

When she stands at waters edge the wind blows through her long strands of hair. Sequins sparkle as sunshine highlights her dress filled with vibrant colors. Color surrounds her.

The months in which we live all bring with them a color wheel. Each month has an attitude of its own. January wears the color White. It is the color of snow fluttering from the clouds. Those snow flurries dress snowmen and women alike as each celebrate their cold surroundings while guarding our backyard. We sleep soundly in our cozy warm beds. Snow Angels, too, watch over us as well fluttering wings and staying "on guard" during nighttime. Daylight brings downhill skis marking a pathway of fun and daring. Sleds and sleighs travel through snow packs over hill and dale. White follows up hill and down valley everywhere the winds blow as she makes a statement of lifestyle. White, minus all color, is the queen of the pack.

The color, or noncolor, of White is a favorite fabric tone of quilters. Residing next to red, for instance, a fabric strip of white can make a Valentine quilt sing during the month of February. Quilts of red and white are favorites of quilters. Quilt shows featuring those two colors are as popular as the Green and White quilts. These colorful two-tone quilts put the Elves seeking the pot of gold in a mood for running in marathons and drinking green beer at St. Patrick's Day celebrations. March is the month of green, for sure.

Yes, we live in a rainbow of months. The April and May months are arrayed in the pink, green, and blue colors of Springtime flowers. June has the yellow of dandelions and again the color White shows her arrogance to be noticed as brides gracefully do the walk down the aisle for the "I do" dressed in a cloud of white.

July with the Red, White, and Blue banners and flags surrounds herself with family, neighbors, and community friends during parades and picnics in the park with an variety of food colors to fill the holiday celebration. Quilt designs cover the ground with an abundance of months of color.

August, however, is the color of a blue sky. The hot, dry brown grass and blue skies can be an introduction to the months of September and October. The reds, browns, yellows, orange, and green in the leaves falling from the trees lined along the roadsides are the main event of Autumn. The color of orange-red pumpkins sharpens next to the white in the small decorative pumpkins sitting on front door porches. If it were not for this Autumn mixture the loss of the Springtime and lazy days of Summer would be devastating.

The 30 days of November tags along with the month October, playing best friend. She finds that the mixture of browns, greens, yellows, reds, oranges, and a tiny infiltration of purple makes for a coat of bright vibrant color. And in November a coat is what is necessary as the winter months grasp ahold of the North Wind shirt tails. Sometimes the White shows her frosty face mixing with Purple. This is when the color gray hunkers down just a little too long. December, though, stands alone.

The full month of December tries to cast away the gray and struts along the long darkening evenings with her red leaves of holiday plants and boughs of green decorative trees and festive wreaths. Each greet family and friends as they enter homes embraced in silver, and a valiant purple.

Color is in and around us all year long. So, why, does my nine-year-old granddaughter now dress herself in black? Perhaps, she realizes that in the art world the color black holds dear all the colors available to us. She wears them well, these black tones, even while striking up an attitude as the vigorating waves rush forward searching for her black painted toes.

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