

## **Point Beach in November**

***Written by Thom Singleton***

It was a fall pilgrimage to a favorite spot on Lake Michigan.

Temperature at 50, but still a bracing wind blew.

Waves marched ashore like columns of soldiers to its command.

Just a handful of people admired the wave-smoothed beach stones.

Creeping juniper covered the dunes like a green blanket.

We turned into the woods and walked the ridges between water-filled swales,  
ancient shorelines piled up by Lake Michigan's forefather, Nipissing.

Wind-blown leaves fell from the trees and showered us with gold.

Beech trees with their knot-hole eyes winked at us walking by.

We ate our picnic lunch, said a fond farewell to a beloved Lake, and headed  
home.