

Changing seasons bring out Mother Nature's beauty

By Kathryn Reed

WOODSTOCK, Vt. – A kaleidoscope of color more varied than the largest box of Crayolas dance in the breeze.

I just want to stare. So I do.

How does Mother Nature create such beauty?



A lone maple
leaf dangles
in the breeze
ready to let
go.

Photos/Kathryn
Reed

New England in the fall. It was better than I had remembered. I had spent part of my childhood on the East Coast and a semester as an exchange student at the University of New Hampshire. Nineteen – that was the age I was when I last experienced this magical collage of foliage. It had been way too long.

Returning last month was mesmerizing. Even though the locals said it was not a great year for color, I said phooey to them. I was enthralled.

It reminded me a bit of being in Tahoe on days where I think the ski conditions are lousy and the tourists are giddy about their day on the slopes. Not being a local has you seeing things from a completely different perspective.

Just driving from Boston to Vermont along the interstate is spectacular. It was like I was a bobble head as I kept looking in one direction, then the other and back again.

Yellows, oranges, reds and even some pink intertwined with the green and the already decaying brown create striking bouquets of maple leaves.

A smell fills the air. Yes, it's the change of seasons. It's the leaves on the ground, soaked by a fall shower. No longer alive, but still pretty as they decompose.

Why is it the changing of seasons in nature can bring such beauty, such calm, such an easy transition, whereas we humans fight our natural progression from the fall of life to our winter's demise?

A carpet of leaves softens the walk. A sense of being one with nature fills me. I smile. Part of me feels like I've returned home. Part of me longs for New England.

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