

## The Early Dawn Budding of Spring

*By Marilyn Reeves*

The moon is setting behind the mountain and there's only a pale glow in the sky as the sun begins to break from the eastern horizon. Tiny birds start to chatter and sing, sending a message to one another that a new dawn has begun.

Without hesitation, I go to my closet, pull on my heavy wool sweater, my blue jeans, my socks, and my old, sturdy walking shoes. Then I don my warm spring jacket, lock the door behind me, put my keys in my pocket, and set out on my walk.

As I step out into the cool, crisp morning I am awestruck by the serenity of its quiet beauty. The pond on the golf course is reflecting the rosy glow of the low-lying, puffy-pink clouds. In the foreground the lacy interweaving of branches, no long winter-bare, are tipped with tiny buds of leaves silently waiting to be born. Some of those buds crunch underfoot in clusters and clutters – the off-fall from the abundance above.

Here and there around the neighborhood I spy some bold stands of hyacinths, already wearing their pastel dresses of lavender-pink and purple-blue. They're competing for attention with the happy daffodils, showing off their shades of bright yellow, soft pale orange, and white. Green-budding tulips, planted in rows, are starting to open, revealing a riot of colors soon to burst forth into bloom.

Overhead, the apple trees are displaying a hazy mix of pink and greenish brown on the tips of their branches, their flowers just beginning to bud. In just a few weeks, in the fullness of spring, those buds will burst open and thousands of blossoms will form a fairyland canopy in shades of white, magenta, and pink.

As I turn the corner to head back home, the sun has resumed its dominant place in the sky. It bleaches the pink clouds of dawn to shades of gold, then white, and a new day has begun.

This brief walk I have taken has left me renewed, even as the whole world is renewed at this early dawn budding of spring.