

Oct 6th 1969

From my den window I can look out and see yellow'd leaves dropping from the poplars. The passing seasons. In all likelihood it will be seven months before new buds open and another crop of small green leaves appears on those ~~leafy~~ ^{naked} branches. As I watch there is never a ^{morning} second without a falling leaf. Movement is continuous, deliberate, no wind to waft these autumn deaths, they fall straight down. The ^{tree} grass that was green this morning will be covered with a yellow coat by evening. Even though the day is dull, heavy, with rain falling steadily, the harvest unfinished, yet there is a beauty in the falling of the leaves. A loneliness too. One can see through the tangle of branches more clearly. In a way it reminds me of a friend being laid to rest. Slowly, deliberately the casket is lowered into the grave. So finite. Alone and we the mourners are alone. We stand watching together but each of us encompassed by his individual thoughts and memories. Amid the tangle of our emotions this death of a friend has opened a glimpse of broader horizons. I look again through naked branches boughs shorn of their leaves, patches of sky become visible that I could not see before and I desire that the finiteness of my sight is altered by the absence of leaves and that in their falling they have opened a ^{window} ~~door~~ to the infinite that I had not noticed before.

Oct 6th 1969

Autumn Soliloquies.

From my den window I can look out and see the yellow'd leaves dropping from the trees. In all likelihood it will be seven months before the buds open and other small green leaves appear on those branches. As I watch there is never a moment without a falling leaf. The grass that was green turf this morning will by the evening be covered with a yellow coat. Even though the day is dull, heavy and rain falling steadily, the harvest not finished, yet there is a beauty in the "falling of the leaves." There is a loneliness too. One can see through the tangle of trees more clearly. In a way it is like watching a friend being laid to rest. Slowly the casket is lowered into the grave. So finite. The loneliness. We who are left behind stand alone. Amid the tangle of our emotions this death of a friend has opened a glimpse of broader horizons. As I look through the thinning leaves patches of sky become visible that I could not see before and I find myself realizing that the finiteness of my sight is altered by the falling leaves and that with this passing the infinite is opened more clearly and seems to draw closer.

With the passing of a friend and the falling of the leaf faith moves in to take the place of loneliness. My friend speaks from the infinite. "if you will but look you will see more clearly now." yet a little while and you will join me. The leaves say as they come so silently earthward "yet a little while and we will be with you again. We fall but to rise and clothe our trees in green for another season.

In all our frantic rush and preoccupation with change we ^{are prone to} forget that God works slowly and continuously and asks us to slow our pace to his.

