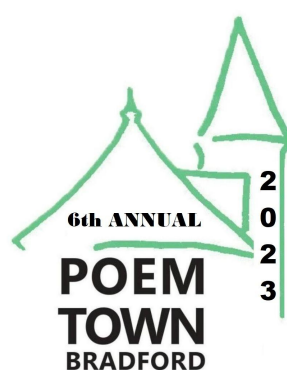




Shrine

I came upon a trailside shrine and was filled with awe captivated that humankind takes a moment of reverence to celebrate the spiritual side of their being laying down a polished stone or a bit of shell into the weathered stump of an old tree. Many secreted away their offerings into the mysterious deep crevices of the shrine – perhaps lovers holding on to their commitments, maybe for a lost love or an unknown prayer. Still others placed their tribute on the far ends of the branches, “saying I am here among you, I want to live and dance to this song.” But, all of them, beckoning nature to remember them, and in that moment, giving the worshipper a sense of permanence. Surely, we must acknowledge something deeper than ourselves runs in the hearts of humanity, otherwise this would not have left this behind.

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