

## VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS October 2021

Greetings –  
And Happy Autumn!

Keats described autumn as the “season of mists and mellow fruitfulness.”<sup>i</sup>  
But, as we begin our second Covid-tinged fall, I suspect that many of us are experiencing more mists than fruitfulness. The beauty and bounty of this period is overshadowed by the pandemic and its consequences. We find that we are neither attending to nature’s good gifts nor heeding our own inner harvests. In the tussle for hearts and souls, mists have had far too many wins!

Let this not be so! Nature does us proud in New England (old England, too!): the brilliance of the foliage, the richness of the produce, the gentler weather that encourages daytime walks and evenings by the fireside. From country fairs to crusty apple pies, autumn is the season of sweet and simple blessings.

It is the season to sample and savour our blessedness and our beneficence. What graces have you harvested in the year gone past? Whose basket of blessings have you helped fill? More than you think... Coming to church blessed all present. Supra-mask eye smiles warmed strange hearts. The kindnesses showed, the hurts forgiven, the vulnerabilities shared, each was a gift, a grace, bestowed on another. Each a fruit of immeasurable sweetness and nourishment.

Steve Garnaas- Holmes invites us to lay out these fruits, “*admiring, thanking, forgiving, noticing what thrived or didn’t.*”<sup>ii</sup> We’re accustomed to counting our blessings, counting the words and actions that blessed others is a whole new harvest celebration.  
BRING IN THOSE SHEAVES!<sup>iii</sup>

*I am the Vine, you are the branches.  
When you’re joined with me and I with you,  
the relation intimate and organic, the harvest is sure to be abundant.  
John 15:5 The Message*

Wishing you an autumn of brief mists and abundant fruitfulness,

Brenda

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<sup>i</sup> John Keats, “To Autumn,” 1820

<sup>ii</sup> Steve Garnaas-Holmes, “Autumn”, [Unfolding Light](#), 9/22/21

<sup>iii</sup> Psalm 126: 5-6