

Spring Green:

Today is a day of sun so bright and the woods so green that there is no choice but to tip your head back and drink it in. It's a day to walk down your driveway or up your road wearing the idiot's thankful grin; walking the semi-dazed walk of the blissful. It's one of those middle-May days which are very nearly perfect. They seem the more so because there are alternatives to them which are not welcome. These May days occur when the threat of a cold, rainy spell is very much in the cards but the fear of Minnesota's ominously instant summer is even greater. It could have been ninety-one and the skeeters might have hatched. But it isn't and they haven't.

There is a color to things at this time of the evening, about an hour before sunset. The light is horizontal, filtered through countless newly leafed trees, washing everything from hilltop to ravine in its lush yellow-green. There is no color like it. Spring Green. It's no wonder that so many places on the planet take their name from its essence. If light could be liquid this would be its color. If light could be kept by a wizard in his apothecary it would be in a stoppered bottle labeled, "Spring Green". He would be famous beyond imagination and his clientele would be the fabulously wealthy and the hopelessly romantic. He, I imagine, would dispense it wisely and with great care. He would stipulate in his legacy that, for all the following generations of children, the makers of crayons and color pencils would give it a number and call it yellow green or French green or, Spring Green.

I remember absent mindedly dropping a Venus Paradise color pencil through a crack in the floor when I was five. I don't know why I did it. I guess I thought the crevice had a bottom. I was heartbroken for days. I had lost a color. What a terrible thing to lose. What can you do when you lose a color? How do you pretend that another color is the same?

But nature and the wizard are intelligent and benign. We have only to gaze out or go out or walk out on an evening in May to take a look at Spring Green. It is everywhere and it is free. It shines so deep in the forest that you can follow it until you can't see your way back. It is so broad on the fields that they form a quilt, a sown together tumble of pasture and row, bound only by the heavens. Which, by the way, was another Venus Paradise color; number 11 "Peacock Blue".

When you mow you can smell Spring Green, can't you? When your neighbor mows the scent is yours too. When the County mows the perfume is everywhere. I don't know how many other colors we can smell but this Spring Green is certainly one of them. The word fresh comes to mind. The words growing, fertile, hope and baseball come to mind too. How about that, a color that inspires five great words, a color that inspires the most positive thoughts inevitably leading to a lightened heart.

The Angels and I made a trip to a Shakespeare Festival, years ago now. It was marvelous. The place was full of happy, energetic people looking for evenings full of the Bard's words. Words of unsurpassed variety and brilliance, words that the world has been reading and pondering for hundreds of years. Words that are forever fresh. I'm trying to remember where that marvelous event took place. Oh yes, I recall. Spring Green.

Part of the charm of the color, Spring Green, must lie in the fact that it is bracketed by winter's gray- brown on the one hand and the red, yellow and cracked clay of summer on the other. Contrast is always a good idea if you're going to show off your qualities. Set your product or your idea or your work next to someone else's and you'll get an idea of how you're doing. What an excellent notion it was to put spring between the sleep of winter and the fire of summer. Who thought of that? Could you find a better bridge between survival and abundance? Is there any more promising color than this? I think not. Nature has her plentiful palette to choose from but there is only one shade that is right for this season of promise and amazement. She chose Spring Green.