

## **RANDOM REFLECTIONS: Changing Springs!**

**By Kathryn Wishlow**

A few weeks before we have to change the clocks, I always notice the shifting sun rising from a different window in my house. That makes me wake up at a different time, partly because the crows in my backyard pine trees start making a racket, and partly because my bedroom lights up differently.

Usually my spirits begin to lift since these changes both signal spring is on it's way. Soon the hotter sun will melt the snow, making everything look drab and dirty. Then the rains come to wash things clean and quickly turn the old, yellow grass green again. Time to put the shovels back in the shed, and get out the hoses, summer furniture, and close the taps on the water barrels.

However, this year my urge to implement the routine shift from winter to spring, has really been disrupted by the frequent, unusually mild spells in February. I really wanted to put out my chairs and sit in the sun at the back nearly a month ago. I did not. I was waiting for another snowstorm, but it never came! My driveway plowing bill for this year is ridiculously low.

Now that it is passing mid March, and mild again ... I wish I already had put my chairs out. Wasn't it only about twenty years ago when I took my daughter to Florida for March break week? The day after we drove south, an epic winter storm hit Bancroft. When we called home, my husband told us how the snow was so deep, he could not even get the back door open.

We laughed and laughed when he said he had to let the dog out the front door to do her business. We could just picture the event. The snow was so deep, it was the height of the front veranda. Our poor dog (golden retriever) walked gingerly down the front stairs, completely disappearing under the snow. He described seeing the snow mound over her movement with her squat ... so he knew where she was, she just could not be seen! That means the snow drift was about five feet high, or up to your shoulders. Imagine that!

So this year, there has been more rain than snow, but not very much precipitation in general. The poor winter sports people who eagerly awaited the ice-fishing, skiing, skating, and snowmobiling weather.

It never came. My concern is that this may cause a tough summer for some folks. Without a lot of ground water, wells may run dry. The threat of fires is greatly increased. Last summer was bad enough, and I hated the smokiness in our York River valley.

However, I have decided to give in to my mental debate about whether or not I should do my regular outside spring rituals. After all, if we do get one more storm or two, I will be delighted to see more moisture in the area, even if it means a layer of snow on my outdoor furniture. I can only hope! Maybe I will still leave my rain barrel taps full open though. This spring may still have some surprise freezes in store for us.

*(Kathryn Wishlow belongs to White Pine Writers Inc., local group of like-minded authors who encourage and support all facets of writing and literary efforts. Follow them on Facebook or [www.whitepinewriters.ca](http://www.whitepinewriters.ca))*