

# Bringing It Home - *Thoughts about the Harvest*

By Bob Rush



So many times when I hear the word “harvest – I hear the song “*Shine on Harvest Moon*” or think about the typical agrarian picture of bringing in the crops of the day and then having a dance and really good party. What happened to those good times?

***Harvest means cycles, the culmination of a process or the manifestation of a desire or passion. That being said, I guess we all harvest all the time.***

Harvest also reminds me of change – like its time to reap and rest. In an LOA kind of context – harvesting is the reaping of the wonderful, Positive thoughts we hold and attempt to materialize. Its like finding buried treasure. Have thought, will travel – let it go – don’t watch over it, stay in action and voila’ – the harvested desire appears. Hats off to hard, positive work.

I am days away from leaving employment of 22+ years. Culmination of long process. As I am no longer looking for a career, and am a far piece down the road, I have harvested the ability to attempt new roads in my life – a chance to do the “*want to’s*” not the “*must do’s*”. I do realize that as a 5 foot 5 white male – I can’t be the next Michael Jordan. I’ll take a bit of realism for \$200.00, Alex.

I have a chance to plunge into the unknown, start a new adventure and while its sounds exciting, it also scares the hell out of me. You do get rather habitual doing the same thing for 22 + years. I have made peace with the fact that I will do “anything” so as not to be cast out onto the mean streets. No job is really below me – there is dignity in most anything. Who knows, I might enjoy the Quickie Mart.

One of the things that is really intriguing is going to be the ability to try and develop my writing to a greater depth and degree. I have had a hard time with it lately. I feel like I have been watching over the germinating seed too much instead of just letting it go and moving on to other projects. There is something about forced creativity that just doesn’t work.

## ***In some respects, the lesson here is the continual practice of patience and trust.***

OMG, did I say trust – core issue to work on – another time and perhaps a real horror story.

Harvest time – or the fall of the season is a favorite of mine. The humidity and bugs seem to move on to terrorize other beings. It's a chance to get back on the horses and ride the trails and hills. And I am right in the heart of some of the most excellent riding terrain. I am much more comfortable and so are the horses. Riding in the heat of the summer is like enduring a strange form of torture – the horses haul butt with the idea of the sooner this is over the better. Get me back to the shade of my stall and the comfort of my fan, please!

It's a time to be grateful as well. Of course, I intend to feel grateful 24/7 – but the monkeys in the committee room which is in my head, take over and chaos prevails. I do forget to lock the cage door more times than I'm willing to admit. Picture the flying monkeybats of the Wizard of Oz and you get the idea. Lets just say, “**YIKES**”. Think football, Bob – instead of flying monkeybats. I live in a very green county – very very little commercial development and no stop lights. I no longer need the 7-11 or the shopping mall in close proximity.

The universe lately has had a strange way of delivering little reminders to me of little faith. Just about the time I think the massage business has tanked, I get a call from a prospective client. So my game plan, again with the sports analogies, is to continue to stay positive, let those thought seeds germinate and to trust that the universe will deliver when its good and ready rather than my over controlling timetable.

There are movie lines that I like to connect to – they serve up examples of life's little but mighty lessons. *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* – the scene where Indiana's father is hanging on the Indy as he tries to grab for the Grail – his father keeps exhorting him to grab his hand yet he keeps trying to swing to grab the Grail – finally



in that still small voice – “*Indiana, let it go*” – and of course, he does and all is right with the world. Towards the last scene – Indy asked his Dad what he received – “*Illumination*” – the harvest of the search.

## ***Harvest is a reward from all the effort that is put into a project.***

The hard work has reaped a valuable reward. Not in dollars or material goods but that serenity of peace of mind. And that my friends is truly priceless.

Home is like that eternal battery charger of the soul. Another song pops into my head from my favorite singer – Mary Chapin Carpenter – “*Almost Home*” - a line – “I’m just resting in the arms of the great wide open and I’m almost home.” Kind of has a gospel ring to it.

So off to the harvest ball with all of you and let the dancing begin.  
Till we see one another again and further down the road  
Peace to all.

## Bob

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### ***About Bob:***



I reside in a very rural atmosphere between the Towns of Washington and Sperryville, Virginia with my wife and four equine companions. About to retire from local government auditing, I am pursuing equine massage and bodywork, saddle fitting and other pursuits. In addition, I try to share my recollections and experiences in this spiritual journey and the finding of how self fits into the universe done with a bit of humor as well with articles just like the one you just

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