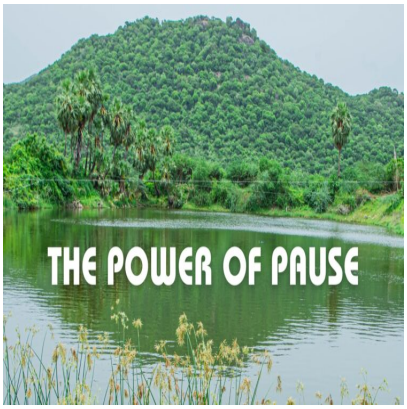
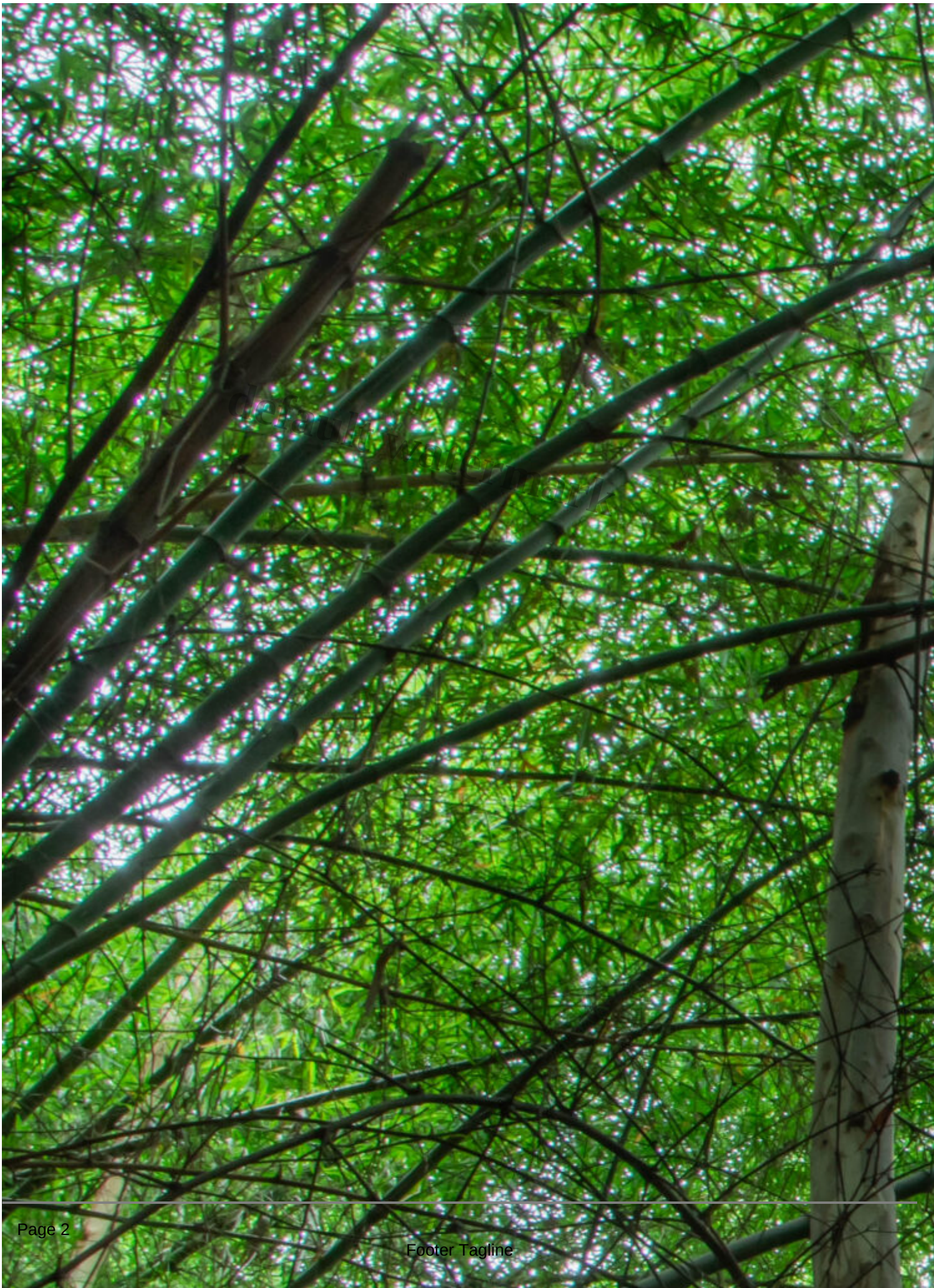


THE POWER OF PAUSE

Description

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Sometimes a week goes by where I do nothing. I donâ??t find any reason why I lie down in such a stubborn apathy. It just happens. During which my mind refuses to hum along with the tasks Iâ??m supposed to care for that require my honest efforts: reading, listening, meditation, or jotting down a few passages, whatever I can collect about my past and my family. Mentally, these bouts of loafing for long periods are not good for me. Traces of mild depression could likely show an urge to take over. Furthermore, it lowers my levels of esteem â?? the daily tonic that jumpstarts my helpful, everyday workout.



For a while, I donâ??t know why. I let this temporary coma have its silly influence over my mind and body. Wishfully, inertia doesnâ??t cling for eternity. Suddenly, one fine, sunny morning, I wake up, my eyes squinting pleasantly in the bright light. My limbs pick up the confidence, but with a nagging guilt of quizzing, â??What the hell happened to me all these days?â?• I shrug and say a bit louder, â??This isnâ??t me; itâ??s better that I have to get out of these dirty mood swings.â?•

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Later, my mind hurries into a brooding mode. Many doubts hum around. Does this sleepy tendency have anything to do with my porous health status, or is something else happening inside? Or could it be an impulsive fear about the Covid-related residual hiccups? These health issues have enough punch that these worries work overtime, leaving enough soot to blacken my mental state.

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Right now, all I need is a quick perk up to figure out a way and get some kicky action going. I need to check on my mental and physical firmness. So what does it mean? I have to plan a sprint in the fresh air and outdoors. Once I dive into this pursuit, it serves me well, and magically, I feel physically alright. The whole exercise works like a therapeutic ritual. I truly believe this is the right thing for me and that faith proves thereâ??s nothing to worry about. Slowly, the heaviness lodged in my chest and the unavoidable nagging of worry and self-doubt lifts.

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The restless emotions led me to the outskirts of Vijayawada, a bustling capital city, where six decades of my career, with all its twists and turns, blended seamlessly with the bustling chaos.

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I drove for over an hour to Mulapadu village, a part of the Kondapalli reserve forest in the foothills of the Eastern Ghats, which encircle the city. The silence of the forest was haunting, yet its greenness stood inviting. I went about looking for an eerie stretch of bamboo grove. The flock of bulky shoots reaching to the sky formed a canopy high above, and I had to flex my head up to measure its reach.

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Dried bamboo leaves littered the ground, almost carpeting the area, but the entire scene looked a little neglected and dirty. It required good hands for maintenance. Later, I came to understand that the messy wreckage resulted from the floods that had damaged the surrounding ecosystem, and its revival would require many seasons to come back full and wide, singing once again.

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With the grove, trees, and foliage still sad and grieving, I could feel the gentle breeze teasing the bushes and rustling the branches, creating a calming, whispering sound. Somewhere lost in the heights of a green-capped canopy, the birds wake up, and I hear their chorus of laughter and dive of wings in the air. Before I set up my camera, I paused and marveled at the tones, jingles, and colours, and my body suddenly became alive with a thought: â??This is what true peace feels like.â?•

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As if reading my mental gloom, these moments and experiences worked like a strong tying wire, connecting me to my purpose and binding me to what Iâ??m looking for. At this point, one gospel has truly gotten me. The joy of photography serves as both a healer and a personal teacher when Iâ??m down and distressed. I create visual stories and memories that stay with me long after the day is done. And honestly, after all the effort, the hours I spend adjusting the lens, focusing, and fine-tuning the colours and tones, I believe, nourishes the inner part of me that sometimes feels lonely and tired. I think that for anyone in retirement, these small adventures â?? simply stepping out into the turf of natureâ??can infuse our days with greater meaning and fulfillment. Itâ??s like rediscovering an inner spark that reminds us weâ??re still a part of something much bigger than ourselves.

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Category

1. Places

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