

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I came home from vacation (8/26) to find my new cubicle work station on the lower level of the church and a chill in the air confirming that Labor Day was just around the corner. And have you noticed how the days are growing shorter? Here's a prayerful reflection for your Labor Day weekend reflection. I wrote it for my blog ([ConcordPastor.blogspot.com](http://ConcordPastor.blogspot.com)) and I'm pleased to share it with you here.

Peace,  
Fr. Fleming

As the sun sets earlier each evening, Labor Day's horizon eclipsing these august days, I'm wondering, Lord: why must good times come to an end?

Good times come too seldom (or so it often seems) and when they do they're here but briefly - and then too quickly gone... And as wonderful as memories are, they are but memories: nothing more - and nothing less...

Why, Lord, must good times come to an end? Why are memories not enough? Why is promise of the fall's leaf-filtered beauty not enough today to surrender summer's warmth and pace and peace?

Of seasons there are four, they say, but I know a hundred seasons more in just my life alone: seasons of peace, seasons of pain; seasons of sadness, seasons of gain; seasons of sunlight, seasons of rain; seasons of comfort, seasons of strain; seasons of planting, seasons of grain; seasons of waiting for a season to come to break the seasons' chain...

So many seasons, Lord - and letting go of summer is not easy... I know I should be grateful for the fall: your gentle preparation of everyone and everything for the dying winter always brings... Still, letting go of summer is not easy...

You know the seasons better than I and no season changes, Lord, around me or within me, but that you know first how those very changes will change me...

Be with me, Lord, in all the seasons of my life and in the in-betweens when moving from one season to the next is itself another season to abide... Help me bide the summer's passing on, its slipping from the calendar and from my nights and days... Take my offered heart and open me to all the changes in the weeks and months ahead... Make me gentle with the season's change and with the hearts of those around me, those whose paths cross mine today...

I offer you my seasoned heart for you're the source of all the strength I need to live this day and every day, edging now towards Labor Day: one season's final bow, another's crisp debut...

Be my trusted guide, Lord, and walk me from the summer into fall, walk me through this season's change, through all the seasons changing in my soul...

Amen.