

THE FOG LIFTS – Karin Larsen

One of the most ethereal and beautiful sights I get to witness living on the Southern Oregon Coast is the early morning light finding its way through the lifting fog. Looking back from the edge of the waves today I see trees barely visible behind thinning layers of fog slowly showing their silhouettes. In a moment the sun appears from behind the mountains and causes the contrast of ancient trees still and dark among wisps of cloudy air. Birds begin to sing, movements of animals, cars, people. There is peacefulness in fog, some call it eerie. I think it's magical.

There are those who seek the ocean and the shores here often not knowing what it might fill up inside them, only that something changes here. Time, routine, or is it a contact with something too big to conquer and easy to respect? This ocean offers so much and many have come here to find answers, solace, healing, trying to lift the fog in their hearts and lives.

Light changes here constantly. If I look one direction on the shoreline and then turn quickly to view the other, the light has already moved on the water. Artists love this light, and I delight in seeing it now shifting quicker than the sand under my feet.

Wind has refreshed me and challenged me to stand against it, sometimes letting my own voice roar into it.

Birds navigate with a power and skill that mocks and defies my human abilities. They dive, swoop, search, and crash into the water as if there is no distinction between the matter of water and the substance of air. It's all one part of the same earth.

Waves are often described as rolling and crashing. Some waves just lie down and give up. These waves provided the musical background at night when we've huddled around the beach campfire creating marshmallow memories with our kids. Celebrating, with an unconscious relief, that the seashores' well-established ebb and pull routine here is where nature decides what is next. We make no choices here. All we do is witness, let it all fill us up again.

I asked a young father as we stood watching his young children dancing in the surf, running and laughing and trying not to get caught by the over-lapping white breaking water, "what brings you to the ocean?" "Oh", he said, "the kids love it here". Yea. Right. The kids.

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