

Appreciating the spring season

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May 1, 2015



British people enjoy talking about the weather and the seasons. One reason for this is that all four seasons can, on occasion, be experienced in a single day! Generally I appreciate the changing seasons and delight in their different qualities: I like the heat of summer and its late, bright evenings; I enjoy the cool of autumn and its harvest; the chill of winter is refreshing and its darkness, romantic. Spring, however, has been a season I have struggled to appreciate in the past. This year, I've unusually enjoyed it.

Why have I struggled to enjoy spring? Perhaps one reason was the annual testing that occurred in school between in the late spring and early summer, resulting in much of the season spent indoors and studying hard in preparation. Many a lesson was spent in a classroom staring out the window longing to lie on the grass and nap under the sun. Alas, my teenage years were devoted to the textbooks written by scholars rather than the textbooks created by God, masterpieces that included blooming flowers, blossoming trees and fertile meadows. I'm not trying to say I regret being a diligent student; I just wish I had been more free to enjoy the spring months during my adolescence.



There's a concept in my mind that spring is a wet and disappointingly cold season. Aren't there many songs about April showers? Perhaps British springs have evolved over the years and my mind has stored memories of past springs that were indeed wet and cold. Perhaps this year the spring is unusually warm and bright. Perhaps I notice the change between winter and spring more because of the location of my home, in a less urban setting than previous homes, adjacent to a nature reserve, with a garden easily 20 times larger than the garden of my previous home. My home has an open plan

reception surrounded by French doors, the windows of which allow natural light to flood into the home and allow me to peer out and observe the trees surrounding my garden wall.



Another reason, perhaps, is that with increasing age I've noticed that time passes by more quickly. The changing of the seasons was barely noticeable as a child, when a week felt like an age. In my current stage of life, planning for the next 10 years seems quite sensible and attainable, and so the changing of the seasons appears more noticeably. Whereas the seasons themselves have continued at the same pace, my life is racing ahead and catching up with the oscillations that reflect the rhythm of planet Earth.

And what a wondrous serendipity it is that the planet Earth is tilted on its axis so that the seasons are at all possible. I'm sure many a child has been boggled while trying to visualise in their minds the 3-dimensional relationship between the Sun and its third-closest orbiting planet. Everything goes in circles; even the climate must follow this pattern on Earth.

I'm looking forward to summer, indeed autumn after that and winter too. But right now I'm happy enjoying the freshness of spring and the proliferation of life associated with this season.

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