

Heart ♥ to ♥ Heart



Vol. 10, No. 7

October 2025

The season of autumn has arrived in the northern hemisphere. In celebration of its arrival, the October issue of Heart to Heart offers you some prayers for your pondering and reflection this month.

Excerpts from an "Autumn Prayer of Acceptance"^{~*}

(Joyce Rupp)

Autumn God, earth teaches me by her natural turning from one season to another. As she enters into the dying and rising cycle, she welcomes the changes. May I be open to the teachings in this season of autumn and turn, as autumn does, toward opportunities for my spiritual transformation.

When I accept only the beautiful and reject the tattered, torn parts of who I am, when I treat things that are falling apart as my enemies, walk me among the dying leaves. Let them tell me about their power to re-energize the earth's soil by their decomposition and decay.

When I fear the loss of my youthfulness and reality of my aging, turn my face to the brilliant colors of October trees. Open my spirit to the mellow resonance of autumn sunsets. Brush your love past my heart with the beauty of golden leaves twirling from the autumn trees.

When I refuse to wait with the mystery of the unknown and when I struggle to control rather than to let life evolve, wrap me in the darkening days of November. Encourage me to enter into stillness and silent mystery, to wait patiently for clarity and wisdom.

When I grow tired of using my gifts to benefit others, take me to the autumned fields where earth freely yields the bounty of her summer. Let me become aware of how she allows her hands to be stripped clean so her fruitfulness will be a source of nourishment.

When I resist efforts to warm a relationship that has grown stale by my chilly indifference or resistance, let me feel the first hard freeze of autumn's breath and the death that this coldness brings to greening things.

When I neglect to care for myself and become totally absorbed in life's activities, let me see how animals gather sustenance and provide for their winter. Take me inside the caves of those who hibernate and remind me of my contemplative nature.

When I fight unwanted and unsought changes and when I seek to keep things just as they are, place me on the wings of birds flying south for another season. Gather their spirit of freedom into my heart. Let me be willing to leave my well satisfied place of comfort the discomfort of a long flight into the unknown.

Thank you, God, of transformation, for all these lessons that the autumned earth teaches me.

Waken in Me a Sense of Joy^{~**}

(Ted Loder)

O extravagant God,
in this ripening, red-tinged autumn,
waken in me a sense of joy
in just being alive,
joy for nothing in general
except everything in particular;
joy in sun and rain
mating with earth to birth a harvest;
joy in soft light
through shyly disrobing trees;
joy in the acolyte moon
setting halos around processing clouds;
joy in the beating of a thousand wings
mysteriously knowing which way is warm;
joy in wagging tails and kids' smiles
and in this spunky old city;
joy in the taste of bread and wine,
the smell of dawn,
a touch,
a song,
a presence;
joy in having what I cannot live without –
other people to hold and cry and laugh with,
joy in love,
in you;
and that all at first and last
is grace.

Listening to Autumn^{**}

(Macrina Wiederkehr, OSB)

Autumn is slipping through summer's branches and I am listening.
I am listening to the dying flowing from autumn's being.
I am listening to the life hidden in the dying.

I am listening.

I am listening to the trees taking off their lush green garments.
I am listening to the leaves turning, turning, ever turning.
I am listening to burning bush of autumn.
I am listening to the falling of this season.

I am listening.

I am listening to the song of transformation, to the wisdom of the season,
to the losses and the grieving, to the turning loose and letting go.
I am listening to the surrender of autumn.

I am listening.

I am listening to the music of the forest's undergrowth, to the crunch of leaves beneath my feet,
to the miracle of crumbling leaves becoming earth again.
I am listening to the beauty and fragility of aging.

I am listening.

I am listening to the wheel of the year turning, to the cycle of the seasons,
to the call for harmony and balance.
I am listening to the circle of life.

I am listening.

I am listening to days growing shorter, to the air turning crisp and cool,
to the slow waning of the light, to the stars that shine in cold, dark nights.
I am listening to the growing harvest moon.

I am listening.

I am listening to happy harvest cries, to hearts overflowing with thanksgiving,
to tables laden with gifts from the earth, to baskets overflowing with fruit.
I am listening to the bountiful gift of autumn.

I am listening.

I am listening to a call for inner growth, to my need to let go of material possessions,
to my need to reach out for invisible gifts.
I am listening to a call for transformation.

I am listening.

I am listening to the death of old ways.
I am listening to the life force turning inward.
I am listening to the renewal of the earth.

I am listening.

I am listening to summer handing over autumn.
I am listening to the poetry of autumn.

I am listening.

*Taken from *The Circle of Life* ©2005 by Joyce Rupp Macrina Wiederkehr. Used by permission of Ave Maria Press. All rights reserved.

**"Waken in Me a Sense of Joy" by Ted Loder. From: *Guerillas of Grace*. Published by Augsburg Fortress. Reproduced by permission of the publisher.