

SPRING

Of all the seasons I think Spring wins the trophy. Snowdrops being the first sign of promise as they push their heads above the hard ground, bursting open their tiny Snow-White heads, bowing in deference to the struggle.

Spring, full of promise of what's to come, offering hope along the way showing that, despite the chaos of our lives, nothing ever really changes. Year after year they keep coming back with a regularity that is both remarkable and a wonder to behold. Perhaps a promise that all things are possible, returning each year more lovely, even forcing her way through the hard packed snow as if in defiance, showing the World that it doesn't matter what you throw at me I will continue to bloom.

Spring, and the Robin redbreast, his bravery does not go unnoticed as he lands before a giant's feet to see what morsels of food have been overturned in the earth. Once capturing his reward he flies up to the nearest branch, sometimes almost touching the giant's shoulder and proceeds to sing his thanks with the sweetest, loudest song demanding attention and its own praise.

These were the most favoured aspects of Spring to Dolly, admiring the temerity and bravery of the Robin and the endurance of the Snowdrop. I strongly believe it was symbolic to her that despite all the sorrow and struggles of her life, nature proved to be indifferent thus life carries on representing a kind of hope.

Spring, when everything apparently dead bursts into life again, when the bare trees start to sprout lace-like leaves that the dappled sun peaks through. When daffodils sprout in the bare garden quickly followed by tulips. Even neglected Roses appear to burst forth with new buds.

Spring, the season of new life, new beginnings, new hope for better days whatever else the year may bring. Spring.

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