

## Life and Nature



"With Nature I Would Choose To Live"

Give me the country and warm fields in May.  
Give me the scent of freshly mown hay,  
And high tempered horse to gallop upon,  
And wide open spaces on which to run.  
Let the wind my sweaty forehead fan,  
And roughen my features and cause them to tan.  
Show me a forest where tall pines grow,  
Where green velvet moss spreads a carpet below  
Let me lie by a brook babbling on to the sea  
And dream of things that might someday be.  
Then send the birds their songs to sing,  
And through the woods their anthems ring.  
Paint me a sunset with rich, vivid hue,  
Then follow with dusk and its shower of dew.  
Hang me a sliver of moon in the sky  
To remind me at night that God is nigh.  
These things, O God in heaven give;  
With nature I would choose to live.

—Anne Tunstall

## Mountain Meditations

Often a person likes to go off alone to some place where he can admire the beauties of nature and meditate upon them. Through the mind pass some very abstract ideals and thoughts that often drive home with force great truths of life and morality. It seems each thing the person sees with the eyes is pictured as something entirely different in the mind. These mental pictures usually are related by a common general theme.

As I rambled up the side of Little Mountain, my thoughts also rambled. They were of beauty and the peaceful quietness of nature, which seems always ready to commune with people who long to rest both body and soul after periods of work and the pressure of human life. As I neared the top my subconscious self began to compare each object I saw with some phase of human life and achievement.

The first sight that brought to my mind a suggestion of human achievement was a shiny roof on a barn snuggled in the very depth of

the cove encircled by Little Mountain. This suggested the shining possibilities of a new born baby and a shelter from the evils of the world. When I reached the familiar picnic site on the crest, many objects attracted my eye and set my mind in motion. The great fallen tree appeared as one whose life had been great but had ceased; the usefulness, however, endures as does the tree, which serves as a

### Homer Myers

quiet place of restful enjoyment for both meditators and lovers. The neat pile of brush lazily waiting to burst into flame reminded me that the apparently insignificant and useless can serve a very definite purpose to others—in this case for heat, light, and a means of preparing food.

While sitting on the fallen tree trunk I observed a torn wire fence roving crookedly across the crest

of the mountain. On one side the surface was dominated by dense weeds. This to me illustrated how people are divided into different type groups even though they are on the same plain living. Beyond the fence the became paths, paths wandered and fro and running up and down the sloping sides of the mountain. These paths, like the winding climbing mountain roads, suggest the uneasiness of man's diligent search for personal satisfaction of mind, body and soul.

As I leisurely started up the crowning summit of the mountain where the top of the surrounding territory could be easily surveyed, the majestic mountains loomed before the great people, successful people, who challenge us to new heights in living. The hills appear to typify the struggle to gain a higher and a better life of service, while the valleys represent the class of people who have either failed to reach a higher goal or set a very high and reached it with ease. The land suggests the poor, but contented people who

(Continued on Page 10)