

Spring Walk

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After a long winter, I can't wait until spring arrives. I can hear the first peepers and see the first wild flowers. The day finally arrives when all the snow has melted and the sun has a hearty look on his face.

I put on my old Woolrich jacket and my duckies and venture forth carrying a stick and a basket. A favorite visitor, my neighbor's dog, goes bounding over the stone walls exploring as I do. Crossing the creek I think of the poem:

*Where the pools are bright and deep
Where the great trout lies asleep
Up the river and over the lea
That's the way for Billy and me*

Stopping for my first treat of Quaker Ladies or Bluets, I sit down on a moss covered rock in the middle of an acre or more of blue flowers with yellow centers, so delicate and dainty. I look around and see a great patch of Hepaticas. I stop and pick a few and dig a root for my friend's wildflower yard, as well as a small bouquet for my windowsill. The upward climb continues. I see yellow and blue violets, bloodroots ready to open and winter greens with berries ... I stop and pick some leaves to chew on.

More memories return of times when our teacher would take us on our nature walks. I find pussy willows and witch hazel for my basket. After I rest listening to the peepers, watching robins and chickadees, Sheila, the dog, and I share some molasses cookies. We cross two more streams and a mossy stone wall, then a steep hill, we come to my favorite flowers, the trailing arbutus. It is so fragrant and rare. Each year they become more scarce. Here I lay down on my stomach to smell them, staying a while to enjoy their rare beauty. I am so grateful.

From here, I start home. By the pond's edge, I stop once more. Newly laid frog eggs, soon to hatch as tadpoles, are an intriguing study. Between the pond and the road, where I will cross back to the house, is the swamp.

Here are the pitcher plants which my dear husband put in years ago. There to spread pleasure, for I can see the red and green coloring of spring's first leaves that will last until fall. All pass in my mind as I gather a few more blooms for my friend's bouquet. Inside, I take gatherings from the basket and arrange them in an inkwell. There are also enough left to fill a small jar.

My day is made and I send up a "Thank You" to God, for being able to live in the country with all its beauty.