

Spirit of October

By Carl Brown

October is almost over. I'm sad.

October is life in a month. It usually starts warm and friendly, and most of the foliage green, to fool you into thinking that maybe this year, summer will not end. But alas. And then a spectacular show of colour, life in its prime, already dying, yet beautiful. And then it begins to cool, and that is a welcome relief, because the mosquitoes and the deer flies have finally called it quits, and you can still remember those hot humid days of August and September. And then suddenly it's cold, almost freezing, and while the colour is still there the trees are mostly bare, and you are suddenly aware of the change, and the impending.

More people leave this planet in October than in September¹. But then the rate of exodus remains constant until June. October can be a slap in the face, with a "sudden" death. Shirley. Emily. Marg's cousin Kirk. Marg's father. My friend John. You get angry. You grieve. You think, what's the deal? And then, oh yeah. It's October. This is life.

At the end of October, we taunt life by dressing up as spirits. Leaves may fall. Ice will come. We breathe on.

"Maybe this year." October reminds us that life is a cycle. From warm and lush and green to spectacular colour to sere and yellow leaf. And then a period of profound quiet. And then, resurrection.

We breathe on.

¹ <https://www150.statcan.gc.ca/t1/tbl1/en/tv.action?pid=1310070801>