



## Musing

April 2017 - "Between Seasons"

Anne Torrey

The warming spring sunshine lights up the ice on the cabin roof. Drip drip drip...the divot created by the melting becomes a muddy pool. I smell the earth as the melting snow recedes with the blissful new warmth. Casting my face to the sun, a breeze stirs. Chilly but with the promise of the new season to come. I can hear the water running...flowing over the ice on the lake as it cracks and shifts, wanting to open, to be set free to float and eventually sink. There is still snow atop the frozen water....nearly invisible traces of the tracks I made. A month ago...? 2 months? It seems forever that I was gliding across the snow covered ice on my skis...Tuggie running next to me, in front of me, away from me, relishing the freedom that comes with leashless abandon on the frozen lake. I miss that day. Tuggie does too. So fresh, peaceful, cold, invigorating, satisfying....the warm fire Eli has laid in the hearth that follows...the glass (or two) of Baileys...the sleepy bliss that follows a winter day filled with exercise and happy reflection.

And yet, my heart strings are being tugged and pulled into the promise of warm summer days, lazing on the dock...floating in my kayak, listening to the loons, the frogs, and the geese that have returned to their northern home. The happy feeling that comes with longer days of sunshine and thunderstorms, woodland babies and the lush promise of new life.

I am in the "between" season, reminiscing of my beautiful, adventure filled winter, yet longing for the fun, carefree summer. STOP. Listen to the dripping...smell the loamy forest, reemerging from winter's peace. Enjoy the sunshine as I feel it right now, in the moment.

I am grateful. Thankful for this transition and the reflection it affords. Spring in the woods. A blessing indeed.