

# Seasons

As I sit at my desk in the upstairs realm, and peer and look out my window.  
A cycle appears through passing years and it all brings me to wonder.

The crepe myrtle tree passes before me, from spring, through summer and winter.  
Being ever so true, what secrets are you... revealing and trying to tell me?

Lord, help me to see!  
I've seen this old tree... in fullness of bloom, with pink blossoms reaching the sun.  
She's been wracked by the cold and made to look old,  
Withdrawn within her tomb.

Most noble tree... You are only responding to the seasons.

The seasons of nature, the seasons of man.  
What secrets are you trying to tell me? Lord, help me discover the plan.

## Considering Spring

Spring is the time when nature shows us the full measure of the force of life that she is in possession of. It is the season when, not only fruit to feed is given in abundance but her deepest depths of beauty are put on display out of her limitless store.

Death has, at this season, stayed its hand. There is nothing now to hold back life. He has done his work therefore what is true and real now bursts forth in life. Winter is past and only what comes of spontaneous life survives; yea thrives.

## And What of Winter?

Winter removes the shelter for the birds. They are exposed and must now fly south. Food is scarce and ceases to grow. Maintaining is the order of the day and living from hand to mouth. You subsist by what you already have and take from provisions had in the past.

Winter does not provide, she tests.  
She tests your limits.  
She tests your reserves.  
Everything that can be shook will be shook.

The leaves have fled away. All cover is removed.  
Where probing eyes once could not go, the barren landscape lets everything show.  
What once did cover and protect, now allows even strangers access.

## **Tell Me of Fall**

And as I ponder these truths that we all know,  
A question arises to tease and to throw.  
Which of the seasons came first do you suppose?  
Which led the way so the others would follow?  
Could it be that Fall came first?

What is Fall?

Fall is not the dead of winter.  
It is not the death of life.  
It is the season when leaves let go of sustaining Life.  
They fall, they tumble unto the ground.

Their bright colors are gorgeous to the eye of man.  
We walk or we drive to catch a glimpse of their show: red, yellow and brown.  
The forest is set with fire of them.

But what is the meaning of this marvelous show,  
And what is the story they tell?  
Is it beauty we perceive in the visage they hold  
while the meaning of it all is withheld?

Would the outward enthrall and capture our soul,  
with no thought of the process inward?

Ah, the human eye. It sees what it sees.  
Meaning and truth are not connected to it.  
There is no link.

If what passes the eye appears as beauty and light,  
Then all is well with contentment.

Let us go forth and behold,  
And take in and find rest for our souls.

But Fall is about leaves... and millions there are.  
And Fall is about trees that stand through the Fall.  
Changeless they are.

Leaves, they may come but soon they will "leave",  
But roots they remain ageless.  
Ever unseen, their growth is unknown,  
Their service to the tree is without honor.

They hold and they feed and they stabilize all.

But the leaves are only here for a season.

They will not last.

Next season there will be no remembrance of the shadow they cast.

The roots hold on for a lifetime and beyond,

but the leaves grow faint and soon let go.

And what of these colors that these leaves display,

when we see passed the sight... into meaning?

The story they tell may not be as beautiful as the sight  
of the leaves that are brilliantly gleaming.

When a person lets go of the Life they've been given,

Then all that is green is drawn out.

They are left to their own devices and their own strengths.

Now they must stand alone; on their own.

Pride goeth before a fall

and Fall is quickly approaching.

So the leaves must now put on their best cowl,

while the darkness is rapidly encroaching.

With brilliant colors they cover the land.

And the leaves spoke and they said, "I can make it on my own. My glory is even greater  
than when I was attached to You. See how the people come from afar simply to adore  
me."

But these colors are only the death knoll.

For whom the bell tolls.

The last fading gasp... of existence.

They are the obvious signs of separation.

These colors are signs of pretensions.

You see, the leaf never dies and then falls; it simply lets go.

The "letting go" is the fall.

When on its own, the leaf only has so much strength.

Its capacity is limited, not fuller.

But instead of carefully measuring of resources,

It releases all of them... in a grand display of color.

It all lasts but a short while.

What once was so glorious turns so brown,  
Completely lets go and falls to the ground.

There it is crumpled and trampled.

No one returns to see its demise.  
All is hidden... from human eyes.

Fall is the release of any and all,  
That will not remain... sustained... by Life.

But, to the tree, the loss of leaves... is not the dead of winter.

Fall is not its fault.  
The "leaving" rests with the choice of the leaves.  
The test of cooler weather has left these leaves cold.

The garden of Eden was not without its tests, resulting in the Fall.  
Our first parents left the best: Him who was "All in all".

The Fall tests the leaves but the winter tests the tree.  
Which are you? Are you His branches? Are you His leaves?

## **Summer**

Yet wait! Maybe it was the summer that was first among the seasons.  
Was it the summer of God's heart and plan? Did He have reason?

Summer is the time when blooming is past.  
All is in the strength of full manifestation.

The sun is full and strong in the sky.  
The clouds are just lazy, while passing you by.

It is not the season of the return of life  
but when life is secure it seems that  
summer goes on as if it will never end.  
One day blends... into another... until all is "summer".

The storms of spring no longer frights you.  
The infrequent rain shower is a welcome friend.  
And you run, and you laugh with your family around you,  
While the sun gently sets, and the day softly ends.

Was summer first in the garden of God's heart,  
where all was consistent and steady?  
Did He see His Son go forth in His strength,  
bringing light and warmth to those who are ready?

Was the summer of His heart the first season to arise?  
And did the Father wish that someday,  
the summer of His heart would become the summer of our lives?

What musings did He have in eternity past,  
as He contemplated how to bring this season to us?  
Did, in wisdom, He perceive the incredible need,  
for a Fall and a winter before that?  
And was spring just the thing, on a prayer taking wing,  
that releases new life in resurrection?  
Do the seasons all speak to the poor and the weak of a hope that is hidden within them?  
Do the story they tell reach to those bound in hell, confused by the rape and the plunder?  
Are there lives in turmoil who are caught in a whirl, who don't understand their condition...  
Who could read nature's story and fathom the glory,  
of a man and a cross... and submission.

So let us peel back the pages... and read... and find hope.

In the cycle of life nothing is lost.  
Keep heart and keep going in the cycle.  
No season in itself is the fullness and remember,  
no season in itself is the end all.

Losses and successes along the way... must simply be seen as that:  
a season that is along the way.

Redeem it all.  
Let nothing fall... to the ground.  
Gather up the fragments of the moment and move on in the cycle,  
till it is clear that the fragments are not a fragmented part of your life.

All is ordered.  
All is set.  
With that in mind... reject regret.

You cannot reach the Sabbath unless you pass through all the seasons of the year.

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When you are in that hard season, though difficult to believe... nothing is lost.  
The leaf that falls becomes fertilizer for the roots that remain endlessly strong.  
The fallen leaf is resurrected in the form of new life within the roots.

And so... the cycle goes; and so... the cycle continues.

In your first Fall, you let go; in the second you are a branch.  
Who among us truly knows the correct order or,  
has the same exact experience...  
or given the same chance?

It is futile to seek an understanding of fragments.  
They only make sense when they become a whole.

Striving is inevitable during certain seasons.  
Explanations are hard to come by.  
Your task is not to obtain explanations but to persevere.  
Move on through them unto the next "Why?"

Leaving a season of blissful summer does not mean you have left the life cycle.  
You have only left the season that was at hand.  
Now is no time to trifle.

My instruction won't correct you, O my soul.  
My chidings won't calm you.  
But let these sayings sink down into your being.  
They are all the explanation you will ever get.  
Words they may be but within them are the seeds... of hope.  
And hope will keep you going till all is formed in Christ.