

Monday, April 20

What glorious spring weather! The big-leaf maples are dripping with clusters of flowers, like bunches of grapes hanging from the branches. In a few months, the tiny unfurling leaves will grow into the giants of the maple world, over 30 centimeters in diameter. But right now, the flowers are in their glory.

In Mill Lake Park, more baby geese are toddling around on the grass, hissing parents standing guard. Those youngest goslings are still a fluffy yellow, but the older young ones are looking like gangly teenagers now. They don't stick so close to their parents anymore, and their parents don't hiss at passersby.

White-blossomed cherry trees are joining the celebration of new life this week. Perennials – astilbes, phlox, peonies – seem to almost double in size every night, racing to produce their own flowers. Yesterday, I saw the first bud on a dark red Munstead Wood rose bush from England.

Fluffy clouds are drifting in from the west today. Slowly but steadily floating past, creating shadows between patches of bright sunshine. Rain is coming. Clouds from the west always herald the coming of rain. But today is all peaceful brightness.