

Autumnal Equinox

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Autumnal equinox to winter solstice: beyond prime, withering.

The approach of winter for Petra never signalled the darkness of winter but the happiness of an internal life. The winter solstice when days became progressively shorter and nights longer, only signalled a drawing in, a drawing closer, a drawing near. She built up the fire, heated up the oven, lit the candles, and opened her books. The summer was warmer the days were long, but life was more superficial. It was the autumn days that whispered to her to get her pens out, her notebooks, her paints, and her papers. It was in the cold snap of autumn, the chill bite of the air, that forced her into action, that got her to produce results. She loved the spring and summer but it was in the autumn of her life that she felt the satisfaction of work completed.

"Another dark day!" her neighbours sighed.

"Yes, indeed," Petra would reply, knowing this would be the recipe for further progress.

Autumn is wonderful, she thought. My favourite, as she outwardly commiserated with the neighbours' dreading of autumn as the harbinger of winter.

