**Dec. 26, 2019**

***Wenshan Park***

Wenshan Park is only a small park in Muzha of Taipei, surrounded by streets on its three sides. There are no special facilities, no children’s rides, no flower beds, but a small wooden pavilion, a stone table, several iron benches, a few old but strong bunyan trees and a line of tall coconut trees planted over 100 years ago. It has been a good place for people to walk their dogs. I was rather touched whenever I saw the pet owners bring with them a plastic bag for their dog’s dung. Once I was very surprised to find a woman pushing a carriage with a dog wearing a diaper. At first, I thought it must have been a girl dog happening to be in her physiological period. Much to my amazement, it was actually a poor stray dog inflicted with a disease of bladder inflammation. The merciful woman not only brought it home but also took it to a vet and took care of it carefully. How wonderful these people were.

On a beautiful shiny day, when I was sitting on the bench in the park, an aged male foreigner came and started playing the guitar at ease. A few days later, he came to the small park to play the guitar again. There was no audience to applaud for him but only the birds singing along to the music on the trees. Another day, a teacher taught two students how to play ocarina at the pavilion in the park. Despite their great effort, the music they played hardly generated a feeling of comfort. In the following few days, the three of them kept coming here to practice together repeatedly. Months later, I met them once more in the park, and out of the blue, they now played their music harmoniously. The proverb “Practice makes perfect” really does make sense.

One morning, around 20 black-feathered, yellow-beaked birds stood on the lawn of the park, stretching their necks quietly toward a man. The peculiar scene immediately urged me to take some pictures of them. Unfortunately, I had not brought my smartphone with me. By the time I got my phone, the birds had all flown away already. After that, I always brought the smartphone with me, and I even tried to scatter bread crumbs to attract the birds, in hope of re-capturing the amazing scene I previously witnessed, but it was in vain. Many things come by out of pure luck; you don’t always find what you are searching for. Cherishing what we have is the only way to be happy.

In the park, I enjoy the rays of sunshine sieved through the tree leaves, the fresh air after rain, the phytoncide smelled during the trimming of hedges, the swinging of my arms under a bunyan tree with the exposed long aerial roots, my twice-a-day walking to get fit, and many among others. However, I’ve been told that the Wenshan Park will soon be replaced with a new MRT station, which is definitely going to bring an annoyingly large crowd. Well, anything could and would change with time. There is nothing we can do about the changes, so we might just as well embrace them.