

Like Wind the Seasons Change  
Ecclesiastes 3:1-9  
Barbara Kershner  
Anne McKinstry

Like wind the seasons change in order right for each;  
we pluck the roots so seedlings can be planted.  
Each season has its turn; a dying and rebirth.  
The torn down wall rebuilt with stronger fiber.

Through our dark maze there weaves a meaning clean and sound;  
the joy so pure when we have finished weeping.  
Each season bends then yields; a swaying for our good.  
The scattered stones so sweet when they are gathered.

Each season is a gift to relish while it's ours;  
New treasures fill the place of those discarded.  
A rhythm guides our tasks; both action and restraint.  
Our words have power when they follow silence.

A sacrificing love forever flows through time;  
The cross must come before the resurrection.  
So every season's blessed with holy love for us.  
Heaven's rest is ours when earthly toils are over.