

Fairest of the Four Sisters

She arrives Sunday, March 20, and my heart is flush with excitement. At 12:30 a.m. Eastern Daylight Time, the fairest of the Four Sisters will make her entrance.

Goodbye, cruel Winter, with your dazzling diamonds and ermine cloak that enhance your personal beauty at the expense of others.

Hello, beautiful Spring, whose charms mesmerize me. Take me by the hand, and let me resume the relationship that has been heavy on my mind since last we parted. Already, Spring has sent her advance guard – rows of dancing buttercups, nodding and bowing; forsythia bushes adorned with brilliant blossoms; the unique concerts of birds heralding the lovely maiden.

Ah, Spring. How I have pined for your presence. I long to ...

- Sit with you on a creek bank under the flowing branches of a willow tree as we cast a fishing line into the water.
- Take off our shoes as we wade through the still-chilly waters of a lazy brook coursing over a bed of pebbles.
- Join with you as we fly a kite in the gusty winds of March and early April.
- Listen with you to the songs of bluebirds and mockingbirds and Baltimore orioles that rediscover their favorite haunts after a season's absence.
- Get caught up with you in the drama of a baseball game.
- Savor with you the incomparable perfume of honeysuckles embracing a fence by the roadside.
- Share with you a picnic meal in the lush green grass near a tall waterfall.
- Admire with you the splash of burnt orange across the heavens in a sunset that climaxes a perfect day.
- Fall with you under the spell of the magic of a hike along a lakeshore.
- Cavort with you through gently rolling meadowlands sprinkled with yellow and purple clover.
- Relax with you on a log and marvel at the redbuds and dogwoods as they compete for the title in the woodlands' beauty pageant.
- Sip a cup of coffee with you as we get up early to watch the morning sun kiss far-off mountain peaks. Inhale with you the lemony fragrance of a yellow trillium.
- Marvel with you at the grace of a doe leaping over a split-rail fence separating pasture from forest.
- Doze with you in the warm sun on a quilt by a deep, quiet spring where the air is breathtakingly clean and fresh.

Despite all the appeal of your sisters, you are our first love, O Spring, and we look forward with great anticipation to those intimate moments we shall share.

– Beecher Hunter