



The Bridesmaids

by Janet Gruenwald

In early March, winter ice storms give way to a magical world, the heartbreaking beauty of the weeping cherry trees. “The Bridesmaids,” dressed in their spring taffeta frocks of soft pink and white blossoms, promenade down the hillside like teenage forces of nature. Honey bees take full advantage of the blossoms opening to the warm sun. Walking through the filtered light, I am struck not just by the magnificence but by the overwhelming abundance of nature. It takes my breath away.

In Japan, cherry blossoms, have long been a symbol of fertility, and the fragility and impermanence of life. After a week of fleeting beauty, petals carpet the ground, and the yearly cycle continues.

