

"Memory is a child walking along a seashore. You never can tell what small pebble it will pick up and store away among its treasured things."

PIERCE HARRIS



"Listen, can you hear it? Spring's sweet cantata. The strains of grass pushing through the snow. The song of buds swelling on the vine. The tender timpani of a baby robin's heart. Spring."

DIANE FROLOV AND
ANDREW SCHNEIDER

"Behold, my friends, the spring is come; the earth has gladly received the embraces of the sun, and we shall soon see the results of their love! "

SITTING BULL

"It's spring fever. That is what the name of it is. And when you've got it, you want - oh, you don't quite know what it is you do want, but it just fairly makes your heart ache, you want it so!"

MARK TWAIN