

The Return of Spring

It's official! Spring – the season we've been pointing toward for months – arrives at 11:50 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time today.

And because of the alarmingly cold and snowy winter in most sections of the country, shouts of jubilation are in order to welcome the fairest of the four maidens.

It is our hope that the new season will soon sweep away chilling winds, sub-freezing temperatures, black ice and snowbanks, and replace them with redbud trees, bright yellow forsythia bushes, and white-clothed dogwood trees, symbols of the new order.

Spring is a time for joy, for rebirth, for happier times. Robert Frost, American poet highly regarded for his depictions of rural life, summed up the emotions we experience as we head into the next three months in a poem simply titled *A Prayer in Spring*:

*Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.*

*Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.*

*And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid air stands still.*

*For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends He will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.*

Welcome, O Spring! We've waited long for your return.

– Beecher Hunter