



NEA NEWSLETTER



NOVEMBER NEWS 2023

November by Thomas Hood

No sun — no moon!
 No morn — no noon —
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day.
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member —
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds! —
 November!



November by Mike Orlock

November is the cruellest month,
 despite what certain poets say;
 the brilliance of October's leaves,
 their full regalia on display,
 is dulled by grim November's grey,
 whose brutal winds strip bare her trees.

The sun begins a slow retreat
 behind the cover of wet clouds;
 the day is shortened, like a breath,
 caught beneath a falling shroud;
 the nighttime silence seems so loud,
 a dark approximating death.

What sights of summer still remain,
 what smells and tastes of June, July,
 are memories preserved in jars
 of fruit, caressed and kissed by skies,
 or flowers, pressed, heads once held high
 to chase the sun, now fallen stars.



What has November to compare
 to sullen pleasures of the spring?
 As cruel as April seems to be,
 the turbulence that month can bring,
 there's still a promise on the wing
 of earth in sweet fertility.

No, November is best endured,
 its days held lightly, like the beads
 of a rosary used in prayer,
 an invocation of our need
 to fill our hands once more with seed,
 to breathe in blossoms of May air.



We remember our Founder Jean Gailhac on his birthday –
13 November. We give thanks for his
vision, zeal and courage.

We pray for all RSHM
– past, present and future –
that his vision will continue to inspire
and bear fruit.



One Light by Dana Wildsmith

A single light can lead you home.
One light is all you need to break the back of night
when darkness seems to weigh more than it has
on all the nights before, and nothing's as it was.
Bit by bit, the lighter shades of night you used to trust
have faded as you stopped believing in relief.
The dark goes on forever,
and begins right where you are.



But when your eyes can't guide your steps,
you learn to trust your heart instead.
You rise and turn toward where you need to go,
and in the dark you think you see a glimmer like a star
that wasn't there until you headed home through darkness,
trusting that a light would come.

In the midst of war, cruelty and despair we pray for peace and
continue to hope and trust in God who can 'write straight with
crooked lines'.