

2017 International Essay Contest for Young People

[Youth Category – Honorable Mention]

Humanity and Nature: two close yet distant relatives.

(Original)

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Good God, how I wish I became a childly man again.

Good God, how I wish I was able to engrave all the impressions and thoughts and occurrences easily again. How I wish I embraced every moment of my life.

Good God, Dear God, how I wish I woke up early in the morning with that irresistible desire for contemplating the world around me, the scenes before me, the views over me.

I wish people never knew what the word "war" means. I wish I could cherish them and they could cherish me in spite of the race, nationality, complexion, religion, world-view, fortune, intellectual capacity, background, status.

I wish I could forgive and be forgiven.

Dear God, I was afraid of lingering lees of life in emotional ignorance and obscurantism without knowing what to do and how to live.

But once I was strolling in the forest nearby. It was the most usual morning with the most usual trill of birds and the sun was shining most usually.

All of a sudden, I noticed a tiny bright butterfly flying from one flower to another. I couldn't help looking at it! The butterfly was flying so merrily and cheerfully, so carelessly! "Why are you so merry and cheerful and careless?" - I wanted to ask it. "You're living for a few days, your beautiful colouration will become pale soon and your flowers which you fertilize will immediately forget you! You don't even know what it means to LIVE! You are either here or not!"

The butterfly didn't answer me. And it never will. It was the silent wisdom of nature that makes people think over different questions without receiving straight answers.

I watched it for 1, 2, 3 hours and... I know! Now I know! Butterfly, how shrewd you are!

You never think about how long you are going to live. Probably, you don't even know. You are here, here in the forest, on this shiny and warm day, doing your work, doing the work which you are supposed to do, which is so necessary! The job of a small butterfly is as

important for nature as the job of a miner for people! And each of them can be wiped off the face of the earth right now!

..embrace the moment! Contemplate the world!..

Then I walked along the river. Illuminated, I was listening to the whisper of water. You are here. You are here and there, at this bank and that one immediately! You didn't have any past and you will never have any future! You know only the present moment! You don't remember any offenses. You always accept everybody. No matter whether it is waste or fallen leaves or boats and newborn fish! You are so calm and tender and quiet. Could I ever resemble you, river?

...live now! Forgive and be forgiven! Accept and cherish people despite everything!..

Then I got to the meadow. I lay on the grass. I gazed at the sky. It was indescribable blue and placid as it never knew what the word "war" means. I wish it would not know. I wish we would forget this word forever. Enchanting blue sky, will you help us? Would you please become our teacher? The teacher of foolish and ignorant people?

Dear God, once I was strolling in the forest nearby. It was the most usual morning with the most usual trill of birds and the sun was shining most usually. On that morning the butterfly, the river and the sky became my teachers. I wish they could become teachers for all of us.