

Spring Is Here!

At last, she is here. The fairest of the Four Sisters arrived at 7:44 a.m. today (EDT), and I am charmed by her presence. We welcome you, O princess of the seasons.

With her, this fairest maiden of the climatic quartet brings:

- The rebirth of nature, whose works have lain cold and dead since the chill winds of autumn.
- Beautiful 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 lawns – and cantankerous wild onions that plague them.
- Royal redbud trees, splashing blazes of fiery color to 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 his Creator, of man for woman.

We've missed you, O Spring.

It is good to embrace you again.

– Beecher Hunter