

The True Beauty

We never really realize how beautiful the world is, until its too late.

The first time I realized how beautiful the world was, was when I was 12 or so. I used to go to this camp as a kid, clearly im not 12 anymore. I did these things called 'Out-trips'. An Out-Trip is a trip where you take as much as you can fit into a couple of massive duffle bags for 12 kids and 2 counselors. 4 kids per canoe one canoe didn't have a counselor, mine, as we were the oldest of the bunch. We take as much as we can, and go canoeing around destined spots, all day. Then we stop and set up tents, make a fire, use whatever we can to survive.

I've always loved nature, its always calmed me to know that there are so many living things that I have yet to see. So we get on a bus, it's the middle of summer, but its in thessalon so, it's actually cold. We get all set up, and off we go. We start with a long journey of paddling. Its cold, the waves are rough and unforgiving, to most people, this would suck, but I loved it. I loved feeling the resistance of the waves, I never felt like I was fighting nature, but more moving with it, connected with the harsh weather so that I can move peacefully through it. My hands on the other hand could feel the pain. We would canoe for about two hours, then stop for some food and a drink of water, then keep going. I remember this first night the most, my hands all torn up from canoeing for so long, but it felt good.

After Going for such a long time, we had two more hours left, and then the most beautiful lightning strike I have ever seen covers the entire sky with this electric blue flash, and then follows a booming loud thunder, and almost simultaneously it starts to rain, hard. It was so loud, and hard it felt like hail. We still had an hour to go until we could portage and get out of the water, Metal canoes and lightning, not a safe thing. We trucked through it though. We felt the harsh rain, how hard it was hitting us, how cold we all were and exhausted we all were from canoeing all day, and we didn't cry, whine or complain that it was all to harsh...we looked at each other and sang, we sang 'fish in the sea'. Singing that song was a thing that me and the other campers knew how to sing during bad weather, so that we all knew that we would get through the bad weather together. It was almost impossible to see rocks that were sticking out of the water and we almost crashed into one, it was something that made me stronger, never broke me. Eventually We were able to portage and get out of the water and make It to where we needed to go. And then not 5 mins after we finish portaging and move past area, were we can't canoe. The rain stops, and the sun comes out...oh yeah, we all had a crazy good laugh about that one. It was a fantastic experience. After that, we saw tall mountains and beautiful green trees...we had a couple other rainy nights that had its own challenges, but nothing as bad as that first night. Ever since that day, I have never had such an appreciation for the world we live in, I have never felt so connected to the natural world, spite the harsh weather since that moment.