

Monday May 27, 2002
Kennerock, VA.

Dear Rebekah,

I wish you could have been here to do some of your Science assignments in observation of the World of Nature.

On this isolated hilltop far from a stream of rushing automobiles, I have had the time and opportunity to watch the phoebe family, new acquaintances, providing for their young.

It has been about ten days since I first caught on to what the little birds were doing as they dropped down from one spruce tree branch to another, then flew to the porch hand-rail, then up into the roof angle above the kitchen door, then out to the trees around the lawn.

I never did actually see the parent birds feeding their young. Two days ago, everything quieted down. We can now go in and out of our door. Jochen has removed the empty nest and cleaned up the floor of the porch. When I inspected the closely woven nest, I was interested to see that it was lined

With something very fine and white, ~~presumably~~ presumably the downy breast feathers of the mother (perhaps even the father).

On our walks I have seen some flowers that I recognized including brilliant red, fire pinks, like ones that you noticed several years ago. I made notes of your observation in the Wildflowers in Color handbook that Aunt Margrit gave me many years ago. I also saw some flowers that I did not know, nor can I find them in any of the books here. I wish that I had taken time to make careful notes about them, including one that looks a little like the

A green stem, a tiny plant, almost this small. From an axis radiate branches with little yellow flowers at the tip of each tiny stem branch.



I have a feeling that it will be a long time until I discover more about it. I am somewhat consoled that Gilbert White of Selborne also puzzled over many partial discoveries.