



# COURAGE for the UNKNOWN SEASON

*Navigating What's Next  
with Confidence and Hope*

JAN SILVIOUS

Jan's refreshing tell-the-truth style—as a speaker, writer, and friend—instantly drew me to her. Jan goes straight where the pancake hits the griddle. She's not afraid of the heat in life, whether it shows up as aging, grief, or a scorching heartbreak. Her well-researched material will feed your soul and help equip you for the season you're in. It has for me. This is a knapsack book to accompany us on the journey. Thanks, Jan.

PATSY CLAIRMONT

Speaker and author of *You Are More Than You Know*

We live in a culture that seems to be in denial about getting older. As boomers inch toward retirement years, we tend to think of seniors as “them” and not “us.” In *Courage for the Unknown Season*, Jan Silvius, in her trusted voice, puts getting older into beautiful perspective. Whatever season you're in, Jan's words of wisdom will help you embrace every moment as a gift from God.

BABBIE MASON

Award-winning singer-songwriter, speaker, and author  
of *Embraced by God*

Jan Silvius has a steady perspective on life! She is open and real and can relate. This new book gives us a big dose of practical wisdom for trusting God today and in the future—and even for laughing at the future. Jan encourages us to squeeze out life's joys to make a difference for ourselves and others we love.

DEBBIE PETERSEN

Missionary with Campus Crusade for Christ (CRU) for 34 years



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*Courage for the Unknown Season: Navigating What's Next with Confidence and Hope*

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CHAPTER ONE

SEASONS COME AND  
SEASONS GO



*The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.*

OMAR KHAYYAM

**I WAS RUMMAGING** through an old hope chest when I came upon a stack of crispy and yellowed papers. I recognized the construction paper hearts and stick-pencil sketches immediately—the awkward drawings and rhyming poems of my children, all preserved with the full intent of keeping them safe forever. Storing these papers in this chest had been my “busy-mother filing system.” It was as if I had the wispy dream that I could hold on to my children by holding on to their artwork and scribbled words. But wishful thinking doesn’t hold back the days or years.

My children have been grown a long time now. In fact,

they've been gone so long that their children are beginning the leaving process. So it goes. Season has followed season, and here we are—the littles, the middles, and the olders all living in seasons that won't stop changing. We all are living in a world we experience uniquely, becoming who we are and who we will be.

That is the nature of life. For the most part, these changing seasons seem right, but when we find ourselves moving from a season we've loved into a season we're not so sure we'll like, it can be a challenge to find the strength, will, and just plain courage to keep going. It's often been said, "Old age isn't for sissies," but I can tell you, there's no place for "sissy living" in many of the seasons of life.

Seasonal changes start early. Leaving the womb catapults us into a world of incredible challenges. Childhood is touted as carefree, but not every stage of childhood is welcomed! Some come with great awkwardness and emotional angst, but each stage is necessary to become the adults we long to be.

And, too, there are victories to be celebrated with each milestone we face. I laughed out loud when one of my granddaughters observed her pimple-free face in the mirror and declared, "Puberty has been kind to me!" She had traversed a worrisome, pimply season toward adulthood, and she had won!

But as we grow toward and through adulthood, sometimes the seasons bring concerns we haven't faced before.

Relationships become more intense and more significant. Marriages, good or bad, start, continue, or sometimes break up. No matter what happens, life is never the same. We are constantly changing, and the confident choices made at twenty can become the heart pangs of forty. The “happily ever after” at the altar can become the “never any longer.” I’ve learned over the years that it’s impossible to make a perfect decision because we don’t know the future. Marriages don’t always work out, singleness isn’t always as free as you thought it would be, and life is always full of surprises. So leaning into each season and learning its lesson is one of the gifts of living. And there are many gifts in this life!

If you welcome children into your family, no amount of preparation matters—no one can adequately describe the pangs of childbirth and the exhilaration of hearing that first cry. You will wear that child on your heart for the rest of your days and through unknown seasons, through incredible highs and terrifying lows, through overwhelming joy and wrenching concern. Each day goes back and forth between *Isn't he amazing?* and *Whose kid is that?*

One minute you’ve baked your last cupcake for a homeroom party, and then, before you turn around, your sixteen-year-old is leaving the driveway in a car that is way too big and powerful for her. Yet to deny her that privilege is to deny her the very essence of her life—growing up! It’s a season of “one last time.”

*So while you are living in these times,  
remember there are only so many of them,  
and when they are gone,  
you will yearn for just one more day of them.  
For one last time.*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Then you watch the twentysomethings fall in love, fall out of love, struggle with who they are, and wonder who they will become. Watching helplessly, without interference or subtle manipulation, is hard. Your children have to make life decisions on their own. It's tough to watch, but it's a season.

Children become adults, have their own children, and take jobs in what might as well be a foreign country, where they succeed royally or sometimes fail miserably. Time marches forward. The changing of seasons is relentless.

Meanwhile comes that season of caring for aging parents. Watching the people who have always been there begin to fade and become weaker or slower is a season we would all like to skip over. Seeing their decline sometimes takes you by surprise. "When did this begin?" you ask. "They were fine last summer." You didn't see it coming—or maybe you did and it was just easier to look away. Unexpected and often unwanted obligations fall on your shoulders for an unknown amount of time. Your parents are now the lightweight, and you have become the heavyweight. You bear

the major responsibility for their care. This is a season of juggling careers, traveling back and forth, and managing. There's no way around this difficult and unknown season.

If you have children, you can find yourself being stretched between the ailing eighty-year-old in another state and the needy eighteen-year-old under your roof. You are sandwiched between them, pulled to give each of them more and yet incapable of giving either of them enough. Your own needs are sublimated for what seems like a long time, but soon enough the generational squeeze changes, and you're left with sorrow tangled with joy. The young one is flying from the nest, and he will be missed. The old one is flying from a body wracked with pain. With great heaviness, you've urged her to go, whispering, "It's okay. We'll all be fine." Unbelievably, she breathes her last, and then she, too, will be missed oh so very much.

Whether you've handled this difficult season while trying to maintain a corporate career or trying to maintain a home—or both—you are left drained and a little bewildered. The season of good-byes is hard, although death after suffering often brings relief and a sad joy that your parent is free from that frail, used-up body. Another season has come to a close, and you find yourself older, wiser, and wondering, *Now what?*

You may not feel old enough to be in this season. You may not be. Hard leavings and parents' dying can occur at any age. Whenever it happens, you're catapulted into a

new season. It seems like spring was just yesterday, and yet you feel the chill of winter. How did you get here? Summer came and went, and so did fall. The unknown seasons can seem like long shadows across a cold, snowy landscape. What's next? Will the sun shine? Will it warm up, or are we in for a hard freeze? Winter can be such a changeable time, and the unknowable aspect of change can rattle our confidence and shake our hope.

No matter our age, we all face seasons of change, and change can be so hard to embrace. Even if the change takes you into a season you love, the unknown is always a little unsettling. Not every day is the same. Not every change will unfold the same way.

I love the springtime, but I live in tornado country, so I know that in the midst of warm air and budding trees, horrific storms can blow up without much warning. That's sort of the way our lives are. Even if you have no idea what the seasonal change will bring, however, you can face it with courage: You can prepare as much as possible and recognize that the change doesn't have to be the end. It could well be the beginning of some new discovery, a new relationship, or an adventure you never dreamed of having. In fact, many times we miss God's promise to those who love Him (who are in a relationship with Him) that He "causes all things" (even unknown seasons) "to work together for good for those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose" (Romans 8:28).

## Learning from Other Generations

Facing the unknown season feels terrifying, but it doesn't have to be. Sometimes all we need is a little perspective. We can forget that we are part of a generation—and that our generation can have a profound influence on how we view the changes of life. Learning from the other generations around us—older and younger—can have an amazing impact.

There are five generations of people living together on the earth right now, and you and I are connected to millions of other people through one of those generations.<sup>1</sup> These different age groups are doing life together while melding their age perspectives, cultural influences, and personal worldviews into their life experiences.

No wonder we shake our heads at times when we consider the generation that came before us and the one that follows us. Each generation has its own unique brand, and we will naturally have an affinity for the one in which we were born. We all think our own generation is the smartest, is most “with it,” and has the most to offer.

We also seem to allow a kindly tolerance for generations once removed from ourselves (think grandparents and grandchildren). We may give those generations a little more slack and kind acceptance for their deficits and peculiarities.

Our generational biases mean that we primarily like to connect with people with whom we have a shared history.

We “get” our generation. Certain songs stir in our collective memory. Certain dates like December 7 or November 22 or September 11 trigger profound memories of where we were when we heard the news of that day.<sup>2</sup>

As a baby boomer, I have a lot of generational memories lingering in my head. I’m sure that’s also true of the other seventy-six million of us. We connect because we were born during those years between 1946 and 1964, and we came of age to the same music and the same cultural heroes and tragedies: We cut our musical teeth on rock and roll and the Beatles. We saw civil rights change dramatically. We experienced the shock of the assassinations of President John Kennedy, his brother Bobby Kennedy, and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. And we lived our young lives tormented by the war in Vietnam—albeit with a freer, more self-indulgent view of life than our parents’ generation had.

They are called the silent generation. They hit the planet between 1927 and 1945 and were greatly impacted by their experiences of the Great Depression and World War II. They were highly moral and took commitment to marriage seriously. Divorce was initially uncommon. However, in later years their divorce rate began to rise, leading to high divorce rates among boomers as well. Boomers were known for doing things differently, and their approach to marriage, divorce, work, and retirement was not going to be like anyone else’s before or after them.

The silent generation saw great virtue in staying with the same company throughout their entire careers, whereas the boomers, the gen Xers who followed, and the millennials after them have viewed “company loyalty” as a oxymoron. The silent generation worked their lifetimes at the same company, if they were lucky, for a retirement that meant a rocking chair, peace, and a decent pension. I still can hear my dad, who worked at the same job for thirty years, saying, “All I want is peace, quiet, and money.” As a boomer, I used to giggle and think, *That’s the last thing on earth I want—except maybe the money!*

The subsequent generations have modified the boomers’ hefty divorce rate. Many of them were traumatized by their boomer parents’ divorces and remarriages, so they have become more cautious and age delayed when it comes to their own marriages. In fact, they also have made cohabitation more acceptable, a thought that would have been scandalous to the silent generation and not that well accepted by most aging boomers.

The millennials are also known as the “echo boomers” because they are almost as many in number as the boomers. They have been highly nurtured by hovering parents and have never known a world without computers. They tend to discount the authority of older generations, believing authority is earned not by tenure but by competency. And they find that social hierarchies get in the way of creative collaboration, which they highly value. Their

favorite forms of expression include tattoos and body art, and the thought of being with one company for a lifetime gives them the jitters.

In 2006, children were born in record numbers, setting off a “baby boomlet.” This new generation far outnumbers the starting numbers for the boomers and the millennials. They have been raised on computers and are sometimes tagged with the identity KGOY—“Kids Getting Older Younger.” They are affecting the economy as their interest in toys dwindles and their interest in computers and computer games grows. And the economy may not be all that is affected. As your children, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, they will relate to you who came later to the computer age differently from how they will relate to their peers and their whole environment. This is the “remains to be seen” generation. Right now, it’s anyone’s guess as to how their interactions with electronics will fundamentally change who they are and how they relate.

Just being born in one of these generations does not pigeonhole you with the characteristics I’ve mentioned, but understanding our generation will help us see why we view the world as we do. Believe it or not, the generation you were born in will have a great deal of influence on what your seasons will look like, because each of the five generations living together on the earth right now has a different way of doing life. As you find yourself among the generations, think about your life experience in

relationship to the current culture and ask yourself why the world might be feeling a little strange to you now. Changes come in culture as well as in our personal lives, and keeping our equilibrium as things change around us is part of learning to live in new seasons.

Even this quick look at the generations should give us insight into the seasonal changes we all face. Many more changes will come, and the differences among our mind-sets mean that the seasonal forecast for each generation will vary. For some, warm spring breezes are blowing; wintry blasts chill others. Not all changes are negative—they are just different. Knowing our generational and cultural differences can give us the wisdom and insight to approach life and connection with a strong spirit rather than with fear or dread.

### **Milestones**

The boomers hit a milestone in 2016, when the oldest turned seventy. I find myself among them, but I continue to think of myself as fifty. That was such a comfortable, solid age—postmenopausal and prearthritic. It seemed like a great place to hunker down, so that's what I've done in my mind. The thought that I'm in my seventies sets me back. I recoil—I can't be that age! "Seventy" sounds so old. I don't feel old, I don't think old, and I make every effort not to act old.

Now, seventy may or may not be old to you, depending on your age and place in a society that has mixed views on

aging. A survey by the Pew Research Center revealed the following:

Perceptions of the onset of old age varied widely according to the respondent's age. People under 30 believe that old age strikes before the average person turns 60, whereas middle-aged respondents said that old age begins at 70 and adults aged 65 or older put the threshold closer to 74.

Gender made a difference in the findings too. On average, women said that a person becomes old at age 70, whereas men said that the magic number is closer to 66 years of age.<sup>3</sup>

You will read this book with your own perspective on the seasons of life, depending on where you are. If you are in your twenties, thirties, or forties, I know you'll have no place to put the number seventy in your head. You've never been there, and most of the people you know who are seventy seem so far removed from your world. Those of us who are there understand. Seventy seemed like a faraway place to us, too, when we were young.

I asked my good friend Patsy Clairmont, who is seventy-one, "How did you see people in the sixty-to-eighty age group when you were in your twenties?" In typical Patsy fashion, she said, "I saw them like they were tottering their way home. They sometimes smelled funny, their clothes

seemed untidy, and they were somewhat withdrawn. They also seemed out of touch with world changes.” I laughed at Patsy’s comment but remembered feeling the same way. I only vaguely knew one of my grandmothers. She died at seventy-three, but I do remember her black lace-up shoes, rimless glasses, white bun, and pastel housedress. She was of the generation Patsy was talking about.

Although there’s a great generational and philosophical divide today, we can learn much from one another. No matter what season you’re in, you will need courage for what’s next. God keeps the curtain to the future closed. Rarely does He ever give us a peek into that which is to come. So no matter our age, we will walk into situations where we’ll need courage to navigate what’s coming. One source of courage comes from having the mind-set to learn from people who have already walked these roads. What can they teach us? And what can we learn from those who are coming behind? May I say, there is much to be learned from both ways.

I have regular conversations with a group of millennials. I love talking with them. They are primarily focused on what they will become, where their romantic lives will settle, and what’s happening in their world. Sometimes we’ll chat about the past, and when I mention events that happened in the sixties, they giggle with wonder that I was alive then! They’re even more in awe that when I was their age, I was already married and the mother of three. We usually have a good laugh at their disbelief and then move on to what they are

interested in. I love hearing what and how they think. I can look back and engage my twenty-year-old mind and relate to so much that they say, but in my more seasoned mind, I can see some things that might be helpful to them.

Tattoos always make a good point of discussion with my younger buddies. If I spot a tattoo on someone, I always ask what story their tattoo is telling, and they readily tell me exactly what they're trying to communicate. I met a young woman on the plane who had tattoos covering the whole length of her arm. She was young, smart, and beautiful. When I asked her what her tattoo story was, she said, "It's the novel I've just written." Then she began to show me the characters and their connections, tattooed from her shoulder to the back of her hand. She was thrilled that I had asked. She wanted to tell me about her writing, and this was her way!

The millennial love for that form of self-expression is becoming legendary, and yet it seems so foreign to a boomer. Often I ask people how long they've had their tattoos and how they feel about them being so permanent. They think nothing of pointing to some and saying, "I wish I didn't have these," but in the same breath they might say, "I want to get this new artist's work on my back!" I listen with seventy-year-old ears and think, *Yikes!*

While the generations can enjoy one another's conversations, in the long run we are in danger of being like children on a playground, quickly settling into

cliques—bonding with people our own age and in our own stage of life because we have a kind of “knowing” between us. We find our own people because we share memories and experiences that can’t be repeated.

When my generation connects with younger generations, we’re sometimes prone to talk about how we did things and how different things are now. As one woman told me recently, “I’ve learned not to tell my millennial daughter how I raised her. I’ve tried to tell her that she did okay in spite of all the things I did that she wouldn’t dream of doing with her baby now. She doesn’t want to hear it. She told me I had to take a CPR course before she’d let me watch her baby! Can you imagine?” Yes, I can imagine. But if it means being able to keep our grandbabies, it’s worth humbling ourselves to accommodate millennial parenting styles. We can’t miss these relationships because we’re too proud to enter them.

We also don’t want to miss the value of cross-generational connection. Often that’s a pride issue too. When we say we have “nothing in common,” we’re really saying, “It’s just too hard to connect.” Olders sometimes think they won’t know how to talk to youngers, and youngers think olders don’t care what they think. But if we just take the first step toward one another, we might be amazed at what we can learn.

Lexi is a twenty-three-year-old friend of mine who showed up in my world because she wanted to learn something about what I do as a life coach, speaker, and writer. That’s her aspiration! She contacted me, we met, we began to

talk, and we've been chatting ever since. Our times together are no longer just confined to her learning from me—now our conversations are the easy chatter of old friends who have lots to share with one another. In fact, she was in my office recently, and before we knew it, two hours were gone! After we met, she fell in love with Blake, who is now her sweet husband. Before, we were the young and the old; now, we're the newlywed and the oldlywed. We are able to connect at a level of respect that says, "You matter, and I want to know what you think." We're friends. We love each other. We are almost fifty years apart, but we learn from each other with joy! We both need one another to fill out the gaps of "knowing" we have in our lives.

Cross-generational relationships are so important, but there are times when someone from our own generational tribe offers the best understanding. We can't miss the value of going through a season with others who dealt with the same thing and have perspective to offer—or even those who have only recently weathered the storm. Look at the popularity of mom groups and mom blogs. It's all in the connection that comes from sharing similar experiences. Having lived the same years with the same people gives a needed comfort zone. It's the same with AARP: Originally founded as a resource for people who are retired, the organization now appeals to millions of people, starting at age fifty. Why? Because life after fifty is an experience to be shared.

That being said, life pans out differently for every one of us. The next season, whether of our advancing age or otherwise, is unknown to us. We can take some courage from those who have already walked through it, but we also need our God.

### **God Is the God of Our Seasons**

Sometimes recognizing God's role in our seasons can be hard. You may even feel as if He doesn't know what season you're in. You may feel as if He is somewhere "out there" but not close enough to hear your tremulous heart beating. You may feel as if you're on your own—but I can assure you that you are not.

God seems like a mysterious factor in our lives if we haven't gotten to know Him. It's hard to trust who or what we don't know, and that really seems to matter when it comes to the seasons that are out in front of us. Either we really know Him or we don't. If we know Him, we know He is in control of all things. If we believe He's in control, we can relax and know that He has placed us on this earth for His timing and His purposes. God is in control of every one of our seasons that ever was or ever shall be. He determined when we were born, and He already has determined our last day on earth. He is in complete charge and sovereignly rules over the depths and breadths of our lives. There is nothing He doesn't know about you or me, and His plans for us are good. Look at His words to us.

You have probably seen these verses many times, but read them anew in light of our “seasons.”

O LORD, You have searched me and known *me*.  
You know when I sit down and when I rise up;  
You understand my thought from afar.  
You scrutinize my path and my lying down,  
And are intimately acquainted with all my ways.  
Even before there is a word on my tongue,  
Behold, O LORD, You know it all. . . .

I will give thanks to You, for I am fearfully  
and wonderfully made;  
Wonderful are Your works,  
And my soul knows it very well.  
My frame was not hidden from You,  
When I was made in secret,  
*And* skillfully wrought in the depths of the earth;  
Your eyes have seen my unformed substance;  
And in Your book were all written  
The days that were ordained *for me*,  
When as yet there was not one of them.

PSALM 139:1-4, 14-16

I love the fact that God has ordained our days and that His purposes for us in our seasons will never be thwarted. Proverbs 16:9 declares, “The mind of man plans his way,

but the LORD directs his steps.” Even if your season seems discouraging right now, you can be assured that the Lord is directing your steps, and He will continue to do so. He leaves it up to you to determine if you will trust Him with your days. It’s when you try to dictate your seasons—how long they should last and what you expect of them—that you run into deep disappointment. I’ve learned that there is a God, and you and I are not Him.

Do you know that yet? That’s a big “knowing” for us all. Everyone has to come to grips with it sooner or later—even kings who believe all power is theirs.

Consider the story of King Nebuchadnezzar: He thought he was bigger than God and said so. The Scriptures say that while his words were still in his mouth, “he was driven away from mankind and began eating grass like cattle, and his body was drenched with the dew of heaven until his hair had grown like eagles’ feathers and his nails like birds’ claws” (Daniel 4:33). After seven years of this humiliation, he said, “I, Nebuchadnezzar, raised my eyes toward heaven and my reason returned to me, and I blessed the Most High and praised and honored Him who lives forever” (verse 34). He was quick to declare to all,

All the inhabitants of the earth are accounted  
as nothing,  
But He does according to His will in the host  
of heaven

And among the inhabitants of earth;  
And no one can ward off His hand  
Or say to Him, “What have you done?”

DANIEL 4:35

King Nebuchadnezzar became gloriously convinced that despite his own greatness, God was bigger and even more in control than he ever thought!

The prophet Jeremiah professed, “I know, O LORD, that a man’s way is not in himself, nor is it in a man who walks to direct his steps” (Jeremiah 10:23). We are on life’s moving sidewalk, and it is God who determines where it goes, how fast it moves, and when it stops. It’s just that simple.

Elisabeth Elliot lived a full life on this earth. She had seasons of joy and seasons of great pain, such as when her first husband, Jim Elliot, was murdered by members of the Waodani tribe in South America. After his death, she and their young daughter, Valerie, returned to the village where they had served and courageously lived for five years with these same tribal people. Later, as a speaker and a writer, she inspired generations of women with her no-nonsense, “do the next thing and trust God” philosophy. Although she experienced the loss of another husband and had her own years of suffering with Alzheimer’s disease before she died, she maintained her unwavering confidence in the God who had every season of her life in His control.

While she could still communicate, she frequently said, “Everything that happens to you has come through the hedge of His love.”<sup>4</sup> I love the power behind those words. If we are called to endure anything of similar proportions, we, too, can know that God loves us and desires only good things for us. It may not always look “good” to us, but God’s terms and definitions are often wildly different from ours—and so much better in the end.

My dear friend Kay Arthur has lived over eighty-three years and is still very active in ministry. In the seasons of her life, she has known the pain of an ex-husband’s suicide; a son’s estrangement; the death of a daughter-in-law; the trauma of another son’s devastating, paralyzing disease; and the death of her beloved second husband, Jack, after fifty-one years of marriage. Like Elisabeth, Kay believes that “everything that comes into our lives is filtered through His fingers of love.”<sup>5</sup> These two women confirm a truth we can claim for all times and seasons in our lives. Like many saints of old, they believe and rest in the sweet sovereignty and deep love of God. He knows our seasons and knows what He wants to accomplish with each of us on this earth.

God’s love is unfathomable, and although His actions are often unexplainable, He never denies His great love for us, which is not a one-way street—loving God is a huge component in living well through our seasons. He is full of grace and knows the frailty of our bodies as we age. He’s looking for those who will draw close to Him and

love Him. The Scriptures tell us, “We love, because He first loved us” (1 John 4:19). So while our love for Him is a response to His love, we can’t pout our way through life and call that “loving God.” Loving Him is trusting Him; loving Him enables us to live our days relaxing in the truth that “underneath are the everlasting arms” (Deuteronomy 33:27).

We have yet to see what God has waiting for us once our time on this earth is completed. The seasons of our lives are both good and challenging, but while we try to cling to this life in every season, what is waiting is far better. Sometimes the seasons feel like a sleepless night, miserable and unending, but even so, the good news is that morning really will come. No season will last forever. Heaven waits, and we will live eternally there.

Just as it is written,

Things which eye has not seen and ear has not heard,  
And which have not entered the heart of man,  
All that God has prepared for those who love Him.

I CORINTHIANS 2:9

My hope is that this book will be a collection of life truths and navigational guides to help you along the way when you need it most. We all face unknown seasons, but you can take courage: God is the God of all our seasons. Nothing we face

takes Him by surprise. He has already been there, and He's given us people, here and already gone, whose stories will encourage our hearts. It's always good to know others have made it through—and so can we!

No matter what season you are in, there are truths that can help you approach the unknown with confidence and hope. I've lived a lot of years, and my heart's desire is to share what I've learned as well as what others have shared about their journeys. Some things I've included are about our mentality in every unknown season: How can we be resilient? How can we overcome fear? And some things are going to walk you through how to face the specific unknown seasons ahead: seasons with adult children or aging parents, seasons with health struggles and grief. In all these, I want to be a guide walking beside you. I've been through these seasons, and I know you can face them with courage. Trust that God is the God of your season, no matter what it looks like, no matter how unknown.