



A Bit Of Magic Under the August Moon

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As I stood watching the bubbling fountain at the center of the labyrinth in the Armenian Heritage Park, a woman shared a sad tale about the loss of her friend. This friend of hers, a long-time supporter of the park and a civically engaged individual, had been looking forward to attending Under The August Moon all year long. She was going to tie a ribbon around a tree with a special message written for remembrance.

Having passed away suddenly, this special individual who was known as a connector was now being honored by her friend who tied a ribbon in her memory and walked the labyrinth with her in mind. This was an unexpected yet powerful lesson in cherishing and enjoying every moment which comes our way. Being cognizant of such things can help us better appreciate life as it comes.

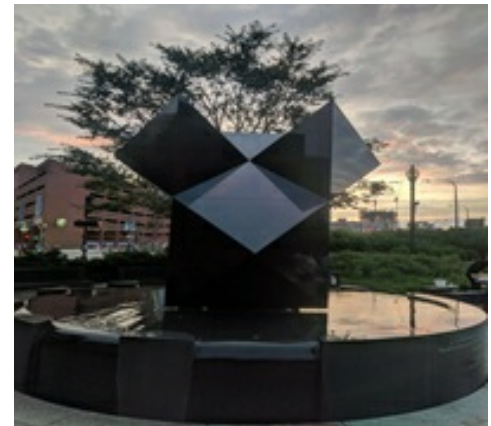


Indeed Under The August Moon is themed around more than just a lunar phase. It's a chance for the people who care for and support the Armenian Heritage Park to welcome as many visitors as possible for a special night of food, music, and fun. All three of those things are undeniably appealing, but what really intrigues me is seeing the ways in which these amenities allow people a chance to get to know one another and enjoy a warm summer evening with faint starlight not far from Faneuil Hall.

You're bound to bump into someone with an interesting story. Each individual – a lifelong Bostonian, a recent transplant, a tourist from a faraway place – has something special to share. It can be enjoyed with the hummus or the rice pudding provided, washed down with a bit of iced tea.

One looks at the abstract sculpture in a different way once the sun sets. Even walking the labyrinth is a different sort of experience – although you're still free to meditate, I'm more conscious about watching my step for sure. When you emerge on the same side you started, you can go back to the conversations, or simply sit on one of the benches and listen to the soothing melodies of the Berklee Jazz Trio.

When I was almost ready to make my exit, I wrote a message and tied it around the tree. I thought about how these little gestures aren't so little, not if we enjoy them. We do our best and leave the rest to sort itself out, under the August moon.



The Armenian Heritage Park on the Rose Kennedy Greenway regularly puts on programming such as this. Food was provided by [anoush'ella](#) and drinks from [MEMTea](#).