

The Delight of Spring Showers

Oh, how in early spring the blossoms of flowers bloom from their hiding places inside of the buds. But, what helps these flowers beautiful petals come out of their hiding places from the harsh winter weather? Why, it is the sun, but it did not work alone in the growth of the flowers whom have just started to grow, but the spring showers as well.

How wonderful are spring showers, for they are the reason that snow is gone from the ground and the flowers are in full bloom, just waiting for a young girl to pluck them out of the ground by the stem to make wonderful flower crowns. For me, spring showers help to show that the seasons are changing.

As I walk around, the spring showers pouring down from the clouds, I get that feeling of amazement running through my veins like when I was a child. I look to the gray sky and feel the rain softly pelt my face. The rain feels like velvet as it runs down my cheek to my chin, running off my face to my black and red plaid flannel. The drops of rain make the ‘pitter patter’ sound as they hit the ground and move to form puddles for little kids to splash in. As another comes towards me, I open my mouth and catch it on my tongue. It has the slight taste of salt, but it is still refreshingly cool. All I can smell around me as it starts to fall harder is the sweet scent of flower petals that mix into the scent of rain, which is a sickly-sweet honey. I reach my hand out to touch the rain drops as they fall harshly on to my unmoving body. It has a soft touch and it explodes as I touch the surface of the drop, forming little drops as it falls to the ground even faster.

That is the last thing to come through my mind as I look up and see that everything is starting to turn black. When the darkness fades, I am where I would go when I was a child, the top of a playground and look around. I notice I am not fully solid, for I am slightly starting to go

through the top of the playground ceiling. I see a body in the middle of the flowers I was in just a moment ago. I walk over and notice, that it wasn't a body, but a grave stone. The grave stone has my name on it. It has the day of when I was born to when I died, only a week ago. That must have been a memory from when I died in the middle of the flower field, I think to myself.

Well, at least I will always remember what the delight of spring showers is while I am in heaven. Hopefully I will never forget the sound, scent, touch, taste, and feel of the drops on my face.