

## **Finders Keepers**

**(October 9, 2007)**

How in God's name did I get to be so lucky! I can't believe I just stumbled upon them. I'm trying to reconstruct what must have happened. I imagine that a jewel thief made off with a huge heist but was being followed by the cops and decided to chuck the bag out of the car window. He figured when they caught him they couldn't convict him because there would be no evidence on him. He had marked the spot well and reckoned he could easily return and retrieve them. But he didn't. And now, I am reaping the rewards of his labor. Yippee!

The funny thing is I wouldn't have spotted them either if it weren't for the rain. I had been housebound all day because of the drizzle but eventually Kayla, my dog, prevailed upon me to go for a walk. So I bundled myself up in my rain gear and headed off for Meditation Rock. From the top I could see Pena Creek, Bald Mountain and Mark O'Leary Rock. And, once more, the steam was rising through the hillsides from the under-mountain caverns in which the Leprechauns tended the great cooking cauldrons in which they prepare food for Gaia. As is my wont, I ended my time up there by singing the Pater Noster in Gaelic. Then I stepped carefully off the wet glistening stone and began to retrace my steps. Within 500 meters I came upon them. The strange thing is I had passed that exact spot just 30 minutes earlier and *hadn't* seen them. But, as I said, if it weren't for the rain, I wouldn't have spotted them even now. Obviously, the extra half an hour's rain had beaten down the tuft of tall grass and there, nestled in its heart, was the stash. It was scattered roughly in a circle of about nine inches in diameter, and there must have been about one hundred of them; 50 or 60 were quite large and the rest ranged from medium to small. But they all sparkled brilliantly as only diamonds can. I don't know anything about jewels but I'd be shocked if these beauties didn't have a street value of 10 million dollars!

And, it was the rain that was responsible for it all: a finely woven spider web tethered to the stalks of grass had extravagantly bedecked itself with these

captured raindrops. Only the very tiniest ones had been sifted through, but the rest were displayed in a profusion that not even Tiffany & Co. could begin to imitate. Nature's profligacy and God's prodigality combining to create 63.64 square inches of priceless gem drops.

Gratefully, neither the cops nor the thief, neither the jeweler nor the judge were at hand to reclaim them, and passing critters didn't give them a second glance. That is, until Kayla decided to run back to me. Her front left paw landed right in the middle of the cache, mortally wounding the web and destroying 80% of the diamonds. Then she looked up at me very pleased with herself as she wagged her tail in accompaniment to her emotions. I shooed her away and looked forlornly at my greatly reduced fortune. I'd be lucky to get one million bucks for the survivors.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*