

**October 2019. Seasons.** At Chaska, I spoke about seasons. How could one not? All around us, the evidence of nature's transition played out, day by day, and sometimes hour by hour. What does a person from Hawai`i know about seasons? It is a legitimate question. After all, we're likely to have no more than a ten degree shift from 'season to season', and a ten degree shift from the 'coldest' to the 'warmest' part of any day. Paradoxically, many Hawai`i-born folk are especially sensitive to minute changes: the direction of the wind, moisture in the air, whether the rains will be brief or torrential, the difference in winter's sun. We sense the weather, the evolution of climate. We notice.



There is something inherently transitional about the fall – the way in which it comes upon us suddenly and is oh, so short. It is the briefest of seasonal interludes. The universe hopes that we will notice, putting on its most splendid display... just to make sure. In the places that serve as the venues for the showiest displays, even the sky's light compliments, becoming the soft lens of the yellows, oranges, reds and browns. In the islands, fall creeps and then runs so quickly that we may notice only in retrospect. All so brief. An invitation to begin a shifting of gears, to assess, to reflect.

Our lives also have seasons. Our spring seems forever when we are in our spring. And then one day we are young no more, and begrudgingly give way to the summer of our lives – a long and fruitful time in which we carry out what we believe to be our most purposeful work though some of it may be rougher terrain. And then autumn is upon us, in which everything internally slows down and everything external speeds up. If we are paying attention, fall's reflections will graphically and beautifully play out across the calmer waters of our spirit, and we will have a way to meet the winter of our lives with grace.

How may we take the best advantage of being in accord with fall's energy? Surely, it is a good time to pause, reflect, reset. If we are still entangled in multiple webs of busy-ness for busy-ness' sake, well.



For true reflection, mālie ke kai me ka makani – the sea and the wind are calm. We can make it so by deliberately shifting our gears down, down. Sitting often and well in the consciousness of breath and a stance that is both strong and forgiving. Truly pausing. Relaxing the muscled habit of overload and clearing, clearing the way.

Now is a good time to bring our clutter into consciousness, acknowledging the gifts and well-worn sacrifices of the various things in our lives and letting them go with grace. Here an appliance used thrice, and several pairs of pants that have not fit in ye... a long time. Here are the someones who may use these things. Here are the projects never started. The conversations waiting to be had. Start, or move on. Have, or move on. Literally clear the way. Spring's cleaning that much more satisfying if the declutter of fall reveals the bone structure of our way forward.

Now is a good time to harvest our labor and to be thankful. Deliberately, or randomly – it does not matter. Sincerity and aloha trumps any commercialism of the season. Set aside gluttony and eat well knowing that we will eat again.

Yes. Yes we will.

E aloha mai. E aloha no. E aloha e.

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