

October 03

Time turns taking us again into its trustworthy embrace.

The wisdom of our Hebrew heritage said it this way: **“For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born and a time to die ... a time to plant and a time to harvest ...”** (*Ecclesiastes 3:1&2*)

Amid falling leaves, I write these first words to you. In this season of equinox, time invites a rhythm of balance, like the balance of this moment when we are perched between the equal hours of daylight and darkness. If you are like me, balance is elusive. I want to linger longer in the light; savor the seemingly endless evenings; ward off the intrusion of earlier and earlier darkness. Each year I keep trying to squeeze every last second out of summer even after fall has announced its arrival with its coat of many colours calling me onward.

In this hemisphere in which we make our home, autumn is a season of great irony. As earth begins its cycle of rest, we pick up the feverish pace. For our land and those who work it, this is the season of completion. The fields have reached their fullness. The fruit has fully formed on the vine. This is the time to celebrate the satisfaction of harvest. But for those of us who live on but no longer with the land, this is a season of start up, a time of beginning and beginning again, not a season of rest.

The trees are our great teachers. Again and again, life invites us to surrender like the trees which autumn after autumn lose the leaves they've loved all year. Year after year, the trees invite us to learn the great lesson of this season. To live is to let go. Day after day, night after night, season after season, in all the circles and cycles of our lives, we are invited to live by letting go ... to surrender and shed in order to seed new life in the ground of our being.

I am slowly learning that I have to let go of summer to receive the gifts of this new season. I have to let go of the hurts of the past to receive the healing of the present. I have to let go of what has already been to allow what might yet be to coming into being. To start, I must stop. To begin again, I must let go of that which has come to an end. I, like my mentoring trees, have to let go of the leaves I've loved all year. Beginnings and endings belong to each other the way light and darkness belong to the day and summer and winter belong to the year.

As we begin the fall flurry, I am reminding myself and encouraging you to listen to the wisdom of the trees. May we draw deeply from our roots, trusting the ground that has given us life. With confidence may we bare our branches allowing ourselves to be readied for newness. May the face of autumn and her strength of surrender be a source of hope for our own entry into new life. Blessed autumn!