

Gold

It is not every place I look, but it dominates. Even the air takes on a tint of it, and the forest floor is covered with massive shades of it, some of it burnished, brighter patches scattered everywhere. One of the roads I take on the daily dog therapy is a lane that appears paved with it, overhung with it, and vanishing into all of it.

Gold.

I do not know how long it will last. It seems prolonged this year. Even the red flames that intermix appear to remain more than usual.

It still amazes me that something at the end of its life can cast such dazzle into the fabric of all that is, outside the walls of my home, in the leaves of the trees, both great and small.

My daughter was in a discussion with her peers and a moderator. He talked about a moment in his life. I try to remember it here, although I am sure I lose something in the translation between him, and her, and time. He said something to the effect of...

"It was a moment in the morning, and I was riding along, and the sun dazzled on the water and sparkled on the leaves and I was filled with happiness."

All of us, or at least the vast majority of us, have had moments of pure joy coming out of nowhere, often brought on by some display of natural wonder, God not man or woman made.

The gold that surrounds us in the fall often brings those moments to me. God with His grace given instances.

And it made me think, about the gold in the leaves, and the gold in people.

They have the same Source.

Most people would agree (Those that look. There are an amazing amount that miss even the colors of fall.) that leaves are most spectacular as they near the end of their existence. I believe people are the same. It varies from person to person, some having to deal with the consequences of a harder life than others, or the affects of disease, but it makes the most sense that towards the end, people like leaves, shine the brightest. They've seen most of what they are going to see. They have more experience than those younger. Indisputably experience is the best teacher. They know their mistakes. They know their successes. They know what they can do.

I wonder why so many of us who are younger miss this light, dismiss it, brush it off, or ignore it.

It is like turning your back on an offering of gold, the purest most refined type.

Golden years. Golden people.

Defy the culture of today and enjoy their light, their brightness, and share their joy.

Clement

P.X.

www.clementcharles.org