

HOW GREEN IS MY VALLEY

By Reuven Bar-Levav, M.D.

June is busting out all over. The eye tires easily of that which it sees daily and that which it takes for granted. It is a special delight, therefore, for the traveler to caress the Mediterranean blue and to let the look linger on the many architectural glories of the Renaissance in Italy. What a welcome change from the ugliness of Woodward Avenue and the boarded blight of many sections in our own city! But back here, the spring of Michigan hits one's consciousness with renewed impact. How lush the green, from blue-like intensity to whitish lightness, all alive with sunshine and sparkling in the light. The grass is not always greener far away.

In the midst of governmental stupidity and struggles with third-party payers, mountains of paper and disgruntled people, we sometimes forget those of our blessings not yet spoiled by lack of vision or lack of wisdom. Spring flowers have turned fields into oriental rugs, rich in color, for us to enjoy if we only take the time. The June sun that in so many other parts on earth has by now burned everything green into dry yellow, barely touches the rich, wet soil that gives life to all that greenery. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and it makes the eyes see clearer, and I take it all in with a double measure of pleasure.

Some time ago, when this writer published an editorial abhorring the stink of smoke and infringements of smokers upon his life span, one good acquaintance suggested that energies might as well be devoted to more important subjects. But, if the quality of life becomes unimportant, then what is left?

So, enjoy a very good summer!