Eclipse

Nostalgia has grabbed me by the throat these past few days. Two days ago in Austin, Texas, we experienced the “path of totality” during a beautiful solar eclipse. One of the clearest sights in the country of the moon powerfully sitting in front of the sun and its significant rays. At around 1:27 in the afternoon, the sky went completely dark, giving the illusion it was past the evening. The moon was so undyingly clear in these few seconds. So passionate and fiercely apparent that the sun could simply not overtake it. It gave me a perspective I would not have otherwise gained without this sight.

The light, one so-called "everlasting" light in one’s life, can be robbed completely. In just the span of a few seconds, it may seem that following a tragedy, you are deprived of this light, this happiness. As I sat outside my car in this moment of totality, at the same park I visited throughout my childhood with my now deceased father, I began to hear crowds of people laugh and applaud with a heart of joy. How could one smile and continuously clap in a moment of complete darkness? A life-altering event. Then I began to applaud and admire the moon’s strength. Little did I know, the sun came back shining brighter than ever before. A symbolic message of tenacity and faith.

I believe in this world’s darkness there is always something brighter on the other side. Like the moon, my grief must move aside so that the sunshine can overtake my life.