

That Hill Life  
Bonnie McClure

A hill is not defined solely by its ascent or descent. Its identity is fully integrated. Each side bears equal weight and purpose for supporting the other. Your greatest trial is rewarded with a great plunge, your plunge fully enjoyed by the climb traversed before.

A hill perfectly obscures all of what lies on the other side. A hill never goes nowhere, there is always something more. The promise of what is beyond is concealed except to those who earn to know. And if you experience finding the other side of your hill, you'll never doubt another one.

A hill is stationary, though it progresses in phases as we do. It may begin as a wild, unruly thing, later gaining popularity in donning a gravel topping, finally becoming established as a permanent asphalt trail. The scenery may change around it, but the hill is unmoved.

A hill is indifferent. It does not threaten you with devastating news, it does not lure you with false pretenses, it does not follow up to evaluate your progress. In its simple waiting it says, when you're ready, climb on.