

A Lesson from the River's Edge

My mother's property is located on the shore of the Warwick River where a dairy had been a hundred years ago. As was the practice during those times, trash was thrown into the river to dispose of it. This has left a huge number of mostly broken milk bottles buried in the sand and silt. For the past forty years our family has attempted to rid the beach of it. However, the glass is still washing up to this day. So, with the warming temperatures our efforts continue.

Each day at low tide my dog, Luna, and I walk the water's edge collecting the pieces that have washed up during the night. Actually, I collect and Luna plays. The rhythmic sounds of the waves bring peace to my soul. The laugh of the seagulls accompanied by the warmth of the sun make this an enjoyable task.

My mind wanders as I collect. Whose hands had last touched the pieces I am collecting? How many years ago would that have been? What must their lives have been like? I think about the past...their lives, my life. Thinking, pondering, meditating... I walk up the shoreline collecting pieces of differing sizes, shapes and colors turning and repeating the process on the way back.

Lost in thought while fulfilling my ever present need to be productive even when at rest, I retrace my steps, finding pieces of glass glittering in the sunlight obviously overlooked on my first pass. How could I have missed those pieces now so obvious on my return trip? Finding many mere inches from the foot prints left just minutes before was I not paying attention? It makes me wonder. What else in life am I failing to see?

I make a mental note to self: Pay attention. What you are searching for could be right in front of you.

