

My Place

By Suzy Hopkins

I follow my beautiful German Shepherd through the well-worn path in the tall grass, her tail happily curved over her back. As we reach the sand dunes she trots ahead while I struggle, climbing the loose sand. At the top I run down to the water's edge flinging my sandals aside to put my feet in the shallow waves rolling up to the perfect curve of the sand bar. Even though it is winter, I stand, up to my ankles, in the Atlantic Ocean... where my soul lives.