

Wendy's Reflections

THE WIND

A gentle breeze.

A roaring gale.

The wind just is.

It blows without regret or apology.

It does not know good or bad.

It always blows with the rhythm of natural law,

Whether others recognize it or not.

It calms, cools, cleanses, chills, and always brings freshness.

Ah, to be as the wind,

Sometimes still, sometimes gentle, sometimes powerful,

always in rhythm with the universe.