

*"The secret is not to take  
care of the butterflies,  
but to take care of the  
garden so the butterflies  
come to you."*


— Mario Quintana





"To find the universal elements enough; to find the air and the water exhilarating; to be refreshed by a morning walk or an evening saunter ... to be thrilled by the stars at night; to be elated over a bird's nest or a wildflower in spring – these are some of the rewards of the simple life."


— John Burroughs

A person wearing a yellow dress is standing in a field of yellow daisies. The person's legs and the bottom of their dress are visible. The field is filled with many yellow daisies, some in focus and some blurred. The background is a soft-focus landscape with green hills and a blue sky.

*"Come little flowers, it's time to wake  
And paint the world in cheer  
And sing the song of growing things  
The warmth of spring is here!"*

— Laura Jaworski






“And hope, if it *had a scent*, would  
smell *like spring*, like rain, like  
something new and alive.”

— Jennifer Rush

. . . . .



*"Spring awakens the  
sleeping tree to sunlit  
magic and belief."*

— Angie Weiland-Crosby



“Nothing ever seems impossible  
*in spring, you know.*”

— L.M. Montgomery



A woman is seen from behind, standing in a vineyard. She has dark, curly hair and is wearing a crown made of white fabric and small, colorful wildflowers. A long, thin blue ribbon hangs down from the back of her head. She is wearing a green, textured, sleeveless top. The background is a vast vineyard with rows of grapevines, some of which have small red flowers. In the distance, a town or city is visible under a bright, hazy sky at sunset or sunrise. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow and lens flare effects. The overall mood is peaceful and romantic.

“Let us dance in  
the sun, wearing  
*wildflowers*  
in our hair.”

— Susan Polis Schutz



“Golden daffodils dance in the gentle breeze,  
birds twitter a happy song, and sunshine  
caresses my face as I taste the delicious  
sweetness of springtime again.”

— Peggy Toney Horton