
LIVE NFK: AN INTERNS VIEW

A Crazy Little Thing Called Love

Morgan (2017) repairing garden beds at Park Place Peace Garden



This is the story of a girl who fell in love. What's his name? Well, there is a guy, but I'm not talking about him. I'm talking about volunteering, public service, and the environment. It happened out of nowhere. Like a romance from a novel. It was a spring day in my first environmental science course. Maybe it was the teacher's passion, maybe it was the glow of the Chapter 5 power point presentation. But there I was, at a loss for words. I was in love.

Love is in the soil

The unfortunate truth is that I was studying soil when I realized how I felt. Not exactly a whirl wind of a subject. But, to my surprise, I loved learning about it. Around that time is when I realized that I wanted to work in an environmental field. This is everyone's home, not just mine or yours. My desire to protect our environment is twofold. One, I am, unfortunately, a part of the problem. Two, I want to be a part of the solution. To make it better for future people in the hopes they will enjoy it as much as I have.

It's for you, and kind of me

Being a public servant means working for the betterment of my community. How I help my community is through being an environmental steward and sharing my knowledge. However, don't read this and think that every Saturday I'm out there picking up trash. I like to have Saturday's to go to the park, go out to eat, or go see a show. But once every month, or two, I give up a couple hours on a Saturday to give back.

Perfectly Imperfect

The love I have for the environment, public service and volunteering is not a crazy infatuation or sweep me off my feet, kind of love. It's steady, it's honest, it's not perfect, but it makes me happy. It is a give and take relationship. Though it's sometimes a difficult balance. We can all give back though, even if it's just a few times a year. This planet has given us so much, it seems like we kind of owe it!

