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English 1010; Kim Rush
Monday, Wednesday - 8am
Descriptive Essay: 621

A Weathered Love

Love is like a young tree in bloom, weak and flimsy - easily uprooted in the beginning. One must watch over it carefully, nurture the young thing as the wind howls and threatens to yank it out of the ground, roots and all.

I select the track number and hear the familiar bass line ripple through my heart. It's our anniversary and the crisp morning air of fall adds to the flood of memories, of the last seven years, that the music stirs within me. We were in a hurry to leave the wedding suite and begin our first week as a married couple. We were both excited and nervous to start our journey. "What would the future hold for us? Will we have a good life? Will our love prove strong to stand the test of time?," asked our subconscious. Neither of us answered, we were caught up in imagining Colorado's vibrant fall colors- our chosen honeymoon destination.

We encountered long vast plains of nothingness for hours and hours on end as we drove. There were five or six old farmhouses surrounded by cattle waiting to be fed, but that was all we saw and smelt along our ten hour drive. It felt as if we where the only people left on Earth. Then slowly, subtly, we came upon mountains! We had no idea how long they had been growing in the horizon without our notice. Up they loomed, beautiful and majestic with their snow capped peaks and tall aspen pines jutting out of the shear rocky terrain. As quickly as we had realized the mountains existence, we also realized the obstacle of our trek over them. Suddenly then, they had become

threatening and monstrous. Oh, the mountains we would soon encounter. The ones that there would be no alternative but to struggle and climb over: The car accident. The drugs and alcohol. The depression. The bills. It was the winter of our life. Bitterly cold and so lonely, it felt like that single season lasted 3 years. Daily, I prayed for the thaw to come. Like those mountains and the arrival of spring, I was caught unsuspecting when the change did come. The dark clouds that hung overhead broke loose and let bright rays of sunlight through. Sunlight that I had long forgotten existed, shone on us once again. Finally, I had my answer: We made it, we endured.

At birth, a tree is but a seed - unrecognizable to the thing that it will one day become. Likewise, I look back over our relationship and cannot understand the children we once were and the love that we once shared. Growing stronger and more determined with every storm that rolled through our life. With careful watch towards the horizon, I now can see storms coming from afar. I yell a warning and as we grab for each other's hand, we look knowingly at each other: "Here it comes again". We brace for the impact, holding on tightly to each other until the wind around us dies down. From a distance a storm looks ominous and foreboding, but when the thunderclouds pass and you look around to assess the damage done, you will find two things: 1. you made it through. 2. Now you know what you two can weather together.

We are different people today than we were, seemingly, so long ago. Seeing how love has grown makes me grateful instead of cynical. Not bitter at how our love no longer "looks" and "feels" like it once did. Now, it is different. It is stronger and wiser. It is better. He is my first love, and now with confidence I can proclaim that he will be my last.

1. The purpose of this essay is: to give young lovers hope and courage. Could also be appreciated by anyone in a friendship.
2. The audience and why: newlyweds, because the first few years of marriage can be difficult. And older couples, because sometimes we forget what we have in love.
3. One would gain from reading this essay: hope and courage to stand firm when life is rough. And, for the older couples: nostalgia and possibly grow deeper in love by recognizing what they have overcome.
4. Construct medium used: deductive reasoning