



## Face of Fillmore

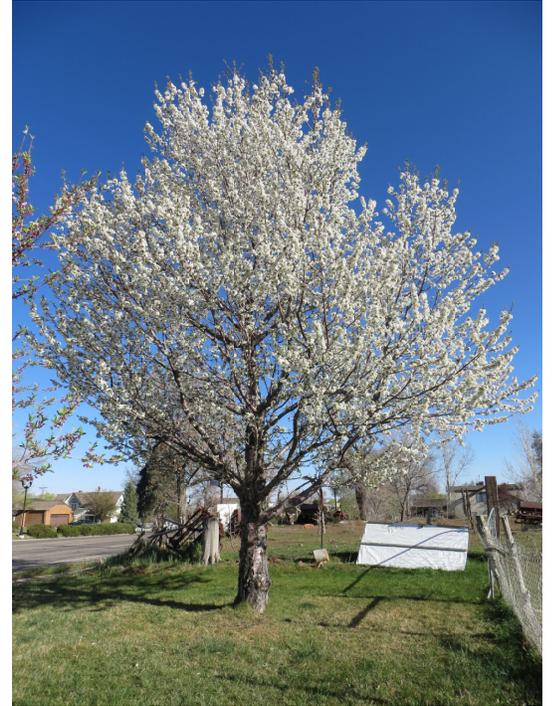
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With the changing of the seasons I am reminded of how grateful I am to live in a location where that happens. After the cold of the winter months, even though it hasn't been so cold this year, the first signs of new life give us a more positive outlook on life in general. As spring arrives, changes occur almost daily. Different varieties of trees come into blossom and then pale green leaves emerge and eventually change to darker hues. Spring flowers come to life, first the tiny crocus and then the daffodils. As these fade away, the tulips and lilacs arrive, and the list goes on.

My sincere thanks to the people of our community who are dedicated to making this happen. So many work hard to improve their yards, making a lasting impression of how beautiful our community is.

I snapped a few pictures to illustrate this phenomenon. You certainly don't have to look far to enjoy these reminders of spring and the hard work people put into their yards.

I am reminded as well of my mother, who thought we as children should memorize poetry. Parts of one particular poem by Jane Merchant always comes to mind this time of year.



We rode for several April hours  
And everywhere we looked were flowers.  
The phlox made steep embankments gay;  
And tulips flaunted rich array  
Of red and gold; and at the end  
Of one wide-sweeping lawn, some friend  
Of gentleness had filled a space  
With many a guileless pansy face,  
Like smiles embroidered on the grass  
To greet and gladden all who pass.  
I hope the owner saw us smile  
And linger there a special while.

