

Welcome, O Spring

Spring arrives today. New life is beginning. We welcome you, O princess of the seasons.

With her, this fairest maiden of the climatic quartet brings:

- The rebirth of nature, whose works have lain cold and dead since the chill winds of autumn.
- Beautiful buttercups, their golden heads bobbing and weaving in gentle March breezes.
- White and pink dogwood blooms, with red-tinged petals forming a cross to remind the viewer of the crucifixion of our Lord.
- Lush green carpets for lawns – and cantankerous wild onions that plague them.
- Royal redbud trees, bringing a blaze of fiery color to drab woodlands.
- An influx of red-breasted robins and orange-chested bluebirds to dot the lawns and limbs of trees.
- A renewal of man's courtship with the great outdoors.
- A fresh expectancy for a happier life.
- A reawakening of deep-seated feelings of love – of man for nature, of man for his Creator, of man for woman.

We've missed you, O Spring.

It is good to see you again.

--Beecher Hunter