

Into the Mist

Is Harvest Always Gathering?

As I walked through the mist of a mountain forest moving toward the change of season to Autumn, I considered what message the season would bring to me. Softer than the sounds of my steps and the stretching, rubbing of my pack and my gear, I always perceive the voices of those who communicate with me not through my ears, but through some deeper part of my self. When I am not trying to hear, distracted by the effort of my motion, they communicate, though not always in the abstracts of language. Sometimes there is suddenly a shift of my mind, seeing with new eyes. And I know that change was their communication.

For people and most animals still in some degree of unison with the seasons, harvest time—Fall—is a matter of storing sustenance for the barren time ahead. Whether this storage is within or outside the body, the call of the season is to collect, gather, hold onto. Winter is seen as unproductive, so all the work of achievement must be done beforehand.

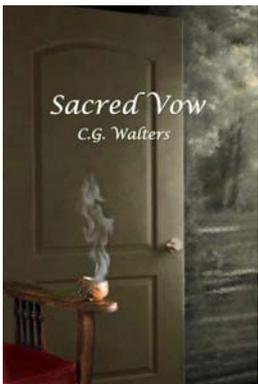
I had the sense that this call was not precisely appropriate for me this season. Around me that morning the message began to seep into my consciousness, consider what the call to trees—and surely any perennial plant—might be. They do not feed off their stores during the winter, nor do they need to. Therefore their ritual of Autumn would be completely different. Their definition of ‘harvest’ would be unique to their coming experience.

Within my nervous system, for the first time I started to perceive the voice of this call unique to those not drawn to scurry about gathering as if for the last meal.

“Release. Relax.”

I was becoming increasingly comfortable with a message completely contrary to what my animal kin were hearing! With every step through the forest, mist brushing by my face, I sank deeper into the message that felt so natural to me at that moment—I sank into the call of the trees. This new perspective that I was grasping of ‘harvest’ took hold and brought new revelation beyond words.

Release the explicit, the outer world, active pursuit.
Reside in the implicit, that which continues on beyond term, beyond need.
Rejuvenate for another time.
Move into a state of dormancy,
pass with the least impact through the harshness of that to come.
Disengage active consciousness,
Dwell more focused in the greater Collective consciousness
Effortlessly, you will be prepared
To show forth great bloom and growth in the proper time.



For all who celebrate harvest in whatever varying manner, Be Bountiful and Prosper!
Blessings all.....CG

copyright 2009 CG Walters

[CG Walters](#)'s novel, [Sacred Vow](#) is a metaphysical novel about a man who responds to the mysterious call of a woman, opening the way to redefinition of both himself and his understanding of the world around him. Highly recommended—Midwest Book Review
Autographed copies are available from the author– or purchase as [ebook](#) or from Amazon as [Kindle version](#) or [printed copy](#). [Strike a Chord of Silence](#) is available from Amazon.

Join him at : [Facebook](#), [StumbleUpon](#), [Friendfeed](#), [Twitter](#), or [Digg](#)