

March: The Most Unpredictable Month of the Year
by Marilyn Reeves

While the modern civilized world refers to the Gregorian calendar as a matter of convenience for establishing dates, we all know that it is, in reality, way off! For instance, the combined months of January and February actually equal no less than 93 days of freezing cold boredom, surpassed only by the Dog Days of Summer that last from early July through the end of August – a whopping total of 105 days of turning down the thermostat on the AC and turning up the electric bill!

In the Spring, however, the months of April and May may vary, depending upon when the trees decide to blossom. Whichever one they choose, automatically makes that month only 15 days long, and the other 22.

And we all know that our very best months – September and October – last a mere 4 days apiece.

Some months are actually represented accurately. June and November are, in fact, 30 days each, and December, thirty-one, although it may seem longer or shorter, depending upon how well prepared you are for the Holidays.

If you add in the 31 days of March, it brings the total number of days for the year to 365.

But that exasperating, aggravating, will-o-the-wisp month called March can throw off the entire system in any given year. Supposedly, if March comes in like a Lion, it goes out like a Lamb, but often the opposite is true. During one of those years with an inexplicably warm winter, the blossoms may decide to appear during the latter part of that unpredictable month, in which case, it is axiomatic that it will go out with a blizzard, nipping the buds in the bud, tearing down the tender leaves along with the branches, and leaving us all in a deep freeze, wondering what happened to all that lovely weather we were enjoying a week ago.

The real culprits are those mischievous, ornery little elves called Leprechauns, who make their appearance around the 17th of the month. Don't let those cute faces and twinkly eyes fool you! They're up to messing with your head as well as the weather. They make false promises – something to do with finding pots of gold at the end of the rainbow – but who ever saw a rainbow in the month of March? They wear little green suits and little green hats and carry something called a shillelagh. I have no idea what a shillelagh is, but it sounds mystical and magical to me, and I would not trust one, any more than I'd trust making a wish on a 4-leafed clover! And those impish little creatures can really do a number on the number of days in the month by extending it interminably with foul weather.

The only thing predictable about the capricious month of March is that I always get another year older. Perhaps I should reconfigure my calendar and eliminate the month of March entirely, doing away with all those predictably unpredictable days, mischievous leprechauns, and – most importantly – my birthday!

The month of March: who needs it?

