November 2026

In Michigan where I grew up, November was flat out dreary. The vivid color change of the trees was finished and November meant that leaves were now brown, dead and crunchy on the ground; crunchy that is, until the inevitable rain — a cold, never ending, frigid rain — would turn them into a slurry, slippery mush under your feet. Here in South Louisiana, that dreary gray is not quite so prevalent and yet I do often hear people talk about the "damp cold" that seeps right into your bones as winter gets under way. There's a bit of a somber sense as all of creation gives way to the pattern of death before new life in the spring.

It seems fitting then that in the Church, November 1st is always designated as *All Saints Day* — a day to remember and mourn our loved ones who have departed and whom we will see no more in this life. But it is also fitting that on *All Saints Day* we are reminded of who we are as the Body of Christ and just who all, and what all, comprises this Body. The apostle Paul reminds us that it is in Christ that *we live and move and have our being;* and that no one and no thing exists outside of this One *(Acts 17:28)*. And so, in this One we are (every one of us and all of creation) connected in community through all time and space. The liturgy gives us a vivid reminder of this connection each time we gather to celebrate the Eucharist. While we each approach the altar as individuals, we are not at the rail alone. We are there "with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven." We are there, all of us, the living and the dead; in that moment and always. And perhaps now and then, with the *eyes of our hearts*, we might even glimpse one another across the veil.

The World I Live In

I have refused to live
locked in the orderly house of
reasons and proofs.
The world I live in and believe in
Is wider than that. And anyway,
what's wrong with *Maybe?*

You wouldn't believe what once or
twice I have seen. I'll just
tell you this:
only if there are angels in your head will you
ever possibly, see one.

(Mary Oliver)

Elizabeth Goodine, *Spiritual Director*