vows at twilight. And she – as with all brides – was stunning in a beautiful white wedding gown. This was her night, the highlight of her young life, and she seized the moment with joy, surrounded by family and friends.

The evening wore on, the hours passed, and the celebration began to wind down. We said our goodbyes, and Lola and I headed for the car. High above in the night sky, looking westward, was a bright sliver of the moon, in its waxing crescent phase. Above it and slightly to the right was a bright star (actually, the planet Venus), and far to the right was Jupiter. It was a spectacular sky show. Anyone looking up to the heavens would immediately notice the pair. It was an exciting scene!



As we walked a short distance, not far from thick woods, the calls of katydids, rich and clear, became the evening's symphony. The katydid is a large, green insect, with long antennae, or feelers. It is a type of long-horned grasshopper. Its name comes from the love call of a certain male species in the eastern United States, more specifically, the southern half. Katydids rub the bases of their front wings together to make their sounds. Many katydids begin their "songs" at twilight and continue all night.

While the katydid's "music" – and that's stretching the definition of the term – is a song of love to the species, it is a melody of memories for me. I can remember hearing the katydids as ...

- A lullaby as I lay in bed while the wind coming through an open window gently swished the curtain.
- I peered from a farmhouse porch across the meadow to admire rows of corn bathed in the golden glow of a full moon.
- I walked barefoot along the path to the house, carrying a string of freshly caught fish.

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- I stretched out in the swing, the legs of my jeans rolled up, and dreamed of years to come and what they might hold.
- I read about, and lived, the adventures of Mark Twain and Huckleberry Finn.
- The family strolled along, chatting with neighbors, after a revival service at church.
- Darkness forced the end of a softball game on the vacant lot down the street.
- Relatives visited, and we produced some homemade ice cream on the back porch.
- I walked up nervously to the front door to pick up a date, and then, as I returned her home afterward.
- As we sat, after marriage, at the top of the outside stairs to our tiny apartment and held hands.



God had the elements of His creation in a dramatic display Saturday evening – in the sweetness of a wedding ceremony, the moon and a star, and the katydids. And they all spoke to the soul.

– Beecher Hunter