

The Seasons

Summer comes blazing in her glory bright and brilliant,
She threatens the young and tender plants of Spring.

Her hot winds bear down on the beautiful
petals of the flowers that we love so much.

She seems to be in a jealous rage of those beauties so fair
and is determined to express her own beauty in the brightness of the sun.

I hear the Father say here, "There, there my sunny one. We will
use your brightness mingled with the watering that's to be done
to produce even more beauty in the Harvest that is to come". After awhile

Summer relents and takes a step back
to behold the harvest that has been produced. She slowly makes way for Fall.
Realizing she had no reason for jealousy at all, Fall quietly steals her way in
and tiptoes through the hills and valleys making them glorious in her
many colors of oranges, browns, yellows and brilliant reds.

She stands back on her high and lofty place proclaiming
"I have won". All of my beauty has won first place.

But somehow the cold chilly nights begin to take over
those still warm, bright sunny days.

With more power and strength than that of Summer and Fall, Winter shouts out!

Now it's my call. The first gentle snow falls that makes us ooh and awe
with dreamy remembrances of long winter nights. Surely Winter is our friend.

There just couldn't be any guile in him! Then suddenly without warning
the icy winds begin to blow, snow drifts piling up to the sky.

Ice on the roads with warnings of "Don't go out there...
lest you die".

There is such a stillness and hush of awesome reverence.

Old Man Winter must be the master!

Then seemingly after a long, long while; Winter begins to lose His hold
as the earth gently warms and Spring moves into play.

The first crocus pushes its way up through the earth
and the snow slowly melts away.

Soon there's a hustle and bustle and it's Spring.

Everything is alive and well. This is a bright new day!
Suddenly everything is in bloom...what a glorious sight!

The seasons that wrestled and said "Who shall be first?"
and "Who will be best?" must know by now.

Each have their own splendors, each its own glory.

We, like the seasons, have our own unfolding as our Father so graciously
fashions us in our unique molding.

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