

Something wonderful: Seasons

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March is the beginning of the summer season in the Philippines. The temperature goes up to 103 degrees every day, and many stay in with their air conditioning or electric fans on, but sometimes it's worth staying out to see the blooming flowers this season.

Ugh, I just noticed the other day that it has been almost an entire year since my last post! Life seems to be flying by at a breakneck pace. Thinking over the past year, there has been the great, the good, the bad, and sometimes, the ugly. Some are just moments and others seem like whole seasons. Hmmmm, I think I will just see if I can get back to blogging for my own sake. This may be cathartic.

I just got thinking about seasons the other day. This is something in nature that I really miss while I'm living in the Philippines. Living in Pennsylvania most of my life, I did not realize how much I love the change of seasons. I know, people have complained about snow, the humidity of August, and perhaps that spring may be too rainy. Believe me, I have had my gripes with the icy roads, too, and freezing rain, but I love it! I especially love the changing of leaves in autumn, the smell of honeysuckle, and new life after a cold winter. The list goes on and on.

Living abroad these past seven years, I have grown to appreciate the subtle changes in temperature, the lovely rain on the roof, beautiful leaves that change color, bougainvillea, palm trees, and seasonal fruits. The Christmas season seems especially hard for me. Really though, here it is an "over-the-top" holiday with plenty of festivities, beautiful decorations, carolers, and cheer. For me, it is just not the same being away from family when it is 85 degrees plus.

It has been four years since we enjoyed a holiday in Pennsylvania. It was so funny to see that the kids could play in just a dusting of snow. They loved trying to walk in it in bare feet. Ice skating was a delight and brought back great memories. Boy, I do not remember winter being so cold! Go to the other side of the planet and it is about the opposite. Our weather in Davao City does not fluctuate much. It's pretty hot and sticky. One morning, our thermometer read 79 degrees Fahrenheit and 97 percent humidity. These past few weeks have been such a gift. The weather has been overcast with cooler temps and a good bit of rain.

The other morning, I was leaving our house for my morning walk around 5:15 a.m. Man, did it ever feel like autumn! It had rained during the night and the humidity seemed a bit lower. It had been windy leaving plenty of leaves in front of our carport. There were earthworms all over the road. It amazes me how quickly the feeling of wind on my skin and a certain scent in the air can take me right back to the days of my youth.

I do a lot of reminiscing these days. My kids are growing up and it seems like the seasons do not pertain to weather so much anymore, especially living here. D has been gone two years, and now B knows he will be out of the house next year. I have done some crying, lots of praying, and reading about how to tackle these feelings

and how to really embrace and enjoy these new seasons. I can honestly say life is so very good. It thrills me to see my kids flying!

So, I find that some days resemble a nice spring day when the birds are singing and all is well. You feel like nothing can touch you and you would love to shout it from the rooftops about how great things are. Other days feel like deep, dark wintry days when you just need a snow day. You need to hunker down by a fire while consuming a large amount of hot cocoa. You just want to hide inside. Other days, I am so hot I think I will blow up while rainy days seem so soothing.

My point is: I am sure that I am not alone in the changing of seasons. You have them no matter the weather and—thanks to God’s grace—you can weather the storms and praise Him for the sun, too! There is purpose in each one. You can’t skip the parts you do not like and cannot control. I find that I am continually being challenged and my reaction is my choice to make. Sometimes, I screw up royally, and others I pass with flying colors. I am so thankful for seasons: natural, emotional, and spiritual. They are something wonderful and part of this wild ride.

Read the original blog post at [Something Wonderful: Seasons](#).