

What I Learned
from...



A Blooming
Daffodil
In The Snow

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A Blooming Daffodil in the Snow

*I*n early spring, when the first blooms begin to emerge on the trees, I worry whenever a cold blast of winter not-quite-through blows in. Will they last? Will they freeze? Will they go away? Then I remind myself that surely they understand the ups and downs, or should I say cools and warms, of a changing season.

My favorite harbinger of changing seasons is the daffodil, first to come up and proudly hail, "We're back! Winter is leaving. Spring is arriving!" Daffodil knows it lives in the midst of changing weather seasons. Daffodil may not, however, have expected our recent crazy weather patterns, also changing.

Here in Texas, snow is not on the top ten list of things you are likely to experience! However, this winter was marked with unusually cold days and much more snow than the slight bit we might get in a season.

Daffodil had not one, but two, encounters with snow! It held its own, yellow head held high even with heavy snow flakes dotting its form. Here they were, two opposites, colliding. Both won. The snow, true to its

calling, fell and melted, leaving thirst quenching water for the growth to come.

The daffodil never flinched in being a beacon of truth that, in fact, winter was ending and spring was beginning. Mighty daffodil, with its early bloom, lived fully, until its own organic time to wither.

Both forces, true to themselves, lived with each other, or, in spite of each other. Can we humans not do the same?



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