

From the Stacks
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Spring arrives not with a shout, but with a persuasive whisper nudging us to open windows and to go outdoors. Spring convinces even the most devoted winter loyalist that perhaps, just perhaps, life is worth thawing out for. The light lingers longer, stretching the day like a cat in a sunbeam, and suddenly everything feels possible again. Even the air seems to carry a quiet promise: that what has been dormant will rise, what has been gray will soften, and what has been heavy may yet feel light.

In this hopeful season, a particular charming tradition still takes place in some yards,—the making of an Easter egg tree. Branches gathered from the yard, still a bit stubborn from winter, are coaxed into a vase and transformed with delicate, dangling eggs in cheerful colors. It is part craft, part celebration, and entirely whimsical which is precisely why it feels so essential. The tree does not bloom in any botanical sense, but it blossoms all the same, a declaration that joy can be made by hand.

Outside, the soil begins to loosen its grip on winter, inviting fingers and tools alike to press seeds into its cool surface. There is something quietly miraculous about planting a seed. It is a compact promise tucked beneath the earth with nothing but faith and a bit of water to guide it. Whether flowers or vegetables, each seed carries a small rebellion against doubt. Days pass, then suddenly, green shoots appear as if they had somewhere important to be. It is hard not to admire such determination.

Spring also has a way of improving one's health without making a fuss about it. The longer days invite walks that turn into longer walks, errands that mysteriously require a scenic route, and outdoor chores that feel less like obligations and more like opportunities to move. Riding the dogs through the neighborhood with the windows down and ears flapping to "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood. Fresh air becomes a kind of tonic, and even the most determined indoor enthusiast may find themselves persuaded outside, blinking at the sunlight like a newly awakened hibernator.

Spring also brings with it the gentle reintroduction of neighbors, those familiar faces who, like perennials, reemerge after months of polite hibernation. Conversations resume over fences and sidewalks, often beginning with remarks about the weather (a timeless classic) and evolving into overdue laughter and stories. There is comfort in these familiar exchanges, a reminder that community, like the garden, benefits from a little tending and a lot of showing up.

In the end, spring is less about grand transformations and more about quiet awakenings. It reminds us that renewal does not demand perfection—only patience, attention, and a willingness to begin again. Whether through a handmade tree, a row of hopeful seeds, or a simple chat in the sun, the season offers countless chances to participate in its unfolding. Perhaps that is spring's greatest gift: not just that the world begins again, but that we are invited to begin with it.