

Seasons of the Soul December 2003

The December sun fills this back porch, brightening a bleak winter landscape. Seasons are so precious to me. My soul needs (yet wants to reject) the cold, dark time of year. I know how important it is for me to be dormant, like the dogwood tree outside my window. It will blaze into glory in the new spring, in April – but not now.

Playful summer is not far away, and I am glad I have to wait for it. The richness of autumn's colors and coolness is nature's sigh of relief after a hot, humid Carolina August.

These seasons are not only outside, but most vibrantly, inside us. Seasons of the soul mark our spiritual growth. The dark night is often prelude to ecstasy.

I often look at the world in terms of personal paradigms: what is the season of this terrible history we are living today? A predatory power to whom I pay taxes; language that disguises bloody reality: *pre-emptive strike*; a media that pours opinion like drugs into every home.

At my age, I must trust my own power to live and love in hope. I must do what I can do: read and study and write a bit, pray and think and hope for a peaceful season. I am sure that my hopes are shared by the people I love, and by many whom I have not yet met. I trust you are one of them, and that your winter is dark, cold, and hopeful!