

"The Dilemma"

When you find something beautiful,
something serene.

Do you keep it to yourself and savor
the exclusivity?

Or do you share it with the world?

If you share it with the world, is there
still room for you?

Or do you move on and make a new
discovery?

"The Plunge"

Test the waters.
Sink or swim.
Dip your toe.
Then dive right in.



Today, the chatter is cushion for the harsher noises coming from the pizza festival in the park behind the garden. Trucks revving, helicopters whirring. People chattering. Music blasting. It's all part of modern life. I look behind me and see the large apartment complex that overlooks the garden. I imagine what it would be like to wake up everyday and see this garden, to see the green, the ducks, the koi. I wonder how many residents have such a ritual, if they realize how lucky they are to have access to this space.

Do the reminders of modern life drain the serenity from this space? Or does the space layer a sense of peace over city life? Does the merging of nature with commerce bring life to the city? Ultimately I go with nature wins, these spaces bring life to the city despite our best efforts to suppress it. We need areas of refuge to pause from the activity around us. At a nearby pond, a couple of ducks resting until another one swims up and lets out a loud "quack". The resting ducks get up and move. I can relate to the resting ducks.

Reflections @ Rohohen

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This is my first visit ever to the Japanese Friendship Garden, which is amazing when you consider I've lived here my whole life. Despite the amount of visitors here on a Saturday morning, immediately I feel a sense of peace surrounding by lush green trees, plants, and grounds smothered in moss and grass. I'm hit by the smell of water, moisture needed to maintain the greenery. The water smell evokes a sense of cleanliness. In the moment, it's hard to imagine that just beyond the boundaries of this paradise is traffic, construction of mostly unnecessary new builds and desert surroundings. The garden is not big, yet throughout my four hour visit, I felt discoveries were always present.

DAY 1: SATURDAY

DAY 2: SUNDAY

Sunday has a different feel. The garden is busier, even at this early hour, than it was on Saturday. While focusing on a large tree, I'm distracted by a couple talking loudly about Milley Cyrus. One of them never made the connection that Billy Ray was her dad. Had this been Saturday, the conversation would have snapped me out of a zen like state.