

The Hare Shines Brightly

The hare was feeling her age, she was not as fast as she had been, and slumber had increasingly became her friend.
Gone were the days when she dashed here and rushed there, but with age had arrived wisdom, and a modicum of calmness, balanced the rage she sometimes expressed, using language which made even this storyteller blush.

Her wisdom she imparted to young and old, and alongside her tending of the orchard, this endeared her to those who knew her.
Her stories warmed the hearts of all who heard them, as they recognised the truth in them, and in her.

At times, those around her did the most of the running, so she could rest,
and avoid those who might have wished her harm.
But she always found time and energy to look after her somewhat crotchety partner, tutting at, and about him, with a fierce love.

She accepted that the visible beauty of her youth was behind her, but the beauty of her character still shone brightly, which bathed her friends with it's glow.
So many have gathered to celebrate the hare, thank her for her wisdom, her stories, her service to the community, and for her friendship.
May the hare continue to shine brightly!

More stuff from Jules Procter can be found at :- http://www.banburyshire.net

In celebration of Michele on the occasion of her 75th birthday