

Title: Ecstasy & Imagination

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Peace is what you make it. Imagine a God of creation who made beautiful creatures upon earth and gave us the opportunity to take what He has given us and do what with it? Make harmony and a feel-good soundtrack of bliss and ecstasy.

Imagine sitting slowly on a warm midsummer day. Imagine the things you can do; technology and cellular devices aren't needed. Why take the meticulous aspects of Earth's creation for granted? Laying upon that grass, close your eyes as you imagine. Sounds are heard every day but are ignored and blocked out by distractions. The trees swing back and forth at a consistent pace, which is something you can take note of. The grass you lay your head upon can be as dull as ever. But I have realized that if you close your eyes and relax, you can actually hear the warm wind whirring through the hairs of your arms.

Picture yourself on a warm mid-evening picnic. On top of a blanket surrounded by flowers—peonies, hibiscus—you could be on enjoying your day and tell yourself, "I should connect to nature more often." Suddenly it rains, an unforeseen interruption. Not many people enjoy the rain. Why? Maybe it might be mushy, wet, or perhaps it'll get too cold to the point where you'd get sick. But I love the rain because I don't see it as cold, mushy, or anything in that sense.

You have to continue going on about your day and let the rain fall on you. If you don't let the rain fall on you, then you won't get to experience how nice the pitter-and-patter sounds are. Imagine again, as you lay your head back, each droplet falling onto your eyelids. You allow each droplet to give you a kiss onto your skin. As the pitter-patter will enable you to meditate, it forms a rhythm of acceptance.

The concept it can also connect to is the messages that you imagine it to be. Maybe I could hear a crow singing. I may not know precisely know what that crow is singing, but what if I wanted to hear that crow sing the sweet melody my grandma sang to me as a kid? You can listen to it in your mind so long as you imagine it. I listened to the bird sing, "Angels watching over me, my lord." The trees could sing to you as well, and respond by working with the wind and caressing, gently roaring, and tickling the back of your ears. The sway of their branches can create a wind that feels like the warm touch of a lover.

The sweet melody could perhaps be carried specially around you, with the helping hand of your own imagination. This echo, the love, and memory can fabricate and translate feelings of serenity and safety. And there you'll be, standing at the edge of the world, listening to the love the earth gives you. The kisses from the rain and the hugs from the wind sound so sweet. As the sun descends, the rays travel along the water and hits you with the most harmonizing light.

As the sun dies, you close your eyes and listen to the music. Using the gift of imagination that god gave you does its wonders in leaving you forever at peace.