

Hi, everyone.

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." (Ecclesiastes 3:1)

I'm looking out the window at a grey day. Another one. And I give God thanks for the wonder and beauty of life.

In early autumn, it is easy to be thankful. The air is cooler, but crisp and alive. Everything is brilliant with colour. And maybe you'll put on a jacket you haven't worn for months and find a forgotten ten dollar bill! Or perhaps laugh at the discovery of an old grocery list from a pre-mask-wearing visit to the store.

However, soon everything changes, and Fall isn't fun anymore. It's going to happen. Any day now. That instant when "all things bright and beautiful" become just a lot of "cold, dark, and dreary." The leaves will be gone. The days become shorter (although, technically, they've been getting shorter since June). The last of the flowers become mush after the first frost. And everything takes a big step backwards, including our clocks. Even liturgically we get melancholy with All Saints and Remembrance days.

And this year, we have the added dark cloud of the pandemic. It was serious and scary last spring, but also a bit exciting as we cocooned at home. We even joke about our closets never being so organized. How many of us now have our spices and DVDs in alphabetical order?! Yet in these greying days, we wonder if we will have the stamina - spiritually, mentally, and economically - to go through it again.

Autumn. Part two.

But... to everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. It's all in God's hands. And it is good.

So, I invite you to take a fresh look at what's happening. Sure, the colourful flowers of summer have faded, and "gone to seed". But they're blowing in the wind now, scattering far and wide, looking for a new beginning. A journey of life. Bulbs are nestling in the earth. Regenerating. Getting ready to burst into the light. The leaves have dropped to cover the earth (except in the suburbs where we're obsessed with squeaky clean lawns), providing a blanket to protect and nourish.

The earth is reminding us that we, too, are in God's hands. Think of this as a season of recovery and renewal, of replenishing and reassuring. A time of hope and expectation. A time of trust. We are in the Creator's hands. Wrapped in life abundant. Protected by a love that shields us and sees us through.

To everything there is a season... and it is good. Thank God.

Peace. Rev. Steve