

Seasons

Winter... it awaits the awakening from Spring. For now, snowdrifts roll into hilly fields of white. Beneath the deep-freeze is the spirit of Spring... and the beginning.

Until then, there will be cold, dismal, and rolling expanses of ice and snow. Each interlocking diamond of ice meshes in its frozen and clinging razor-sharp way with thousands of sapphire-like diamonds of other crystals. They reflect the sun and moon in brilliant hues of blue and violet.

Water in its flowing, liquid phase seeks its own position of repose. It settles in the cracks of granitic mountain faces, expanding and contracting with magnificent strengths. It sloughs off large sheets that tumble and cascade to the ground below. They splinter into sparkling shards of a curious mixture of gneiss, hornblende, uraninite and mica crystals. Muddy earths below will eventually subsume the rock into their own soil horizons. Nature possesses the profound identity of abhorring sharp-faced objects. She will exercise inexorable erosional tendencies and smooth them to gentle curves and ground-palatable sizes.

There is life, and yes, it does abound, albeit in limited quantities, in the nearby gullies, slumbering stumps, the woody detritus of the forest floor, and portions of

unfrozen rivers. It attempts to eke out its sustenance with this limited food availability.

Life will always find a way to survive and excel. It will do so even in the harshest of climates.

Spring. It brings Nature into the triggered activity of waking its very soul. She is roused from her lethargy with the additional precious few seconds added to her day's repertoire by the sunrise. The vernal equinox and Earth's travel through the geometry of its elliptical orbit provide that latent and sensible heat to all objects within the sun's reach.

Gently she turns each day into greater warmth, and shakes the chill from the ground. Drop by drop of melted snows join others to form muddy rivulet links as they tumble blindly down the sides of the hills. What was a frozen blanket now undergoes a phase change from solid to liquid. The waterways join others, feeding their precious life-giving chemistry into the arteries of root systems.

All Living Things are caressed by the simple touch of pleasant winds: The Foehn, Chinook, and Zephyr. The language matters not. For the winds are relentless. With but a touch they firmly remind the sleeping ground renewal of life is anew. A self-imposed Exile of sleep is at an end.

There is green of every shade tenderly prodding the soil aside and making the way toward the Light of Life.

Summer. It is the joyous blending of sun, growth and color. Sharpened by the furious pollination of the thousands of petals of richly-scented wildflowers by bees, wasps and butterflies. The living carpet of green reaches for the crystalline and azure sky. It is kissed by the torrential summer rains, feeding razor-sharp blooms of roses, blossoms and ferns. It supplies happy-sounding and gurgling brooks with skittering long-legged insects.

They stride confidently upon the surface tension provided by water's magical interlocking covalent bonding of hydrogen and oxygen. The insects are gulped greedily by ever-hungry rainbow trout. Their splashes of light from iridescent scales spray colorful patterns of a happy summer song. Downpours of rainstorms inundate the region with crackling, forked lightning. There is electricity in the air as it illuminates the landscape with shadows of every size and distortion. The thunder rollicks the hillsides with only a temporary violence. Entire parcels of air in the atmosphere are cleansed of dust and other particles needed by the living things to sustain themselves.

There is an order in things, and the storms are merely a footnote in a cycle of beauty called Life.

Autumn. It allows the quiet acceptance by all that most of what is alive now will cease to be in a tiny March of Days. Crimson, scarlet, yellows and browns paint the artist's palette so brilliantly. The ground is deep with colors. For just what has fallen must accept this as an end. A chill rattles the branches and stems of powerful trees and simple flowers. They are denuded of leaf and petal. For the moment, they stand tall against the cloudy skies.

The skies are shades of gray. There are clouds of vertical growth with their rainy, snowy jagged forms. They abound and contrast with the withering stalks. Somehow, they know they are being put to sleep. Nature does not mind. This golden slumber is so much a part of the very Earth and its intrinsic and beautiful elements. Nature is nearing the completion of the Cycle of the Seasons.

Another closed loop in a powerful, yet firm manifestation of what has been (and will always be), the delicate Rhythm of the Ages.

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