



Spring is Coming

By Tammy Borden ©

Spring had come. I can remember walking across the muddy dirt field in early spring towards that magical woods. I loved playing in the woods for hours as a child. I can still recall the flowers I would find nestled among the ferns and rocky terrain: trilliums, bloodroot, anemones, violets, buttercups, columbine and trout lilies. Each seemed so delicate, yet proved otherwise as it thrived in the under story of the forest despite a long and harsh winter.

One spring, I went to the woods with several Styrofoam cups in hand, carefully picking flowers and placing them inside. It was May 1st, May Day. My mother had told us of the May Day tradition back in her home country of Germany, how as a child she would secretly bring flowers to the neighbor's doorstep. So my brother and I snuck up to a neighbor's home down the road and stealthily placed a cup-full of flowers on the stoop, rang the doorbell, and ran.

Hiding behind bushes, we watched as an older woman opened the door expecting visitors. She suspiciously scanned the yard to find no one, and then looked down to see the crude vase filled with wildflowers. Attached to it was a construction paper note with elementary writing that read "Happy May Day." Her skeptical eyes softened and a smile came to her face as she bent down. She picked up the flowers, gave one last glance, and retreated back inside with a look of delight. Yes, spring had come.

Delight. It's what gardening brings to many, especially in spring. But as I reflected on this memory I was drawn to the recollection of the winter before and the contrast of spring's delight to winter's despair. Those woodland blossoms once lay dormant beneath a blanket of snow in what must have seemed like the end. But come March I imagined them sensing the longer days and feeling the radiant heat of the sun shining through the cracked branches of the trees onto the crusted surface of the snow that encased anything that lie beneath in a tomb of despair. Then it happened. The delicate mottled leaf of a trout lily couldn't be contained as it pushed through the snow. A fern slowly began unfurling its lacey fronds. The nodding blossom of a trillium was determined that it would once again sway in the blustering winds. Something inside them could not contain the desire to break free. It's the power of hope; the power of spring.

As another winter approaches I am reminded of some friends who are experiencing that despairing and ominous feeling that I'm sure many woodland flowers would share, if they had feelings of course. But spring is coming. They are in a winter in their lives, experiencing loss, sickness or hurt, feeling like it is the end. But spring is coming. The hardship and uncertainty are overwhelming. But spring is coming. They're wondering how they'll make it through this time, knowing that their circumstance seems so out of control. But spring is coming. They're hoping for some relief, some hope that the cover of darkness will melt away and the cold days of winter will once again shine brightly with the warmth of the sun. But this I can promise you... Spring is coming with all its delight.

No matter how long the winter, spring is sure to follow. -Proverb

If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome. -Anne Bradstreet