

Yesterday I walked the so familiar path from home to the marina.

Yet this was not the same path I walked a few days ago.

All around was change.

Leaves that were just unfolding from tight buds are now wide and long and strong

Flowers that were dark-green promises of future glory are now spikes of colour, pointing skyward, white with an inner blush of pink.

Birdsong sweeps in crescendo, falling into soft murmurings, sudden warning chatter, hawk-inspired silence.

What a gift, the time to just stand and soak in the beauty, the grace, the exuberance of spring.

So, savour the moment...

When the sunlight glints on the breeze-ruffled water,

The birds sing from the tops of trees

The blossom stretches up to heaven

to seduce the bees

warmth steals up and folds you in its arms

...and thank God that you can