

Trail Tales

What is nature's fault?

There is a well-established fact that nature is capable of reviving and beautifying itself ... For each of the four seasons there is a new stage of life ... And because we Left our Mother Nature we always have the tendencies to come back to it to breathe the fresh air and release its radiance into our souls ... And this is due to our genes that originate from the soil.

My nature-loving friend, and I agreed to take a contemplative tour of the reserve ... So, Friday morning was our date ... and the Sharif Trail was our path ... We carried our bags containing all we needed for drinking water and light sandwiches ... and we did not forget the empty garbage bags ... On the way back, the waste thrown on the path must be collected ... In public, we reduce pollution, even if only by a small portion.

The weather is still pleasant with fresh air ... We arrived early, before the sun became too hot ... our steps are slow because our goal is contemplation ... we look at everything around us in silence ... we want to hear everything that comes from nature ... The rustling of the trees ... The chirping of the birds ... the sound of our feet moving on the dry grass ... The sound of distant cattle herds... the echo of the mill's bell filling the air ... and there is a shepherd playing the Shababa instrument. What a beautiful melody that is ... And when the shepherd dogs sensed our presence, they started barking in the place, and we could hear nothing else.

We reached the middle of the path, where the charming view was ... We sat in the shade of an old oak tree ... in its lush shade, on a large flat rock We ate our pre-prepared breakfast ... We admired the trees and plants around us ... And whenever we admired the view, the word "If only it wasn't for" was present ... The trees around us were not spared from being cut down and tampered with ... While walking, we searched for those plants we know but did not find them.... They were uprooted instead of picking the fruits ... There was a rustling sound coming from the tree we were sitting under ... We noticed birds flying in the trees all around us, but none of them came near the tree we were sitting under....

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so we looked closely and saw a nylon bag stuck in the middle of the tree, preventing the birds from approaching it ... so my friend decided to climb up the tree to remove the bag ... and he found a bird with its foot stuck to the bag and he was unable to fly ... So, he saved him from his suffering, and he flew happily in the company of his fellow birds ... What is nature's fault? came out of our mouths together ... My friend came down from the tree and sat next to me, with joy and pleasure filling his heart ... He freed the bird and saved it from death ... We started watching the movement of the birds after the bird joined them ... They were flying above us as if to thank us for saving them from death ... And after a while they gathered on the tree above us after feeling safe ... We remained silent for half an hour, listening to their tweets, and watching their movement ... It was one of the most beautiful moments of life that we experienced with joy and happiness.

Why tamper with the components of nature when we are its inhabitants? ... We are the ones who enjoy its beauty and eat its fruits ... It is our incubator and not our enemy ... Were it not for this picturesque nature, we would not be its inhabitants ... Our ancestors chose it as a residence due to the abundance of its products, its moderate weather, and its beauty ... And throughout ancient times, this Area never depopulated.

What is the fault of nature when we cause this visual distortion and environmental pollution ... As for the pruning and disappearance of species, this is an unforgivable crime against nature ... And I can almost hear the voice of nature saying: Let me create beauty for you and create an attractive environment that pleases the onlookers ... and entertains the visitors ... Let me revive the biodiversity of the place ... I only have a little left ... Let the trees and plants grow to improve the weather and provide you with oxygen ... The shade of the trees is enough for you to protect you from the scorching heat of the sun ... The voice of nature was loud and sad, so I could not hear my companion. Only after he approached me and stopped me to be with him ... I told him about the conversation I had with nature ... and my features showed distress and sadness... and he forgave me for what had happened.

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On our way back, and as we had planned in advance, each of us collected a garbage bag from the waste of shepherds and visitors to this area ... We picked up everything we could see, from nylon bags to iron cans and glass containers ... We were very happy and elated ... helping nature to be ... More beautiful and pure ... and my feeling of distress and sadness towards nature has eased because I have done even a small thing for

I stood in the shade of a carob tree, with my companion a few steps behind me ... and I began to address nature in a loud voice: Sorry, nurturing mother ... with the broad chest and a big heart ... You endured our harm silently ... and you did not revolt or withhold your good things from us ... Sorry for every step that resulted in the destruction of a part of your diversity... I apologize for everyone whose feet landed on your enchanting paths ... I pledge to you from today to be a loyal friend ... and I will announce the motto “be a friend of nature” to everyone ... and my companion followed me by repeating the pledge.

We left the reserve filled with hope ... happy with what we had done in the service of nature and its inhabitants of birds and animals ... and its visitors, tourists, and users ... all negative charges had gone out of us ... and we had energy full of vitality, activity, and happiness ... and we were all longing to return to it. With a new journey ... and the further we move away from it, it attracts us to it with a new scent and a new color ... The further the distance, the deeper the longing and nostalgia... We cannot distance ourselves from it, for we originate from soil.