

The Coming of Summer

The sultry maiden – the hot-blooded one of the four sisters – will make her entrance Wednesday. The siren we call Summer, with all her passion and radiant good looks, will come calling at 12:24 a.m. EDT.

Her arrival has been long awaited. Despite the volatile dimension of her personality, I am mesmerized by her. She is one with whom I always find beauty and excitement. I love ...

- To romp with her through legume-sprinkled meadows, where splashes of lespedeza and crimson and red and white clovers against a lush-green backdrop form nature's finest quilt.
- To wade barefoot with her through a cold mountain brook, where the swift water alternately gurgles like a baby and roars like a lion as it plays among the rocks.
- To sit with her atop a large, flat boulder and watch a shimmering-gold Tennessee moon rise slowly above a purple-robed mountain peak.
- To listen with her to the sudden, unnerving hoot of an owl high overhead in a pine tree, and to the wistful, faraway call of the whippoorwill piercing the heavy silence of the woodlands.
- To imbibe with her the heady fragrance of the honeysuckle vine in a late- afternoon rendezvous.
- To pick white-crowned daisies with her, and to pluck their petals to see if she truly loves me, continuing the game until I find one that gives me the answer I want to hear.
- To share with her a concert of mockingbirds, each rendering its best songs, in a twilight serenade that brings peace to the heart.
- To be awakened with her by the sounds of two squirrels, chasing and chattering back and forth across the limbs of a massive oak tree.



(more)

- To present to her a red rose, encrusted with diamond dewdrops and kissed by the morning sun.
- To taste with her the sweetness of incomparable blackberries, pulled from their treacherous habitat with careful hands.
- To drift with her in a boat on a peaceful lake, with waves gently slapping the sides of the craft in a steady rhythm.
- To dine with her from a picnic lunch spread in the grass beside a waterfall.
- To recline with her in a swing on the porch of a country home.



Yes, Summer, I love you. And despite your fickleness, I welcome you back again.

Perhaps this season we shall share together will be the best of times.

– Beecher Hunter