

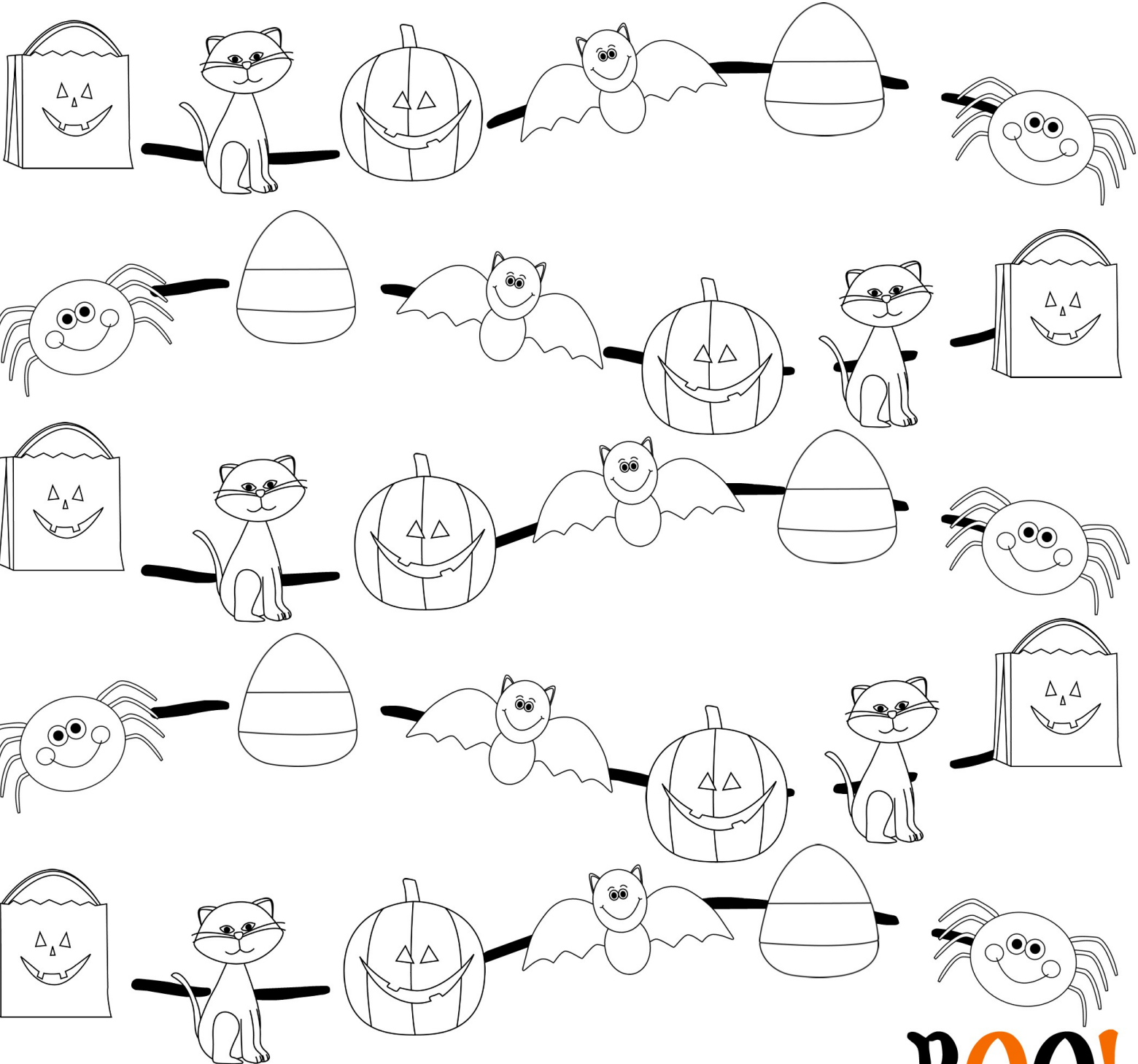
# Celebrating October

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*Cucurbita peregrina alba  
fructu pondere 60 librarum.*

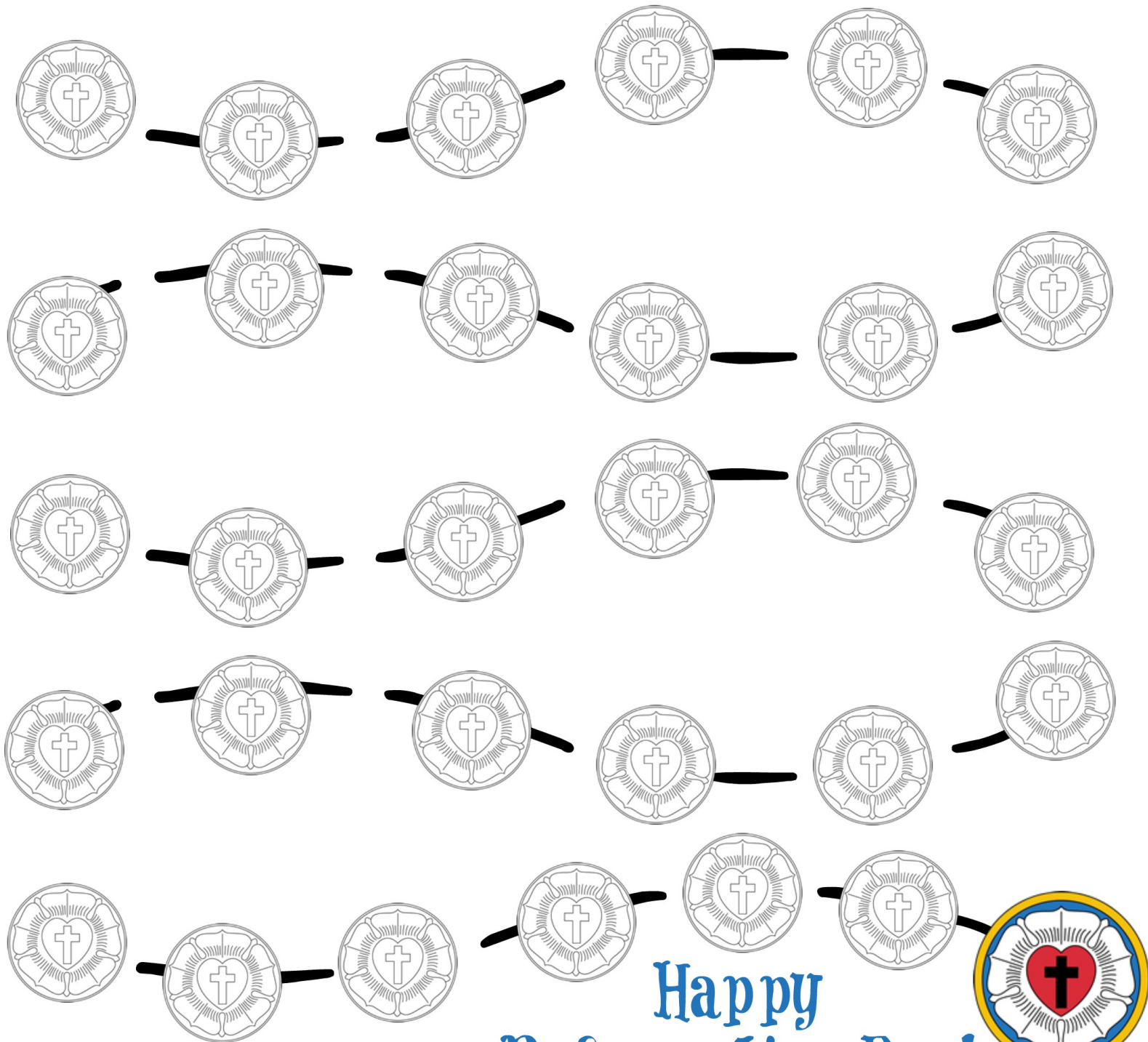
# to COUNTDOWN HALLOWEEN



BOO!



# to COUNTDOWN REFORMATION DAY



Happy  
Reformation Day!

# October



<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>	<i>Saturday</i>
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



2015



Let your light **shine**  
before others,  
so that they may  
**see** your good  
works and give  
**glory** to your  
Father who is  
in heaven.

Matthew 5:16



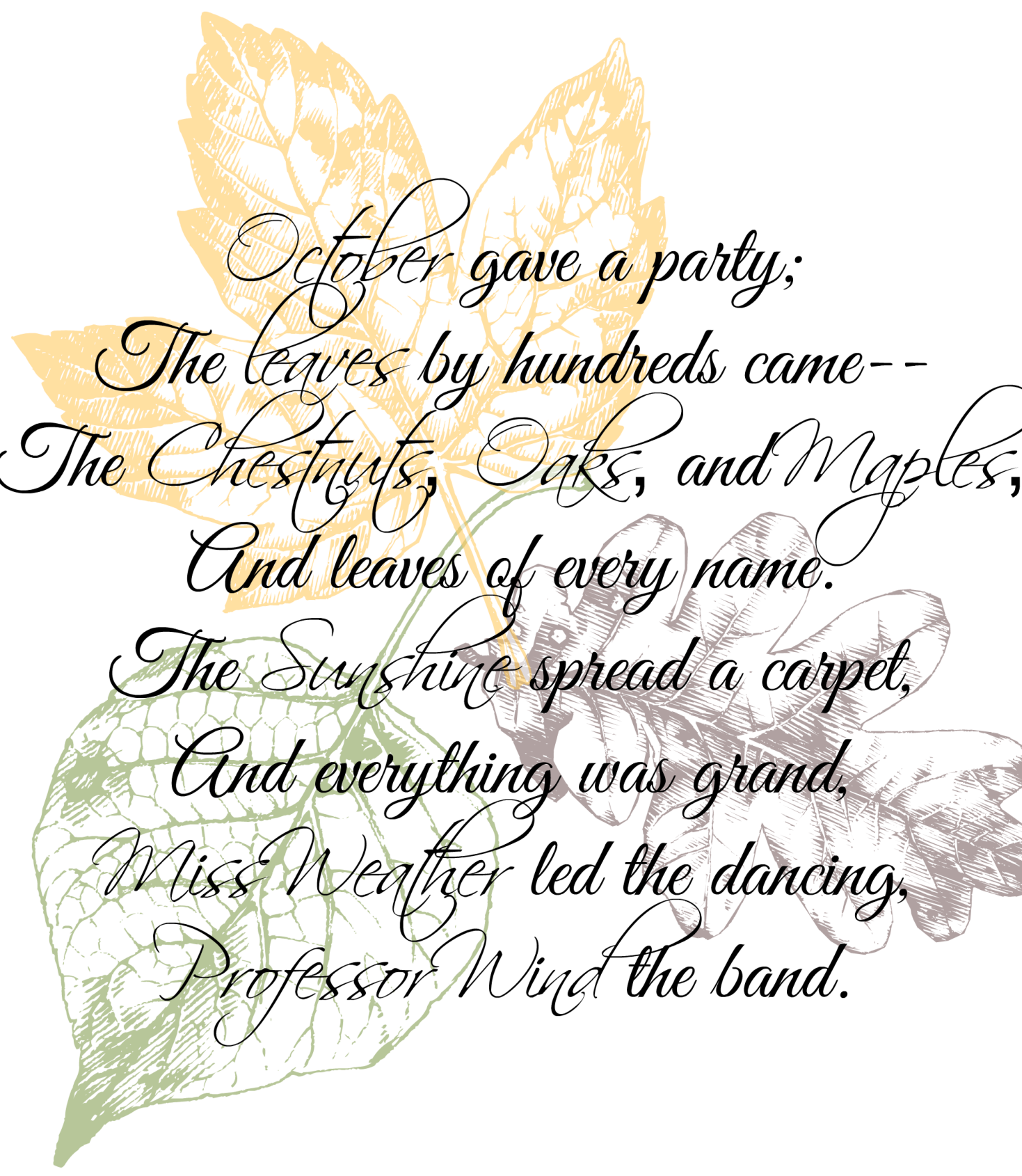
# The Very Best Pumpkin Bread

## Ingredients:

- 3 + 1/3 cups flour
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- 1 + 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 + 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 cups pumpkin
- 1 cup oil
- 4 eggs
- 4 teaspoons water

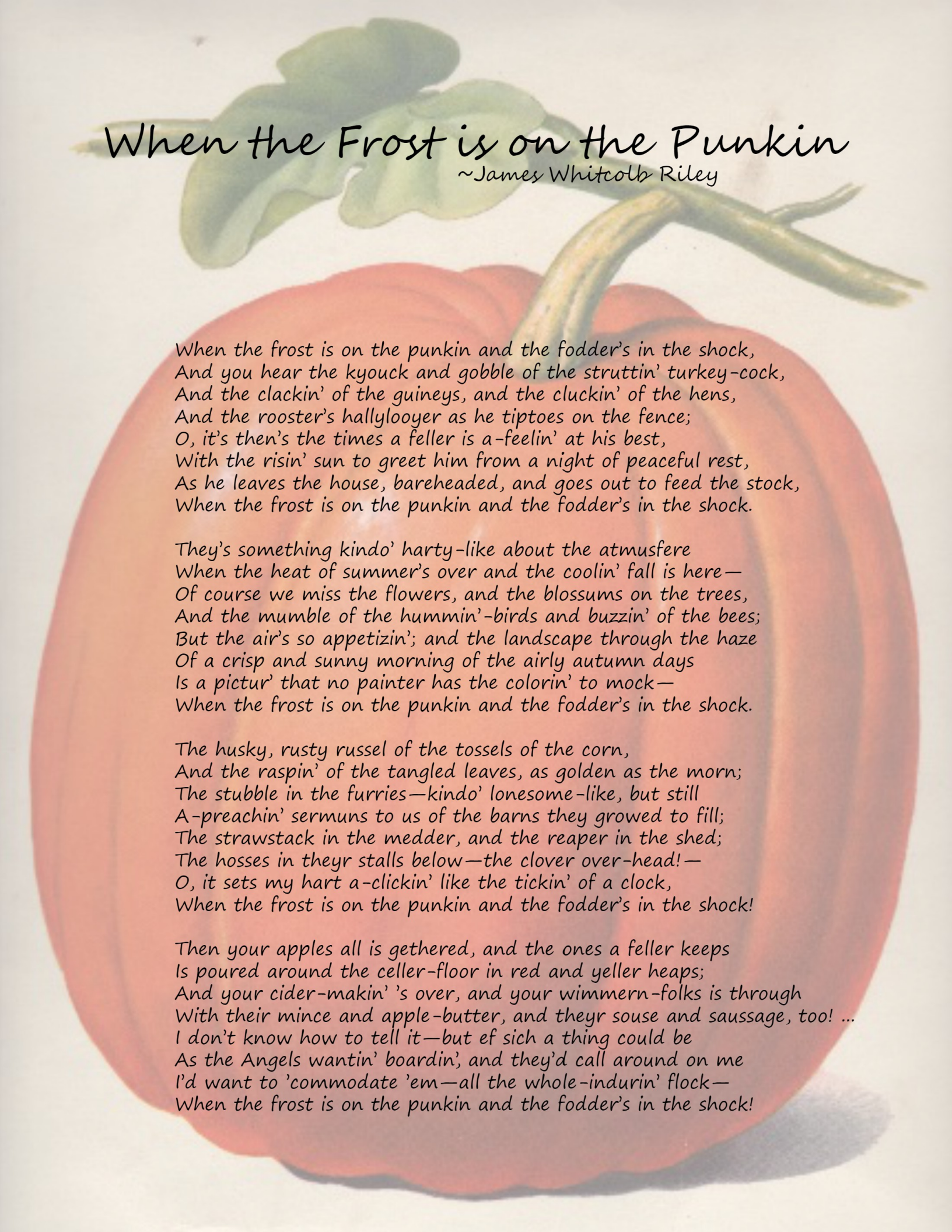
Preheat oven to 350. Grease three bread loaf pans. Add the ingredients to a large mixing bowl in the order that they are listed. Mix until all ingredients are incorporated into a smooth batter. Divide the batter evenly among the three pans. Bake for one hour, or until a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean.





October gave a party;  
The leaves by hundreds came--  
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,  
And leaves of every name.  
The Sunshine spread a carpet,  
And everything was grand,  
Miss Weather led the dancing,  
Professor Wind the band.





# When the Frost is on the Punkin

~James Whitcomb Riley

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,  
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;  
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,  
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere  
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—  
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;  
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;  
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover over-head!—  
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps  
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yellor heaps;  
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through  
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and sausage, too! ...  
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be  
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me  
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!







## Gathering Leaves

~Robert Frost

Spades take up leaves  
No better than spoons,  
And bags full of leaves  
Are light as balloons.

I make a great noise  
Of rustling all day  
Like rabbit and deer  
Running away.

But the mountains I raise  
Elude my embrace,  
Flowing over my arms  
And into my face.

I may load and unload  
Again and again  
Till I fill the whole shed,  
And what have I then?

Next to nothing for weight,  
And since they grew duller  
From contact with earth,  
Next to nothing for color.

Next to nothing for use.  
But a crop is a crop,  
And who's to say where  
The harvest shall stop?





# Merry Autumn

~Paul Laurence Dunbar

It's all a farce,—these tales they tell  
About the breezes sighing,  
And moans astir o'er field and dell,  
Because the year is dying.

Such principles are most absurd,—  
I care not who first taught 'em;  
There's nothing known to beast or bird  
To make a solemn autumn.

In solemn times, when grief holds sway  
With countenance distressing,  
You'll note the more of black and gray  
Will then be used in dressing.

Now purple tints are all around;  
The sky is blue and mellow;  
And e'en the grasses turn the ground  
From modest green to yellow.

The seed burrs all with laughter crack  
On featherweed and jimson;  
And leaves that should be dressed in black  
Are all decked out in crimson.

A butterfly goes winging by;  
A singing bird comes after;  
And Nature, all from earth to sky,  
Is bubbling o'er with laughter.

The ripples wimple on the rills,  
Like sparkling little lasses;  
The sunlight runs along the hills,  
And laughs among the grasses.

The earth is just so full of fun  
It really can't contain it;  
And streams of mirth so freely run  
The heavens seem to rain it.

Don't talk to me of solemn days  
In autumn's time of splendor,  
Because the sun shows fewer rays,  
And these grow slant and slender.

Why, it's the climax of the year,—  
The highest time of living!—  
Till naturally its bursting cheer  
Just melts into thanksgiving.



