

REFLECTIONS

February 24, 2008

**To everything there is a season,
A time for every purpose under heaven**

Ecclesiastes 3:1NKJV

Seasons

He slept innocently and securely in his mother's arms—a portrait of peace. His long curling eyelashes depicted perfection and his pinkish skin was a picture of softness. He was new in this world, the child of his parents, just beginning the first season of life in the world God created. As I looked upon the peacefulness of this newborn child of God, I could not help but wonder how his life might unfold.

Experience tells us that time will pass quickly for this baby boy though it may not seem so at first. But soon enough, the day will come when he will leave the care and comfort provided by his parents. He will take a wife, find a job, and build a home. Then one special day he will feel the warmth from a child cuddling in his arms just as his mother once felt when he cuddled in hers. It will be a tender moment that uncovers the depth of parents' love for their children—the second season of life.

Exciting times, trying times, loving times and troubled times will follow, but his children will grow and someday will leave the home he and his wife provided for them. His hair will grey, his skin will wrinkle, and his mother in whose arms he once so securely slept will turn to him for help. His attention will be drawn to meet her needs the same way she once was drawn to meet his. Positions reverse in life's third season as the child assumes the role of parent to his parents.

"Once a man but twice a child," my grandmother reminded us. Her mind had remained agile but her body had grown weak. Her dependence on my mother increased, and in her final season of life she became much like a child again. And so it will likely be for the baby boy; for he too will grow old and will come to depend on his children to care for him—the fourth season of life.

These are seasons of life we live—children to our parents, parents to our children, parents to our parents, children to our children. But there is more.

He sleeps innocently and securely in his Father's arms—a portrait of peace. His long curling eyelashes depict perfection, and his pinkish skin is a picture of softness. He is new in this world, the child of his Father, just beginning the most wonderful season of all. As I envision the peacefulness of this newborn child of God, I cannot help but wonder how this season will be. A season of peace everlasting in God's loving arms.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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