

³ and on to bed without saying a word about it. It was no time for words I didn't want to break the wonderment of this little piece of sacred time in my life. Every night from now on our dog which was tied nights to his dog house in the back yard would bark just a few minutes when the last light was turned off. I could tell by his bark that it was not just another animal but a person out there. The old orchard at the edge of the yard was wild and grown up with grass and bushes and small trees and six or eight old big trees. There on the edge behind high bushes of lilacs stood our indispensable little square (library). I noticed that the newspapers and magazines were missing every morning. I had a good idea of what was going on so I purposely put out newspapers and magazines every evening then checked in the morning and they were always gone. One day our youngest daughter mentioned that every night when she turns off her light the dog would bark and she'd see a peculiar red round light out there in the back yard. That night when the dog started to bark I opened