



“Musing from the Hill” by Susan Crossett

as seen on the *Dunkirk Observer* on Fridays
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A Favored Season

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Can one truly have one season that outshines the others? I suspect my reply might be rather universal: whatever's going on right now.

“I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers.” L. M. Montgomery, of “Anne of Green Gables” fame.

Perfect September day: warm, pure sunshine, not a cloud in the sky and just a gentle breeze to make it as close to ideal as one could wish. But then there's the crystal sharp beauty of winter, the greening promises of spring and. . . well, summer has to be best of all, doesn't it? Or does it?

I talk to many who don't care for the July and August months simply because it's too hot and they are too uncomfortable. Except for a few rare nights, I've never been particularly bothered by the heat. (And in those evenings, I find I have no trouble falling asleep as soon as my head hits the pillow.)

Time now however to concentrate in the here and now which, really, is as close to perfection as one could desire.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: “I cannot endure to waste anything so precious as autumnal sunshine by staying in the house.”

Some source I just read (and have forgotten) says the leaves in their amber and yellow brightest hues peak during the last two weeks of September and the first of October. If you're reading this without looking beyond your windows, let me tell you it's time to get out there, observe, and appreciate. People travel all over to come witness what we too often take for granted.

No reservations required, no checking in and wondering if the reserved accommodations will



be to our liking. (Candidly, I might look forward to a dinner in a nearby establishment . . . then again, often those are delayed and really don't live up to my expectation. I can find good food right here at home.

Yes, of course, all seasons are perfect. At least when the sun shines.

I have already Mused about the colored leaves, “the trees putting on their party dresses” as my Mother would say. [October 14, 2011] Let's jump beyond that (without taking our eyes off the passing scene) and appreciate all that the season gives us as well.

Quoting George Eliot this time: “Delicious autumn! My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.”



Pumpkins of course. Do not most of us lug home at least a couple. Do you decorate? Or dream of pie? I like to decorate my columns with pumpkins (one for each) but last time left them until they sadly sagged in distress, I'll try to do better this timer for I do enjoy seeing that special greeting as I drive in. (I've been quite remiss this year in putting anything else down there. Potted pots of annuals that will continue to blossom for me – and you passersby – were always a favorite though, as I've aged, lugging water down to keep them going has required more of an effort. Especially now that the papers are no longer delivered though their empty tubes still stand roadside to remind of what was once so good.)

I think I'm hearing peepers at night but suspect they are frogs instead. I have been seeing lightening bugs (all right, fireflies) which rather surprise me) but with temperatures still in the high seventies (with promises of plenty more to come), why not?

Or John H. Bryant: “That soft, autumnal time . . . the year's last, loveliest smile.”

I enjoy my little walks, Hero nearby chasing apples at this season. (I had to show him those silly balls were good to eat and got two bites of a perfectly lovely bright red apple he brought this afternoon. He did “get the idea” but also left some. (He only “got” one pear that I saw but must have eaten the others surreptitiously for I was never able to find any – and I have some good ones.)

Or did.

Written September 10, 2021