

Tranquility of a cemetery

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As we come in to a cemetery, we might be filled with fears or have some sort of dreadful feeling. Our first impression may be of dark cold nights and ended lives. What is a scary and dreadful place for some people; it is a very meaningful place for me. This place is so meaningful to me because my father is buried there. Cemeteries are important to bringing perspective and serenity, because they bring us a connection to where we came from, it helps us realize the tenderness of life, and they help us to relax a little bit through their calmness.

I have had so many things impact my life and they all seem to end up in the same place. Cemeteries are not the dreaded and scary things of superstitions. They are holding places for memories and faith. The memories I hold from Bellevue memorial park are not from within the place itself but from the people it holds. It helped me realize the delicacy of life by taking many people I loved before I expected them to go. My father is buried in my most meaningful place; my grandma and one of my uncles are there too.

The day we buried my dad it was a beautiful day outside, it was nice and sunny although it looked like it was going to rain. As I entered the cemetery I saw tombstones piled up from left to right and right to left, there's was people buries in every direction. On one corner there are tombstones dated as far back as the 1800's, those are the oldest tombs. Then there's a section as you are coming in to the cemetery, called the mausoleum. As you go in there it's very quiet, but the smell of the mausoleum is the same smell of a rotting piece of meat.

As you approach to the middle section of the cemetery there is the baby section. This section is always filled with balloons flowers and all kinds of decorations, for their birthdays or special occasions. This is the saddest section of the whole cemetery because you always see at least 1 mother crying to their dead child. In the older sections of the cemetery there where caskets coming out the ground, you could see that since they have been there too long the dirt has pushed them out. I walked around the whole cemetery and I felt sad for all f these people that have lost their lives in accidents, crimes, or justhealthproblems. I kind of felt like I was in fear of losing my life too, because I was surrounded by death. As we approached to the section where my father was going to be buried, it smelled like fresh flowers and plants, but if u smelled deep enough there was a humid smell in the air of the rotting corpses underneath the ground I was stepping on. I've been at this cemetery three times and as close as I can remember it felt the same. I felt scared, anxious; my heart beat was accelerating as we were getting closer to putting my loved ones underground.

The grass was green and freshly cut; it seemed as if they had just cut it for this occasion. Every time I go to the cemetery I'm not scared anymore I feel peaceful, when you go there you get relaxed because it's very quiet, there is no sound in sight all u can hear is the static in your ears. Also it's hard to explain the emotions you get as you enter a cemetery; you feel sad, scared, anxious lots of mixed emotions. One thing I remember the most is the feeling of knowing that once my dad was going underground I was never going to see him again all I was left with was his memory and his tomb.