

Truth college essay



Finding Truth
The gentle wind tickled his body and he shrugged in surprise. The delicate petals broke in his palms because he was unaware of their fragility. The rising of sun did brighten his face but its rays could not force him to blink his eyes. He was blind.

He was the man who has seen glory of authority during his service as an army officer. His youth was spent in comfort and his life had been, in general, spent like that of a free bird rising towards horizon. His future promised him material prosperity and he was proceeding towards it until the day he felt bullet on border of his homeland. From that day onwards, he has lived in a different world. I saw Harris my neighbor-strolling through his garden enjoying the cool shade of the trees and the melody of chirping birds. At first, I pitied him.

He had lost a reason to live. For me, he seemed to be quietly waiting for death amidst nature to assuage his grief. I met him while he was relaxing on bench in the garden. Sensing my presence, a smile appeared on his lips and he raised his head in an effort to point his eyes towards me. I wanted to ask him how he felt being blind.

How differently did he hear the rustling of autumn leaves, the racket of tadpoles and the splashing of the cataract
Harris told me that everything had a new meaning for him. When he smelled the flowers, their fragrance indicated to him the many colors of nature; when he touched them, a picture was automatically carved in his heart. He felt like a painter who tried different pastels in the flowing water of the stream and granted whiteness to the swans that swam in it. He possessed the power to cause the defoliated

autumn trees to be laden with fruits, the frogs to sleep on lilies and the cataract to splash in definitely. He was the master of a hidden world.

Blindness was not a predicament for him, but a blessing for him. In fact, he had a vision which caught the real essence of objects, a vision who could appreciate the beauty of...