



SEASONS

By Wayne Visser

~ Seasons are the shades of blush when nature is changing ~

What do you love about the seasons?

We are all affected by the changing moods of nature throughout the year.

We rise earlier or later, we dress warmer or cooler, we complain about the weather more or less.

But what is the lens through which we view these changes?

Are they an irritant in the face of our inflexible work routines?

Or perhaps they dictate how we spend time with our children?

Is their relevance confined to weekends and holidays?

Or perhaps it is how they influence our shopping patterns that count?

It's almost as if the seasons have become a problem to be managed, rather than a wonder to behold; an undulation to be smoothed out, rather than a wave to be ridden.

When we are at work, we are expected to ignore the seasons' fluctuations, in case it affects our productivity.

And during our leisure time, we are meant to hanker after summer sunshine and, if possible, hunt it down, wherever it may be.

We have lost our connection to the cycles of nature.

We no longer enjoy the intimacy that our ancestors had with the earth, when life followed the rhythm of the seasons; when there was a time to reap and to sow, to nurture and to rest. We have condemned as pagan the ancient rituals celebrating the solstices and equinoxes, forgetting how we used to integrate the seasons with life's grand themes of fertility and birth, abundance and death.

What can we do to remember what it is like to live in harmony with the seasons?

Surely it must start with a loving acceptance of each season for its own sake.

Winter, spring, summer and autumn – all should be welcomed back like dear old friends, cherished not only for their virtues, but for their idiosyncrasy also; valued not only for their familiar habits, but for their surprises too.

What do you treasure about each season?

Think of the long, lingering warmth of Summer's bright days, with her azure skies and pavement cafes;

The mild, mottled mosaic of Autumn's leafy carpet, with her tinted clouds and garden parks;

The dark, damp dormancy of Winter's long nights, with her crispy breath and naked beauty;

And the sprightly, swaying sweep of Spring's floral gown, with her budding smile and waving boughs.

Do you have fond memories that associate with these seasons - moments of happiness that will stay with you forever?

Perhaps a family day at the beach, or feeding the ducks in the park?

Maybe a romantic evening in front of a log fire, or a holiday which left you caught in the rain?

We remember these seasonal images not only because of the good (or bad) times we had, but because the seasons are reflected in us.





We have all experienced blissful joy and painful loss, quiet loneliness and bubbling rejuvenation.

We are no strangers to the summer sun and the autumn rain in our work, or the winter chill and the spring blossoms in our relationships.

Seasons are a metaphor for our changeability, a chalice for our heart's quest, a scripture for our soul's journey.

We can rely on the seasons to always be there for us – as an inspiration and a comfort, as a teacher and a friend.

For though the seasons may change, their nature remains the same; and though they may come and go, they are ever present in our lives.

So why not banish the idea of an off-season from your mind forever.

Instead, today, celebrate the season of the year, whatever it is, and embrace the season of your life, with all its blessings.



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