

Man on the Mountain

Wee Oooo Wee Oooo...I wake up to the sound of a police car rushing past my apartment in Manhattan. I look at my alarm clock "6:00"!

I say to myself, "I overslept!"

I jumped out of bed, ran down stairs and went outside. It's windy and snow is flying everywhere.

"Taxi!" I yell.

Finally, after seven tries, a taxi stops. I hop in the cab and head to work. On the way, I hear the usual sounds of honking horns and people angrily yelling at one another. I finally get to work, "Hi Todd, can you file this for me; also Let's Move and Co. just called and they want the papers for that house.They want them by the end of the day."

I get to my office, take off my coat, but before I can sit at my desk, Larry says "Hey I heard you're going on vacation. Can you give me those insurance documents."

"When do you need them?" I ask.

"Today! The new clients are coming at 10."

"I'll try," I said.

I didn't complete all of the work, because it was just too much. After work, I go home, grab my stuff, hop in my car, and start driving north to the ski resort for my vacation

When I finally got to the ski resort it was 10 PM. I went to my room and went to bed. The next morning I woke up, and was so excited that I didn't even eat breakfast! I just put on my wintergear, grabbed my skis, and ran over to the lift. My first few runs were pretty easy. I did some greens (easy trails) and blues (moderately challenging trails), but after two or three runs, I hit a black diamond (extremely challenging trails)! I was so excited that it was like my blood turned to Redbull. I was ecstatic to be on the slopes!

During the next lift ride up, I had finally calmed down, and realized the morning fog had lifted. You could see for miles and the view was amazing. There were mountains everywhere. I closed my eyes and breathed in the crisp morning air. I heard birds singing their morning songs and opened my eyes to see a cardinal flying around my chair lift. When I got to the top, I felt the power of nature take me in. A breeze blew across my face, almost like it was telling me what trail to take. I went in the direction of the wind, and it led me to an easy, slow, glade. I took the trail and felt the wind gently push me along.

I just let the wind take me where it wanted to go and let it show me the beautiful sights of the mountain. I heard the soft fruitful tweets of bluejays and the long gentle caw of crows. The cold, crisp air smelled almost sweet, with a hint of pine. The trail ended at a little log cabin with a sign that said *Donut Shop Cafe*. I walked in, and it was like stepping back in time! Stuffed deer heads were on the wall and I could smell smoke in the air; not like the black smoke from back in the city, but like the smell of camp fire smoke.

"Hello, how can I help you?" a lady said.

"A table for one please."

"Right this way." She said.

I followed her to a table in the back where I ordered some bacon and eggs with a coffee. I slowly ate my breakfast, watching the skiers fly past the cabin. As I sat there, I wondered why I had never noticed that the forest was so full of life and beauty.

The rest of the week I didn't do as many big trails with jumps but more small glades, where I could step back, and see and feel the mountain beauty. When I was driving home,

I couldn't help but think how my trip was much better when I took a pause to see Mother Nature for what it really was.