

The random patterns of life



*by
Keld Jensen*

The random patterns of life

Seen from above the sea ice floes form artistic patterns. As far as I know, it is the result of the total chaos: Countless factors like changes in temperatures, winds and currents form the ice and breaks it up over and over again, until the ice may disappear and merge into the ocean again.

In this chaos the ice constantly forms new patterns. Is that ice floe neighbour ice floe to that one over there? Are they just divided into two by an ice pack or a hard wave? Or perhaps they come from different places, but are by chance met out here in the middle of the ocean?

This chaos of finding each other, arriving and leaving, changes, and coming together again in spite of a life with very different conditions reminds me of my own life. The life is associated with other people. Family, friends and colleagues. We do not foresee we have to come apart. But anyway, one day it happens. Our fellowship is broken because of our different choices. Coincidences bring us in different directions. The life drives us further on top of a wave or in a stream of adverse events. Very few people are allowed to remain and continue living in the spirit of the same community for life.

From above, sitting in a helicopter, the patterns of ice make me again understand that we are not able to completely control our lives. The ice floes become a metaphorical phenomenon that sends me into deep

thoughts in my seat below the noisy rotor. The noise makes it necessary for us to wear hearing protectors. We cannot communicate while we fly. I am getting used to the idea that this small group of eight people in this little chopper immediately will scatter to the four winds when the helicopter again put the wheels on the ground and the rotor stops. As an ice floe, I bump into new people, and we form new communities, and soon we again are moving in opposite directions.

It strikes me that some people inside a crowd of people may feel the same loneliness as people who drifts away in the life alone. Like wearing hearing protectors and not communicating. In the very middle of the crowd of people we again and again encounter new people, but it does not have to mean anything. The family and friends are gone - perhaps forever, and cannot be replaced no matter how close you get to new acquaintances.

Beside me sits a mother. She has a baby on her knee. The child has special reins and she also wears these uncomfortable, big hearing protectors. But as long as the child can snuggle up to her mother, she seems surprisingly confident. I wish that the child and the mother never have to part, but I already know that the life will create an intense longing for both. Hopefully a longing that over and over again is replaced by a stormy and happy reunion.



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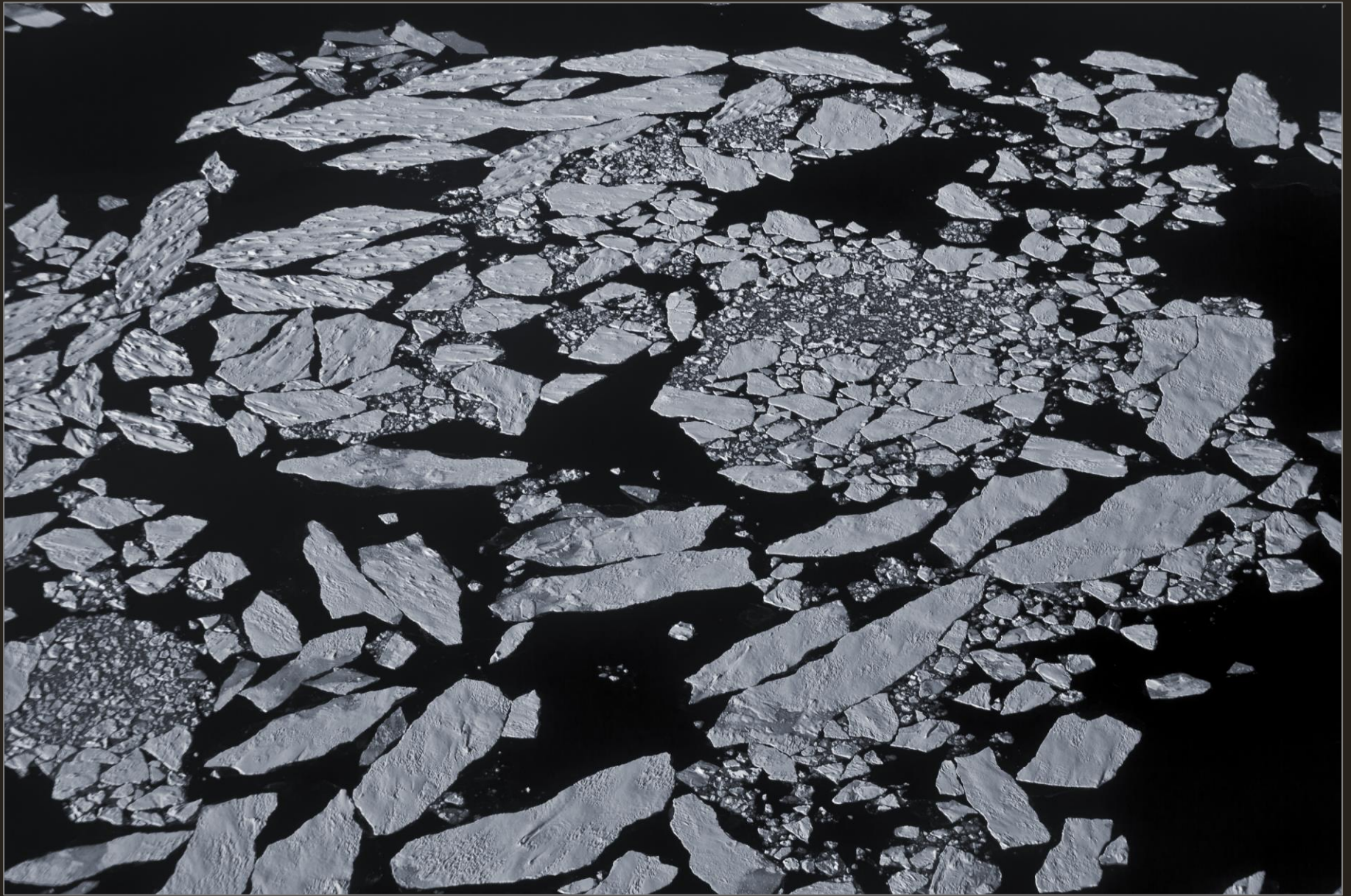




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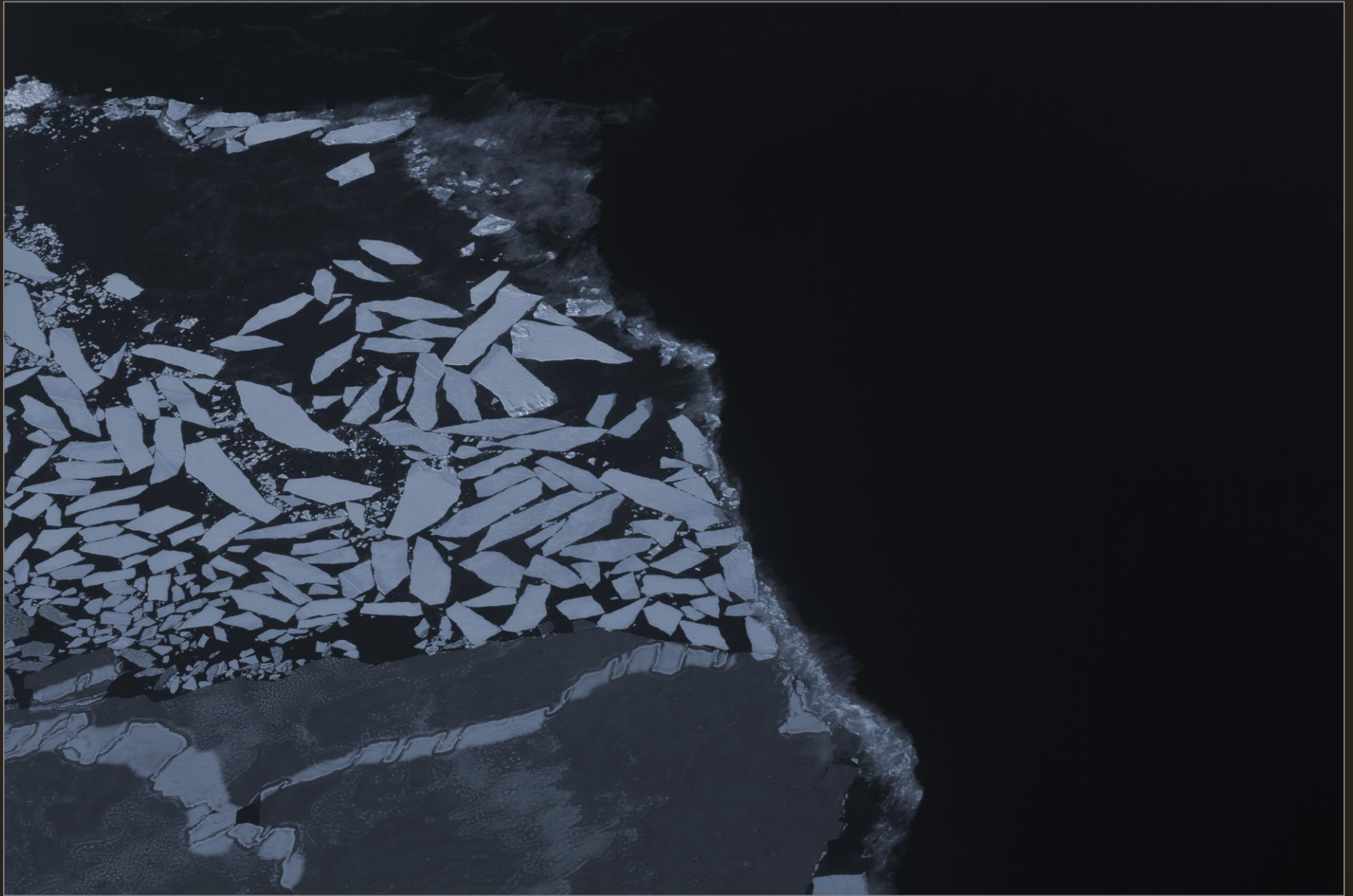


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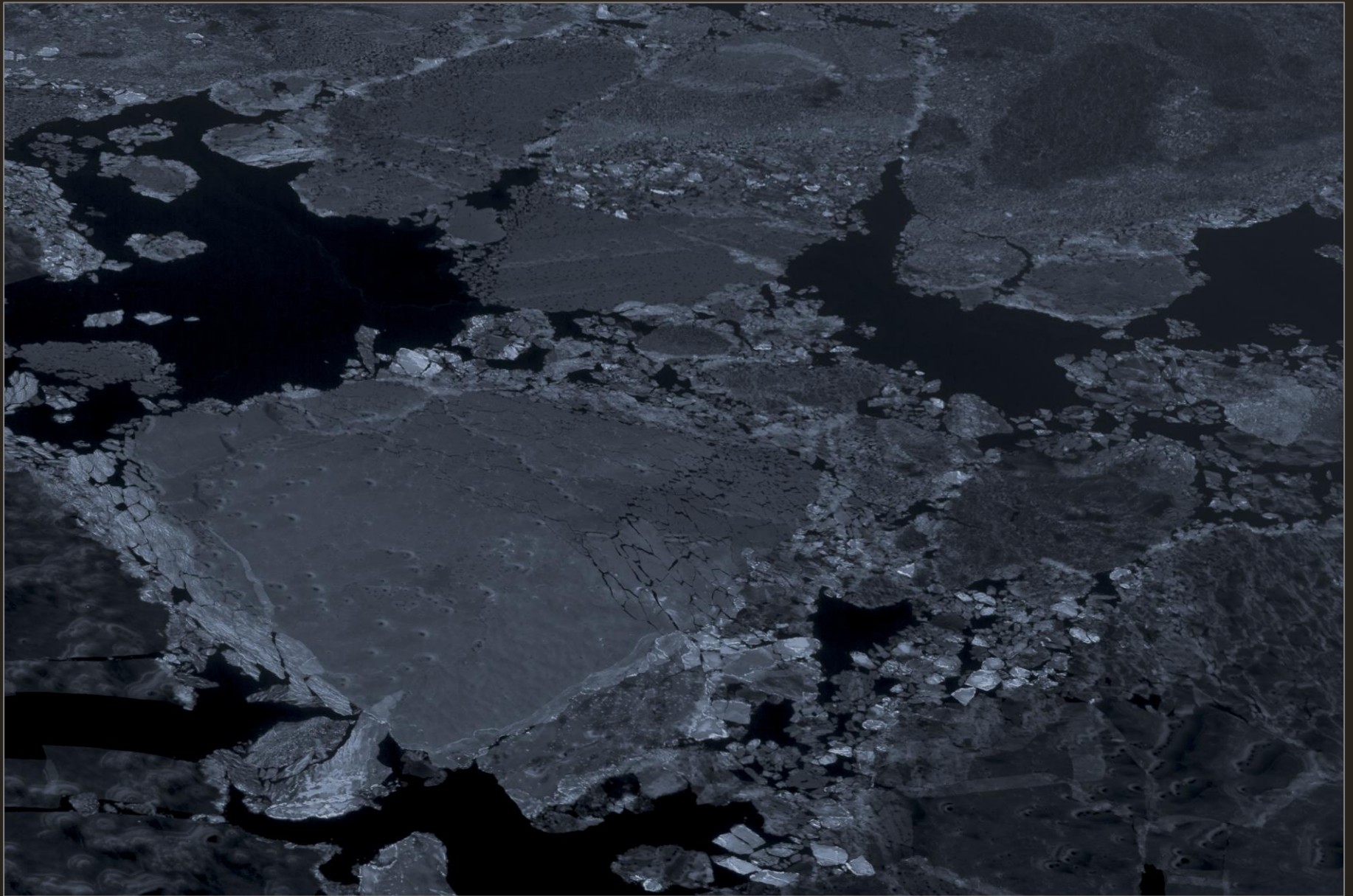


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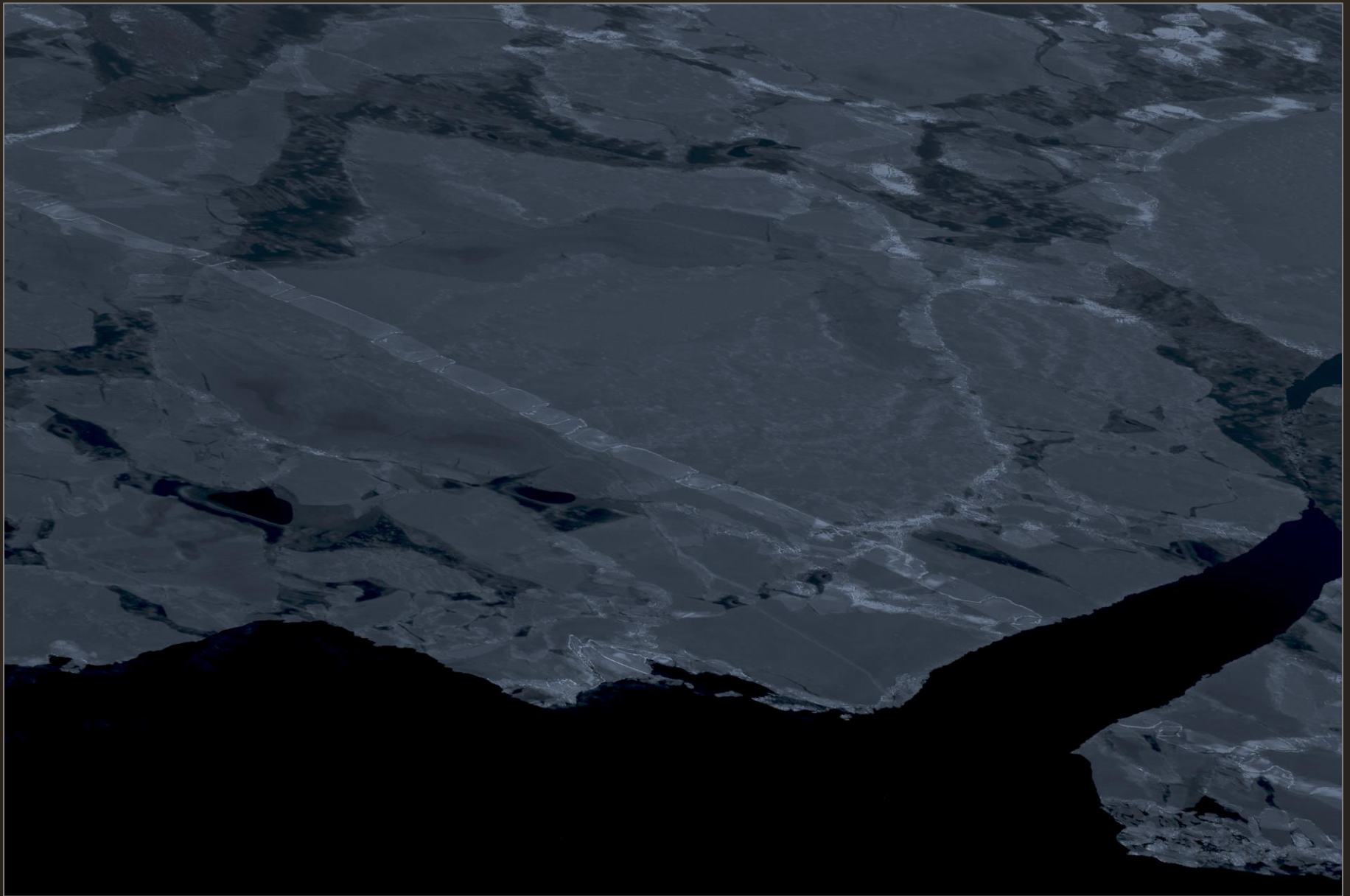


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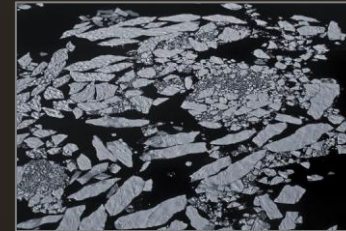
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COLOPHON

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