

Harvest Moon

1 Oct, 2020

Tonight we'll be treated to a full moon, the closest in the calendar to the autumnal equinox and therefore, a Harvest Moon. It's one of two full moons this month; the other being the rare second full in a given month, that being termed a Blue Moon.

Each of these moonish monikers brings back memories for me. Each Christmas, Mary hangs her Blue Moon ornament on the tree, our symbolic reminder of the year I worked with her sibs to bring her mother across the continent to share the holiday with her, with us. It's a precious memory for our family, a 'big surprise' of the sort that one hardly ever pulls off successfully. An event that truly only happens but once in a Blue Moon.

The Harvest Moon also brings up fond memories, in this case of grade school and my first grade teacher, Sister Barbara, to this day one of my favorite people in the world. She used the idea of the Harvest Moon as the centerpiece of a month-long civics unit (although, it being first grade, we didn't call it that) that went well outside the bounds of Baltimore Catechism and the rest of the officially sanctioned Catholic doctrine to explore the agrarian roots of our society. Sister Barbara was determined that we would learn something of how a society works, of the interdependence of people from wildly different walks of life. And the Harvest Moon provided her with the visual that first-graders need in order to access a deeper truth.

(By the way, if you thought this post was going to be about Neil Young's song of the same name, not to disappoint - get thee to the Googlesphere and check out Reina Del Cid's cover on *Harvest Moon*.)

I could wax on (get the moon phase reference there?) about fond memories associated with moons and Junes and croons but that's not what brought me to my laptop this morning.

In recalling these fond memories, I am reminded of the great store of nurturing experiences that I was afforded as a child of the when/where in which I grew up and ultimately, watched my own children grow up. I am fortunate beyond measure to have had my parents and our neighborhood and several Sister Barbaras and, and, and... to shape my formative years.

While I've long since lost any allegiance to Catholic doctrine, I do believe in – something – that binds us together, if we only pay attention. Something that offers opportunity and challenge but not always in equal measure, demanding that we strike the balance for ourselves. And on behalf of others whose balancing act may be more difficult.

To be blunt, the time has come to balance the ledger. The harvest awaits and how we act now will determine whether we achieve plenty for all or, well, not. The Great Whatever demands of me that I pay something back for a life of relative ease up to this point. To prove that I understood what Sister Barbara tried to teach me about how a society works. And the action I need to take costs me nothing. I just have to get off my ample caboose and do the thing.

You get the point. Ballots are in the mail, folks. Time to step up. Time for the harvest.