

Summer Woos Us

The sultry sister of the Four Maidens makes her debut Saturday as we say goodbye to Spring.

Officially, Summer arrives at 6:51 a.m. EDT.

Technically, that is when the summer solstice occurs, meaning the sun will ride high in the sky, and there are more hours of daylight than any other day of the year.

But science is not what attracts us to her. Summer woos us with ...

- Her hot breath on our necks as she shows the depth of her passion.
- The beauty of her appearance – the greenery of her forests, the redness of her roses, the blueness of her lakes, the purple of her mountain veil, the golden glow of her sunsets, the diamonds she flings onto a rhododendron after a rain.
- An enticement to follow her and cavort in a mountain stream or ski along the calm surface of a winding river or camp beneath the stars and a tall pine tree, swaying in the wind.
- Her parties, those unforgettable barbecues or hot-dog roasts or open-air fish fries.
- The quiet moments, alone with her at daybreak, watching the sun rise over a craggy peak, breathlessly observing nature prepare for a new day.
- Her still nights, when she cools the fevered brow with the breeze from a distant shower and brings relaxation to body and soul.
- The music she orchestrates – the hoot of an owl, the symphonic chirping of crickets, the strange but mesmerizing chorus of katydids, the call of a whippoorwill deep in the woodlands.
- The peace that always follows her anger – those moments when her fiery temper rages across the heavens and rattles the firmament.
- The meals she serves – tantalizing tomatoes, creamy corn, crispy cucumbers, succulent squash, bite-size blackberries.
- Her comforting caress as the night air plays softly in the curtain of an open bedroom window.

Yes, Summer. You know we love you. We always have. The affair we have is ever exciting, never ending.

Even in those times when you leave us, we cherish your memory.

But now you're back. And the days ahead will be marvelous.

– Beecher Hunter