



In the still darkness of the long Winter night comes the silken rustle of the newly falling snow, sifting through the almost barren branches of the giant Oaks and Chestnuts, silently draping the Pines and their countless needles with a jewel bedecked mantle fit for the Gods. Underneath, myriads of tiny seeds and plants lie sleeping, protected by this dazzling, glittering blanket of purest white, waiting for their call from the Powers that be, and their chance for a place in the Sun.