It begins with the first splash of color on a red maple and it ends with golden tamarack needles drifting to the ground. Autumn in the Adirondacks is about hillsides covered with red, orange, and yellow. It's about mist rising from lakes and the last call of a distant loon. It's about cool nights, warm afternoons, tiny daggers of morning frost, and dramatic light falling on the land. It's about just being there to see it all and to feel a personal appreciation of nature's ability to produce beauty.
Still water provides a canvas for nature to paint the colors of a nearby shoreline as a reflection. Flowing water shrinks in volume and exposes the art work of rocks that frame smaller cascades and quiet pools. Mountains catch the first and the last glimmer of light that is often filtered by clouds into hues of purple or pink. Every part of the Adirondack landscape plays a role in the overall impact of this spectacular season.
It's a time to sit in the woods, to smell autumn, and to watch leaves float and glide through the air. It's a time to listen to the absence of sound, the sound of a breeze stirring remaining leaves on a tree, or the sound of a leaf landing gently on the earth.
Snow on high peaks signals the impending transition of autumn to winter. The cycle of seasons must continue. We can only bear witness to such events and ponder and celebrate their meaning and purpose. Perhaps this is our role in the natural scheme of things.