

## Musing- April 2018

***Yearn: having an intense feeling for something, a powerful desire for something.***

As this Musing is being written I look out the window and note heavy falling snow; visibility is reduced and the pines and maples are being coated with snow. There is a bonus, a flock of Blue jays have arrived. They provide a bit of entertainment and wonder as they flutter back and forth between the ground and the pines.

It is actually a beautiful sight, but it is out of sequence. This appears to be early December, not late April. The seasons seem to have lost their sense of time and rhythm.

One yearns for Spring.

The fly-fishing flies are sorted, leaders are made, reels are cleaned and the Namekagon is open for fishing, but we are in the midst of a real snowstorm.

Winter sowing of Romaine lettuce and herbs have been done. This year however, the weather has conspired against the arrival of these spring greens so one must re-seed.

Plans for the gardens have been made and relatives from other climes are sending pictures of their beautiful Spring gardens.

One yearns for Spring.

This will pass. The days will lengthen, the temperature will rise, the snow will disappear, the ice will come off the lake.

Spring will come.

Spring bulbs will bloom, old fashioned Bleeding Hearts will come again. Soon apple trees, apricot trees, cherry trees and even magnolias will blossom. Spring will come; Summer will follow and all will be right with the world.

But for now, a warm fire in the fireplace, a good book and perhaps a nap.

One yearns for Spring.