Colors of the Field

Throughout my days, never have I witnessed something as beautiful, as spectacular, as phenomenal, as quietly loud as a wildflower field. The spring sun hugs the native plants and embraces them with a warm welcome, and the plants reach upwards to return the hug like a child drawn to their mother. And like children, they grow up so quickly that each time you drive by, you almost cannot believe your eyes. By the time that summer arrives, the diversity amongst the blossoms is heavily evident and arguably the most extraordinary and rewarding moment to witness. They ought to be a tremendous example for humans to follow, proving that those of different colors are capable of living in peace, prosperity, and joy. Often times, we look to politicians, books, and society to answer our questions about a respectful and productive world; however, often times we forget to look to the world itself that God created for us in order to answer these questions. And the wildflowers silently scream at us, as they are eager to lead us to an explanation and a solution to our worldly predicament.

The wildflowers are companionable indeed, as they invite hundreds and thousands of insect specious into their homes, showing the upmost hospitality to the insects, and the insects gladly return the favor to them while they repopulate and grow the wildflowers’ families. Friends of wildflowers similarly are a diverse group; ranging from rolly-polly-ollies to butterflies, to humans like myself. With the help of the wind, the wildflowers lean side to side and part a path for the impassioned couple going for a Sunday stroll through the field and the wildflowers are ever so generous to willingly sacrifice their brothers and sisters so that the man may charm the woman with a present of the earth rather than that of mankind. If not a couple, the field of petals welcomes anyone who welcomes them. It’s an amazing symphony of respect, understanding, and friendship. And with my windows rolled down, I can hear them wordlessly requesting my friendship, and I believe that I will answer that call.

The Beach

Walking to the beach, feeling the hot sand underneath your feet, hoping enough sunscreen is on your skin to prevent it from turning red later that day. The seagulls flock around a packed peanut butter sandwich a child has forgotten. The pungent aroma of decaying marine life fills nostrils. The sun: beautiful, round, full of life, happy. The shore: lively, flowing, vast, pleasant. The beach is a natural therapy room, a place where people find rest and relaxation. A place where people find themselves.

I have been going to the beach for years. It amazes me that some people have never had the opportunity to visit such a respite. Roaming the shores is where I find placidity. In the morning I wake up in the early hours to avoid the hot sun’s climax, and to escape the rush of people who only appreciate the company on the beach, not the beach itself. Some, like me, have a greater appreciation for this wonderful landscape, a relationship that is hard to describe in words. These people understand, they are a part of something bigger than a tan line and a good time. They are a part of one world, combined; working toward one goal.

I have never been one to enjoy outdoors, but the beach, the absence of bugs, the strange nautical creatures drifting through the sand just as I am, the feeling that you are small compared to this great world, nothing can compare. Visiting a beach is like being in a snow globe or a picture frame- it is almost like a dream. Visiting a beach is just a glimpse onto how great this earth actually is. When you gaze into the horizon, all you see is water, never ending, infinite.

Swimming in the ocean, being one with the sea life, thinking just for a moment that I am weightless, makes the experience of the beach so serene. The beach is love. The feeling of love is one like no other. These feelings are something that I will treasure forever.