

A Tour Down Memory Lane

Memories can be made anywhere, any day, at any time, but the experience that sticks is the real beauty of life. Experiences created in the world around us, in nature, are truly what make our life worth living. Dirt, grass, trees, mud, buildings, animals, bugs, wind, water, bushes, and so much more. To be honest, half of the things here sound pretty gross, but they influence our lives uniquely. Nature can be pretty mysterious; all you need is the time, the patience, and the ability to love the outdoors.

I have never really been in touch with nature in the US like I have with my motherland. It's where I had opened my eyes for the first time and saw what the world had to offer. It's where I celebrated all of the majestic moments. It's where I truly felt close to the outdoors. Just the smell was enough for me to know what was coming. From as little as strolling the streets of the town to jumping roofs in the kite-flying holidays, every little bit has been heart touching. India is one memory that has spread in every vein in my body. Maybe it's because my heart truly belongs to the place where my life started. Nature can be enjoyed every second. I never really went out exploring. I guess I never got the chance, but if I do I will certainly take the chance.

When revisiting, tears glide down my cheeks as I walk through the warm dirt and sand that feel like have been calling me for years. The fresh air makes the atmosphere heavenly. One of my favorite things was to go out in the fields and help with crops, swim, and just stroll in the hot blazing sun. Cotton was the hardest to pick but my cousins and I would just sit on the cot and work as the sun went down. Every few days we would go back and stroll randomly until we reached something that was intriguing. Sometimes we would stop by the sweet and sour berry bushes that would stretch up to 9 feet or so, and have a small picnic.

At times my entire family would gather and go down to the water well that was around 10 feet high and go for a swim. It was completely harmless and would stretch only 5 to 10 feet. We would enjoy the dip even if we ended up with tiny worms on our clothes. It was really icky, but we would laugh it out and take a shower. At the end of the day it would be a story we can think and laugh back at. As the day progressed I would join my family and we would all stroll to our farm, where I would look at the animals and help feed them.

All in all my outdoor experiences are a blast when I'm in India. Running through fields like only shown in movies, butterflies and flowers that make everything an event, and so much more. Some people find nature really creepy because of the creepy crawlies, however I like how those creepy crawlers contribute to the environment. The nature is simply divine and it's how you see it that determines your experience. If one wants they can see the true beauty that's waiting for someone to uncover it.