My sanctuary: unseen glimpse of heaven

Marching home from school with my bag up on my back and the straps loose and carelessly dangling from my shoulders, I think of only one thing. I might be a top student back in school but on the way home, my mind only thinks and rethinks that thing. My own sanctuary filled with the most valuable treasures one has never discovered. The place where the rest of the world doesn’t exist but at the same time, it is right there in front of me covered with all the hidden sweetness I failed to recognize before.

It’s dark though. So dark, I need my bike’s headlight to its full use when I return to home. After a reasonable amount of dinner, I take my bike out of the yard and ride it up the hill where my sanctuary lives. Where the world meets its inner beauty and when I no longer feel the pain of nature crying out loud. It is a simple meadow on the hill. Green to its extent and with scattered rocks here and there. It may seem like an ordinary field but the real magic starts when the sun forfeits its light and crawl back to where it came from, giving all the spotlight to the moon and the stars.

When that happens, the world opens its gate for me. And I get to see all the wonderful things nature has to offer every single day hidden in plain sight. I lie down on the moist grass beneath me and take a deep breath to open myself for the most healing experience ever. There, in my sanctuary, secluded from all the noise and crowd of the big city, I feel everything. I feel the quietness of the wind when it gently caresses my check. I feel the sound of the leaves way above me when they rub swiftly with each other and swing softly from side to side. I even feel the warmth. The cozy and welcoming warmth I get from the moon and the stars shining so brightly in the dark and mysterious sky.

My sanctuary is my place of acceptance. I don’t yearn for straight A’s when I am there. I stop calculating my life for mishaps and possible mistakes. I forgive the people for doing wrong to this beautiful environment because I know that if they get one lucky glance at my sanctuary, they would repent to the universe and pack their bags to serve their sentence by serving nature. More than that, this place of mine gives me the ultimate power to forgive myself. I forgive everything I have ever done to myself. I forgive my unmet expectations and my annoying procrastination. I become free of guilt and revert to my child heart.

This place is a glimpse of heaven. It gives me hope to carry on and faith in something magnificent. It reassures me that everything will be fine. Those moist grasses I lie on every day whisper words of encouragement and support to my ears. And then I know that this place is worth to fight for not only because it is mine, but also because it belongs to all creatures. My sanctuary is my world. My ideal world where no noise is heard and no movements exist. It is my innermost desires all built into one tiny fragment of the earth and yet feel like it is the whole universe. It is a heartfelt poetry recited from Mother Nature and an angelic melody of harps; a gift from god.

I listen and take what I have been offered for the night and I drink from the pool of knowledge the universe provides to whoever takes the time to appreciate. After my heart is renewed and I underwent healing of the soul, I walk down the hill with my bike besides me to the life that awaits me; When the light slowly fades in and those noises I didn’t hear all through the night start to begin.