

Summer is the sun and life on the beach, With surf and the waves and sand that they reach; Summer is night of sipping cool drinks,

In the city of peace and heavenly thinks.

Autumn is the fall of red and brown leaves,

Which beauty beholds in the heart who receives;

Autumn is celebrating the death of the son,

And all that he did and all that he won.

Winter is watching the gentle snow fall,

While sitting around a fire with all;

Winter is rugging up in clothes that are warm,

And eating out in restaurants in some kind of form.

Spring is the birth of what we hold dear,

Its nature and life and sense of God near;

Spring is the season of being a dove,

Of finding gods heart in their true love...