



(Photograph by Thomas Merton)

Thomas Merton on Fall, from *The Secular Journal of Thomas Merton*.

October 7th, 1941  
Feast of the Most Holy Rosary  
St. Bonaventure

Today I walked about in the dry grass of the tanklots, where it was very warm, warm as summer. Yet many of the trees and bushes were already bare and leaves flew in the warm wind. The hills were full of color, and the sky had in it piles of white cumulus cloud—I forget where I thought I had seen a sky exactly like that before.

In any case, I was sorry it was hot, and glad it was going to be Fall—glad to see through the trees. There is a severer and stricter beauty about bare woods. This appeals to me sometimes more than anything summer brings to the country.

Really, I like every season, and the season I like best is the one I am in at the time. I like all the seasons

best, in turn, one after the other—but one I do get tired of: winter.

A silly little red cub plane came skidding clumsily over the trees and bounced down into a field near where I was sitting. Instantly a man and a dog sprang up from nowhere and ran to it. It was so much like a rendezvous of spies that I did not go near. Five minutes later, running men arrived through the fields from every part of the landscape, thinking there had been an accident.

I went back and sat down where I was before. Presently the sky filled with fancy grey clouds of the kind that were carefully, dramatically, and realistically painted by the artist of the 19th century.