

## October Musing

October is nearly passed, gardens are put away, firewood now is dried, split and stacked, the aroma of wood fires is in the air; loons seem to be congregating; geese pass over, echoing their characteristic and somewhat wistful song.

It has been a bit of a rainy month. In fact, it has been downright wet. However, there have been glorious mornings with unfiltered sunlight brightly illuminating the colorful oaks, maple and aspens across the lake, and reflected in the still water.

October gives us the certainty of the change of seasons. We transition from spring with the new greens covering previously bare limbs; the advent of blooming trees, trillium and other flowers. We move into summer, a time marked by mornings on the lake, loons calling, deer moving along our shores, blossoms reaching their apex; and peaceful times spent on the rivers matching an evening hatch as we pursue trout.

Fall is now here and we will transition to winter. Snow will blanket the landscape; we will hear the crunching sounds as we walk and marvel as the ice sings at night. It becomes a time of candles at dinner, evening fires and peace and quiet.

At times a bit of sadness creeps in. Time is fleeting and change marches on. In this cycle of the seasons we see the cycles of our lives. We stop and ponder this reality and then become grateful for the beauty and grace that attends this never-ending cycle of seasons and life.

