

## Seasons

Rachael Erickson

When things are just for a season, may our ever so fragile and loyal hearts remember the joy of what was.  
Seasons change and leaves die too.  
There will be growth and beauty that will soon come from the soil, where trees once burned for each other.  
The courage to not look back and to let go.  
To no longer let the bitterness put your soul in chains.  
To live your life and smile with joy, like no one is watching.  
Knowing the tears will dry up.  
You'll meet new people.  
You'll find joy in the mundane again.  
And you'll be proud to say that you're ok.

***Rachael Erickson** is a senior here at UND, majoring in communication, with a double minor in leadership and non-profit. She has the honor of leading a small group within Chi Alpha campus ministries, and discipling those around her. Rachael has a passion for writing about mental health with the hope that whoever reads it will feel less alone in their journey. In her extra time, she also enjoys being active, whether that's working out, hiking, or playing tennis.*