

## Creative Sparks

Written by Madeline Frank

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During your journey through life you will have many sparks that will ignite your creativity, goals, and dreams. A spark sets it in motion. It is that willingness to start something without knowing how it will turn out. When others are "jealous" of your work or creativity, it should be taken as a form of flattery.

Most people depend upon someone or something outside of themselves to ignite their fire. Your passions, your personal gifts are planted within you by God. It is up to you to grow them.

What are the 3 elements of fire?

1) Fuel - If there is nothing to burn, nothing will burn. Your "fuel" is made up of what you are

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focusing on. What do you read, watch, and listen to? Does it empower or enslave you? Be conscious about what you pour into your body and mind.

2) Oxygen - This is the essential bond that creates the environment so fire can continue to burn. Your oxygen is the people you surround yourself with. Be aware of who they are and whether or not they build you up or tear you down. Prune accordingly.

3) Ignition - A beautiful car will remain parked unless there is a spark that turns the engine. Your ignition is usually fueled by wonder and a willingness to try something new, or to take an area of your life to another level. How bad do you want something? What are you willing to do for your health, your life, your economics, etc.?



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I had my "first spark" at 8 years old. I was at a summer reading camp. During the 15 minute recess between classes, I decided there was just enough time to climb the beautiful 9 foot tree by the girls dorm. I climbed hand over hand pushing up each inch with my tennis shoes until reaching the top of the tree landing my right leg on a rusty nail attached to a board.

As I came down my right leg ripped down and the blood flowed down the tree like sap. Nick, a counselor, saw what was happening and raced to the tree and said, "Do you want to lose your leg?"

"I shook my head No!"

He scooped me up in his arms, called another counselor to call my parents and have them meet us at the hospital!

In my mind I see my Momma getting into our car, driving the 3 1/2 hours to the hospital in Charlottesville, Virginia. As she is driving she says to herself, "I have to get her out of the trees

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before she kills herself!"

By the time Momma arrived at the hospital, she had a plan!

When she arrived, she saw me sitting there with over 25 stitches down my right leg. Momma leaned over me and gave me a ferocious hug. She looked into my brown eyes with her beautiful blue eyes and said, "Madeline, if I buy you a violin and get you lessons will you promise to never climb another tree?" I looked into my Momma bright blue eyes and promised to never climb another tree if she brought me a violin and got me lessons." F  
or many years I had wanted to play the violin and this was my opportunity. It all started with the 1st spark, landing on a rusty nail. That rusty nail saved my life and was the first spark of my journey.

What was your first spark, the catalyst, of your journey?

