

Summer's End

by Liz Gibbons

At this time of year when darkness descends earlier each day I feel a desire to hold on to summer's long, warm, carefree days. I savor the abundance of summer: the fresh vegetables, the beautiful flowers nodding their heads in gentle summer breezes. The bright sun warms dormant seeds even in cracks in sidewalks and sprouts spring up in many unexpected places. The inspiring determination of nature to produce under the most hindering of obstacles gives me pause to overcome obstacles that I assume are standing in my way.

Starting in February and March I look out each day expectant of signs that winter is waning. Since Denver can be pummeled with snowstorms into mid-May, springtime is very erratic. But as the warming days leading to summer begin to arrive I feel as if a sap in me is rising like the sap in a maple tree. I feel energized. I welcome days when I can be outside without a strong wind blowing off the mountains, without having to wear a warm coat, scarf, cap, and gloves to try to keep my body warm. Yet there is a yin and a yang to the seasons. The full expression of the vibrancy and warmth of summer holds the seeds of the cold and darkness of winter. In growth there are also the seeds of decay. They coexist and illustrate the ebb and flow of all things in nature. So I have come to realize that snow, rain, wind, and sun are all gifts of nature that provide the glories of summer that I love and appreciate so much.