



*In the Wait  
for a Light*



Atenea Maldonado





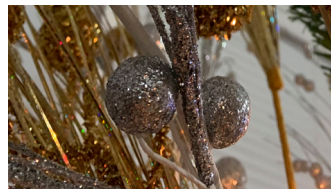
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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2689-2693.

My home became a place of wilderness as I paid close attention to every single detail that surrounded me. Acknowledging all the colors, textures, sizes and purpose all these objects had, made me realize how even the smallest things can bring inspiration and curiosity.





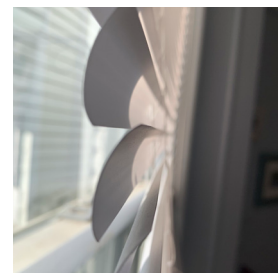
*"A form of therapy*

*through*

*windows"*



Peering out the window became one of my favorite things to do. Whenever I felt overworked about school or simply had a lot of thoughts going in my head, the window became that escape. I now consider it a relaxing activity that helps my mind become less tense. Just watching the clouds move across the sky, the cars go by, and people stroll in the street is a form of therapy to me. All my thoughts settle in one place, just like snow falling slowly from the sky and settling on top of the ground. All the chaos that was once in my mind, started resting with the peaceful scenery of the outside world.





## "Challenges

*make you discover things*

*that you never really knew*

*about yourself"*



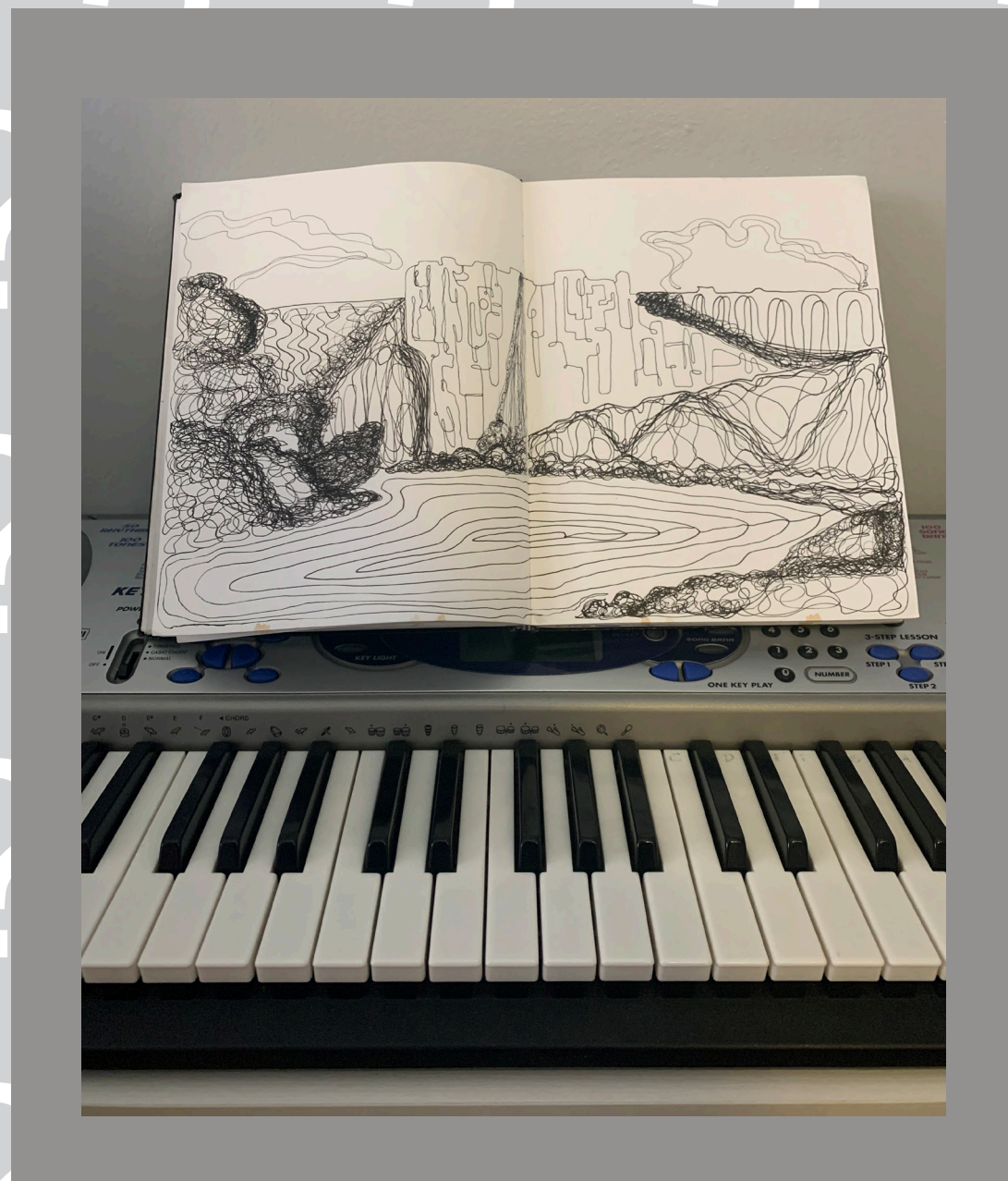
As time passed by I developed new interests that I never thought I would grow passionate about.

I always liked the sound of the piano... there was something about the melodies it produce that sounded beautifully to my hears. It never crossed my mind to play one, however with the pandemic, I started learning how to play small songs on my phone's piano. Afterwards, my desire grew so much that with my first paycheck I decided to buy a keyboard.

Playing the piano has now become my favorite hobbie. Touching the keys and hearing the different sounds has become therapeutic and fun.



Of course, my passion for art never left. Although my inspiration lacked at times, the rush of creativity arrived at unexpected moments, which pushed me to create more art. Drawing, painting, and designing were and continue to be moments I enjoy... is where I let my imagination flow and find myself at ease.





So that I can transcend these walls, and  
experience the beauty  
Of what it would be to be outside



*Brooms With a View by Emily Mae Smith*



*"Old things are passed away:  
behold, all things  
are become new"*

*2 Corinthians 5:17*

With a world-wide pandemic, we all felt like the world was collapsing on our backs. Seeing the media filled with warnings about the dangers of such virus, we began to rush into our homes for safety. At first, being at home for a week without school nor work felt refreshing, however, as the weeks transformed into months, we became trapped within four walls.

Maybe we went twice a month to buy groceries or to simply get fresh air, but this barely came close to our old routines. Throughout the times of joy, unexpected days arose with the loss of a job, or with the loss of a loved one. Our tears poured as we experienced anxiousness, fear, and nostalgia. With exhaustion we waited for a signal of light into our lives.

As the days went by, we recognized our situation and decided to clear our minds and use that lasting drop of positivity within us... With the help of our faith, those next to us, and those who left us, we marked a new beginning.

My new beginning was shaped by all my experiences, both positive and negative, with the goal of learning how to appreciate the things I have every single day. I might get frustrated, I might cry, yet I pray to get back on my feet to see the sun rise again.



*In the Wait for a Light*