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OUR HARVEST SEASON

Our harvest season is for gathering in the fruit from prior toil. October marks the beginning of the harvest season. Summer has passed and the cooler temperatures foreshadow snuggle weather. The bounty of the harvest season should surpass the most splendid of any other.

Imagine a leaf canvas of crimson, amber, and blaze stretching to a turquoise horizon. Later, the evening glow of a setting sun rose-tints this canvas. In North Georgia the scene is so spectacular that families crisscross country roads staring in wonder at this incredible creation.

In October, the Georgian family may drive North to Ellijay, Blue Ridge, Blairsville, and Young Harris, then South through Hiawassee, Macedonia, the Chattahoochee National Forest, and Helen, then East to Dahlonega, Amicalola, and finally loop back

to Ellijay. More beautiful country does not exist during this season. If planning to take in any local diversions, one should best expect to stop half-way for the night in Hiawassee, as this loop's journey forbids *dilly-dally*.

However, *dilly-dally* may be required when viewing this glory. Although pricey, a train ride on the Blue Ridge Scenic Railway is on the "Bucket List." My children's Nana is taking them for a ride in the coming weeks. Perhaps even to harvest a pumpkin for carving a jack-o-lantern will be on their itinerary.

As in October, so we want the harvest of our family lives. The hustle and bustle for our youngsters, with homework, Sunday school, piano lessons, dance, soccer, devotional study, and the like, tires families in the preceding seasons. Cultivating our families' vineyards is tiresome as we toil for our toddlers and teens. However, we can be encouraged if we keep our eye toward the harvest. Paul of Tarsus drew from our agri-heritage when he wrote that we reap (or harvest) what is sown and cultivated. See also The Law of the Harvest, Galatians 6:7. The natural progression can be that we will thankfully gather with contentment what was previously sown.

We see on the faces of grandmothers how they enjoy their seasons of harvest with their grandchildren. So as we ourselves pass through our seasons of toil we can hope with grateful expectation the fruit and beauty of our forthcoming Harvest.

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