

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.*