

在果园里读懂秋天

秋天带来的，不仅是颜色的变化，还有味道与思考的沉淀。校园果园在这个季节显得格外安静，却又藏着丰富的故事，仿佛只等我们走进去，用眼睛与心去阅读。今天的观察活动，让我第一次真正感到，原来果园也是一间无声却深刻的课堂。

一踏进果园，我就被石榴树吸引。枝头的石榴裂开着，像难掩心事的孩子，把红得发亮的籽粒全都露出来。老师告诉我们，这样的裂开不是坏事，而是成熟到一定程度后的自然结果，是秋天最醒目的信号。我伸手轻轻触碰果壳，能感受到它坚硬外皮下隐隐的柔软。

柿子树则是另一番景象。它们不像石榴那样热烈，而是稳稳地挂着一粒粒金色的果子。风吹过时，柿子像小小的灯摆动着光，让人觉得温暖。老师让我们围成一圈，仔细看柿子的颜色、形状和大小。我发现每一颗柿子的颜色都不同，有的偏橙、有的偏黄，像是秋天在树上调色。

观察途中，老师问我们：“你们觉得果树为什么要经历四季？”同学们给出各种答案，但老师最后说，季节是果树成长的老师，而我們也需要经历不同的“季节”才能成长。这句话让我特别有感触，仿佛果园的一切都突然有了象征意义。

我们还进行了一段安静观察。五分钟里不能说话，只能看、听、闻。我听到的不是寂静，而是细碎却丰富的声音——风的呼吸、叶片的摩擦、果子轻轻碰撞的声音。那一刻，我觉得自己像是果园的一部分，与树木一起呼吸。

最后，我们在果园的空地上做小结。有人说秋天是温柔的，有人说秋天很强大，还有人说秋天让人安心。我写下：“秋天让果园成熟，也让我们更懂得自己。”

走出果园时，我回头望了一眼，那些红与黄在阳光里闪着光。我突然觉得，今天不只是一次观察，而是一场心灵的收获。

Understanding Autumn in the Orchard

Autumn brings not only colors but also a settling of flavors and thoughts. In this season, the campus orchard seems especially calm yet full of stories, as if waiting for us to step in and read it with our eyes and hearts. Today's observation made me realize that the orchard is a quiet yet profound classroom.

As soon as I entered, the pomegranate trees caught my attention. Their fruits had cracked open, revealing bright red seeds like secrets being shared. Our teacher told us that the cracking was not a flaw but a sign of complete ripeness—one of the most striking symbols of autumn. When I touched the shell, I could feel the contrast between its hardness and the softness inside.

The persimmon trees carried a different atmosphere. Unlike the fiery pomegranates, they hung quietly with their golden fruits. When the wind blew, they swayed like small lanterns, giving off a warm feeling. Our teacher asked us to

observe their colors and shapes. I noticed that no two persimmons were the same—some more orange, some more yellow—as if autumn were painting directly on the tree.

During the activity, the teacher asked, “Why do fruit trees need four seasons?” We gave various answers, but she explained that the seasons are the trees’ teachers, and we too must go through our own seasons to grow. That idea struck me deeply, and suddenly everything in the orchard seemed symbolic.

We then had five minutes of silent observation. In that silence, I heard the orchard speak—the breathing of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the soft tapping of fruits. For a moment, I felt like part of the orchard, sharing its rhythm.

In the end, we sat in an open space to reflect. Some said autumn felt gentle, others said strong, and some felt reassured by it. I wrote, “Autumn ripens the orchard and helps us understand ourselves better.”

As I walked out and looked back, the red and yellow fruits shimmered in the sunlight. I realized today was more than an observation—it was a harvest of the heart.