

## Oasis Of Peace.

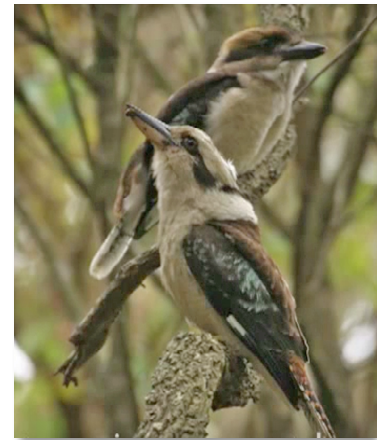
Inge Danaher, June 2015



She sat on a moss-covered rock overlooking the fast flowing creek. It was early in the day but the morning sun was warm enough to have melted the dew, yet cool enough to make this experience an enjoyable period before the heat would drive her to seek refuge under shelter. She was not the only one enjoying this refreshing moment. The bush was alive. The ha.ha.ha.ha of the Kookaburras soon changed to he.he.he followed by a chorus of hi.hi.hi as though an excited group of children were trying to achieve an echo from the surrounding hills.

The gum trees ensured the air was full of their eucalyptus fragrance. She sighed and breathed in deeply, a pleasant mix of Eucalypt mingled with rotting undergrowth.

She had found the perfect spot to meditate and to allow the peace to settle over her. Everywhere there was movement, on the ground and in the air. As she held herself quite still the inhabitants of this peaceful oasis paid her no heed and went about their business. The kookaburras tired of their laughter but other birds soon chimed in with their melodious twittering. Beetles and butterflies were gliding through the branches and here and there resting on some leaf.



There was a gentle bubbling sound coming from the water as it flowed over the debris and smooth rocks that were strewn throughout the creek. Now and then a bird's song would echo like a chime through the forest. There was no wind at all and this created an eerie stillness as background to the cacophony of sounds coming from all myriads of creatures that made this their home.

She got up and walked to the river's edge. Bending over she cupped her hands and drank deeply from the sweet fresh water that had been filtered by thousands of rocks and branches as it made its way down from the snowy ranges miles away from where she stood. The water was cold enough to remind of its origin high up in the Alpine forests. She let some of this crystal clear liquid flow over her hands and then gently she washed her face. The coolness felt delicious and made her wake up out of her dreamlike state. She took off her shoes and let her feet soak for a while before shaking them dry and getting ready to return to her shelter.

Walking away she felt the crushing of leaves and tiny branches under her shoes. She tried to walk slowly so as not to disturb or frighten the little creatures all around her. Her eyes drank in the view one last time, as if she wanted to imprint it forever in her memory.