



Bethel Pond

Mooresville, Indiana

Peepers

“Did you hear them?” I asked as I returned from the evening closing of the chicken coop. “They’re back.”

We live next to a pond—we call it Bethel Pond --a pond that has brought a plethora of peace filled living to our days. Trills of the red winged blackbird, bossy honkings of the Canada goose and water “vees” of paddling mallards with their migrating webbed kind cousins are ever pleasures absorbed. Peace filled sights of sunning painted turtles or the statuesque heron provide pause for wonder. And should quiet peace not be your pick on the menu , the noisy raucous flashing flight of the Kingfisher will surprise and amuse.

Of all the sweet astonishments of the pond’s bounty, the most welcome are the spring peepers. The first warm evenings of March will be gilded by a chorus of high pitched chirping from these inch long wonders. They had been in mind during the scourges of winter freezes. How they succeeded the freeze in pond mud only to emerge on the first evenings of warming March is ponder material. Included is the joy—the victory announcement that we are wrapping up our seasonal excursion with winter. Their cheering choir is a healing salve on the frostbites of winter’s excesses.

I know that I am only an unplanned observer of these inch long frogs. Like birds, they sing to attract mates-- procreate, but inadvertently and pleasantly I am the recipient of their instinctive high pitched mating music. How welcome is their singing prelude—as much as the evening call of the robin or the stratospheric sounds of the Sandhills.

Should I ever find a new home , which will be a consequence of condition, not choice , the necessary accouterment for the living quarters will be a pond. I would prefer a shack on a pond as to the most opulent mansion in any gated compound-- a pond with the peepers – peepers to ever rest and renew – peepers to amaze – peepers to sing sweet peace to my soul.

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond

March 2019