

The Fairest Is Back

Ahh-h-h, she comes tripping in, gaily and lighthearted – like a gentle breeze stirring the daffodils – eager to begin our fling. My memories of her, since last we parted nearly a year ago, are still vivid and pleasurable.

Welcome, O Spring! Your arrival at 1:48 a.m. today has been long awaited. You pushed away your sister, clad in white garments, adorned in crystal jewelry, and I am eager to begin our courtship anew.

You represent nature's rebirth, and the beauty you cast across the meadowlands and pastures, or on majestic mountains robed in greenery, or into forests with gurgling streams is breathtaking, indeed. We celebrate the wonder of earth's revival. With you at my side, I long to ...

- Marvel at the diligence of bluebirds searching for a home.
- Sit on a creek bank under the flowing branches of a willow tree and cast a fishing line into the water.
- Take off my shoes, roll up my pants and wade through the still-chilly waters of a brook with a stony bed.
- Try a bit of kite-flying in the gusty breath of March and early April.
- Listen to the songs of mockingbirds, rejoicing in your presence.
- Get caught up in the drama of a baseball game.
- Smell the incomparable odor of honeysuckles crawling over a fence along the roadside.
- Cook a hamburger on an outdoor grill.
- Begin warming up the arm for some horseshoe pitching.
- Spatter puddles with bare feet in the aftermath of April showers.
- Ruminant about the stories that could be told by an old, deserted farmhouse we encounter as we walk along a winding country road.
- Admire the splash of color across the heavens in a sunset viewed from the patio.
- Look for four-leaf clovers as we work in the yard.
- Fall under the spell of the magic of a hike along a lakeshore.

Is it any wonder, fairest of the four maidens, that I have missed you so?

--Beecher Hunter