

Baptismal prayer

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [November 4, 2020](#) issue

This is the season when trees
Stand naked, stamped in sharp
Shadow on still-green grass.
This is the time between living
And dying.

*Grant me an inquiring and
Discerning heart,*

This is the human season now;
The air turns cold, and, daily,
Darker. Turkeys strut, circling,
Raw necks extended. Who
Knows what comes next.

*The courage to will and
To persevere,*

A threshold time between hope
And despair. A thousand joys,
A thousand sorrows. There is no
Escape from death. There is no
Escape from life.

*The spirit to know and
To love you,*

The last leaf lingers on the asters.
Suet hangs from the redbud tree.
This is the season when dusk comes
Early. Wind sings in the willows.
The night stars gather.

*And the gift of joy and wonder
In all your works.*