

### 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.

...  
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.

...  
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?

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