



JOAN WALSH ANGLUND



*Spring
Is
a
New
Beginning*



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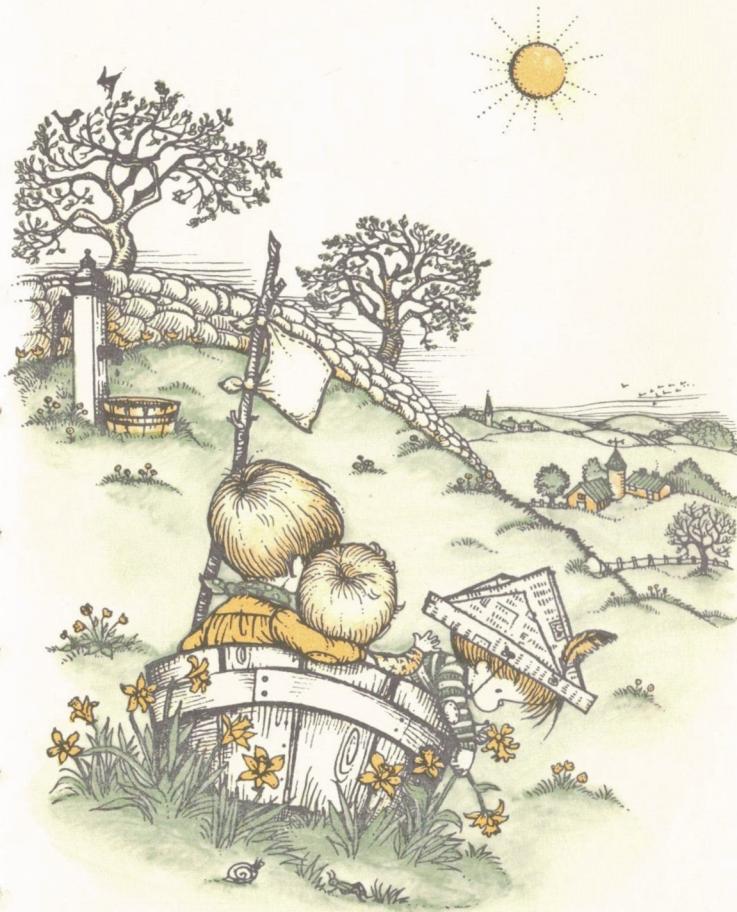
Spring is a new beginning. . . .



It is a season of young life . . .
of nesting birds
and crocuses.



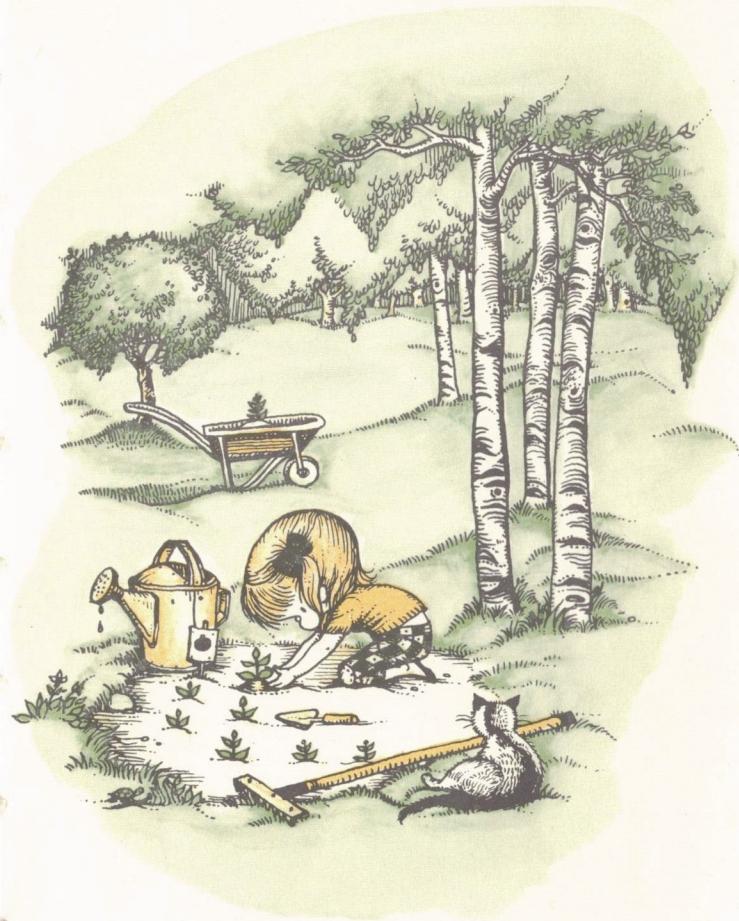
Yellow is its color . . .
the warm yellow of the sun . . .
of the bright buttercup
and the daffodil.



Then all the world is leafy-tipped and new.



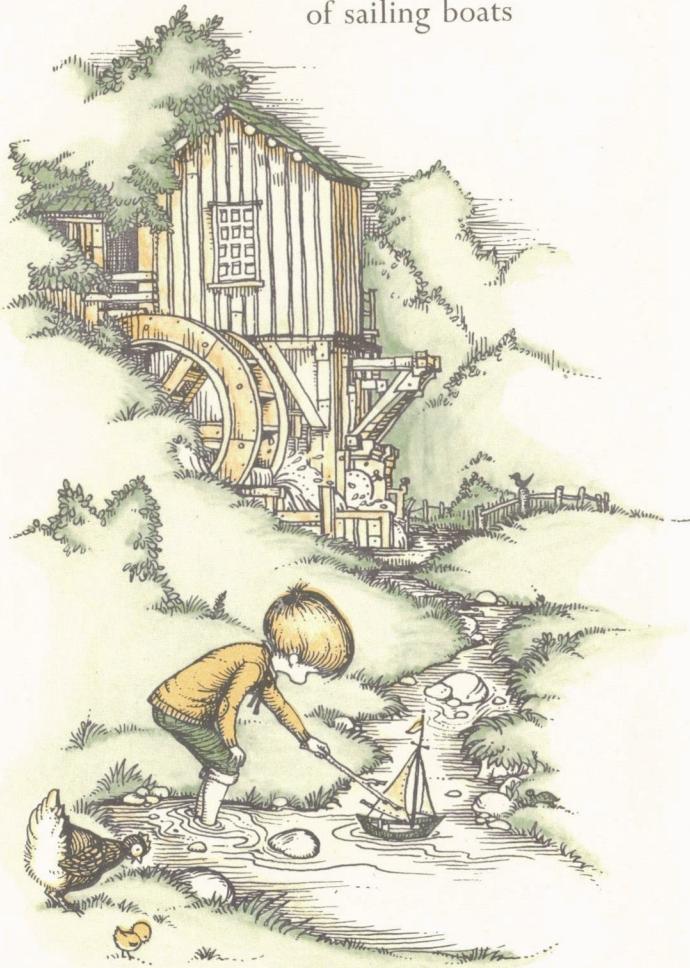
Then the earth is rich with seedlings.



Then come delicious days
of hunting wild strawberries . . .
of picking violets and forget-me-nots . . .



of sailing boats



and dipping eggs



and finding hidden bunnies.



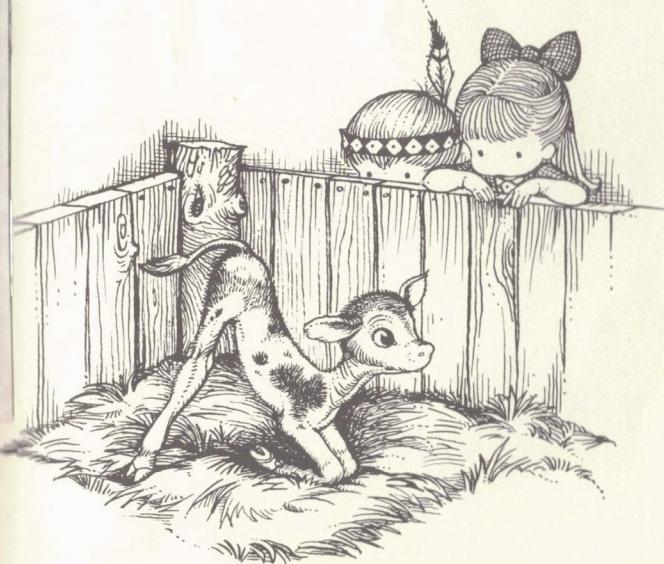
This is the season of the tadpole
and the duckling . . .



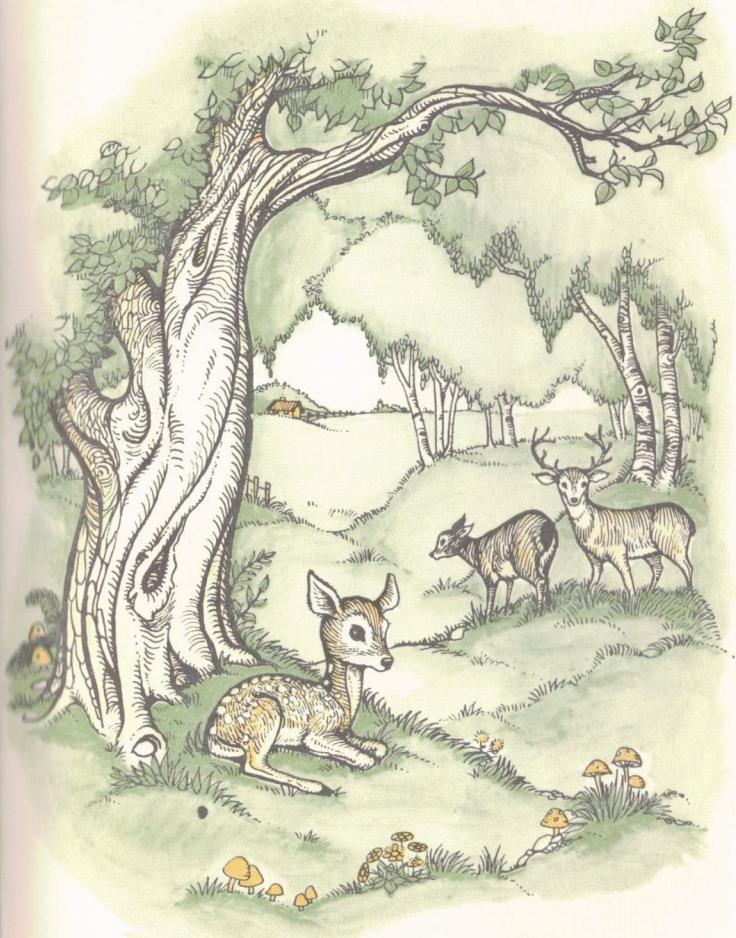
of robins' eggs
cupped in a soft bed of straw . . .



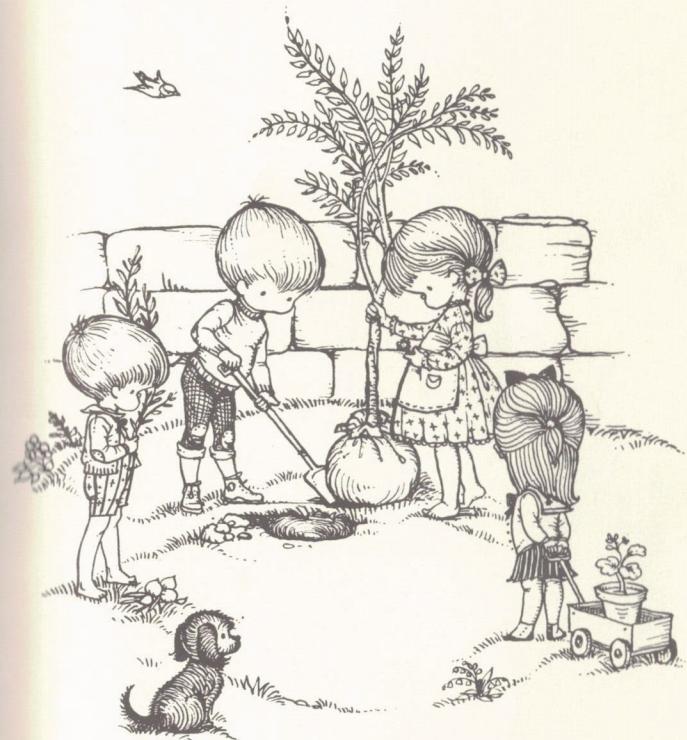
of calves
trying out their wobbly legs . . .



and of the fawn's
first brown-eyed look at spring.



Then new life presses out
from every growing thing . . .
fulfilling our trust,
renewing our faith
that this has always been,
that this will be again. . . .



Spring brings an end to winter
and a fresh beginning.



It is a gentle farewell
to yesterday
and the birth of new hope.

