



Looking Out My Window  
December 2, 2022

I wrote this reflection after a moon lit walk at my rural Georgia home in December 2015.

As the sun slid behind those Georgia ridges to the west, painting a layer of carmen and crimson along the horizon, I set out to walk to the top of that nearest ridge, about 1.5 miles west. My home sat at 500 feet above sea level and that ridge rises another 150 feet. From there, the southern and western panoramas take your breath.

The 1/2 moon stood at its apex, providing that magical silver sheen and soft tree shadows along my pathway. The stars were kicking off the fading sun's blanket of light and beginning to make their presence known. The growing moonlit darkness reshaped the countryside--trees, hills, and the three houses along that walk seemed surreal, their shapes blurred by the dimness.

Andy (on the left in the picture below) and Samantha, my neighbors' dogs (Steve and Susan), kept company with me the whole way. At the end, their reward was a dog biscuit each. (They were siblings, by the way, and inseparable.) The second picture is of a sunset over that ridge.

I thought of that old walker, Antonia Machado, the Spanish poet, and one of his verses, inspired by an evening walk.  
"The Field"

The afternoon is dying  
like a simple household fire that goes out.

There above the mountains,  
a few coals are left.

And that tree on the white road, broken,  
makes you cry with compassion.

Two branches on the torn trunk, and one  
leaf, withered and black, on each branch!

Are you crying now? . . . In the golden poplars  
far off, the shadow of love is waiting for you.

God's peace,

David+

David W. Perkins+  
Interim Rector  
(Pictures on the next page)

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