

# The Silence

## By Mallery Footer

It wasn't until we all shut our sleds off and removed our helmets that I felt it.

The silence.

As my heart pounded and my body still buzzed from the vibration of my sled, I looked out across the lake and noticed the vastness that seemed welcoming and unforgiving at the same time.

It took me several minutes to realize what felt so unfamiliar about this place and this view that I'd seen so many times before.

We get so caught up in the chaos and the noise of everyday life that silence becomes foreign. If it's not mind chatter, it's the TV or the addictive pull to scroll through social media.

But silence...

Silence is where nature lives. It's where she invites you to come and stay awhile; to look out across the still water and understand that you can feel silence in your body as much as you can feel it in your soul.

It's the subtle lullaby of faraway birds and the gentle sound of waves kissing the rocks just beneath the lookout.

And it's in that consoling silence that you realize you've been lost for a long time.

Lost in a world of noise and stimulation, all seducing you away from yourself.

But when we learn to identify the chaos, we can take solace in mother nature who knows that you have to be lost to be found.

As I gazed across Lake Michigan and felt the silence come over me...I thanked her.

I thanked her for reminding me to come home.

Come home to the silence of nature.