

Giada Nacca

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A Prayer of Thanksgiving

Every season presents a new phase of the cycle of life. Spring is the beginning of life. New plants grow and animals are born. Spring smells of life. Flower pollen fills the air, spreading a sweet, earthy aroma of the young plants and damp soil. Spring brings rain that taps on the windows like a child gently tapping on her mother, trying to get her attention. Rain brings the beautiful, fragrant spring flower.

After spring comes summer, in which beams of sunlight shine through each green leaf, illuminating them and emphasizing the complex roadmap of veins within them. The trees turn the streets into colorful tunnels of luscious foliage. Summers in New York are warm, but humid. One can almost feel the water hanging over her head in the air; walking often feels like swimming.

The beginning of the school year brings summer to a close and marks the start of fall. The warm summer air drifts into autumn, though only for a little while. In September, the last of the summer warmth is blown away by the wind. The new crisp, cool air presents one of the last phases of the life cycle: death. This sounds more ominous than what fall brings, however. Autumn is the time in between life and death. The leaves turn lovely colors and fall like snowflakes to the ground. The satisfying crunch of the red, yellow, and orange leaves beneath your feet could cheer anyone up.

After all the leaves have fallen, the earth seems to become as bleak as a desert until the first snow. With the swift, silent snowflakes comes the holiday season. Winter brings joy in the form of visiting family and friends during the holidays.

For each of these reasons, I am thankful for the seasons.