
Gram Says

The first day of Spring, the day which means to me the beginning of a new venture.

Wasn't it a beautiful day? The south wind was busy blowing her warm breath upon flowers, shrubs and trees. They in turn answering by stretching and unfolding their drowsy leaves and flowers.

The country sides are a splattered blotch of pink peach blossoms. The red japonicas and golden forsythia toss their butterfly blooms as a challenge to other dormant bushes. While peeping thru the warm damp soil we find besides the crocus, daffodils and violets, the peonies, whose tender red shoots will soon open into feathery leaves.

The arrival of Spring had been well planned. Just at day break the robins, cardinals, jays and many smaller birds were chirping their merry tunes proclaiming her arrival.

Even the squirrels scolded in happy anticipation, as he scurried about looking for a hidden acorn.

Not to be outdone, I too felt the urge to be out of doors in the sunshine. So it was only natural to find myself with the rake and hoe and on my way to the garden. Here I scraped off enough rocks to get down to earth and, after blistering both hands, succeeded in making a bed for lettuce. If my hens will only stay in their own quarters I may in time see a crispy bowl of salad.

Now Sunday the skies are gloomy and crowded with moisture. Mother Nature has again opened her faucets to bring us a shower.

Although the farmers say we should have some more sun, the grasses seem greener and in the fields the cows are grazing on those long-awaited pastures. So now this is a day to answer letters, take a nap and be thankful that the drouth is broken.

Gram S. E. B.
