

# A Special Season

A hickory leaf, wondrously transformed into botanical gold, is loosed from its parentage of wood and gently drifts, this way and that, to a multi-colored carpet below.

It is a season of change.

Brushes of evergreen appear intermittently among the reds and oranges and yellows of the forest.

It is a season of beauty.

A chill in the air pierces one's garments and touches the bones.

It is a season of anticipation of new and exciting experiences.

The moon rides high in the night sky, its beams flowing through wide eyes and bathing the heart.

It is a season for love.

A fire leaps and dodges as it plays among the logs in a fireplace.

It is a season for dreams.

Popcorn causes a staccato sound in its vessel, and the smell of hot chocolate permeates the room.

It is a season for sharing friendships.

A figure kneels in the twilight shadows, and an earnest prayer is offered.

It is a season of renewal.

Songs of praise enliven the soul.

It is a season of gladness.

Autumn, truly, is a special time of year.

--Beecher Hunter