

Winter Quotes

While I relish our warm months, winter forms our character and brings out our best. Tom Allen

Even in winter an isolated patch of snow has a special quality. Andy Goldsworthy

He who marvels at the beauty of the world in summer will find equal cause for wonder and admiration in winter.... In winter the stars seem to have rekindled their fires, the moon achieves a fuller triumph, and the heavens wear a look of a more exalted simplicity.
John Burroughs, "The Snow-Walkers," 1866

Nature looks dead in winter because her life is gathered into her heart. She withers the plant down to the root that she may grow it up again fairer and stronger. She calls her family together within her inmost home to prepare them for being scattered abroad upon the face of the earth.
Hugh Macmillan, "Rejuvenescence," *The Ministry of Nature*, 1871

What a wild winter sound,— wild and weird, up among the ghostly hills.... I get up in the middle of the night to hear it. It is refreshing to the ear, and one delights to know that such wild creatures are among us. At this season Nature makes the most of every throb of life that can withstand her severity.
John Burroughs, "The Snow-Walkers," 1866

Spring, summer, and fall fill us with hope; winter alone reminds us of the human condition.
Mignon McLaughlin, *The Second Neurotic's Notebook*, 1966

Winter came down to our home one night
Quietly pirouetting in on silvery-toed slippers of snow,
And we, we were children once again.
Bill Morgan, Jr.

The color of springtime is in the flowers; the color of winter is in the imagination. Terri Guillemets

Winter is the season in which people try to keep the house as warm as it was in the summer, when they complained about the heat. Author Unknown

In winter there is no heat, no light, no noon, evening touches morning, there is fog, and mist, the window is frosted, and you cannot see clearly. The sky is but the mouth of a cave. The whole day is the cave.... Frightful season! Winter changes into stone the water of heaven and the heart of man.
Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables: Fantine*, translated from French by Chas. E. Wilbour

The shortest day has passed, and whatever nastiness of weather we may look forward to in January and February, at least we notice that the days are getting longer. Minute by minute they lengthen out. It takes some weeks before we become aware of the change. It is imperceptible even as the growth of a child, as you watch it day by day, until the moment comes when with a start of delighted surprise we realize that we can stay out of doors in a twilight lasting for another quarter of a precious hour. Vita Sackville-West

December/Christmas

Christmas waves a magic wand over this world, and behold, everything is softer and more beautiful. Norman Vincent Peale

Christmas is a time when you get homesick - even when you're home. Carol Nelson

Christmas is the gentlest, loveliest festival of the revolving year - and yet, for all that, when it speaks, its voice has strong authority. W.J. Cameron

He who has not Christmas in his heart will never find it under a tree. Roy L. Smith

One of the most glorious messes in the world is the mess created in the living room on Christmas day. Don't clean it up too quickly. Andy Rooney

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fire-side and his quiet home!
Charles Dickens, *The Pickwick Papers*, 1836

There has been only one Christmas - the rest are anniversaries. W.J. Cameron

Our hearts grow tender with childhood memories and love of kindred, and we are better throughout the year for having, in spirit, become a child again at Christmas-time. Laura Ingalls Wilder

May Peace be your gift at Christmas and your blessing all year through! Author Unknown

I wish we could put up some of the Christmas spirit in jars and open a jar of it every month.
Harlan Miller

A Christmas candle is a lovely thing;
It makes no noise at all,
But softly gives itself away.
Eva Logue

January

January is here, with eyes that keenly glow,
A frost-mailed warrior
striding a shadowy steed of snow.
Edgar Fawcett

Nature has undoubtedly mastered the art of winter gardening and even the most experienced gardener can learn from the unrestrained beauty around them.
Vincent A. Simeone

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
Robert Frost, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

January is the quietest month in the garden. ... But just because it looks quiet doesn't mean that nothing is happening. The soil, open to the sky, absorbs the pure rainfall while microorganisms convert tilled-under fodder into usable nutrients for the next crop of plants. The feasting earthworms tunnel along, aerating the soil and preparing it to welcome the seeds and bare roots to come.
Rosalie Muller Wright, Editor of *Sunset Magazine*, 1/99

There are two seasonal diversions that can ease the bite of any winter. One is the January thaw. The other is the seed catalogues. Hal Borland

Little January
Tapped at my door today.
And said, "Put on your winter wraps,
And come outdoors to play."
Little January
Is always full of fun;
Until the set of sun.
Little January
Will stay a month with me
And we will have such jolly times -
Just come along and see.
Winifred C. Marshall, *January*

To read a poem in January is as lovely as to go for a walk in June.
Jean-Paul Sartre

February

The flowers of late winter and early spring occupy places in our hearts well out of proportion to their size. Gertrude S. Wister

Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow. R. H. Newell

Still lie the sheltering snows, undimmed and white;
And reigns the winter's pregnant silence still;
No sign of spring, save that the catkins fill,
And willow stems grow daily red and bright.
These are days when ancients held a rite
Of expiation for the old year's ill,
And prayer to purify the new year's will. Helen Hunt Jackson, *A Calendar of Sonnet's: February*

February is merely as long as is needed to pass the time until March. Dr. J. R. Stockton

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Afternoon in February*