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The Frozen Hillside

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THE FROZEN HILLSIDE

Is it conceivable, if awareness is sharpened to its finest point, for the senses to somehow overlap—actually making it possible to “feel” a sound? I think I just experienced that phenomenon as I scrunched along through the frozen, but radiantly beautiful, snow covered hillside.

I glance backward one last time to savor the serenity and beauty nature has created by the perfect combination of snow, ice, and freezing temperatures. I have empathy for otherwise gifted artists as they try in vain to capture the depth of this natural beauty.

Trees glisten as mounds of snow balance delicately on branches that finger out over the half-frozen creek. The sun, sprinkling warmth into my soul, teases me by dancing in and out of the winter white clouds drifting aimlessly in the clear January sky. Braving frigid temperatures, big and small animals have added to this scene by leaving an intricate maze of prints crisscrossing the hillside; bringing to mind perhaps, the abstract signature of the greatest Artist of all. And as I listen, the cold silence is interrupted by a faint, but distinct and somewhat haunting, melody high in the tree tops. The wind is picking up and the frozen branches begin to reproduce the sound of champagne glasses clinking ever so delicately. It's like background music filtering in to complete the picture as the trees sway gently, seemingly toasting their creator.

A shiver of emotion runs through me infiltrated by the cold and I am reminded that it is getting late and I must leave this winter scene that will never again be recreated exactly as I see it. I surrender to the frustration of the artists who have tried unsuccessfully to capture such a divine moment. There are just no colors or words to harness the beauty of this frozen hillside.

-Marge Golaszewski