

(A sample week from Earth Vision's A Calendar of Nature and Soul - autumn season)



Week 27

Oct 6-12

You form it to your service, you reveal the value of its substance in many of your works. Yet it will only bring you healing when to you is revealed the lofty power of its spirit.

- Rudolf Steiner

At first, searching, and not finding, stumbling in the twilight, being the light, so not seeing it, the soul is like a star that beams across an immensity of space. Then, as solid as the contact of hooves upon the earth, malleable when heated, steeling itself into a given shape, iron's "lofty power of spirit" instills resolve to attain a true cast. And the soul, experiencing this ferrous arrival from meteoric heights, and tempering its striving, is braced inwardly.

And within the grounding world of nature, where autumn reveals its shadow in a startling way, hiding its darkness behind the sunny clime of Indian summer, then baring it with fervor in squalling winterish bouts, owl senses develop to conjure image and sound out of the dimming world. Leaves let go and coast, released from parent trees to drift home to the ever-compromising domain of soil. And

over the fluttering confetti descent, the hooting sage beckons to look where shines, within, a florescence, uncontained and overlooked.

Birds call last warnings. Plants suspend their force, turn inward. Stumbling in the growing darkness, we are the searching beacon, striving toward an existential haven.

- - In the hour of the Scales, the poise of the crane centers the fervor of my aspiration, as opposites come to balance, pack and lone wolf, an ending and a renaissance, affluence and minimalism. Along with ventures in learning, I open "bud of powers of soul" through drama, radio show hosting, creative writing, and social activism.

At daybreak, as an eagle descended from the house of sun, I ride the season's turbulence. And through late morning, by the shore of a surpassing water, encountering a wolf cub cavorting with an otter, I savor their interplay until they part their separate ways. Then, noon finds me penetrating a forest of seclusion, to find a brook purling tones with a wren, a duet to transpose the ponderous, now a rousing, now a eurythmy softly enacted.

By mid-day, a flock of acrobatic crows invites me to oppose fear of freewheeling, followed by a late afternoon brightening ensouled in the guise of a band of chickadees frolicking through sunlit spruce trees. And in the end, by day's closing, sunset unfolds a passage of dark and light, like an owl and hawk wing-by-wing that counterpoint each other,

pulling twilight apart at the seams, so that gray must give way to full bright and deep dark.

And with the dispersed ethers of summer's wide vista funneling down, my soul feels quickened, the broad meandering of its riverine volition, as it narrows into a canyon, forming itself into an energetic current.

Increasing cold gels the circulation of the turtle, signaling the phlegmatic amphibian to burrow into its muddy tomb on the lake bottom until spring rebirth. With heartbeat slowing, blood congealing, pauses grow more and more protracted between softer and softer beats, until only a gentle murmur is there, pulsing in the submarine mire. And the languid turtle will endure the lengthy winter through dreaming, only dreaming. Dreaming long, drawn-out reveries of sun and warmth, food and light, and plying lily-pad waters, dreaming long draughts of liquid memory and the unreeling of summer.

And high above the dozing mire, fire spirits ember hotly, as salamanders, freed now from the sun's paternal hold, flickering burning tongues within nature's soulhood, are igniting sparks in heated pursuit of pure creative forces. Likewise, air sprites, galloping free-mane in autumn wind, dry out decaying foliage, and strip withered leaves. Gusting, they stir the mind, quickening, raising thinking to Mercury's sweeping silver height. And water fairies, undines, recede from the intra-floral, dance within the season's sudden rain, and skip

across the briny cold that rolls upon Indian summer sand, even while earthy gnomes engage in undersoul and underground, guarding seedheart magic, a potent alchemy of out-and-in-ward harvest. Now, released from summer enchantment, a whole compendium of nature spirits seeks freedom from narrow bounds, redemption in the rising human light.

Migrators clamor each morning, rustling feathers, entreating, *shall this be the day?* Yet they continue their rite, dawn by dawn, as if to never follow through. Then, on a morning shrouded in fog, they are gone. Only silence pervades the woods, with an occasional chirp sounding from out of the sublimated mist, as though an inward voice calls to cease the outward search for light so longed for. Now, a genesis free of encumbrance can unfold, along with a quest to subdue, ally, and refine astrality (emotional bearing), as far as possible - then ask the angels for help with what remains.

Through autumn, the accumulation of spiritual light permeates and rouses all interior terrain. Powers bloom like a spring garden: to Apprehend, by taking hold with eagle overview; to Foresee, by piercing flow of time, like a nectar-sipping hummingbird; to Empathize, by uniting with; to Stand Apart from, by discerning individuation; to Act Upon, as an osprey seizing prey from living waters; to Bide in patience, like a conifer clinging to cones for decades, awaiting optimal conditions.

And now the conundrum of shepherding the

wild part of astrality arises: Through spring, contemplation served progress of the soul. Now the will becomes key. Numerous seeds of flowers have dispersed into the sleeping soil, into a grave-and-womb enclosure. And, as the account of autumn light recedes, crows gather en masse, as far away from nesting as the Calendar wheel turns, and set to lofting over nature's wide and varied terrain, mirroring the soul's persistence to stretch away at inmost limits.

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