

IMPRESSIONS OF THE NATURE

His Majesty Time, a fundamental physical quantity, is ruling the infinite Universe with our Milky Way, solar system and planet Earth in its inside. The planet Earth, miraculously endowed with life, is fascinating by the amazing diversity of its life forms showing charming metamorphoses affected just by the time. Especially admirable is the diversity of nature in the temperate zone of the Northern hemisphere – exhibiting specific phenomena and regularities over the diurnal and annual cycles. The behaviour of our Blue Planet, as a cosmic body, within periods of a day and a year, provides the background for fascinating, almost breath-taking metamorphoses in the Earth's ecosystems.

In early spring, microbial organisms in forest ground patches having lost their snow cover restart their activities in soil and in deadwood. The air is saturated with moisture from melting pillows of granulated snow and with scents released by the active microbes. Paddling through secret forest corners, I experience ultimate delight just because this extraordinary moist atmosphere saturated with molecules of various gaseous substances expired by the soil biota and with phytoncides released by awaken trees starting to breathe deeply at the time. Walking under the tree canopy with the tops occupied by capercaillies, blackbirds, robins and warblers performing their courting songs, I feel that every cell in my body debilitated by the long-lasting winter uptakes at a full speed this immense energy of the restoring life.

Stepping, on a hot summer day, bar-footed on a wet moss carpet covering the ground under a two-hundred-year-old spruce canopy, I enjoy salubrious healing effects of this almost supernatural therapy for my worn-out feet. And a snap on a deep-green pillow shaded by spruce branches may be compared directly with the celestial delights. In the summer, when the nature is blessing its creatures – plants and animals with new progeny, I feel extraordinary humble facing these, we may see, miracles securing the continuity of life on the Earth. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, hazel nuts mean for me the greatest gifts of grace of our Creator – not possible to overweight with the man's deeds and virtues...

The days at the turn of summer and autumn are rich in rainfall. The air in the forest interior is saturated with pervasive scents emanated by rapidly expanding mycelia of the large family of fungi. Savoury red pine mushrooms, chunky European boletes, yellowish chantarelles are attacking the olfactory systems of all living creatures. In the autumn when the children of the nature, having met their primary duty necessary for ensuring their life progress, start taking their repose, I admire the rich colour palette used by the artist – their

Creator. At this time, I so much enjoy roaming forest paths covered with freshly fallen leaves mysteriously rustling in response to my steps. Some repose or a snap in the pliable, whispering autumnal leaf litter exerts on me almost supernatural healing effects.

The secret corners of the nature exhibit original, magic atmosphere also in the winter. Contemplating the trees dressed in whiter than white gowns, shrubs with spider webs decorated with ice crystals or rock shelves with hanging icicles, I feel as if entering the ultimate – fourth hall of the celestial paradise in this terrestrial nature across which I have been going on my pilgrimage over the four year's seasons.

Walking in deep snow is exhausting, accompanied with physical fatigue, and sweat guts dripping abundant down my face and my back. With each my step, I benefit from the healing effects of the rumble through the winter temple of the nature. The eyes are cured with the fairy decoration of silent nature corners; the ears enjoy the luxury of almost absolute absence of sounds governing over the land at this time. The impression of almost grave silence is interrupted now and then by the Winter Wind Lady whistling her melodies on the icicles bordering the rocky shelves. The music played by the wind on an original instrument – an organ built of icicles, is very pleasant to my ear. The therapeutic effect of a winter walk across the silent corners of nature is absolute, influencing the physical as well as the spiritual dimension of my body. I feel that the sweat drops are washing away all pollution from my body and my soul.

The nature in the Central Europe is splendid in each season – magnificent, colourful, and rich – far behind the imagination and faculties of the cleverest poets and artists. The nature is practising its sorcery without interruption, over the whole long period of its evolution, in all the seasons of the year. And this sorcery is to proceed, unless harmed by a global or even cosmic catastrophic incident.

The human life at the beginning of the third millennium is extraordinarily hectic. In a hurry to begin work in time, we have no time to throw a glance at the urban greenery or the woods outside the village. Strolling across calm refuges means for us wasting the time, so we are not able to enjoy singing birds, scenting flowers or fascinating scenery accompanying our everyday trips by car, bike or just on foot. The beauty of natural subjects and phenomena in every secret corner in forests, meadows or rocks cannot be captured by our senses any more. Our spiritual and sensory constituents seem out of tune, lacking capacity for perception of life manifestations coming from the nature's silent corners.

Worries and anxieties about our livelihood are the burden that does not allow us to notice the alternation of the year's seasons. Spring, summer, autumn and winter in nature refugees is out of our concern. Harmed with our working duties and cares about our living standard, we simply are not either sensitive to or interested in quiet nature corners with flowering snowdrops, lilies or ripening raspberries. We take no notice of sparkling icicles decorating rocky cornices with fabulous splendid icy-lace curtains capturing our sight like strong magnets. It is also out of our interest if the air outside is bursting with the bird songs or plunging in a gloomy mood characteristic for the dreary All Saints days.

The particular seasons seem to merge into a single time period, as the distinct manifestations characteristic for the individual seasons have escaped from our perception overburdened with cosmic speed of living. It seems as if all our mind and soul have lost the last remnants of their aptitudes to perceive the beauties of the nature. We cannot hear a fascinating bird symphony. We cannot see a perfectly shaped and coloured lily flower. We cannot smell a charming scent released by Her Scent Majesty Lily of the Valley. We cannot relish the delicious taste of wild raspberries dissolved on our tongue. We cannot enjoy the comfort of a soft mossy pillow.

These who have left their everyday occupations in front of the gate to the nature and enter its refugees with their souls free of external worries may be addressed by the Nature – speaking by means of unique manifestations that are not possible to pass over. This home page presents some examples illustrating such impressions – with the aim to provide the visitor of this home page with incentives for walking across the splendid silent corners of the nature, and for experiencing this almost breath-taking magnificence as the genuine reality.

If I succeed in hitting a single visitor of this home page into their heart, and in awaking their love for the nature, dwelling dormant in their inside, or if I succeed in getting in tune the waves carrying their perception capacities and the waves carrying the messages radiated by natural beauties, I will consider the modest goal, the purpose of this work, reached successfully. My desire is to use the snapshots collected in the nature as tools for caressing the soul of the visitor who has stretched out their hand for this book, either casually or intentionally. The pictures should make the soul ring at the amplitude of a peculiar mystic experience – wafting it into something like a fairy time-space universe.