

## The Song Goes Forth

Tuesday was a herald of spring. It is still 25 days before the season officially arrives, but spring is definitely in the air in Southeast Tennessee. I got up early this morning to admire the beauty of a full moon riding high in a southwestern sky. The heavens were dark blue and were beginning to be tinted by the golden rays of a sun peeping over the eastern hills.

Nature was at a hush, as if in anticipation of the dawning of a new day.

Suddenly, as if to trumpet morning's light, a bird (it sounded as if it might have been a mockingbird) began to warble a fascinating tune. Perhaps the excitement of this early-rising singer was created by the nearness of spring, of which this day gave testimony.

The song went forth. It seemed to play a part in chasing away the darkness.

It flowed through trees, where barren boughs swayed gently in the slight breeze. It echoed off brick-laced buildings, which held humans inside, fast asleep in their beds. It cascaded above the distant roar of an automobile making its way along a city street.

The bird sang lustily, and then the song ceased.

The sun's radiant face glowed above the horizon. Light flooded the earth.

The moon paled, as if someone had touched a dimmer switch. Lights in darkened homes began to click on.

The day was born.

With it, hope was renewed that spring would not be far behind.

And spring would give us many days like Tuesday, with many songs to sing.

--Beecher Hunter