

P.O. Box 372  
Mentone, Indiana  
April 21, 1988

SPRING SPRINGS IN INDIANA

Sun shining bright no snow or ice in sight.  
Nice and warm today rain and cold on the way.  
The slightest appearance of green, colors until  
a glistening lush is seen.  
Our feathery friends arrive from their migrant land  
to stake their claims on every hand.  
Hidden succulence hiding near earth's top,  
The red red robin comes hopping, hop, hop.  
In the blue sky, spring tells no lies  
As the stately vulture goes gliding by.  
The good, good, earth is warming every day  
As the gardener whistles merrily on his way.  
One of life's newest thrills is to behold  
Sunday's tulips and daffodils.  
The first green specks have raised their heads  
portraying the living from the dead.  
Woods in the distance show a tint of yellowish green  
As old man Sol starts his chlorophyll machine.  
Spring is springing as someone has said,  
the emerging of the living from the dead.  
This season is a promise fulfilled for all  
That receive these blessings through summer, winter,  
and fall.

written by T.R. Jones, April 1988