

The endless summer continues.

Wow. What a summer. Spring, or more like summer, started a month early with temps in the 80's by early April. What a year for a garden as long as it was watered. I've canned over 40 quarts of pickles and another 20 quarts of tomatoes. I have a very late planted row of beans that I'll be picking from this week. Here it is mid September and still NO frost. So I keep picking more tomatoes too. I took a chance and planted cucumbers mid April this spring really not expecting them to survive a May frost. But they did and so I had cucumbers a month earlier than usual and second and third plantings have all born results. This really is an exceptional year.

Our local brooks remain parched. The poor native brook trout are no doubt taking a hit this year for lack of water, too hot water and being forced into a few deep pools where the predators have a better chance at them.

I was down on the sand dunes of the Suncook River last evening with my friend Rick. The half moon bathed the river and dunes in a dusting of light. All was so still. Only one bat and duck glided by overhead at dusk. Seems like life is leaving NH and has already headed south. Despite the lack of fall feel it is the shortening days that has swept the sky clear of summer's scenes. But the crickets gave us some sense of life about and a few fish dimpled the rivers surface to remind us that life was still at hand.

How quickly the chilly air sunk into the river bed at hand. We soon had a fire murmuring in the background with a few snaps and pops as we rotated to savor its heat. Fall is at hand and the trees are beginning to glow in colors to prove it. I have a sense that suddenly it will be fall or maybe we have a continuation of summer-like weather and winter will suddenly be at our doors. I think winter is going to sneak up on us this year. Don't you?