✨SEASONS: *the Tides of Time*

Ecclesiastes 3:1 'To everything, there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven.' (NKJV)

This time of year, everything is shrouded in mystery. We wake up to a darkened sky, and before we barely spit the day we just traveled through out of our beings, it is darkened again. Go to bed, wake up, and do it over. The daylight hours in between are shrinking lesser and smaller. We are on the tipping end of this season as winter comes close to creeping in the door. 'Ready or not,' ole man Winter cries. 'I'm coming in!' Last night, I covered my flowers and shrouded my plants, just hoping to eke out one more colorful week before everything turns dry and brittle and begins the dying process after a weekend that was blustery and almost miserable. People warmed frozen fingers and stomped cold feet on a hardening ground, and it was a fair warning that seasons change and time changes and...we change.

So today, I take out my memories for a final afternoon, running my fingers through tangled but buoyant details of a summer just passed, letting my hand get caught in the vibrancy of recollections. Hard to believe just weeks ago, we dipped our toes in the warmth of crystal sands and the ebb and flow from the constancy of bodies of water surrounding us. We played with beach crabs and sought seashells and literally watched time crawl in and go out like the waves. The sun-drenched days seemed endless while away, and only when one comes back to the rat race called 'life', does the term 'life standing still' become an enigma.

But, we return, always, to what is sustainable and to where home is, and yes, even to Daylight Savings Time, and the changing of another season. Those beaches and oceans and crashing waves will be right where we left them, and hopefully, we will get back there again someday. But in the meantime, this is what I know.

I want to dip my toes always into Your sands of time, God. I want to lunge into the deep-end with You, God. I want to drown in Your oceans of grace and journey by the banks of Your rivers of mercy. Please take me out as far as You want to, and make me brave as You call me under, as You work in me to change every particle of my being to match what You see when You think of me. Inspire me to swim hard after You, to run like the wind in pursuit of Your glory, to fall unshackled at Your feet, to long carelessly for Your heart to beat at the sound of my voice. I don't want to be cautious after You, God; I want to be wild about my purpose and all You have planted inside of me to be for You. Let my gratitude wash ashore, God, soaking the space around me, so that my awe of You causes those near me to question Who I am drowning in. Help me to be the same child of Yours when no one is looking as I am when the world is watching, so that I can bring honor and glory to Your name. Let me fall back into the arms that forever have been catching me, and please, may Your presence never depart from within. I cannot breathe without You, oh God. Praise You that I never have to.

Psalm 42:7-8, 'Chaos calls to chaos, deep calls to deep, to the tune of whitewater rapids. Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers crash and crush me. Then God promises to love me all day, sing songs all through the night! My life is God's prayer.'