

The Colors of Autumn

By Karen Gersonde

Autumn is a special time in Wisconsin. The forests and all the trees turn into a magical delight of color for all to see. Reds, yellows, greens, browns, and oranges, all the leaves show off their magnificent colors that they have been waiting to show off all year. Miles and miles of beautiful colored trees, as far as the eye can see. Cars line the roadsides, people taking photos of this spectacular sight to preserve memories that last a lifetime.

Wisconsin lakes reflect these colors onto their very blue waters, reflections that only come once a year. The Mississippi River is a wonderful place to view the colors of the season. Both sides of the river come alive with the colors of fall. Lake Michigan and Lake Superior also show off their autumn beauty with the colors of the season lining their shores. The blue waters, the white waves and the colorful leaves are a sight that should be witnessed by everyone, at least once in their lifetime.

Here in Wisconsin, we are lucky to witness this event year after year. One does not have to go far to take in the colors of the fall. Plus, our great waters make this event even more spectacular!

Lake Michigan Winter

By Karen Gersonde

I walked the shores of frozen Lake Michigan. A stiff north wind was bearing down on me, but the beauty of the lake intrigued me. Although after a few minutes I was chilled to the bone, I had to continue. The lake was speaking to me in its own native tongue. The ice shelves were creaking in the wind. You could hear them cracking, moving, slamming into each other.

Winter is harsh on the lake. That's the way it is. But the shore birds were enjoying the moment. Seagulls by the hundreds rode the waves. They were huddled together, as far as the eye could see. There were also ducks and Canadian geese in the mix. They were all together in whatever open water they could find. They had no choice. This was their home.

Then in the blink of an eye, the birds took to flight. What would spook them in the dead of winter? Then I saw it, a bald eagle approached the flock. It had been sitting out on an ice shelf, fishing in the cold deep waters. The birds scattered filling the blue sky with white. To my surprise, the eagle soared over my head! It was a majestic and unexpected sight. A sight I would not have witnessed had I stayed home.