

Introducing my self to the class

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Moments of Peace It was after an Earthworks meeting that I sat, stunned, in my glass-blowing studio. I couldn't believe what I had just heard, only forty-five minutes ago.

The smell of late autumn was in the air as I walked from the meeting room at the library to my car. I could smell the wood smoke from the stoves in the neighboring houses and a fine mist softened the sharp edges of the day. In spite of the blaze of color all around me, the sensuous feel of the evening and the fact that I was looking forward to seeing my four-month-old son, Lance, my mind was tempestuous. As I put my key in the lock to open the car door, I saw Cecil Stephens exit the library, waving away three other outraged people from my local group.

" What do you mean that use of industrial hemp will make us lose the war on drugs" Andy Becker was shouting. " We've given the proof, the formulas, everything! What more do you want"

" Excuse me," Stephens said placidly as Andy stood in front of him. " I have another engagement."

" Another engagement." snorted Roseanna Schleiger. " To shut down more people To lie more How much do they pay you for this, anyway"

I couldn't help but listen as this was happening only two cars away from me. Moments ago, our monthly meeting ended in an explosive argument between our group's leader and Cecil Stephens, an environmental lawyer who had been invited to speak. We arrived with the impression that we would be brainstorming about getting industrial hemp more widely used as a renewable resource. Even the government knew that it doesn't make people high, it doesn't have enough THC in it. ¹ But faced with the reality that the major powers that be are against renewable resources in this way, from a <https://assignbuster.com/introducing-my-self-to-the-class/>

lawyer who was supposed to be working on our side, was like a slap in the face.

I thought about all of the hours I'd devoted to the cause of renewable resources, seeing the need, the desperate need of our planet for our help. I thought of all the times I had enjoyed the splendor of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the sheer force of Nature with a tenuous balance that is being tipped out of kilter. I have fought for what I have thought is right; but what do I know, I'm just another 20 year old!

And now, here is Lance, needing his diaper changed as I think about this meeting gone wrong and what it could implicate. I reach for a fresh cloth diaper, feeling its softness in my hands as I look at my little son. His eyes meet mine and I wonder what he will be like when he is my age. Will there be a world for him to contemplate, a planet for him to care for Will he know the Blue Ridge Mountains I want to raise him to care passionately about stewardship.

I try to stop the worry, the agony of one defeat, and be with him in this moment. I've been accused of being zealous and headstrong more than once, but as I look at my little son I am reminded of my gentler side, my innocent side. God, I wish I could be as trusting as Lance has to be!

As I look at my glasswork, I am reminded that I don't have control over everything. But inside of me is a wellspring of creativity, yearning to be born just as Lance was. This is where I will turn my attention now; my choice in this moment is to generate a feeling of peace and remove one more anxiety-ridden person from the world, even if it's only for an hour or two.

Reference

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