



**A crowd, perhaps, gathered and gazed at a snowy field;  
Shared a moment on the glittering pristine landscape;  
Some few pioneers ventured further on to view new vistas;  
Enjoying the crisp blanketed hillside underfoot;  
Marking wanderings above while the earth slumbers below.**



**Times of snowy cold may seem to fill the world;  
Remembrances of warmth and growth remain;  
Seek to focus on the vision of life to be renewed;  
Strive to live in today with faith in tomorrow.**



**Stately swan boats did gracefully glide,  
A diversity of ducks swam alongside,  
Circling the island in the quiet pond,  
Of the Public Garden to the Common beyond,  
Filled with visitors from far and near;  
Hold fast these memories still so dear.  
Majestic willow and stately friend,  
Yet flank the waters from end to end;  
Now silently slumber in peaceful rest.  
More modest and limited colors now dressed;  
Vibrantly paint the once lush scenery;  
With hues and shades without any greenery.  
The heavens, a canopy of blue and white,  
The earth, browns and white joyfully unite.  
Together an awe-filled time of transition  
Gives pause for rest and rejuvenation.**