

Spring brings brush of color

Written by Deb Egenberger
Thursday, 24 March 2011 19:58 -



Twenty-three tiny glass bottles filled with flowing liquids of various colors have waited patiently all winter, longing to meet the warm sunshine again.

Me too.

Although I snuggle my feet in fun toe socks while it's cold outside, I'd much rather set them free in warm-weather flip-flops.

I won't do that, though, without a brush of color. So when the calendar said the season had officially changed to spring on Sunday, I rescued the basket of bottles from the darkness.

It was time to let the painting begin.

But what color? Sometimes too many choices make a decision difficult—California raspberry, Cancun fiesta, chocolate mousse, cotton candy, ultraviolet, orange county.

How is a girl to choose?

Each vibrant bottle seemed to scream, "Pick me, pick me!"

I narrowed the field to five and then after brushing one strip of each, I chose the one I thought did the best job of bringing a spring smile to my face—flashbulb fuschia.

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Nothing says, "Hello Spring!" quite like hot pink toenails.

On a side note, the lost has been found.

I wrote last month about my son's trombone slipping from the luggage compartment of a school bus somewhere between here and Hyannis.

All of the sheriff's departments that I contacted laughed at me. They either didn't believe my story or didn't think the horn would ever show up.

Well Royce Penner was laughing too when he spotted the unusual roadside rubble from the cab of a tractor he was driving down Highway 61 south of Arthur a couple of weeks ago.

"I just really couldn't figure out how a trombone got in the road ditch," he said when he called the phone number he found on the case.

The tough plastic exterior took the brunt of the damage. With a little cleaning and tender loving care on some minor dings in the slide, the trombone is happily honking again.

Thank you Mr. Penner.