

# around the year

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE SEASONS AND THE CHRISTIAN YEAR



## THE HARVEST OF THE APPLE-TREE

by Liberty Hyde Bailey

AN EXCERPT FROM *THE APPLE TREE* (1922)

Finally the apple is ripe, a fair goodly object joyous in the sun, inviting to every sense. Hanging amidst its foliage, bending the twig with its weight, it is at once a pattern in good shape, perfect in configuration, in sheen beyond imitation, in fragrance the very affluence of all choice clean growth, its surface spread with a bloom often so delicate that the unsympathetic see it not; and yet the rains do not spoil it.

The apple must be picked. Do not let it fall. Probably it is over-ripe when it falls; the hold is loosened; its time is up. Wormy apples may fall before they are ripe; the worm injury, if it begins early, causes them to ripen prematurely. A premature apple is not a good apple, albeit the small boy relishes it but only because he may get his apple earlier; in the apple season, when ripe fruits are abundant, the boy does not choose the wormy one.

Pick the apple from the tree.

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# From the Editor's Desk

September 14, 2016

Dear Readers:

I am getting this newsletter out embarrassingly late, and I do apologize! My only excuse is that, as a one-woman operation, sometimes I find it nearly impossible to be everything to everyone, and other commitments took priority over my work here at *around the year*. I'm sure many of you can relate.

Even though it's already halfway through September, I've still made it time for one of my most favorite days of the Christian year:

**Michaelmas** (also known as the **Feast of St. Michael and All Angels**) on September 29th.

Having grown up in a Christian faith tradition that only celebrated a few special days throughout the year, I was astounded to learn about the depth and breadth of the liturgical calendar. Michaelmas was

the first feast day that I celebrated when I became an Anglican. The Archangel Michael, and all the other angels both named and unnamed, have always held a special place in my heart. I like to think that when I spread out a feast in their honor, they really do enjoy it.

This newsletter should also reach you in time to celebrate the **Feast of St. Hildegard of Bingen** on September 17th. A fascinating saint from the Anglican tradition, Hildegard was born in the late eleventh century in a part of the Holy Roman Empire that would later become Germany. As a young woman, Hildegard was enclosed in a women's community attached to a Benedictine monastery. Throughout her life she experienced visions of "The Shade of the Living Light" and recorded much of what she saw, the most famous of her work being the three-volume *Scivias*. Hildegard also composed sixty-nine pieces of music, making her one of the most prolific of the medieval composers. She is a thoroughly fascinating figure from the middle ages.

Here in New England we're finally enjoying some cooler temperatures, and I'm looking forward to the full arrival of autumn with the equinox on the twenty-first. If you celebrate a feast or festival this month, be sure to share it with us at [Facebook.com/aroundtheyear](https://www.facebook.com/aroundtheyear)!

*Kelli Ann Wilson, Editor*  
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Coming to *around the year* in October:  
All Hallows' Eve, carving pumpkins, & more!



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It will do you good. It is ever so much better than to pick it from a box on the market or out of a quart-can in the ice-chest. You will feel some sense of responsibility when you pick it, some reaction of relationship to its origin. We know that we understand folks better when we see them at home.

In varieties that mature before winter, the apple is of best quality when it ripens on the tree and is picked when fit to eat. In this respect it differs from the pear. One reason why store apples are usually poor is because they must be picked long before ripe to stand shipment. In my experience it is most difficult to find a man who will pick apples when ripe; he is

usually possessed to pull them green, thinking that if the fruit is full grown and has a red cheek it is therefore ready to be plucked.

One would expect the best summer and fall apples to come from nearby local orchards, but practically this is not the case because the grower will not allow them to remain on the tree until they are fit. Of course the really ripe apple will not keep long and it does not stand rough handling, but this does not affect the fact that, for eating, an apple should be naturally ripe. In every city, small or large, a good trade can be built up for local ripe hand-picked fruit of the first quality, in competition with the best commercial supply.

Winter apples are picked in the Northern States in October,

sometimes late in September. They are then full grown, but are hard and inedible. The red varieties are full colored; the green ones show more or less yellow. Light early frost does not injure them on the tree. Usually they are placed at first in piles or windrows; and from these piles they are barreled or boxed for market. If the choicest grades are to be made, they should be taken to a packing-house.

The apple is an easy fruit to pick. The stem parts readily from the spur or twig. Yet if the harvester is choice of his trees he will work deftly rather than roughly, not to injure the bearing wood. The fruits are placed in baskets as they are plucked, sometimes in a bag slung over the shoulders but this is not the best way when the

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apples are ripe. In the packing-house, the fruits are sorted into uniform grades if they are for market.

There is no apple like the one that comes up fresh from the cellar on a winter night, cool, crisp, solid yet ready. It is the fruit of the home fireside. I often wonder whether one in a hundred of the people know

what a really good and timely apple is.

An apple-tree at full bearing is a wonderful sight at the harvest, particularly in such varieties as McIntosh and Baldwin, in which the fruit is highly colored and hangs well toward the outside of the tree-top. While the first bearing year may yield only a half dozen fruits, the crop increases rapidly with the added

years,—one peck, one bushel, five bushels, ten bushels, thirty bushels, even to sixty and seventy bushels on large sturdy old trees of some varieties. The amateur, however, first prizes the quality and regularity of his product for the sheer joy of it; then every added bushel is so much to the good.

—L.H.B.



## QUOTE

Lord, it is time. The summer was very big. Lay thy shadow on the sundials, and on the meadows let the winds go loose. Command the last fruits that they shall be full; give them another two more southerly days, press them on to fulfillment and drive the last sweetness into the heavenly wine.

—Rainer Maria Rilke





## **I Observe | Acorns and Apples**

by Albert Edmund Trombly (1936)

The swaying of that branch-tip in the oak  
Is too extravagant for a jay. I spoke  
Too soon; must be a squirrel; is, in fact.  
Stand closer here so you can watch his act.  
Judging from the way he spins that acorn round  
The band saw of his teeth, I'd say he's found—  
Wouldn't you?—his favorite variety.  
Imagine a taste for acorns, as you and I  
Have a taste for apples. "Baldwin for mine," you cry,  
"Right out of New England, or let me make it  
A Rhode Island greening or a golden russet."  
The choice is yours to make, so make and take it;  
But leave me the Jonathan picked the last week  
In September on a slope overlooking Perché Creek  
Where it joins the Missouri. Oh for the bountiful  
Apple-ripening sun of old Boone County!  
But a taste for acorns! Well, this fellow has it  
Beyond all cavil, beyond the need to discuss it,  
As I my Jonathan and you your russet.  
He lives it; and keeps, I'm thinking, keeps secret his find  
And gold-stars this oak in the attic of his mind.

## **From *The Far Field***

by Theodore Roethke (1964)

I have come to a still, but not a deep center,  
A point outside the glittering current;  
My eyes stare at the bottom of a river,  
At the irregular stones, iridescent sandgrains,  
My mind moves in more than one place,  
In a country half-land, half-water.  
I am renewed by death, thought of my death,  
The dry scent of a dying garden in September,  
The wind fanning the ash of a low fire.  
What I love is near at hand,  
Always, in earth and air.



## CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF SAINT MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS

*And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, And prevailed not...*

— Revelation 12:7-8

**Michaelmas**, or the **Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels**, takes place each year on September 29th. Its close proximity to the equinox makes it an ideal time to celebrate the changing of the seasons, and to prepare for the waning of daylight that happens as we turn away from the sun (at least here in the Northern Hemisphere). A celebration for the Archangel Michael, who symbolizes light and protection against evil, helps to prepare one to face not only the physical darkness of the fall and winter months, but also the metaphoric darkness that we face both in the world and in ourselves.

With young children involved it is best to keep the mood cheerful and light, and to keep the focus on the

preparation of food and gathering of supplies. My children and I enjoy picking wild asters, also known as Michaelmas daisies, and preparing all sorts of tasty treats for our Michaelmas feast. Here are a few ideas for making your celebration special:

- Michaelmas is traditionally the last day of the year to pick blackberries: It is said that after he was defeated, Satan fell from heaven into a blackberry bush and spat on it, making the berries unfit to eat. I like to serve blackberry crisp on Michaelmas.

- The other angels celebrated on Michaelmas are Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel. Michael is the only "archangel" named in the Bible.

- Colorful autumn leaves and Michaelmas daisies make lovely decorations for the feast table.

—K.W.

**Saint Michael's Bannock** (*more of a dense bread than traditional bannocks, adapted from several recipes*)

### Ingredients:

- 1/2 cup rye flour
- 1/2 cup whole wheat flour
- 1 1/2 cup white flour
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white raisins
- 1 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 2 tsp baking powder
- 2 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp allspice
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp cloves
- 1 tsp nutmeg

### Directions:

Preheat oven to 375° F. In a large bowl, sift both flours together. Add salt, baking powder and soda to sifted flours. Add the spices and stir until mixed. Add oats, sugar, and raisins to flour mixture. Slowly add the buttermilk and mix by hand until thoroughly combined. Pour into a greased bread pan and bake for 35-45 minutes.

## SEPTEMBER 2016

(A) Anglican/Episcopalian; (R) Roman Catholic; (O) Eastern Orthodox

**September 4th: Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost (Proper 18)**

**September 8th: NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**  
(A)(R)(O)

**September 11th: Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost (Proper 19)**

**September 14th: HOLY CROSS DAY** (A)(R)(O)

**September 15th:** Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows (R)

**September 16th:** Feast of St. Ninian, Apostle to the Picts (A)

**September 17th:** Feast of St. Hildegard of Bingen, writer, composer, and Christian mystic. (A)

**September 18th: Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost (Proper 20)**

**September 21st: FEAST OF ST. MATTHEW, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST**

**September 25th: Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost (Proper 21)**

**September 26th:** Feast of Sts. Cosmas and Damian, martyrs and patrons of surgeons, doctors, and dentists. (R)

**September 28th:** Feast of St. Wenceslaus, martyr and subject of the carol "Good King Wenceslas." (R)(O)

**September 29th: FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS**  
(A)(R)

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I'm always looking for individuals who might be interested in contributing to *around the year* (both the website and the newsletters). If you would like to contribute, please contact me! [kelli@aroundtheyear.org](mailto:kelli@aroundtheyear.org)

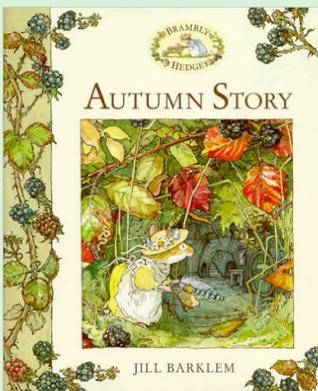


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## Recommended Reading

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER



***Brambly Hedge: Autumn Story***,  
written and illustrated by Jill  
Barklem

*From the publisher:*

Bad weather is on the way and the autumn crops are still not gathered in! Quickly, all the mice of Brambly Hedge set to work to finish the harvesting before the rain begins. Primrose, Lord Woodmouse's daughter, meant to help, but somehow she daydreamed her way

over the cornfield and into the Chestnut Woods, and before she knew it, she was lost.

The sun went down, the wind rose and it began to rain. Primrose is all alone in the dark, and she is frightened.

Will she ever find her way home again?

***The Apple Cake***, written by Nienke van Hichtum, and illustrated by Marjan van Zeyl

*From the publisher:*

An old lady wants to bake an apple cake. She has everything she needs except apples. So she sets off to market to buy some apples, taking a basket of plums to trade along the way, just in case...

This is a classic story of sharing, trading and caring. Children will love guessing what the old lady will acquire next, and how, and seeing how her journey brings her a full circle as her kindness is repaid.

