

*By Wayne Halm*

**L**ike many things in Hawaii, the sun seems in no real rush to begin. There are a few clouds in the sky, but they don't appear much motivated either. Up here the clouds are close - not too far above the tree tops. Occasionally one snags on a tree and leaks a little, but for the most part they just drift along. It's not hard to imagine that they anchor themselves to the tree tops at night so they can snooze too.

But the birds are awake - at first light each and every one chirps to make its presence known. With all of the trees around, I now know of several hundred. The birds contrast with the absolute silence of the night - I awoke in the night and listened closely, nothing - absolutely nothing - even the echoes of my snoring were lost in the trees.

Up here the ocean can't be seen. It's not the Hawaii of post cards - but that is only 11 miles away. Up country Hawaii has a charm of its own. Up here the air is crisp in the morning, still shorts - tee shirt - and sandals, but it makes a warm cup of coffee welcome. Deer wander through the yard - I watch with two wide eyes, the dog only bothers to open one.

In the morning light several thousand shades of green appear. Every leaf strives to be different - most are. The birds and the flowers compete for the remaining colors - except blue, blue is owned by the sky.

"Not bad for a poor southern boy", I think, and get another cup of coffee.

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