



There is a season for everything,

A time for giving birth,

A time for dying

A time for tears

A time for laughter

A time for mourning

A time for dancing

A time to seek

A time to lose

A time to keep

A time to throw away

A time to keep silence

A time to speak

A time to love

A time to hate

A time to fight

A time to keep peace

--Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 (adapted)

The trees grow more restless;
November wind weaves through them;
They shake their arms in dismay
As if to fight the cold
And the grief of leaves going.

Autumn air does a heart-dance
On branches already gone barren;
The misty air clings to golden leaves,
Making trees bend even lower.

It is a season to hold the trees close,
To stand with them in their grieving.
It is a time to open my inner being
To misty truths of my own goodbyes.

Autumn comes. It always does.
Goodbye comes. It always does.
The trees struggle with this truth today.
And in my deepest of being, so do I.

--Praying Our Goodbyes, Joyce Rupp

Autumn blows in the winds of change. Looking around we can see that the leaves are falling off the trees. Some trees have lost all their leaves. The air is cooler, and the days are shorter. The beauty of summer has ended, and autumn is preparing us for the next season. We have lived the autumn season many, many times. What does this time of year bring forth in us? Is it a melancholy? Is it resignation? Or is it something else?

As we continue to move through this season, with the harvest, thanksgiving, letting go and surrender, reflect more deeply on what this season teaches you. The following questions may be helpful.

How does this season of autumn resonate with my life?

What is it time for; what would I like to use this time for?

What truth am I struggling with about myself?

Is there anything in me that is restless?

Is there anything I am clinging to?

Are there any impending goodbyes in my life?

What am I celebrating and/or what am I grateful for?