

Sent:

Saturday, May 10, 2008 1:59 PM

Subject:

Epilogue

Swallows were cavorting over I-35 on the last leg from Wichita. Swept wings, forked tails, dark backs with light undersides, might have been purple martins, might have been tree swallows, twisting, diving, zipping in front of us, WHAP! "Murray got one" we exclaimed in unison. And he had been so good...

D&S