

The Glories of Autumn

Autumn – amid much anticipation – has made her grand entrance.

Her arrival was promised in the crispness of the air, the slight change in color of the blue sky, and the shortening of the daylight hours. These are the season's heralds.

Fall officially arrived today, Sept. 23, at 3:50 a.m. EDT. It is something you can feel in your bones, and it is an exciting sensation.

The refreshing change in temperature is welcome after the heat of summer. Tennessee's mountains and lakes and rivers beckon to the hiker, the motorist and the cyclist to come away from the hectic pace of daily living and the necessary pursuit of money to meditate on life's meaning and purpose, to bask in the radiance and exuberance of God's world in its primitive form.

Ah, the glories of autumn ...

- The sound of a breeze bending boughs of pine.
- The gurgle of a mountain stream swirling, leaping or coasting lazily along its course.
- The jerk of a deer's head and the rhythm of its feet in departure.
- The pungent aroma of coffee percolating over an open campfire and the sizzle of bacon in the frying pan.
- The honking of geese high overhead, flying in formation, as the migration south begins.
- The crackle of fresh-fallen leaves underfoot.
- The glow of red dogwood berries hanging in clusters from crooked limbs.
- The incomparable taste of marshmallows, teased by dancing flames and toasted on a forked branch pulled from a black-gum tree.
- The scurry of squirrels hastening to prepare for the coming cold and desolation in the woods.
- The deepening purple in the twilight haze.
- The mellowing of a harvest moon.

Truly, autumn is a marvelous happening.

It is a gift of God too often ignored or unappreciated. Don't let it happen this time.

– Beecher Hunter