

# Primavera

*Home of the Talking Waters*

## *Talking Waters Monthly November 2018*

Leaves Don't Drop (They Just Let Go)

Chorus:

This I knew was true

Leaves don't drop they just let go,  
And make a place for seeds to grow  
Every seed is what a tree contains,  
To die and live is life's refrain

Carrie Newcomer



## *Voices from the Edge*

### *Honoring Limitations*

Golden leaves from the tallest maple in the clearing dropped one by one drifting down lazily, on the first truly frosty morning. Moments later, as the late rising autumn sun broke above the tree line, a rain of leaves let go en masse. As light and warmth brushed each high towering branch, another leaf storm let go, the sun clearly triggering total surrender. By the time the sun had climbed high in the sky, the bounty of summer's growth lay on the forest floor a hundred feet below, the towering maple, now, barren.

Each season has lessons. Carrie Newcomer harvested and made a song of one. *"Leaves don't drop they just let go, and make a place for seeds to grow. Every seed is what a tree contains, to die and live is life's refrain."* In the heat of the just-right-moment, leaves let go and left a bare, stark, and wounded tree. The beauty of this necessity to let go and make space for next years seeds, prepared the way for the next generation of forests. In a recent Primavera retreat, we were to go and wander while letting in the beauty of things imperfect, withering, or disintegrating. At every turn, the beauty of broken bits of nature reminded me of the principle rule that all natural things are impermanent. A deep, red, half-eaten wild apple was clinging to the apple tree. Downy white milkweed seeds caught the wind escaping dry, cracked pods. A mammoth grey sunflower head, emptied of its seeds, crumpled over. On close inspection the beauty of such imperfection was breathtaking. A quality of stillness, solitude, and melancholy was so beautiful that it brought ease, an acceptance of the necessity of waxing and waning. There is a truth found in Newcomer's song about our own human Earthiness that we moderns stubbornly resist – *"to die and live is life's*

*refrain."*

We earthlings have always been what Ester De Waal calls "*profoundly earthed*." Viewing our human condition through the vulnerable and imperfect continues to be humbling, a practice few easily welcome. Humility, an often overlooked quality, comes from the root word *humus*, a form of earth building soil that requires years to grow. Layer after layer has to be laid



down by fallen and slowly decaying leaves, dead plants, and animal matter. The results of such breaking down has been to build up rich nutritious, vital soil. And so it must be with the *humus-making* of our own inner world growth. Season after season in order to to come home to our True Selves, we have to surrender the false goal that we have to be perfect. Better to come face to face with our own limitations and impermanence for this has the power to be liberating. In letting go of what was, dropping the leaves of a past season in our lives, we can expect feelings of barrenness...Barren of hope, of trust, of direction, of confidence. The work of these seasons will be to embrace our imperfection, loneliness, and poverty.

The psalmist says in Ps 90:12 "*Honor each day that we may have a heart of wisdom*." The path to wisdom we followed while on retreat was to stop and honor that which was broken and vulnerable, to bless the limitations. As I did so, I was seized with the desire to honor and bless by capturing the moment digitally. I then made a miniature album of companion beings who are also the wounded and broken of this season. Another person upon observing a freshly sprouted and vulnerable miniature maple seedling built an impromptu wall of sticks to surround and protect. To honor means to treat reverently. In a time when slowing down and giving focused and supportive attention remains rare, this was a needed act. In the act of honoring things broken, hope was revealed; a sense of connection with the fallen opened-up; a trust that even when decency has been eaten away, seeds of new possibility are taking root.

*Susan Morley*

*Primavera is  
An Anchor in unstable times,  
An Ark of unity*

---

Help us to offer this good land **Where the River Begins** to a river of children, adults, families, and locally based organizations who come placing themselves among the trees, the waters, and the



peace of wild things to awaken, experience, study, celebrate and learn to work together for the the good of all. **P**

---

[Visit our website](#)

[Contact us today](#)



---

*You can unsubscribe at any time by clicking the link at the bottom of every email*