The three of us spent the entire day Saturday outdoors. We climbed the hill behind the house and wandered through the woods. It was a sunny, cool, and crisp day. The leaves had turned into a variety of autumn colors. The whole woods looked as if an artist had spilled all the red, yellow, and orange shades on the tops of the trees and the colors had soaked through to the ground. It was difficult to dismiss the thought that it would be nice to stay there forever. The only melancholy thought was that the woods could be paralleled with life. As nice as it was right there, at that particular time, it wouldn’t stay that way forever. In the not to distant future, icy winds would roar. All the color and natural beauty would be gone. There would be days of mysterious stillness blanketed in white. There would be nights so cold that one’s heart could freeze. There would be some occasional warmth from the radiant sun, but gusty winds would remind that hibernation must continue.

The dead time would slowly give way to rebirth when warmer winds would, slowly, bring life-giving rains. Gradually, the vibrant greens would engulf the whole woods, calling forth the young that had been nourished for so long by sleeping mothers. It would then get hot so that, at times, it would be difficult to move. Then, a thunderstorm would seem to be so soothing, yet a sudden bolt of lightening could easily destroy a tree, a house, or even a man.

Then slowly, ever so slowly, the greens would give way to the reds, yellows, and oranges. The sun would stay warm enough so the cool air wouldn’t bite you. It was the wondrous time, the beauty time, the thinking time. Then all the colors, all the beauty, and all the thinking would be gone. So, it would be with life.