Day seventy-six (March 6)

A warm breeze again today, nearly a chinook. I have changed shirts three times, each time to a lighter material; now, at 2:30, it is 64 degrees. Hard to work, to stay fastened into the house.
This is winter-spring, one of those points of the year when the weather can jiggle either way, back into cold sheets of rain or ahead into bud and blossom...
Week 7, March

warmth of spring. Even now the house is growing, creaking under each day.