



WHEN A CITY GIRL *goes country*

By Annette Bridges

Take Time to Look

We visited the Georgia O'Keeffe Museum in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where a simple quote stopped me in my tracks: "Take time to look." It felt like more than a suggestion. It felt like a quiet reminder meant for all of us, wherever we are. A reminder of how full life can be if we're willing to notice, if we'll take time to look.

Standing there, I was reminded that Georgia O'Keeffe fell in love with this part of New Mexico for a reason. The wide skies. The rugged land. The subtle beauty most people pass by without noticing. She didn't just paint what she saw. She painted what she took time to look at. She returned here again and again, eventually choosing to make this place her home.

That phrase followed me long after I left the museum.

For years now, I've been the one encouraging my hubby to slow down and notice what's right in front of him. To take it in. To look at the sky. To appreciate the land. He's always been busy, purposefully so, and I worried he might miss the beauty woven into everyday ranch life.

Then one evening, something shifted.

He texted me from outside and told me to come see the sunset. He even sent a photo he had just taken. It made me pause because it was one of those times I wasn't out there with him. I was busy in the kitchen, convinced what I was doing couldn't wait.



(Photo courtesy of Annette Bridges)

Except it could have.

If he hadn't said something, I would have missed one of the most stunning sunsets I can remember. Standing there looking at that glowing sky, I realized how easily even good, meaningful work can pull us away from something unforgettable.

That reminder carries into so many parts of ranch life.

When I take the time to really

look, I see things I might otherwise miss. The way the cows form their own unspoken community. The mamas that clearly babysit while others graze. The ones that pair off, best friends who stay close. The changing colors of the land through the seasons. The skies that never look the same two evenings in a row.

Life moves fast, even in wide-

open spaces. And sometimes we're so busy living it that we forget to stop and notice it.

Now, when I catch myself hurrying through the day, I try to remember that sunset and the text that saved it for me. Because some moments don't come back, and the beauty we miss is often the beauty that was right outside the door, waiting for us to look. 