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Believing is Eating

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This I Believe...

There are so many things to believe in, I'm not really sure what I believe. Sure I believe that murder is wrong and giving to the less fortunate is good, but what about everything else that falls into the gray area? Is it okay to sleep half the day away or eat all these fattening foods that most of the health conscious world has banned from their existence? I'm not sure what I believe in that regard nor do I believe it will just come to me naturally, kinda like a light bulb that flashes over the cartoon characters on the Disney channel. I think time will tell and guide me through each process either through my own mistakes or through others. But here's one thing I'm sure I believe in... the healing power of ice cream.

Each flavor of the colorful array of ice creams each hold a secret healing power inside of its creamy goodness. No matter if you go to the ice cream store or just to your freezer, each spoonful tells a story, a story about you. Ever since I was little I have absolutely loved ice cream in every fashion and form; I would never discriminate, I loved all types: vanilla, chocolate, cookies and cream, soft serve, lemon ice, and so on. It was never just on a hot summer day that I wanted a cold one, it was when the auburn and ruby colored leaves fell from the trees in the crisp fall air, when the snow was piled so high that I had to put on my suspender snow pants just so I could waddle through the thigh high snow to get some, and when the first lily of the valley sprouted in the front yard as I walked in the relieving sunny air. But most importantly I ate ice cream, needed ice cream when everything in the world just seemed like it was tumbling down the garbage disposal.

The first time I remember getting ice cream in a time of peril was when I was taken to my next door neighbor's house because my grandmother was rushed out of the house into an ambulance. I was so scared not only because felt like the world was ending, but this was the first time I had slept over at a house that wasn't my own and I had absolutely no idea what was happening to my family. Once I sat down and was handed a scoop of vanilla ice cream, everything seemed to slow for a bit, like the ice cream was absorbing all the chaos that was happening around me. As the years have gone one and the world again became a whirlwind of adventure and sadness, I always lean on my old pal, ice cream. It has helped me through fights with others, break-ups, things that seemed right but weren't, and most recently the loss of my dog due to a rabid pitbull attack that cost my dogs life and a good chunk of my father. So as the world keeps spinning and life keeps moving, I know there is always one place that will listen to my story.