**Seasons**

**As long as the earth endures,**

**seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter,**

**day and night, shall not cease.**

***(Genesis 8:22)***

**For everything there is a season,**

**and a time for every matter under heaven.**

***(Ecclesiastes 3:1)***

**In ancient times, human beings worried every winter that spring, with its warming sun, would never come. They had no inkling that they lived on a spinning globe whose tilted axis exposed them to varying intensities of sunlight, thus producing the seasons. All they knew was that their world had been cold and dark for months; if the gods were angered by humankind's folly, would the life-giving warmth never return? *(William Falk, in The Week magazine, April 4, 2014)***

**For man, autumn is a time of harvest, of gathering together. For nature, it is a time of sowing, of scattering abroad. *(Edwin Way Teale, in Autumn Across America)***

**There are seasons when to be still demands immeasurably higher strength than to act. Composure is often the highest result of power. (Channing)**

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**In the depth of winter I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer. *(Albert Camus, in Lyrical and Critical Essays)***

**Autumn is a second spring when every leaf is a flower. *(Albert Camus)***

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**It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. *(Charles Dickens, in Great Expectations)***

**I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. (Ralph Waldo Emerson, on summer)**

**Summer bachelors, like summer breezes, are never as cool as they pretend to be. (Nora Ephron)**

**We do not have to choose our favorite among the seasons. It is only necessary to rejoice in the beauty of their differences. *(Evelyn H. Lauder, in The Seasons Observed)***

**I just saw the first sign of spring -- a beautiful green hillside and, against it, a cluster of yellow bulldozers. (Orben's Current Comedy)**

**Servant: “This is the season when we're supposed to forgive our enemies. Have you forgiven your enemies yet?" Hagar: “Are you kidding?! I haven't even forgiven my friends yet!” *(Dik Browne, in Hagar The Horrible comic strip)***

**Dolly says to her brother: "Help us, Jeffy. We need to move the leaves so the snow has room to fall." (Bil Keane, in The Family Circus comic strip)**

**Fall was the smell of cherry pies baking in the oven of the wood stove, the smell of hams hanging in the smokehouse, the dry smell of fodder in the fields, and the pungent smell of apples. Fall was for boiling and jarring and waxing and sealing and filling the cupboards and pantries. *(Charles Kuralt, in The Bob Timberlake Collection)***

**Winter is not a season, it’s an occupation. *(Sinclair Lewis, American author)***

**Spring won't let me stay in this house any longer! I must get out and breathe the air deeply again. *(Gustave Mahler)***

**I have only to break into the tightness of a strawberry, and I see summer – its dust and lowering skies. *(Toni Morrison)***

**No matter how long the winter, spring is sure to follow*. (Proverb)***

**Spring is God's way of saying, "One more time!" *(Robert Orben)***

**People have seasons too, I think. There is something steadfast about people who withstand the chilling winds of trouble, the storms that assail the heart, and have the endurance and character to wait quietly for an April time. *(Gladys Tabor, in The Stillmeadow Road)***

**I prefer winter and fall, when you feel the bone structure in the landscape -- the loneliness of it -- the dead feeling of winter. Something waits beneath it -- the whole story doesn't show. *(Andrew Wyeth, in Catholic Digest)***

**Spring is coming; I can tell by the poetry and the real estate ads.(Bryan & Frances Sterling, in Will Rogers Speaks, p. 264)**

**To be interested in the changing seasons is a happier state of mind than to be hopelessly in love with spring. *(George Santayana, philosopher)***

**The sexiest seasons: Human beings become friskier in early summer and early winter, new research has found. Villanova University psychologists analyzed Americans' Google searches over five years and discovered a semiannual jump in words related to sex. "Whether it was searches for 'eHarmony' or 'brothel,' there was this exact same pattern," study author Patrick Markey tells MyHealthNewsDaily.com: one above-average spike in June and July and another in December and January. Previous research into birth records, condom sales, and rates of abortions and sexually transmitted diseases has suggested heightened pursuit of intercourse during those months. One reason for the seasonal amorousness could be that during winter holidays or summer vacations, "being around more people, or being around people more often," triggers an increased desire for connection, Markey says. It could also be that humans are hormonally hardwired to copulate at those times, perhaps because giving birth in early spring or autumn presented an evolutionary advantage for our earliest ancestors. *(The Week magazine, August 24-31, 2012)***

**This season reminds me of spiritual insights that are a truth of truth and that touch the depths of my being, my existence, more profoundly than any truth of facts. This Solstice season is poetry, and you are a part of the poem. May the poetry of life fill your hours and days. That is my wish for you. *(William Edelen)***

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**Spring is . . . wind and rain in a frenzied argument about which way to go. (Peter Keyes, in Reader's Digest)**

**Spring . . . is a most welcome re-leaf. (Harold Poole, in Reader's Digest)**

**Spring is . . . dawn, still frosty around the edges. (New York Times)**

**Spring is . . . a day so warm and friendly you want to invite her back. (Michael H. Wilson, in Reader's Digest)**

**You can tell when spring is nearby subtle little signs -- like, when you start your car in the morning, and it does. (Orben's Current Comedy)**

**Spring is a time when youth dreams and old age remembers. (Martha L. Creager)**

**Spring, thy name is color. (Libbie Fudim)**

**Spring is that busy period when highway crews rush to get the main routes torn up in time for summer traffic. (Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate)**

**Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees / Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze. (William Cowper)**

**My neighbor and I were out for a drive one spring morning. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "Look how that woods is filling up with trailers!" (Rachel Peden, in Indianapolis Star)**

**Spring is when you feel like whistling even with a shoe full of slush. (Doug Larson, United Feature Syndicate)**

**There is a note of pain in spring's song of joy, a note of sorrow like the whisper of the wind warning that spring is the briefest of the seasons. Poor spring, that frees the bud and sets the time of green things on its way, but will not see the growth and fullness of the summer nor the harvest of the fall. Like youth, it is so bursting with life, so wild and blustery, so loud and confused and yet so sweet, so lovely, and like youth so soon gone. Thinking back on what we were and how we were in those long-ago springs, I have to smile. And looking from a window thrown open to welcome winds colder than the winds of fall against which they were shut, I know a moment almost of pity for all the wild, sweet, raw young people at this greening time of year, in their groping, their wondering, their uncertainty. But, oh, that I could join them, just once more. (John Ed Pearce, in Louisville Courier-Journal magazine)**

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**Summer is one of my top four favorite seasons. (Jon Macks, in AARP Bulletin)**

**In the summer the song sings itself. (William Carlos Williams)**

**Summer is that time of year when thousands of otherwise normal citizens are overcome with the urge to rush out to the great forests and mountains of America and get themselves lost. (Patrick F. McManus, in Rubber Legs and White Tail-Hairs)**

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**It was summer, and now again it is winter. Nature loves this rhyme so well that she never tires of repeating it. So sweet and wholesome is the winter, so simple and moderate, so satisfactory and perfect, that her children will never weary of it. What a poem! An epic in blank verse, enriched with a million tinkling rhymes. It is solid beauty. (Henry David Thoreau)**

**Live in each season as it passes; breathe the air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, and resign yourself to the influence of the earth. *(Henry David Thoreau)***

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**Now it's the time of year for the bulbs you didn't get plante**

**d last fall not to come up. (Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine)**

**It was autumn, and the leaves were at their colorful best. My four-year-old son looked out the window and said, "Look, Mom, the trees have their pajamas on." (Betty Childress, in Reader's Digest)**

**That's the true harbinger of spring, not crocuses or swallows returning to Capistrano, but the sound of a bat on the ball. (Bill Veeck)**

**Spring is nature's way of saying, "Let's party!" (Robin Williams)**

**It's a sure sign of summer if the chair gets up when you do. (Walter Winchell)**

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**There seems to be so much more winter than we need this year. (Kathleen Norris, in Bread Into Roses)**

**Winter is the season in which people try to keep the house as warm as it was in the summer, when they complained about the heat. *(Young Miss)***

**Winter is the time for comfort, for good food and warmth, for the touch of a friendly hand and for a talk beside the fire: it is the time for home. *(Edith Sitwell)***

**I had just moved from Mississippi to Idaho, and was feeling apprehensive about the severity of the winters in my new home state. My anxious queries about the weather brought this reply from a native Northwesterner: "Ma'am, we have four seasons here -- early winter, midwinter, late winter and next winter." (Marsha Folks, in Reader's Digest)**

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