

If You Really Knew Me

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I love the way the robins sing in the meadow in the early spring.

The way the pink wild roses smell in the hedgerows in June.

The way the deep red and gold leaves wave in the wind in October.

The way the first snow smells when it blankets the island in the winter.

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I feel loved when the dogs climb in bed to wake me, full of joy for the day,

When the cat picks my lap to lay in, her motoring running continually,

When my horse presses his head into the center of my chest and rests there

When my husband wraps me in his arms and pulls me close.

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I love drinking that first cup of coffee, a short breve latte in the perfect ceramic cup.

Eating fresh strawberries from the garden,

Eating fresh laid eggs from our hens,

Eating wild salmon just caught from the sound.

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I love to paint my toenails, but never my fingers.

Love to braid in my hair, but rarely wear makeup.

Love a hot shower more than a bath.

Love to swim in the pond or a lake more than a pool.

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I think better when in motion, when I walk or run

Better when I ride my bike or horse.

Better when mowing the lawn, my mind wandering, sorting life out

Better when driving fast, the wind blowing through the windows,

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I treasure sitting around the campfire reminiscing with old friends.

Treasure a good meal and a good drink.

Treasure living life at my own pace.

Treasure being known and cherished.

If you really knew me, you would know that...

I love sorting chaos on a scene when working as a medic, but want order at home.

That I think better under pressure when someone's life is at stake, my patient or my own.

That I love solving the mystery of why they are sick.

That I love when they later return to tell me they've lived yet another day.