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Nothing is quite so remarkable as the change that takes place in the autumn. Where not so long ago we were surrounded by bushes and trees resplendent in their summer greens, we are now living in a world of jumbled hues of orange and gold and rust. Where just days ago the lawn around the house was a well-vacuumed carpet of grass, clipped and tidy, it is now virtually covered over with fallen dried leaves. Not so long ago the pond was brimming, but now in the natural dryness of the autumn months it is dwindling down, well below the high-water mark.

The last time I mowed our three acres of grass I wore sunglasses, and sweated in the sunny, dry heat near eighty degrees. Today it is cloudy and blustery, with the high temp approaching only fifty degrees. Mowing the orchard, the view at the time included distant hillsides covered in the shaded greens of oak, poplar, locust, hackberry and maple trees. Today the view uses a different palette, consisting of yellows, oranges, reds and browns.

A week ago we were still picking green beans and tomatoes; today, after several nights of near-freezing lows, the bean vines have withered back down to the soil, while the tomato bushes are sadly bare, awaiting their demise upon the burn pile. As the apple trees shed their leaves, we will pick the last of their fruit, which will become jars of applesauce on a canning room shelf. The last

of the potatoes and onions will be dug and brought into the house.

a time of introspection

Autumn lingers upon the breast like pleasant memories from a good friend's visit, like the fresh-scrubbed oxygen that a thunderstorm leaves behind. It is a time of change, when every morning brings new colors, new smells, and an altered vista. It is a time when even as the pace of change quickens in the natural world, the pace of man slows. It is the season of meandering strolls through multihued glens, through the melancholy fluttering of leaves falling to the ground.

Autumn is a time of introspection, when the sniff of drying foliage and loam slow the mind to consider days past, the highs and lows of a life. Every season has its own

beauty, but autumn, like spring, brings with it a mood. If spring exults in new life, autumn examines the old; if spring is the anticipation of tomorrow, autumn is a meditation on yesterday.

So much of the Christian life is process; so much of it is just paying attention. What good is our stumbling, if we never look back to understand why we tripped? What good is a victory, if it doesn't leave us more humble? What good is life itself, if tomorrow doesn't find us better than we were the day before?

In the magnificent untidiness of the Christian walk, it is necessary to pause beneath the drifting, dying leaves of autumn and examine the grace just spent. God leads us through our days expecting us to pay attention: to listen, to observe, to learn. He expects us to grow *toward*, not away from Him. He expects us to stop every once in a while and listen for His voice.

yielding eternal results

Change is all about us in the autumn, and in the midst of change we must slow our own pace to listen to the voice of God, and the lessons He waits to teach us.

God's nature never stands still; it is always moving, pressing into the next day. Today's tree will be taller tomorrow—or it will be fallen, lying dead and rotting in last year's leaves. Today's grass, luxuriously pliant and green, will tomorrow be brittle and parched, brown and sharp to the touch. The fawn that accompanies her mother to the salt lick today will next year be taller and on her own—or she may become a hunter's trophy.

The Lord smelled the soothing aroma; and the Lord said to Himself, "I will never again curse the ground on account of man, for the intent of man's heart is evil from his youth; and I will never again destroy every living thing, as I have done.

**While the earth remains,
Seedtime and harvest,
And cold and heat,
And summer and winter,
And day and night
Shall not cease."**

(Genesis 8:21-22)

Time never stops. Season passes into season, change inevitably comes. As I gaze out my window, beyond the pond, into the trees of the woods that each day put on new clothes—I feel a sense of urgency. What have I done for the Lord today? The days continue to tick by; what am I doing that will yield eternal results? Am I using well the time God has given me?

The person I pass on the street in town today, will tomorrow be older—or dead. What have I done today so that his tomorrow will be something more than just his being one day older? If he is dead, will I have done something to affect his eternity?

All praise to the God and Father of our Master, Jesus the Messiah! Father of all mercy! God of all healing counsel! He comes alongside us when we go through hard times, and before you know it, he brings us alongside someone else who is going through hard times so that we can be there for that person just as God was there for us.
(2 Corinthians 1:3-4 *The Message*)

Have I been kind to those around me, or have I been impatient and rude? Do I expect everyone to be perfect—like me—or do I allow for the imperfections everyone else permits me?

Will God's kingdom be better—or larger—tomorrow, because of something I've done today? Have I filled up each day using the gifts God has graciously entrusted to me? Have I used them for Him, or have I squandered them in the service of an earth-bound dream?

drips in the carpet of leaves

Some young plants and trees still need to be watered in the autumn. They ask for deep-rooted sustenance to carry them through the dormancy of winter. As I fill the old galvanized bucket with water and carry it to the base of the small tree I notice a few drops leaking from the bottom edge, trailing a glistening path of drips through the drying leaves that carpet the grass. And I realize that when we are born, God gives each of us a bucketful of days. He fills our bucket to overflowing, pouring into it, as well, all His goodness and blessings, gifts and opportunities. As time passes, the days drip out, one

by one, until, at our earthly end, the bucket is dry. Our days have run out. Our gifts and opportunities have reached their end. No more.

So when they had come together, they were asking Him, saying, "Lord, is it at this time You are restoring the kingdom to Israel?" He said to them, "It is not for you to know times or epochs which the Father has fixed by His own authority; but you will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be My witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and even to the remotest part of the earth."

(Acts 1:6-8)

Each of us begins with a bucketful of days. But only God knows how many days are in our bucket.

Work, for the night is coming,

Under the sunset skies;

While their bright tints are glowing,

Work, for daylight flies.

Work till the last beam fadeth,

Fadeth to shine no more;

Work, while the night is dark'ning,

When man's work is o'er.

(Annie L. Coghill)