

A Prayer For When It Feels Like Winter Will Never End

By Gregory Coles

“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens.” ([Ecclesiastes 3:1](#))

Dear God, Why is it so hard for me to believe that spring is coming?

It’s silly to doubt it, I know. In all my years watching the seasons pass, spring has never once failed me, no matter how tardy it may seem. The sun always comes home from a long vacation to melt the forlorn snow. The grass emerges, a little brown at first, then verdant and full of life.

The birds return, making nests, whistling solos into a warm blue sky. No matter how long it takes, winter always comes to an end.

But even though I know it’s true—even though I’ve witnessed it year after year—I’m struggling to believe in spring right now. The world has been grey for so long that I barely remember what it looks like in color. My memories of brighter days have frozen over in the cold, dangling like icicles just out of reach. Hope is hard to hold onto with frostbitten fingers.

Why Is It So Hard For Me To Trust That You’ll Keep Your Promises?

My wintertime despair is about far more than winter itself. It’s the same doubt that overtakes me in every season of difficulty, every setback and sorrow. No matter how many times I’ve seen Your faithfulness in the past, each new dark day pushes me back to the edge of my seat. I hold my breath, poised in suspense, wondering if grace could possibly come through this time.

My memory is so short.

Today, God, I’m Not Asking For Spring To Come Before Its Time. I’m Just Asking That You Teach Me To Cling To A Hope That Feels Far Away.

Give me the grace of memory. Remind me of the countless ways, both big and small, that You have already proven Yourself to me. Remind me that, although hopeless times have come and gone like passing seasons, they have never been the end of my story. Remind me of breakthrough and laughter and light. Remind me what spring feels like.

When the cold has sunk so deep into my bones that it threatens to define me, give me warmth enough to endure. Give me crackling fireplaces and hot apple cider and blankets shared with friends. Give me encouraging words and embraces at just the right moment. Give me fresh reminders of Your love and grace, small mercies to sustain me until the bigger mercies arrive.

And Then, When The Time Comes, Please Give Me Spring Again.

Give me a heart that rejoices in the delights and sorrows of each passing year, a heart that grows warmer with every winter it endures. Teach me to believe in spring.