

Personal Essay – 649 words

## September

If I had to choose one month of the twelve to be my favourite, September would be my choice. September seems the most likely candidate, I suppose, so maybe there is no contest. If you run through the months the obvious ones are eliminated. January because it's so long and cold, even though I've heard of those individuals who enjoy snow activities, such as skiing and snow-shoeing and frostbite and I-can't-feel-my-feet. I think I may have been a winter admirer once upon a time when I was eight, but that's much too long ago now. February stalls and is sluggish and unenthusiastic and twenty-eight days seems to take forever to go by. March is fickle, can't be counted on. You think a day is going to be warm but a storm shows up instead. April is hesitant, a little unsure of herself, a little too shy for my liking, and she is busy trying to forget winter ever was. There is a lot of pressure on April. May is just hectic, trying to get everything done before the real heat of summer arrives, the gardening and crop panic. Summer jumps out from nowhere and beats us down with her heat and humidity and activities. She is like a roller-coaster ride, all exciting and energetic and spins you around and upside down and then you want to throw-up when it's over. August means the end of summer, the end of heat and holidays, the end of randomness and spontaneity, the end of freedom and play.

But September. Ahhh, sweet September. September is about beginnings, about readiness, about stacked firewood and bushels of apples. September feels more about fresh starts than January 1<sup>st</sup>. Perhaps if I had the power to do such things, I would begin each new calendar year on September 1<sup>st</sup>.

We always begin September with promises. I promised to keep tidy and clean all my new clothes purchased from The Tiny Tot. Oh how I loved the wonderfully energetic Mrs. Hallikas. I proclaimed my promise of being immaculate to anyone who would listen, but mostly to myself, and unfortunately the promise was never very long-lived. Soon there was a rip in my knee and a stain on my shirt. I promised to keep my homework done and not to worry so much. Those were all good ideas, without the follow-through, but good ideas just the same.

I love the pace of September. It's the only month that strolls by, lingers and pauses. September sunshine can be strong and powerful yet we never seem to mind, are almost glad of its comfort, like we're surprised. September evenings are crisp and clear and the smells of fires float on the air. September is crisp apples and walks and pulling on a sweater and crawling under a blanket with a book. September is thick socks and new shoes and long pants and pickles and deep apple pies.

September is a fresh breeze coming in the window at night that makes you sneak deeper in the bed and pull an extra quilt up around your ears. And it is in September when the trees start to come alive with colour, their last hurrah before they fall. We don't worry about winter in September. I mean, how bad can winter be? It's so ... so ... far off.

September is about school supplies: pens and paper and hi-liters and paper clips and erasers. If I need a morale boost at any time during the year, buying school supplies is an immediate fix. I love the possibilities of newly sharpened pencils with unscuffed erasers, it's hope right there in your hand with an HB2 lead.

September is simplicity and pause. Even the lawn knows September is the time for rest. For some, September is permission to ready for hibernation, the need for performance and productivity halted and quieted. September is about exhaling and sighing. Ahh, September.

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