

Seasons of the Soul ~ Rev. Renee' Leboa (Nov. 6, 2009)

This past Sunday as I entered the Theatre where we hold Sunday celebration, I walked across fallen leaves. The weather beginning to change, leaves flew in the wind as if sparks of fire in the breeze. Just having returned from the mountains the week before where it was peak season, I was amazed how the altitude affected the coloring of the leaves. Now back in the hustle and bustle of city life the coloring is no less spectacular but less visible with the distractions of modern life. This time of year we busy ourselves with the preparations for the coming holidays. Lists and packaging, meals and family all occupy our minds. But here for this moment I was fully aware of the crisp morning air kissing my cheek as I walked across a carpet of fire, red, orange and yellow.

November and autumn signify the ending of long hot summer nights and the turning to the big sleep of winter. But is it really a sleep or an awakening? When all of the distraction is stripped away aren't we more able to see that which has been hidden.

This being the autumn of our souls, we let go of all that no longer serves us and give our minds and souls a much deserving rest. It is a time for release and renewal. I am always reflective this time of year, I find myself looking toward the New Year and imagining the possibilities that await my recognition. This year I see that this is the sacred moment and every leaf that falls to the ground is not a dream unrealized but the sloughing off all that is no longer needed.

We can learn much from nature. I have measured change and movement by watching the birds that surround my bird feeder outside my office window. They have begun to slow their movements; the gathering and playing have shifted into foraging and hoarding for the winter months ahead. I feel the song of the Red Bird deeper in my soul during the winter months as it is less frequent than the spring. I am grateful for his reminder to stay in the now. All of nature is shifting, in rhythm with the cycle of life.

Humans are the only animal that continues to push ahead and ignore the natural call to slow down and recharge. So often we view the dropping of the leaves and the bareness of the branches with a feeling of loss. I have always viewed fall as a time to see the beauty in standing raw, naked, exposed as we recreate ourselves a new. Just as the rawness of the trees exposes their true character, so it can be a time for us to look deep within. A time to release all that has been hidden by the façades that we use to mask our true selves. We are truly beautiful in our purest form, as the Beloved sees us. Pure and vulnerable, yet sturdy like the mighty oak that bends with the wind.

Usually in November the remembering of all that we are thankful for is heightened. We celebrate one another by sharing a meal, laughter and companionship. What I want to remember this year is the uniqueness that is our birth right, the differences that either separate or unite us. My favorite quote from Mother Teresa is "If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to one another".

To live a life of Gratitude and Thanksgiving to me is to embrace each and every moment as if it were the last. To find the beauty in the moment and every living being is truly living in gratitude for what is. To live this season, the autumn of my soul completely exposed revealing the love that is possible in every moment.

Let each of us embrace the autumn of our Soul. Let each of us strip away all that keeps us bond and held away from really experiencing one another. Like the colors of the leaves that dance in the wind, we are all beautiful expressions of the One. We are being born anew and stripped clean of that which no longer serves us and for that I give thanks. Live in Gratitude for all that is present in your life, knowing that this too is Good and this too in God!

~ Winter is an etching, spring a watercolor, summer an oil painting and autumn a mosaic of them all. ~Stanley Horowitz
~ Autumn, the year's last, loveliest smile. ~ William Cullen Bryant

"When one tugs at a single thing in nature, he finds it attached to the rest of the world." --John Muir

"Spring is a virgin, summer a mother, autumn a widow, and Winter a stepmother." - [Polish proverb](#)

"Here are trees that seem to die at the end of autumn. There are also the evergreens." - [Gilbert Maxwell](#)