

Dear Friends,

Although the weather the last few days argues the fact, we have entered into the season of Autumn. A couple of days ago, I celebrated with the following Facebook post:

I woke up today to the first full day of Fall. Went right out into the garden to find a sphinx moth flying through the overgrown bee balm, zinnias, and cosmos. It flitted through as though it was afraid to be caught stealing the last sweetness of summer.



I absolutely love this time of year. Although the neatly planted flower bed of late spring has now turned into a chaos of tangled growth, sunflowers planted in every which way by the birds, Russian sage clearly over-reaching its boundaries, St. Francis hidden by all manner of burgeoning growth, I imagine my soul growing as wild and as colorful as the early autumn garden.

Dare I imagine it so? Have I spent enough time absorbing the garden's life these past months? Probably not. Summer in Belfast, Maine, doesn't really afford a slowing down. Maine people love their summer too much to spend it hibernating as I used to do when school let out as a child. It was my time for reading, reflecting, dreaming aside a gurgling brook, sitting on a flat rock in the woods and basking in life. Instead we have fairs and festivals and all kinds of "let's get together and play in the sun while we still have it" type events. All good, yes. But I can't help long for my long days in the shadows of the evergreen trees in Putnam Valley, New York, taking in my preferred scent and pace of summer.

But now I have the garden planted by my dear one. He prefers the high activity of the planting, and I prefer the slow breathing in of the life that is now as fragile as it is beautiful. As Fall begins, notice how lovely is this particular time of year. It will be good for the soul.

Attending to every time of the year is good for the soul. I have noticed of late how the sun's light is so different these days – more golden, a little more muted than the sparkling rays of summer. There is less of it in these shorter days, but what is is glorious. I pray we all keep our senses attuned to what nature has to teach us in these days. Let the earth hold you enraptured, even as we go about all the wonderful Fall activities that Maine and the church has to offer!

In God's love,

*Kate*