

box 67

change box

PROGRESS

THE PROGRESSIVE CLUB MONTHLY

Windsor, Mass.

OCTOBER 1963

15 CENTS

MEDITATION IN AUTUMN

Autumn walked across our hills last night, bringing with her a blaze of color. But in the stillness we can hear again the faint sad echo of a warm, butterfly-filled summer alive with the drone of bees and the hum of crickets. And there is a certain sadness, that so much of life, too, must pass on its way ... never to return and fill our hearts with the wonder of a first love.

Autumn walked across our hills last night, and brought a certain maturity to our lives ...and made us realize that we, too, pass this way but once, walking from the spring and summer of our lives into the autumn, ablaze with the garnered fruits of a lifetime. And it is in the autumn of our lives that we see, perhaps for the first time, the reason for our being, the reason for our striving.

M.M. BROWN

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* *

*