

Seasons

I was just thinking of how not every season of the year is bearable. While some people thrive in the summer heat, others are just counting the days until the cold front returns. While some come alive in the cold of the winter, for others, the cold makes their bones ache, and they are daydreaming of the spring blossoms. And while it's a rollercoaster of grumblings and rejoicing, we know that time is moving swiftly, that we will blink, and we will be back right where we come alive. We dare not pray for the Father to turn July into October. Why? Because while he can do anything he so desires, we know that it is merely a season, and that this suffering season shall soon pass. There is no way around it, only through. So instead of wishing away the present moment, we rejoice in the little happies along the way. Throw on a bathing suit and jump in the water on a hot summer's day. "Are you thirsty? Come and drink", I hear him say. "The water's just fine, you will be okay." And as the water washes off the scorching heat, I realize there is more he wants me to see. That when the suffering seasons show their face, there is a perspective to be had— my saving grace. That even as I can't wish away the parts I hate— he meets me in the middle with a smile, and says "jump on in, the water's great!" And maybe, just maybe, in the face of unbearable heat— it is his love and mercy that is refining me. He is the river in the wasteland, that nourishes me— and maybe I don't have to wait for my preference in order to find joy at his feet.