

Autumn

As the days noticeably grow shorter and the nights get cooler, I can smell a hint of wood smoke in the air as one of my neighbors use their fire pit, gathering around to roast hotdogs and marshmallows in one of their *annual* family celebrations.

Annual. The word brings to mind an event that occurs at about this time every year...Autumn.

The month of October is all but a memory again this year. I, for one, am glad because every year around mid September through most of October I feel a little down in the dumps. It's been this way most of my life because when I was a kid, I understood the fun of summer had come to an end and school had started back. And now as an addicted gardener, the full blown beauty of summer has faded only to be replaced with spent flowers that are desperately in need dead heading. A chore for some of us, but for me I think of those seed heads as being food that the birds might feed on. Yet in knowing I am doing something for the wildlife this still doesn't quiet bring me out of my melancholy.

Then it happens. The tree foliage, the varied greens, gradually yet certainly begins transforming into a diversity of color suitable for any artists pallet, as I witness Mother Nature in all her splendid glory. The scientific explanation is "*In autumn the production of chlorophyll slows to a halt. Carotenoids and anthocyanins, yellow, orange and dark red pigments, are exposed in the leaves, giving them their characteristic autumnal colors.*"

Regardless of the reasons why these things happen, I find the colors lift my spirits. My energy is revived, and I am so much more positive about everything. Most of all I reminded of how beautiful life is all around me.

Life is good.