

The time before dawn can be magic down at our dam. There is a mood of quiet expectation and hope as the colours merge and change in that daily spectacular dance that is so easy to miss for so many reasons. It's not that I don't value sleep, but this moment is one of enchantment well worth experiencing as the world comes to life and awakens. This time of the day reminds me that I am part of a much bigger world that is not cut to my size, that is there with or without my concerns, desires and ambitions. We are all so lucky just to have the gift of life, to be able to experience life at all – what a mystery.

A prayer of Thomas Merton comes to mind: "...meanwhile, the most wonderful moment of the day is that when creation in its innocence asks permission to 'be' once again, as it did on the first morning that ever was." Amen to that.

And there was evening
and there was morning,
the first day.

GEN 1:5



*W*alking in the Dandenong Ranges on a wet and misty day has pleasures and gifts all its own. The mist enfolds you, the clamour of life recedes, offering a gentle invitation to step off the path for a while and rest. The damp earth, enriched by the newly fallen autumnal leaves, will now wait for the new life that will come in the spring. I have always loved walking through the mist and how it leads me to pay attention to what is right in front of me rather than what the far horizon offers. Learning how to stop, sit, and be present to the moment is an art. Listening to the promptings of the Spirit in such times I learn to lay aside my concerns and worries, letting them fall like the autumn leaves, making way for the new life that will come when I learn to trust.

He said to them,
"Come away to a deserted place
all by yourselves
and rest a while."

MARK 6:30

