Anthony
11th Grade

“A Xentonic Revelation”

During most of last summer, my father and I would go out twice a week in our dirty work clothes to mow lawns. We would set our alarms to 6:00 AM to get an early start on the day. I got our equipment ready while he got his truck and backed it towards our garage. After about 30 minutes, we would be ready to set off to our clientele. There was one house, however, that we would go to each week that had a beautiful landscape surrounding the property. I took notice of this while I was mowing his steep hill and saw a breathtaking view of the Catskill Mountains. We had finished early, which meant we had time to kill. My curiosity got the best of me, and I decided to explore the property to see what else was out there.

I strolled my way through his backyard and into the woods. I found myself being transported into an unfamiliar realm, where the concept of “time” as a linear progression lost all of its definition. My mind surrendered to the songs of the mother birds calling to their chicks, the wind’s fingertips messing my hair, as I strode through the rough terrain, boobytrapped by uprooted dead trees. I find there are different perceptions of time which can consist of rigid divisions, the feeling of having to rush against time as if it was a race. Nature however, contains a sense of eternity embedded with each experience.

I came across a stream streaked with a moody tint. It created a soothing sensation that calmed my stressed nerves and took my mind away from the negative feelings that I constantly endure and hold in. There was a field that possessed a view of the mountaintops, with the sun poking out. On top of the peak, there were storm clouds passing by, roaring with authority. I
loved playing in hay fields and in my backyard as a child. I remember dreaming of being a player for the Yankees and playing baseball with my dad when I started learning how to run and to swing a toy baseball bat. Unfortunately, as I grew older there was more to worry about in the world we live in rather than our precious memories, such as waking up in the morning on time to go to school, or to work.

In nature there is no recollection of “past” and “future,” and instead there is a repetition of renewal. Nature rewards us humans with its repetitive cycles, with the sprouting of flowers and vegetation, along with the ugly, mossy, or thorn-infested bushes and plants that also appear. I understand the sense of belonging in this experience where I can compare this to human society that is marked by individualism and competition. As nature should, it has the ability to humble humans by experiencing the realization that they are but one singular thread of existence.

Since modern society first developed, humans have relied upon the clock, as a way of constructing their daily routines. Time, as experienced in the rhythms of nature, stands against the more fast paced structure that humans have devised over centuries. Nature operates on its own temporal scale, the chaos in society can cause such feelings of stress, burnout, and anxiety in humans. By spending some time in natural environments and experiencing the wonders of nature it could help reduce cortisol levels, and lower blood pressure. Nature became a place of refuge for me from the noise and stress of the modern world, and became my sanctuary where I found peace and comfort. It is an invitation from Mother Nature herself to humans for them to embrace the beauty and complexities that nature provides and have a better understanding of time in human society, and in nature.