

## Beauty Amidst the Gloom

In the frigid days of January, the world becomes the monotony of gray and white of snow and cloudy sky. The only break in this color scheme seems to be the dull gray, brown of the leafless deciduous tree trunks and limbs or the deep green color of the stately evergreens.

If we let them, our moods turn just as glum. Will this boredom never end?

Occasionally, a junco flies in to see what's offered, and the color palette is livened up by the bright red of the cardinal or the bright blue, black, and white of the blue jay as they fly in to scarp for the available feed.

Then, as we think we can't stand one more bleak day in a chain of many, through encroaching fog, we look out to view the work of the master.

The evergreen boughs become laden with splotches of snow as the formerly naked deciduous trees glisten and with lacy coats of hoar frost. Their

The skies turn from their dull gray to a light, azure blue. Then, a day or two later, we spot an unfamiliar round, yellow object at the edge of the eastern horizon.

Could it be? Could it really be the sun? Welcome 'Ol Sol! Where have you been? As it rises in the sky, it lightens and brightens everything there. With days turning colder, we see the glare of colorful sun dogs. And, if we are extremely lucky, we get treated to the rare beauty of the Northern Lights.

But, before these we are privileged to view gorgeous, fiery-red sunsets. All part of the winter package if we're patient enough.