

'Winnemucca Wonderland'

I sought to walk through a tiny sector of God's vast wonderland
to view but a sample of the splendor
which is everywhere for us to behold.
What a glorious gift we have been given in the form of nature.
It need not be earned nor deserved,
only accepted and appreciated.

From Carson's summit a trail begins to wind its way
beneath grand trees of great height, which create alternating
patches of sunlight and shadow on the ground below.
A cool breeze mellows the intensity of the bright sun.
The trail climbs gradually through low rocks
punctuated by clusters of wildflowers
in subtle tones of blue and white and yellow.
It is difficult to resist the urge
to pause and savor each lovely flower,
but the promise of beauty a thousand-fold spurs me on.

Soon there looms ahead the breathtaking sight
of a mountain peak still clothes in patches of snow
under the heat of the late-July sun.
How can this be?
Is it not one of God's beautiful mysteries
designed to perplex us?

. . .

The dusty trail leads to a small round lake
named after every biology student's favorite creature--the frog.
It appears that this body of water owes its very existence
to a narrow strip of earth, which prevents it from spilling
into the valley and meadows below.
What care was given to every detail
in the creation of this wonderland.

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At the distant edge of the magnificent meadow of color
rises a ridge, beyond which lies Lake Winnemucca
at the foot of the snowpatch-covered peak.
Large flat rocks along the far shore
provide perfect spots for resting and taking nourishment.
Rather than dipping into the cold waters of the lake,
I choose to eat quickly in order to have time
to view exquisite flowers at close range
and to absorb the remarkable quiet beauty of the area.

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For several hours, however, I was surrounded by
the aroma of fragrant wildflowers
and the natural beauty of the Winnemucca wonderland.
I carry away with me from this inspiring experience
memories of an unforgettable day spent exploring
a minuscule portion of God's immense early realm.

I like to think that it pleases Him,
when His children choose to interrupt their busy lives
to spend time appreciating His special gift of nature.
Would He not be even more pleased,
if we His children had the desire and foresight
to express our gratitude
by consciously taking steps to preserve
this most precious gift which has been bestowed upon us,
so that it might continue to exist to be enjoyed and cherished
by all the children of the future?

Pat Benbough Marean
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