

Dear Friends and Visitors

This October, fall in full, our Ozarks delivered to us, with all the gracious generosity of its habitual humility, a display of color that dazzled for days, and deepened and intensified as the month progressed. Rarely have the woods been so brightly warm, with golds and crimsons, yellows of thousands of suns. Some days you would think you were living in a stained glass window. All of our admiration was naturally thanks, thanks to the supernatural grace that transforms all natural sentiments and thoughts into itself.

Winds bring down leaves in flurries.  
What kind of snow storm is this?  
Autumn's very best!

The black arrow on the yellow diamond:  
windy road ahead.  
The flaming oaks and the golden walnuts?

A walking stick walking  
over leather brown leaves.  
It is fall.

Two pumpkins on the kitchen table,  
planet round and fall orange,  
and a monk with his morning coffee.

Back against a little pine a'dozin'  
A doe approaches. How could I know?  
My waking, then, startles her to run, her hoof-fall and white tail waving, me to waking.

On the window screen of my hermitage  
two walking sticks mating,  
and a solitary male, green, apart watching.  
Whose tear is this? Whose eye?

I don't see the tines  
for the autumn forest, the fiery trees.  
(But, of course, I lie.)

I don't see the incest, the burnt children,  
for the autumn-burnt woods, the rising mist.  
Where's the greater sin?

In summer, rosesblossoms abundant tumble from their canes  
like ladybugs from whoknowswhere in fall.  
In fall, the last single bud -- will it bloom before the hardfrost?

In the last days of the month a small two manual pipe organ was installed in the Abbey church. It is a Wicks organ, #5444, made in the 1970s by Wicks Pipe Organ Company in Highland, Illinois. With the artistry and courtesy you would expect of a family pipe organ concern, Wicks transported the organ from its last owner to the Abbey, installed it in the church, and tuned it to pitch. It is a delightful instrument, both to gaze upon and to hear, a living voice. We are grateful to all who helped in the purchase and installation of the organ, which will enhance our monastic liturgy for decades and decades to come.

So many requests for prayers are posted daily on our web site. May our readers please join us in reading these requests and taking them to heart. Hope is a proof of the existence of God, as is humility, and both hope and humility form the ground of prayer.

Blessed Fall, and Happy Thanksgiving, to all our readers and visitors and friends.

Fr Mark, Abbot