✨SEASONS: *Scars*

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

Too often anymore, I am not sure whether I should talk to someone or read them instead. There are many individuals with many tattoos. Everywhere! I am not upset about it; I have a few tattoos of my own. But sometimes when a person's face especially is covered in tattoos, it's difficult to take them seriously or hear what they might not be saying while trying to decipher what is scribbled all over them.

We were watching an interview the other evening and the well-known musician has little bare canvas any longer. There are roadmaps to his past all over his body. He is a person one can read. Every struggle, every victory, every piece of his journey scrawled across his skin. His hope, his pain, the joy, the defeat, his story, all of it, tattooed on what was once a blank canvas. He won't ever forget where he's been and what he has come from because his journey is written like a novel over every inch of his body. I imagine that those vivid, vibrant markings cover a multitude of scars, and those scars beneath the cover-up tell a story. God promises to use for our good what Satan meant for harm (Genesis 50:20).

It made me think about it. Seasons are like tattoos. The seasons leave their mark behind. I watched as the leaves did a slow dance today with the breeze, and for one beautiful gasp of breath, they were suspended, almost like a warm embrace, before they fluttered to the ground where they dotted the earth like a memory. Pretty soon, snowflakes will fly and light on branches, glistening in a frigid sun. Icicles will suspend as swords and spears from rooftops, and Jack Frost will paint his feelings over window panes and doorways. And just when I think I can't possibly withstand one more frozen night, a seed is going to pop through the soil and the tattoo of Spring will decorate the desolate dirt with life and vibrance once more.

Just last week, a sullen sky was tattooed with clouds, swollen and pregnant with rain. Like an insolent toddler beating wet fistfuls against sidewalks painted with mist, the storm unfolded and the beauty of the graffiti Mother Nature splashed across the buildings in my neighborhood was breathtaking. And just like that, this morning, the earth is shedding her skin, stepping outside herself and becoming new, another season evolving, perfecting and revealing itself like a tattoo, fresh and healing, as Summer slips into Fall. And like the seasons, scars tell a story. Yours and mine. May mine be a testimony tattooed across my life of His grace and patience and mercy. We can be assured, since the beginning of time God has been working all things out for our good and for His glory.