

makes a certain kind of sense that's hard to put into words but has meaning for you. So you look around and find a sunny rock to lean against, and you sit there for a long time, just absorbing those meanings, just looking out. By and by, you realize that the sun is beginning to dip in the west, and it really is time to go back now. But you also know that you will be perfectly safe, that as long as you put one foot ahead of the other carefully, watching where you're going, holding on to branches of the trees that reach out for you, going carefully, you'll be all right. You know that you will be able to make the journey safely, because you already have and you arrived at your destination even though it seemed to be a mystery to you. Now, you know where you're going and that you will get there. And so you travel back along that rough trail, managing it slowly and carefully but with assurance, back through the fog, down the hazardous steep slope through the forest, slipping and falling once or twice but always able to catch yourself, until you find yourself back in the lovely grove again, the serenity and peacefulness once more comforting you. Then, back across the little river, and into the meadow.