This I Believe

This I believe -- that we are all different, and this is beautiful. Without these differences, the garden of life would be boring. Colourful blooms are not superior to prickly spines: whether one sees these differences as different brushstrokes of a creator tending his flowerbed, or years of evolutionary adaptations creating diverse flora, the truth is evident. We all belong, regardless of what those calling to weed the garden have to say. I know not whether life will turn me into someone soft. If I will become soothing as chamomile or bitter like raw mustard greens. I know not if I will thrive with every drought, blossoming within the cracks in the concrete. Or will the heat cause my leaves to turn brown and crumble? I am but a seed with the road ahead mysterious to me, not knowing my germination time or the expected weather.

All that I know is that I am here, and this is a gift. I have been so lucky to be planted in healthy soil and given care and nurture that others have not. I believe that because of this, my purpose is to do what I can to change things. If I was given more than others, how could there be any reason other than to share it? Though I am still so young and so small, I do not know how I will do this. But I am sprouting, slowly and with each new discovery of who I am, I am finding more things which I can offer. I believe that I will do everything I can to give back to this garden, as compost fortifies the soil it once grew in.