From the President

Plop plop, fizz fizz (Oh what a Relief it is!)

Spring! The clocks have sprung ahead, it's been over 50 degrees, and crocuses have burst forth in front of my neighbor's house – the blues and purples bringing color to what is still dull brown frozen ground. It has been a cold, windy, long winter, the weight of which is still casting its shadow over my mood. Yet I am hearkened by the awakening of the earth, the lengthening daylight, the new-growth buds reaching for the light. My heart begins to lift as I watch the plants in Helene's Garden wake from their winter slumber; they throw off their covers, yawn and stretch toward the sun. And I too yawn, stretch, shake the cobwebs from my being, and reach for the light.

Is winter over? I doubt it. In my three spring seasons in Rhode Island, I know that we have, if not more snow, certainly intense wind, cold, and rain still ahead of us before I bring my kayak out of Bina's shed and head for the water. By April I become impatient. But I know that time is coming.

I've stepped out of my winter doldrums enough to have reached out to my pickleball group to say, "Let's play!" And we did. As Carrie Newcomer says, in her recent newsletter, "March is a promise whispered into our ears…" Yes, and oh, what a relief that promise is. For me, that promise begins with the turning of the clocks, with robins, and crocuses. Still, when the wind, rain and cold resume, spring can seem far off. At the same time, already there is dusk instead of darkness at 6:30 in the evening. And hope stirs at the edges of the day. Hold on. Hold on.

As Carrie says: "Nothing lasts forever—not even winter."

In peace,

Nancy