

Embracing Spring Again

At last, she has made her entrance. The fairest of the Four Sisters arrived at 6:28 a.m. today, Eastern Daylight Time. We welcome you, O princess of the seasons.

With her, this beautiful maiden of the climatic quartet brings ...

- The rebirth of nature, whose works have lain cold and dead since the chill winds of autumn.
- Artfully crafted buttercups, their golden heads bobbing and weaving in gentle March breezes.
- Yellow-garbed forsythia bushes that salute her return.
- White and pink dogwood blooms with red-tinged petals forming a cross to remind the passerby of the crucifixion of our Lord.
- Lush green carpets for yards – and cantankerous wild onions that plague them.
- Royal redbud trees, splashing blazes of fiery color throughout drab woodlands.
- An influx of red-breasted robins and orange-chested bluebirds to dot the lawns and limbs of trees.
- A renewal of man's courtship with the great outdoors.
- A fresh expectancy for a happier life.
- A rejoicing over the artistry of the Master Painter.
- A reawakening of deep-seated feelings of love – of man for nature, of man for the Creator, of man for woman.

We've missed you, O Spring.

It is good to embrace you again.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in the land (Song of Solomon 2:11-12 NKJV).

– Beecher Hunter