

Blogs  
September – December 2021

**28th October 2021**

Time certainly flies and no matter how often I tell myself I am going to update my blog with some new thoughts I just never get round to it!

Well, I am trying that now. As I sit here, looking out of the window of the local cancer charity centre, that I offer counselling sessions, I am struck by the autumnal appearance of the trees, with their dying leaves and how the wind seems to tug at them to come and play as they pull them from the branches.

We are heading towards winter and the clocks go back at the weekend. How can another year be racing to an end? I could write more here about Covid and its restrictions but I am holding that in the background today. I want to focus on the seasons and these changes.

Changes that come with a sadness that the warmth and light of summer are fading fast but also an anticipation that the winter is approaching where we let the lights and heat of the festive season fill us so that the emergence from winter into spring next March is part of the cycle of life and death of nature. From these thoughts came the poem below.

**Autumn**

Trees wear their fading foliage to the dance.  
They look magnificent and take this chance  
to show off their final fine leaves,  
as life slows and gently breathes  
into the long sleep that is to come.  
Winter will soon be here to hum  
the chill it carries, sending nature to sleep.  
A cycle, a song and a dance to keep  
the wheel of time turning  
and our souls yearning  
for the return of spring.

**10th December 2021**

Once again Christmas is fast approaching and I certainly not ready. Usually I have all my cards written by the end of November, my yearly newsletter to friends composed early that month, presents bought throughout the year and everything posted on 1st December. Not this year though.

I was not even aware that Christmas was creeping up on me, on us until early this week. I dislike rushing things and I wanted to find out why I'd 'missed' the whole build up.

Was it down to just being very busy with work and writing? Could the renovations on my house have taken over? Was I unconsciously not noticing just in case Christmas was cancelled, like last year? Or was I just hanging onto this white knuckle ride of year that had no seat belts or restraints, trying to stay on board and not fall out of the seat? I did wonder if I was finally coming into my Grumpy Old Woman stage of life or embracing 'Bah Humbug' a la Dickens?

Whatever the reason I am not looking forward to the 'festive season' and it has lost all meaning for me as I do not have a religious belief. My belief is more spiritual. I have wondered these last few weeks if I am reacting against 'rules and regulations' that seem to have filled our lives these last two years. You will enjoy yourself at Christmas! Is the media message. What if there is no reason for frivolity when you have lost loved ones, or have been made redundant or are in a deep depression.

I am sitting here with the thought that I don't have to conform. I don't have to 'pretend' to be happy. I can ignore the 'toxic positivity' and just be who I am and all that I am. How liberating that feels as I write this. I believe we can follow our own paths in life but it may not be easy. I have struggled with that all my life, compromising myself for others because of my fear of loneliness. But, do you know what? I actually rather like the freedom of being alone.

I hope you can find space over this season of mixed feelings and events to be yourself and celebrate that, either with family or alone. The world can chuck a pile of crap at us but it is how we deal with that as individuals that has meaning. I look forward to a new year, new opportunities (I am following my dream of getting a collection of my poetry published) and hope to see you there.