

Shades of Blue

By Marilyn Reeves

I sometimes think that blue surpasses red as the most beautiful color. Red is the color of passion, so it gets the most attention. But blue, in all its myriad shades and hues, is the color of serenity. Blue is soothing to the soul.

Perhaps the most breath-taking sight I've ever seen was when I once stood in a high mountain meadow filled with tall, graceful aspen trees at the height of their golden glory. And when I looked up through the leaves, the sky was the deep, vivid color of robin's-egg blue. The contrast of those bright yellow leaves against that blue, blue sky was beauty beyond description! And I thought to myself, Oh, what a glorious world it is we live in!

In a world filled with dark-eyed people, there are a few who have been blessed with blue eyes – a gift of beauty from the Nordic gods. As it is with the sky, blue eyes come in many shades, from light silver-blue to bright aquamarine to soft cornflower blue. Because they are rare, blue eyes are often considered to be the most beautiful.

Then there are the many shades of blue that can be found in the sea. Depending upon its mood, the sea can appear green, gray, or a deep, dark navy blue. Navy blue is a solemn, steadfast color. People respond with respect when you wear navy blue.

The color blue has traditionally been used to describe a melancholy mood, but I think that's an inaccurate description. When I'm feeling sad, my mood is more ... gray, perhaps tinged with shades of brown and black. But not blue. Blue is too pretty a color to describe a somber mood.

And then there is the term 'blue moon' which refers to a second full moon occurring within a given month. If our calendar was based on the cycles of the moon, there would actually be thirteen months in a year, each month containing twenty-eight days, plus a fraction. I assume it was because of the superstitious dread of the number thirteen that the Gregorian calendar was designed with a hotchpotch of months containing thirty and thirty-one days (with February being the exception), in order to squeeze them all into units of twelve, rather than thirteen.

But when I hear the words 'blue moon,' that sad and lovely tune always plays in my head, along with the lyrics: "Blue moon ... You saw me standing alone ... Without a dream in my heart ... Without a love of my own."

But the fact that I am no longer able to sing makes me blue.