

# Connecting New

October, 2023

This month I share with you one of my favorite autumn poems and a recent painting intended to visually complement it. Many years ago I was driving through the parking lot of a large mall that was about half vacant and a tree summoned me to stop and admire its beauty. I obliged. I sat there on an empty parking lot soaking in the magnificence of a 15 to 20 foot tall tree in the middle of an expanse of asphalt. After about 15 minutes the poem came to me.

## Autumn Goodness

Today, the Immense Goodness spewed from the depths  
like juice from a fully ripe piece of fruit  
on the tip of God's tongue  
so close I can touch it  
see it, smell it  
experience its transition  
as another leaf falls and  
others deepen their hue before my eyes  
if dying can be so beautiful  
then let me die also  
perfect imperfection of individuality  
I too yearn to be an instrument of love  
past and future converge in the present  
never stopping, but pausing to notice  
that God is here among us



May we receive at least some of the beauty that surrounds us each day and may we come to know the fullness of our own beauty.

Peace and Blessings,  
Clarence

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Connecting New | 968 Hannafield Court, Ballwin, MO 63021

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