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Barbservations on Seasons

OCTOBER 08TH 2012 BY STAFF WRITER

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I used to sort of get annoyed when mom would say, "I wonder where the time has gone." Now I know exactly what she meant. Often I find myself saying things that I've heard her say and vowed I would never say anything like that. I now note my children rolling their eyes at some of my remarks. Did I ever do that? Oh, yes, many times.

Where, oh where and when did the summer of 2012 disappear to? One I will never forget as long as my fading memory lasts. It has been the hottest and driest one that I can recall, utility bills over the top due to air conditioners running non-stop, sky rocketing water bills due to watering plants, gardens and our dead lawns.

Just last year it was water, water everywhere! Thankfully, we finally did get some of the rain we prayed for and things greened up around here once again. I wonder if our water table is still way too low. I'll have to wait until Brian or Bob of KFVS imparts that info.

It has been a difficult summer in many ways. Many of our loved ones and friends have gone on before us. My daughter & brother lost their current jobs, another sign of the times in our area. Both of them had worked at their jobs for many years, my daughter at a factory in Sikeston and my brother is/was a dialysis nurse at the University Hospital in Columbia. My daughters job is moving to southern

California, my guess being due to the fact they can pay lower wages and no benefits. Brother's job was axed due to a reduction in our state budget. He will be 60 this month, so he has vowed to stay with the state 2 more years in order to get in his 30 years.

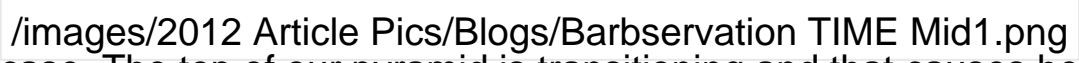
These cuts are most likely, another case of being able to hire new graduates at the bottom of the pay scale. They assigned him to an administrative position and he hates not being able to work with patients.

My mother celebrated her 92nd birthday in September. She is growing more frail and is confined to home due to extreme hearing & visual deficits. She needs a walker to get around the house, has skin cancer on her face.

Our pastor was re-assigned and our congregation once again had to wait approximately six months to see who our new pastor would be. And, oh yes, it's election year, such an important, yet stressful, time in our lives. I just can't believe it's always been like this. During this season, I screen every telephone call to make sure it's not a political candidate soliciting.

As the late Jimmy Dean said in the song, "The Farmer & the Lord." You might think I have whining down to a fine art, but let me say this one thing loud & clear. "I have been abundantly blessed through it all." My quartet gave me a surprise birthday party that many family & friends attended, several of my "merry widow" friends & myself have been busy on the road attending singings, searching out consignment shops, and other varied activities. Trinity was assigned an awesome new pastor who already has us "up and at 'em." It also rained enough for me to plant a rose bush and a tree that I had pampered to keep alive because the ground was too hard to plant them earlier.

I love my humble attempts to write, a lifelong dream of mine. I'm certainly not a gifted writer, I just enjoy sharing & celebrating with all the awesome folks in this area of the globe I'm blessed to call home. Alan Hedrick has given me this opportunity in the ShowMe Times, an entertaining, informative online source of news & the pictures are fabulous. Jessica Snider, who works for SMT, is "editor" & is doing a great job.

 /images/2012 Article Pics/Blogs/Barbservation TIME Mid1.png hat is not the case. The top of our pyramid is transitioning and that causes her family stress

and heartache during this season of her life. The women of her generation never cease to amaze me. What givers and positive mentors so many of their number have been and continue to be.

Mom has worked hard her entire life and now the ravages of time have caught up with her. Yet she continues to maintain her routine when I can hardly fathom how she can take one more step. She can't read the Bible any more, so I get to read to her and I often think it is a witness to our entire neighborhood since I have to speak so loudly. She reminds me when it's time to pay bills, wants to know the 5 W's (who, what, where, when, why) when I leave the house even though I'm nearing my 7th decade. She asks me each Sunday if my bunch was in church and if not, why? She does lots of "wondering why" and I am so thankful that she still has the capacity to do as well as she does.

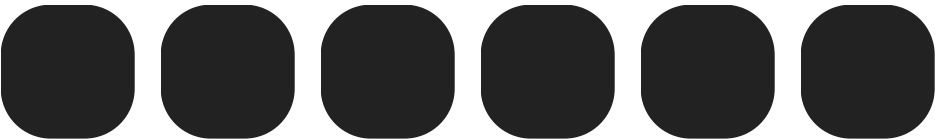
She vows that she's anxiously awaiting her Master's call, yet she takes care of herself as best she can. I assure her God has such an important purpose for her and He will call her to her final home in "His season." So, during this season of such beauty and grandeur, I thank God for the seasons of life, each of them holds it's own lessons in life & living. Winter is coming, but spring follows. May all the seasons that await us be full of love, laughter, thanksgiving, and blessings!

Barb

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