



Cliché But True: Spring Brings Feelings of Renewal

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I realize this morning I set out to write the world's most clichéd blog post: Spring as the season of renewal. But this year, I've never known a season to inspire so much change in my life as spring.

As I drove into work, I thought about how each of the four seasons affects me and how my behavior adapts accordingly.

Summer makes me want to put my nose to the grindstone and work it out, to put in the long hours, to suffer through the heat and, at the end of the day, to momentarily take advantage of the bounty around me in the form of my garden, the lush landscape and the fireflies in the air.

Fall inspires me toward domestication; to cocoon on the couch and knit a sweater, to bake pies and breads and dream about holidays and good times of the past; to admire God's creation in the landscape, and to make preparations for the future.

Winter fills me with the desire to hunker down, to maintain the status quo and wait out better, warmer days ahead. During winter, I prepare for the worst, but as freezing air fills my lungs, a stirring energy takes root, just like a plant before those first shoots emerge.

And now, at last, here we are at spring. Spring signifies new life the world over, but for me, it's the time I search for new meaning in life. The pull of the earth's forces give me the energy to make lasting change and I'm inspired by the scenery out my window: leaf buds swelling on the trees, foals frolicking at Calumet Farm and the blue bells that emerged overnight.

I know there is a full year of Mother Nature's cycles ahead of me and I'm ready to don my work clothes, get my hands dirty and tackle change with everything I've got. Are you with me?

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