I remember when I was little, the summer days, playing in the shallow rock pools with the seaweed and the Neptune’s necklace brushing along my legs. Watching my older sister swimming in the deeper rock pools, trying to catch fish with just a small net. Handling the small sea stars under the old and creaky pier and looking out over at the sparkling blue water even snorkelling out at the end of the pier looking at the sea life.

The big, white lighthouse watching over everyone at the beach, the surfers, the snorkelers, the swimmers and even the sunset runners. Even on those foggy days during winter, the lighthouse is searching for large ships coming into the bay, blowing its fog horn to help the ships continue their way.

Or on those afternoon walks with the family, walking along the pier and looking over the edge to see a seal or two rolling around to show off its wonderful form or to just play when bored. But if these great pleasures are taken away for the public to look at. Or for visitors to ponder of its beauties. How lonely would the lighthouse turn? Its beaches would be quiet and polluted just because society has taken this natural wonder for granted.