As we came to the end of our evening walk, I noticed the sky had gradually turned from blue to black with the sunset now a distant memory.

One by one, tiny pinholes of light appeared with the darkness, painting pictures far above for anyone patient enough to connect the dots.

It's my favorite time of day.

Watching the sun reveal the gift of a brand-new morning reminds me of the miracle of life.

I much prefer evening hours, though, when earth pulls the curtain on the day's busyness and the overload of background noise fades into a rhythmic wave of frogs croaking in the muddy bog across the road.

Nighttime offers its own rewards, the best of which is the mystical moon.

The new moon of the month was just revealing its light last week as I said good-bye to another day.

It was what Grandpa used to call a wet moon because it appeared as a bowl which could fill up with rain.

But it wasn't the tiny sliver of white that intrigued me. There was just enough light from somewhere else in the universe that I could see the whole circle of the moon, even the dark

side.

There’s not always enough earthly reflection to make the dark side visible so I feel blessed when I catch sight of it.

The combination of light and dark which completes the whole represents for me the entirety of life—the good, the bad and the unseen.

And like the moon, every once in awhile the secret pains of our souls that we hide deep inside are reflected through light shining from others.

It’s a remarkable gift to view the whole moon.

It’s even more spectacular to accept our own darkness.