

Winter on Her Way

Winter, the most mysterious of the four maidens, makes her debut Monday. She arrives at 5:02 a.m. Eastern Standard Time. Perhaps she is never certain of her acceptance. She is either loved or hated, wooed or rejected, but never ignored.

Goodbye, Autumn, show-off that you are, with your robes of multi-colored majesty. Hello, Winter, arrayed in dazzling diamonds and ermine cloak that enhance your personal beauty at the expense of others.



I never know what to expect from this last of the Four Sisters, and that is part of her intrigue. She can be stormy and cold or warm and tender. She can shake the heavens and cover the earth with puffs of white down, or she can scatter her jewels in flower beds or along the roadside.

She can change the landscape of nature in the twinkling of an eye. She can be reserved and aloof or tender and intimate. She is spiritual, with her celebration of Christmas, and passionate in personal relationships, with her courtships in February.

Despite her unpredictability, I am smitten by her charms. Welcome, Winter. I am eager to ...

- Sit with you before a fireplace with crackling logs, sampling the smells that only burning wood produces.
- Walk hand-in-hand with you along a fence row, with marshmallow caps for the posts.
- Take a picture of you before green holly bushes sprinkled liberally with red berries.
- Stand with you and drink in the excitement of skiers on brilliant white slopes.
- Sip hot apple cider with you as we look through a window at lofty mountain peaks.
- Inhale with you the unique aroma of a cedar tree, gaily decorated for Christmas.



(more)

- Experience with you the excitement of children opening brightly colored packages beneath its boughs.
- Sing with you the carols of the season, lilting and uplifting, inspiring and introspective.
- Make promises with you for things we will do and places we will go as the new year starts.
- Marvel with you at the antics of deer playing in the new-fallen snow.
- Read with you the tender thoughts of a Valentine's Day card.
- Share with you a cup of coffee as we watch the morning sun kiss a frost-filled meadow.
- Watch spellbound with you the antics of cardinals at a bird feeder, their red feathers brilliant against dark gray backgrounds.



Is it any wonder that I love her, and I am eager to be with her again?

Come in, Winter. I take my heart from Autumn and give it to you.

– Beecher Hunter

