



When SPRING comes to the woods it comes slowly. It doesn't hurry.
Bits of AUTUMN and WINTER linger in the forest even as tiny fragments
of SPRING begin to appear.

There is something to be said about slow growing.
Every piece of life, every stage of growth has its NOW—that moment
when it needs to be nothing but the way it is.

There are no deadlines for growth.
Tomorrow there will be a little more added or a little taken away.

Letting go is also part of growth.
Earth waits for mulch like we wait for greening and blossoming.

--Macrina Wiederkehr

Breathe in the beauty of this lovely day!
The Women's Table



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