

Winter's Death

by Wayne Goff

As I write this brief article, the weather is cold, cloudy, and windy. The landscape is gray and barren. While the calendar does not yet say it is *winter*, the gloomy atmosphere of nature tells me otherwise.

Winter is my *least favorite* season, but I still appreciate its necessity and cannot help but see its meaning: **nature's death**. It is a time for quiet, peaceful rest. Let me explain:

Last **Spring** was *alive* with nature's wonders: fresh, bright green grass and leaves; birds singing; rich, brown earth being tilled and planted; and various animals giving birth to offspring. It is the season of life, vitality, and hope. All is fresh, new and alive. Spring *symbolizes* the time of youth in life. It is good.

Summer follows as all that Spring promised is now coming to fruition. Everything is alive and busy. Gardens are flourishing and producing their fruit. Lawns are being mowed weekly due to the energetic growth of grass. Animals are busy running to and fro, and the warm sun tans and comforts our bodies. Summer *symbolizes* maturity, full age. Hope has turned to reality.

Fall then *slowly* creeps upon the world. Grass and crops begin to slow down, the rains cease, and deadly brown colors creep upon the edges of the plants. *Quickly then* Fall rushes upon us as the leaves turn to their beautiful oranges, yellows, reds, and browns. There is a hint of cool in the air. Soon there will be frost. Things are beginning to die. Fall *symbolizes* the frailty of age.

Winter is the *final* season. The grass is dormant, leaves are dead and fallen, the cold wind blows its chilling blast, and the skies are often dreary. The body is easily chilled by the arctic blasts that come down from time to time, making us wish for warmer weather. But this is God's omniscient, providential plan. Living things need a time for rest, just as surely as God ordained a "*Sabbath rest*" for His people. Too often man thwarts God's plan, working himself into an early grave. Nature teaches us to *enjoy* a time of rest and reflection from the productive seasons. Winter only comes once a cycle. Take time to study nature and to commune with God.

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