

An Interesting Sunday

By Bruno Brito

Last Sunday I had an interesting day. My wife asked me to go to a store that her work friend had recommended. Dear reader, try to imagine my excitement about going out on a cold Sunday afternoon to go a housewares store in another city. Imagine? So come with me and enjoy it.

The store was in Marlborough. As we drove on highways, the landscape changed. Especially when we arrived at Farm RD, it looked like it had snowed the day before. With the exception of the highway, everything was white. I found it strange, because only two miles ago the snow had already melted. The sun and rain had already melted everything. But at Farm RD it was different. The sun was shining a lot, the white of the snow looked even whiter. Then I slowed down the car to enjoy the landscape, but the sun's rays passed through the trees and hit my eyes and the snow. My eyes hurt from so much brightness, but the snow continued to resist.

The houses were beautiful, they were modern houses on a rural road. Suddenly, after a turn, I saw three beautiful white horses near the fence that separated the farm from the highway. Then so they started running, it was magical. It looked like a painting made by an exceptional artist. Those creatures could only have been created by an extraordinary artist, or by an exceptional design. Even if they were created by chance or accident, that chance or that accident was very intelligent and had an extraordinary artistic ability.

Along the way, I saw some vegetable greenhouses that also resisted the sun, cold and snow. I saw some cows resting while waiting for the next milking. I also saw some tractors that seemed to be resting to continue their work at dawn. There were many other impressive landscapes along the way, but my time is short.

Anyway, after 25 minutes, we arrived at the store that made me leave home on that Sunday afternoon. We bought some things we needed and others that maybe we didn't need so much, but the price was good. Then we went back home.

Reader, friend, if you are wondering what was so interesting about that store, then you did not understand anything. What made that Sunday tour so interesting was the travel, not the final destination. May we enjoy every minute of our lives, for happiness is here and now.