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## The Seasons

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## **The Seasons**

Betty Jane Brodie

[Seniors Active in Learning]

Do you remember the seasons of your youth? The first snow flakes falling, excitement all around, getting out the little sleds for rides, the bitter cold and the wood burning stoves, little cold feet and warmed brick in your bed. Then a Jonquil appears, yellow and majestic, a bird starts to sing and tiny green blades of grass appear. It is spring and the world is new. Soon school will be out and we will be free to run and jump and play, and we sing the school songs as the school year ends.

“Oh, we sing now to our school,  
and we make the song loud and clear,  
with our hats off and our heads bowed  
to the school we love, so dear.”

Then heat begins, but we don't notice this much. Heat is more for old folks. We nap in the afternoon, while the buzz fans are running. We get to play with the water hose, squirting everyone and everything and go to Bush's swimming pool every chance, or to Loy Lake. Summer wears on and September comes. We watch the new shoes and size larger clothes return to school again, and the wonderful smell of chalk and crayons, and the unforgettable smells of the season that stay with us forever.