

"The Vast Sea"

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The magnitude of the sea is a mystery. When I gaze at the glistening sea, foaming over and over again in an endless cycle on the shore, I can't help but feel overwhelmed. Thousands of thoughts roll around in my mind about the innumerable possibilities within that aquatic abyss. I am just one person out of the billions of people in the world, standing there in awe at this sight before me. And I think to myself, as I stand on the shore looking at the surface, that there *has* to be something deeper. Only 5% of the Earth's oceans have been explored, humanity has only just begun. Because of this reality, I believe there is more to life than what is before us. I believe there is more than what we can clearly comprehend.

"There has to be something more than this." This particular thought would routinely creep its way into my life. I would strive to meet a goal or get a reward, then receive them, then enjoy them for a sweet while. Finally, after it was done, I would end up feeling empty once again. I would experience cycles of temporary moments, living from one emotional high or low to the next. It is similar to how a child receives a shiny, pretty reward for being a good kid. For example, a golden sticker star. I've received numerous gold stars in my life. And I remember the feeling that I got whenever I proudly stuck them into my sticker books. However, I also distinctly remember the feelings that followed when the star inevitably lost its luster. A year later those sticker books were thrown away and I had to start a new one. Book charms I received for finishing a novel were lost. Awards and ribbons were put in storage. Friends would leave and move on. My thoughts afterward would be somewhere along this line, "Okay, that was nice... So what's next?" And the cycle continues. The real question is when will it ever end?

Now, I am not saying that these things are bad or detrimental to our well-being. It's completely okay to have these things, but the problem is whether or not these things have you. For the majority of my life, this was plainly so. To this day I continue to struggle with my human nature to run after golden stars, to chase the next big thing, to obtain everything I've ever wanted, and to understand all that there is to know about this world. But all this chasing has gotten me nowhere. I endlessly swim in this vast sea of life, gasping for air along the way, hoping that somehow I would find what I was looking for right in front of me. Yet, when I finally

slow down and make my way to the shore, staring out at that ocean, I'm confronted with the overbearing reality that I *have gotten nowhere*.

Growing up, I always knew that there was something out there, particularly, Someone. And I believe that every single thing would have no meaning if it weren't for this Someone weaving together the fabric of life itself. Honestly, I am even having a difficult time trying to encompass a minuscule snippet of that fabric into this essay. Nevertheless, I believe that beyond the borders of things that make sense, there is Something out there that goes beyond all understanding. I believe that beyond the surface of the ocean, there is something deeper, more urgent, and more costly. There just has to be more to life than this.