

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold,
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

~ Robert Frost

I hate change. I love this poem. It reminds me that the very change I say I hate may be inevitable and out of my hands, but that it's indeed necessary. It reminds me that that which we treasure is hardest to hold; that in life's decay and subsequent fall lies new growth; that in sin lies forgiveness and eternal life; that in the passing of days lies new hope; and that loved ones will be lost, in death and even in life, and must in time be let go. That life is temporary — but a changing of the seasons — like summer into fall…this poem reminds me.

And in no time of year does it remind me more than in autumn. Today is the first day of fall. Yes, even in Florida. We do have seasons people! Something only a Floridian at heart can truly appreciate. May the Lord grant us all a beautiful fall, and help us rise to the occasion during this great season of Thanksgiving.

"It is always the simple things that change our lives.
And these things never happen when you are looking
for them to happen. Life will reveal answers at the
pace life wishes to do so. You feel like running, but
life is on a stroll. This is how God does things."

~ Donald Miller

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