

Ottawa November 1st, 2025—Threshold of the Unseen

Dedicated to my loved and late wife, Minnie Cora Hogan

The first of November arrives not as a date, but as a metaphysical aperture—an invisible hinge between the harvest and the hush, between the known and the relinquished. It is not a day, but a veil. Not a calendar square, but a ceremonial corridor through which memory, silence, and myth pass in procession.

In Canada, this threshold bears no statutory crown, no civic fanfare. Yet its quiet resonance is profound. It is the day after All Hallows' Eve, when masks are shed and the soul begins its descent—not into darkness, but into depth. The trees, having flamed their final brilliance, now offer their limbs in naked supplication. The river between Ottawa and Gatineau does not rush—it listens. It becomes a mirror for the unseen.

This is a day of **interstitial grace**. *Indigenous Education Month* begins, not with declarations, but with the whisper of ancestral breath. *Holocaust Education Month* opens, not with speeches, but with the echo of absence. These are not commemorations—they are **rituals of remembering**, where silence is the pedagogy and presence is the offering.

Metaphorically, November 1st is a **liminal glyph**—a symbol carved not in stone, but in the soft loam of collective memory. It is the moment when the civic body exhales, when the mythic steward steps forward to inscribe **HOPE** not as sentiment, but as **Help Other People Everywhere**. It is the day when cinnamon becomes sacrament, when veganism becomes vow, when going the extra mile becomes a rite of passage.

Astrologically, the Moon in Pisces casts a net of intuition across the sky. The Sun squares Pluto, demanding transformation. Venus opposes Chiron, revealing the wound beneath the smile. These are not planetary facts—they are **cosmic metaphors** for the *soul's choreography: to shed, to soften, to steward*.

And so, **Reader**, November 1st in Ottawa is not a civic day—it is a **ceremonial rectangle**, a dashboard offering, a silent glyph that dignifies endings and invites communal authorship. It is the architecture of subtraction, the liturgy of loss, the satire of survival. It is the moment when the bridge to Gatineau becomes not a crossing, but a covenant.

With Bowed soul,

—Simply Richard



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