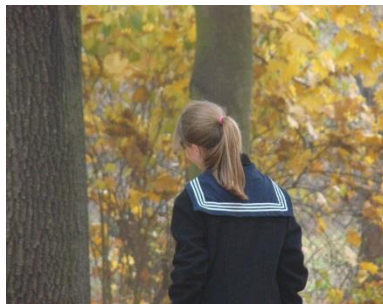


Snapshots: To Autumn (with apologies to John Keats)



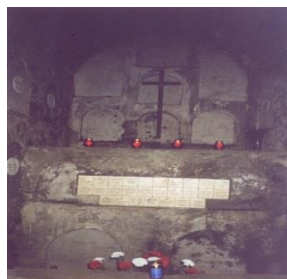
John Keats in his ode *To Autumn*, asks: *Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too.* The music of autumn in Szymanów is coloured – as though God has taken several paintbrushes and a palette, and cut a swathe of colour through our park. It woos the eye – every shade of yellow, brown, orange, pink, red, green, and russet. Underfoot a carpet of leaves reflects the colours on the trees which overlook the paths between them. The rustle of the leaves as you walk through them, mingles with bird song, and the rapid movement of the few remaining squirrels, busily collecting what they can before winter closes in. There is an energy in all that colour, and a sharpness in the air – winter is crouching at the door, but it's time has not come – not quite yet...



Winter probably begins when the clocks go back, but I always associate the start of winter with 1st November – All Saints Day - whatever the clocks are doing! Our graveyard is lit by what seem like a thousand candles. The glow draws us to pray for those from whom we have inherited this House, this work of God – we stand on their shoulders... and they stand with us. From their different dimension, they pray too – we for them here, and they for us, there. Our work is their work, what concerns us, concerns them. We stand in Szymanów – before their graves. In Jaroslaw, Kościerzyna, Jazlowiec, Walbrzych, Wrzosów, Nowy Sacz, and Szczecinek, Sisters stand too in their white habits, paying their respects, remembering, praying, lighting candles for those who have gone home.



Szymanów



Nizniów



Wirów

What about the others – our Sisters in the places we have left? In Nizniow, Slonim, Maciejow, Wiszniew, Glebokie, Wirow, Mgoszcz, Morkowo, we have Sisters' graves too; and in other places - even one in Siberia! They also pray – for us, I am sure – for you, probably. What about those places – are they just dark and forgotten, or will somebody light a candle for those Sisters too, will there be a warm glow calling people to pray? When we light candles this time, this year, wherever and for whoever, let's, just for a minute and remember - stand by those graves in our imaginations – stand with those Sisters, as they stand with us, and thank God for their lives.