

## First Rains



When you live on the edge of the desert, the first rains always bring out the child in you. In Kenya, when the 10-month-long, sand-baking summer is over; when the skies darken; when thunder rumbles and fork lightning indicates where it wants the downpour to strike, the erstwhile languid little children dance ecstatically; the first drops washing the dust-mascara in rivulets down their upturned, white-toothed, brown-skinned, smiling faces.

Californians do a much more toned-down version of that, but they, too, must be very happy with last night's rain.

And the faeries, also, celebrate the rain-coming. I've just come back from a three-hour hike during which I encountered several bands of faery children splashing about. I presume you know that faery folk come in many species and in various sizes? Not all are three-feet high leprechauns; some are small enough to clamber, in their dozens, aboard a bumblebee, as if he were a yellow school bus, and joy ride during his flower safari. Others are even smaller and will use a drinking butterfly's proboscis as a water slide.

Just a while back I heard and then saw a group of these little, little ones swimming about in a pond created within a fallen, crinkled oak leaf. They splashed about with abandon, oblivious of my presence; and when

they finished, they vigorously clapped their wee wings to dislodge the moisture, like puppy dogs after a shower.

Further along the track, I came upon a group of larger faeries flying and dipping in and out of a huge ocean (a rain-filled pothole created by my car tires!). They were playing a game of "how fast can you speed towards your reflection without disturbing the water?" It calls for great flight control.

Meanwhile a lone faery has discovered a gently falling leaf and is riding it down to Earth from the top of a great madrona tree. He is gripping the edges of the leaf, peering over the side and giving the odd flutter of his wings to guide the re-entry.

Yes, the first rains awaken the child in all of us.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Seán".

Tír na nÓg,  
October, 2014