

A Song for the Asking
The Electronic Newsletter of
EarthSong Photography
and

EarthSong Photography Workshops: Walking in Beauty

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Hello to All:

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Third Rock Rollin' On

Though it is not particularly round, the burnt-orange rock in my pocket rolls easily in my hand, as easily, I suspect, as many of the wooden, iron-rimmed wheels that turned on the river of wagons that once flowed across the land on which I stand. The rock, which I retrieved from a dry wash where New Mexico Highway 21 passes between the old town of Cimarron and Philmont Scout Ranch, is, I am reasonably certain, a small lump of jasper, a semi-precious chalcedony, probably a piece of the remains of the inner wood of an ancient tree trunk which was petrified during the late-Triassic and washed from a Chinle formation outcrop somewhere to the west. As Chinle formations go, that would make this small bit of fossilized wood about 225-230 million years old.

As the highway rises out of the bed of the wash, off to the right and running parallel with it, there can be seen a set of ruts coursing



over the baked earth, rising up into a shallow swale, and disappearing over a low ridge to the south; not very deep here, maybe 8," or so, and maybe 5' apart. The ruts are not nearly as old as the piece of jasper, but in their own way they are just as ancient, and the story they tell is every bit as compelling as the one bound up in the tale of wood-turned-to-rock. These ruts represent a triangulation in the histories of nations, steppingstones in the building of empire, a reminder that in our myths about ourselves we are, perhaps, not as dishonorable as some would say, but not nearly as honorable as we would like to believe. These furrows across the land are the

visual proof that the truth of myth nearly always lies in following the money. The other stories myths hold are certainly no less real and, in my mind, easily more significant; but they are always, for better or worse, secondary to the path of the exchange rate.

Pedro Vial was not born to Spanish parents, nor was he born as “Pedro.” He was born in



Lyon, France around 1746, and his given name was **Pierre**. How and when he arrived in this country is unclear, but by the 1770s he was trapping on the Missouri River, plying his trade as a gunsmith, and living among the tribes of the Southern Plains, primarily the Taovaya, a Wichita sub-group, who had erected twin villages on the north bank of the Red River in what is now Jefferson County, Oklahoma.

When, in 1784, he proved to be adept not only as a gunsmith, but also as a peace negotiator between the Wichita and the Spanish in San Antonio, the Spanish capital of Texas, he was persuaded by the Spanish

Skirting the Southern Rockies

authorities to undertake a peace mission among the various tribes of the Eastern Comanche. With the support of the Wichita and Taovaya, the agreement he brokered remained viable with only minor interruptions for nearly 35 years.

Expanding on this success, Vial volunteered to seek out a route across the Great Plains that would connect the Spanish provincial capitals of San Antonio and Santa Fe. This he accomplished between October, 1786 and May, 1787, becoming the first European ever to do so.

Over the next several years he seems to have clearly become an agent of the Spanish government in Santa Fe, so that in 1792 he was directed to undertake the work for which we most remember him. By this time the Spanish were becoming concerned about American activity west of the Mississippi, and they wished to open channels of communication eastward; and so Vial was sent to find a route between Santa Fe and St. Louis. The route he traced on this journey would one day become a super-highway of sorts, and it would come to have a name that is synonymous with westward expansion and manifest destiny.



When he reached Missouri’s “Gateway to the West” on October 3, 1792, he had sketched what would twenty-nine years later become known as the **Santa Fe Trail**.

In the Valley of the Prairie Dog Town Fork

Of some passing historical interest: When the Spanish in Santa Fe learned in 1803 that **Lewis and Clark’s** Corps of Discovery Expedition was crossing land claimed by Spain, Vial directed three attempts, that included various military, civilian, and Native elements to

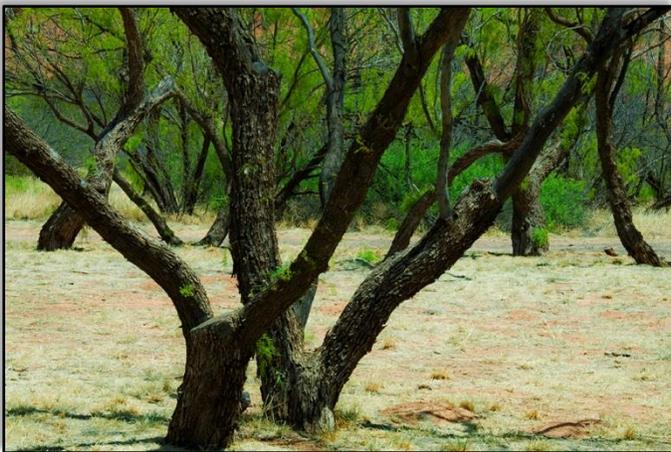
overtake the Americans and arrest them. Each of the efforts was unsuccessful. Had any of them succeeded, imagine how our stories of westward expansion might have been written differently; and recall, too, while we are considering the matter, that President **Thomas Jefferson** wrote that one of the purposes of the expedition was to locate “the most direct and practicable water communication across this continent *for the purpose of commerce.*” Of great importance to Jefferson, also, was declaring sovereignty over a territory occupied at the time by a vast array of Native tribes and which he had just “purchased” from France; and in addition, inventorying the resources to be found that might have commercial significance. Following the money, it should be noted, also includes following what might be transformed into money.

On October 2, 1814, in Santa Fe, having never married nor sired children, Pedro Vial, at the ripe old age of 68, executed his will, leaving the few things he owned to Maria Manuela Martin; and not long thereafter he died. History has not recorded for us Old Vial’s thoughts as he approached the end of his time. Quite possibly the lack of material possessions was not a regret for him; perhaps the lifetime of amazing adventures he had known more than compensated for a lack of money in the bank.



The Country of the Hard Wood

Did he foresee what would come from his trek through the Southern Rockies, across the baked plains of the Cimarron, over the waving grasses of the prairies, on to the watercourse of the mighty Missouri, and down it to the bustle of a growing city whose fame would one day lie in gathering the teeming eastern masses and entrepreneurs, and propelling them westward in search of adventures of a completely different kind? Probably not; people like Vial are too busy living life in the moment to give much thought to where those moments might lead others. They are happier with what they have done much more than what they have owned. In the



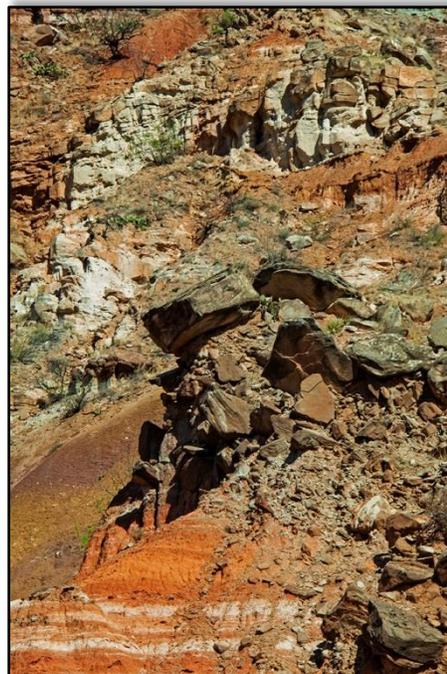
The Hard Wood

well-researched and thoroughly readable volume which he co-authored with **Noel Loomis** entitled *Pedro Vial and the Roads to Santa Fe*, the respected historian **Abraham Nasatir** called Vial “the greatest frontiersman of them all.”

When Pedro Vial made his momentous crossing from the dusty city of Santa Fe to the city where the Missouri and the Mississippi join hands, **William Becknell** was four or five years old, depending on which record you accept. The son of a Revolutionary War veteran from

Rockfish Creek, Virginia, Becknell arrived in the newly minted Missouri Territory in 1810. It was so newly minted that the name did not become official until 1812. Previously it had been the Louisiana Territory, but the name change was thought necessary when the lower part of the territory was admitted to the union as the State of Louisiana in April, just before the War of 1812 began. For a land-hungry generation of post-Revolutionary children, it might as well have been the Promised Land, never mind that all sorts of First Peoples had been there for thousands of years and that a part of it was still claimed by Spain. It was manifestly destined, they believed, to be American; and even though the phrase would not be used officially for another 35 years, the ideas it embodied were already firmly in place. In a letter to **James Monroe**, Thomas Jefferson had opined that “it is impossible not to look forward to distant times when our rapid multiplication will expand itself beyond those limits, and cover the whole northern, if not southern, continent.”

Though he was quite the willing worker and a thoughtful businessman, things did not go well for Young William. He had been in Missouri only a couple of years when the aforementioned war began, and he went to serve with the United States



The Twisted Soul of Rock

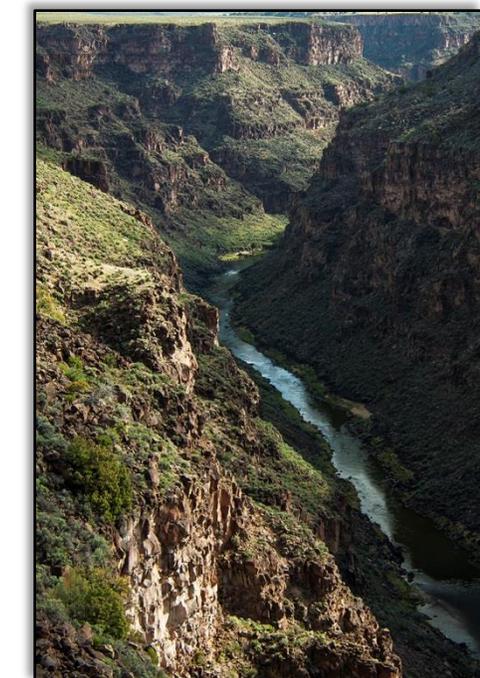
Mounted Rangers, a sort of semi-independent unit of irregulars who patrolled the Territory. The captain of the unit was **Daniel Morgan Boone**, son of the great frontiersman. The younger Boone had moved to the Territory in 1797 following his father’s request that he scout the area for settlement.

Shortly after Becknell’s discharge, **Jane**, his wife of eight years, died, possibly in childbirth, as the records show a daughter being born in 1815. He had recently moved them to Boone’s Lick, in central Missouri, where he had begun working as a ferryman on the great river and begun managing the Boone’s Lick Salt Works, having developed a friendship with the Boone family during his wartime service.

In 1817 he married **Mary Cribb**, and by 1827 the family had grown by two sons and two more daughters.

By 1818 he had bought out the Boones’ interest in the salt business and in 1820 had purchased 120 acres in Howard County, Missouri, on the north bank of the river, and moved his family there, near the town of Franklin.

An unsuccessful candidate for the Missouri Legislature



A River Runs Through It

in 1820, Becknell had borrowed to finance his campaign. This obligation and the poor state of the economy following the Panic of 1819 put William in debt in the amount of nearly \$20,000

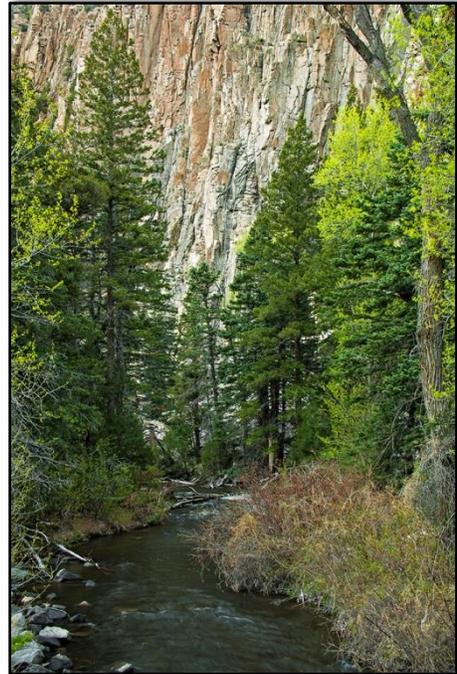
in today's money; and he found himself jailed for his debts. A friend posted bail, but the judge told him he had until early-1822 to pay his creditors or face additional jail time.

So it is with this back story that we find William Becknell in September of 1821, leaving Franklin with a small group he had assembled by placing a newspaper advertisement seeking companions for a trading expedition to the Southwest.

There is no record of whether Becknell knew anything at all of the journeys of Pedro Vial, but we do know that he and his five companions were bent on looking for an expedient trade route to Nuevo México. They were not alone; other trading enterprises had undertaken the same mission, and not just out of the goodness of their hearts, or from a desire to augment the material well-being of the good citizens of the Mexican hinterlands.

The arc of history sometimes undertakes strange trajectories, and those trajectories intersect in some very oblique and obscure ways.

From the conquest of Mexico beginning in 1519, the entire portion of the New World known as New Spain existed to benefit the Spanish Crown of Castile, which,



The River Cimarron

since its founding in 1217, seemed interminably bogged down in military conquest of the Iberian Peninsula and forever in need of treasure to finance its ambitions of empire. Taking control of southern North America was an arduous process, but by 1591 the Spanish had defeated, at least temporarily, the Chichimec peoples in Northern Mexico and had begun pushing up the Rio Grande valley into what would be called *Provincia de Nuevo México*, the Province of New Mexico. In 1598, **Juan de Oñate** forged *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*, The Royal Road of the Interior Land, between Mexico City and the Tewa village of Ohkay Owingeh, known today as San Juan Pueblo. This encouraged **Pedro de Peralta** in 1610 to establish the village of Santa Fe on the banks of the Rio Grande along the western slopes of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

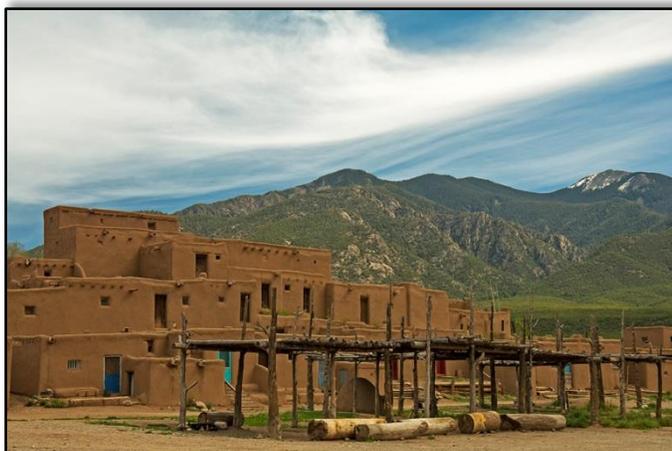
Thus, step by step, using its three-pronged approach to expansion and consolidation of its colonial holdings: presidios (forts), pueblos (towns), and misiones (missions), the Spanish Crown, by 1792 when Pedro Vial made his epic journey, claimed nearly all of the land of North America that lay south of Canada and west of the Mississippi River, and including what is now Florida and a strip of territory the width of the panhandle of Florida all the way to Texas. Yet though it held a vast wealth in a wide array of resources, that wealth was intended to flow primarily in a single



Where There Is Discord....

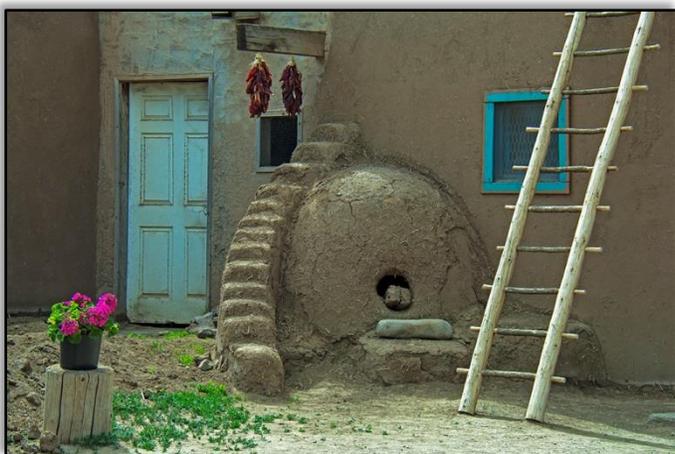
Mississippi River, and including what is now Florida and a strip of territory the width of the panhandle of Florida all the way to Texas. Yet though it held a vast wealth in a wide array of resources, that wealth was intended to flow primarily in a single

direction – to Spain. Being at the far edge of the settled realm of New Spain meant that Nuevo México and the folks in Santa Fe commonly received less-than-first-class goods in exchange for what they shipped southward to Mexico City and ultimately across the Spanish Main to the waiting Court in Madrid. Inasmuch as they were forbidden to buy most things from anyone except the lords in the south, and even then to pay outlandish fees and taxes for what they imported, they can hardly be blamed for looking eastward across the hot, high desert toward those Americans who slyly expressed an interest in becoming trading partners. It is a perfect example, as is true of all colonial experience, of the economic survival behaviors colonial peoples resort to when denied the opportunity to be equal partners in the material decisions that affect their daily lives; and it is, looked at from the other side of the coin, a sterling reflection of the short-sightedness with which colonial powers have historically treated their “possessions” that has generally, in the long term, led to revolution and the violent overthrow of such oppression.



Taos Pueblo a Thousand Years On

Trade between groups on opposite sides of the Great Plains and High Desert was not a novel idea. The two-thousand-year-old Hopewell Culture of the Mississippi, Ohio, Illinois, and Tennessee River Valleys has given us evidence that goods such as obsidian, turquoise, and silver were traded from as far away as the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande Valley of the Southwest. When the Spanish New Mexicans established their presence along the reaches of the middle and upper Rio Grande, they insinuated themselves into some of these trading patterns, which



A Pueblo Is Many Things

activities were, of course, illegal in the eyes of Spain.

Conversely, from an eastern perspective, trade with Southwest had been a dream of the French explorers from the early-1700s. In 1739, **Pierre** and **Paul Mallet**, brothers and French Canadian *voyageurs*, in following up on a previous French effort to reach Santa Fe in 1725, managed to reach the city after having lost their merchandise-laden horses in a river crossing. They were allowed to stay for nearly a year before returning to the Missouri country for

replacement goods, arriving in New Orleans finally in March of 1741. Two subsequent attempts by the Mallets also met with unsatisfactory outcomes. In 1750, on the third attempt, the



Coral Pink, A Dune Color

Spanish colonists toward their masters at being denied the opportunity from their remote outposts at the edge of empire to enjoy the material well-being afforded the lords o'er the sea as a result of their labors in the New World.

For example, though the Mallets had proposed opening trade relations with the Spanish authorities in Mexico City and had languished in Santa Fe for nine months before being flatly turned down, they left the city with letters from New Mexican officials encouraging such trade.

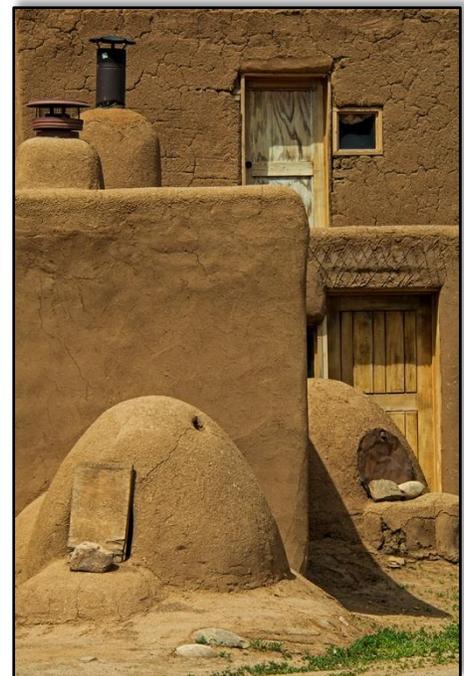
The resentment did not fester much longer. In 1810 revolution flared in Mexico; and though it was quickly put down, the resistance did not die. It smoldered and flared again and again until in 1820 the rebel elements drew up the "Plan of Iguala," the act of making equal; and on September 21, 1821, they forced the Spanish Viceroy to accept its terms in the Treaty of Cordoba.

Though the Crown and the Spanish Parliament attempted to renege on the treaty over the following years by declaring it "illegal, null, and void," Mexico was independent and would remain so. However, its local governmental issues were far from resolved; but what was changed for certain was the attitude toward trade, and into this new awareness blithely stepped William Becknell. Whether he was intending toward Santa Fe all along, or changed his goal

political climate in New Mexico had changed for the worse and Pierre Mallet was imprisoned, ultimately possibly in Cuba or Spain, and never heard from again. Other subsequent French traders met similar fates: being arrested, having their goods confiscated, and ordered to leave the territory.

Likewise, in 1806, under the pretext of finding the headwaters of the Red River, **Lt. Zebulon M. Pike** led an expedition through what are now Oklahoma, Colorado, and New Mexico. On February 26, 1807, Pike and his men, having crossed the border into New Spain, were captured by Mexican soldiers, taken to Santa Fe, and presented to Commandant General **Manuel Salcedo**. Though they remained in detention, they were treated well and eventually, graciously but firmly, escorted back to American territory. Clear from the encounter was that the Mexicans feared the spread of democracy and Protestant Christianity as undermining factors to their system of rule.

These episodes may have revealed the nature of the Spanish hegemony over its North American possessions, but they also underscored the resentment held by the

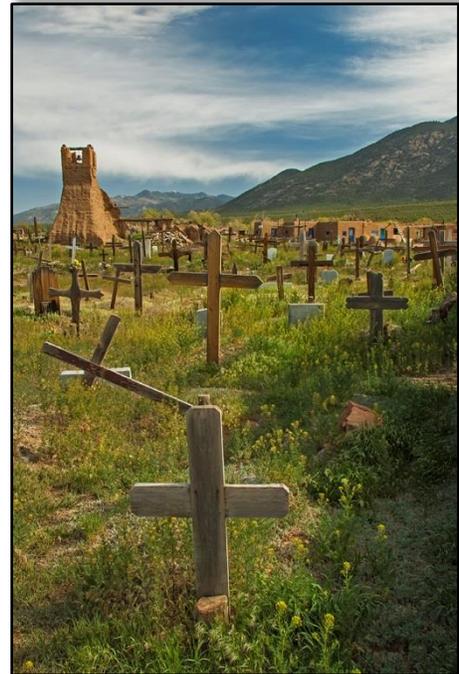


In a Beehive of Ovens

only after learning of the new circumstances in Nuevo México, which he most certainly did, is unclear. In either case, on the afternoon of November 13th, as they found themselves outside of Las Vegas, New Mexico, they looked southwestward and watched as Captain Don **Pedro Ignacio Gallego** and a combined force of 450 soldiers, militia, and Pueblo Indian Auxiliaries marched in their direction. Gallego was not looking for bedraggled traders; instead, he was on his way to attempt to rescue the New Mexican cattle herd from marauding – and probably hungry - Comanches.

On November 14th Gallego sent Becknell and friends on to Santa Fe, and two days later, understanding the ramifications of his country's newly gained autonomy, Governor **Fecundo Melgares** met with them and encouraged them to go home, but to speedily return with even more goods than they had brought with them on this trek. The meager three hundred dollars' worth of trade items they have brought with them they had bartered into nearly six thousand dollars' worth of specie. When they reached Franklin on their return on January 22, 1822, the destiny of nations was cast and the Santa Fe Trail was off and rolling.

On their second venture westward they chose wagons rather than pack animals, which decision necessitated a slight change of route. This second

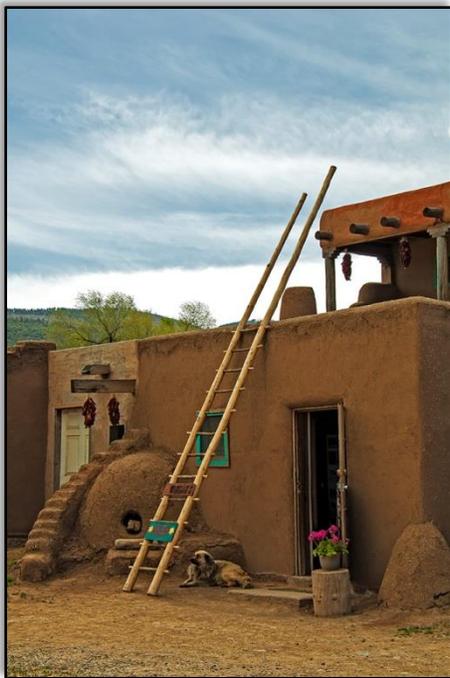


Requiem for a Culture

expedition encountered considerably greater difficulty than the original; however it also proved significantly more profitable. A three thousand dollar inventory of goods converted into an estimated ninety-one thousand dollars in revenues.

After making a third journey to Santa Fe in 1824, this one also profitable, Becknell helped surveyors hired by the United States Congress map the routes of travel he had followed. For these works, William Becknell was given the name *Father of the Santa Fe Trail*. If nothing else, following the dollars can buy you a title.

In no way do I wish to make light of William Becknell's accomplishments. Any man or woman who would endure the hardships and struggles of crossing the more than nine hundred miles of bare shortgrass and mixed grass prairies, hot high desert, and chilly Rocky Mountain uplifts; of following ever-thinning quantities of stream-held water; and of never completely being sure of what peril might lay just over the next rise or down the next draw: any person making it to the conclusion of such an effort deserves to be acknowledged. Still, it seems to me



The Sentry at the Door

typical of our national psyche that we look to give the credit for everything that exits or

happens to some Anglo-American causation or origin, especially when there is economic expansion or benefit involved.

In my mind the credit for establishing the Santa Fe Trail could just as logically have been given to Pedro Vial, for he wished to do what he did for the sake of discovery and the cause of communication, and whatever economic benefit might accrue was secondary – although I am sure that he was aware there would likely be one. Once the ruts that I am looking at became established as a viable way across the plains, economic benefit was its first, middle, and last name.

During the initial, giddy years of its existence the trail lived up to the expectations had of it by those looking for an effective commercial thoroughfare. Even with the lingering effects of the economic Panic of 1819, the promise of wealth suggested by William Becknell's example lit a fire under the Town of Franklin, and the entire Missouri Territory as well. By 1824, a total of \$35,000 worth of merchandise in twenty-six wagons, worked by one hundred men, headed westward from



By Pacheco Hands Built of Old

Franklin, and the figures increased almost exponentially thereafter. It is interesting that it was in this same year – so quickly it happened – it was found by the traveling merchants that the City of Santa Fe was already so saturated with trade goods from the east, it was necessary for them to continue their journeys further southward, linking the Santa Fe Trail with the old New Mexican highway, *El Camino Real*, and trekking all the way to Sonora, Sinaloa, and Chihuahua, and on to Mexico City to dispose of their goods, which they did still profitably.

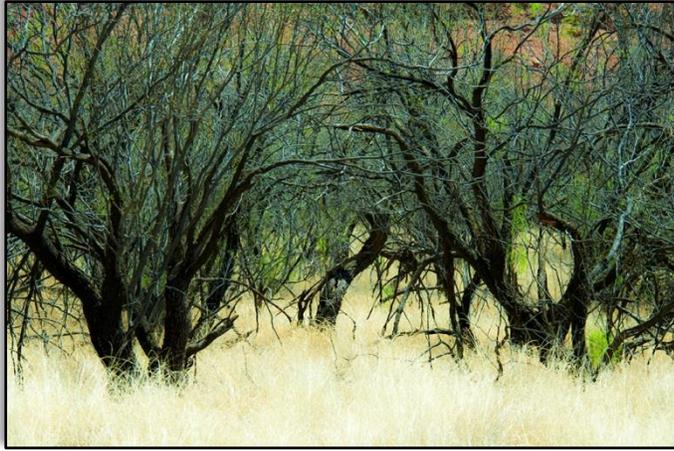


Mixed Grasses and Low Mesas

Governor **Bartolomé Baca** dispatched a Chihuahua businessman, **Manuel Escudero** to the U.S. Capital to negotiate the opening of American borders for trade with Mexican merchants, and by 1826 several prominent Mexican entrepreneur families had become involved in Santa Fe Trail trading activities. Before mid-century Mexican traders from New Mexico and Chihuahua would become the primary traffickers of goods moved over the highway.

It was during this early honeymoon-time of entrepreneurial well-wishing that the new government in Mexico City made its first serious misreading of the American character. In the months following its successful ouster of the Spanish Crown, the new government moved to shore up its far northern borders by offering large land grants in the Texas (Tejas) portion of the widespread state of Coahuila y Tejas to thousands of American families. The purposes of

this move were several: to populate its largely vacant northern lands; to create a buffer against ever-increasing hostile activity by the Comanches; and to also buffer against what was correctly perceived as American expansionist interests in the region. These grants of land from the public domain were offered on the condition that the grantees agree to become Mexican



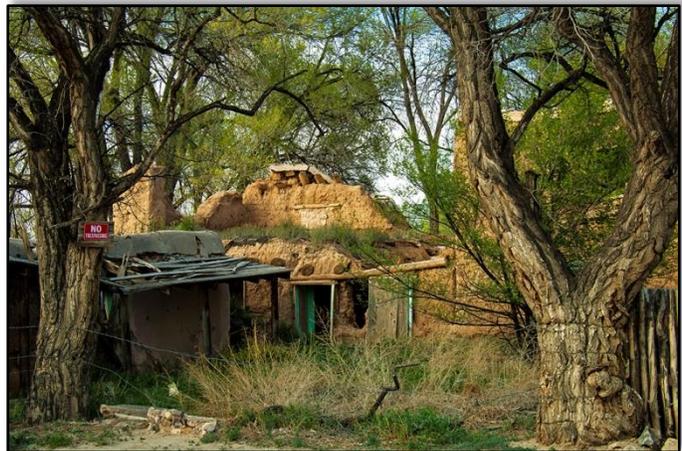
citizens, to convert to Catholicism, and to forego the importation of slaves. The conditions were, for the most part, ignored, and the policy was a failure, as los Americanos tended to settle far away from Comanche raiders and, ultimately, used the Mexican government's inability to suppress the raids as a cause for demanding independence from Mexico.

Over the decade from 1826-1835, the fuse of discontent among the Texas colonists showered sparks of political and cultural friction over themselves and their Mexican governing authorities; and when conservative factions gained control in

They Arose from the Grasses

Mexico City, replacing the Constitution of 1824's federalist system with the Constitution of 1835's centralized form of government, the sparks turned into fires of secession fueled by violence and bloodshed. In a war that lasted from October, 1835 to April, 1836, the Texans gained their autonomy and formed their own country, the Republic of Texas; however ongoing conflicts between the young country and its former motherland continued into the 1840s and were resolved only by the United States War with Mexico from 1846-1848.

As the great Oglala Lakota leader, **Mahpiua Luta** (Red Cloud), said, "They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they kept one; they promised to take our land and they did." And this was the insight into the American character that the Mexicans failed to comprehend. It is in the nature



of Anglo-Americans to want land; to want to own land, to claim it, to possess it, not merely to have control over it, or to influence it; and they will say just about anything it takes to get it. Being good at keeping the promises that they make regarding it is a different matter. And once they have it: they devise systems that have reduced the land to a set of numbers, and they spend their time manipulating the numbers to some perceived benefit. Rather than seeing the land as a living being that sustains their very existences, they see only the numbers. The land may as well be a bolt of calico on a west-bound Santa Fe Trail wagon.

Perhaps you were wondering where the trail had gotten off to in all of this. During all the years

of bickering between the Texans and Mexico and the United States and Mexico, the trail rolled right along. In 1826, \$90,000 worth of goods were transported; in 1828, \$150,000. In 1836, the year of Texas Independence, only \$130,000 in goods passed over the trail; but in 1837 it returned to \$150,000. And by 1843, three years before the war, the total of goods shipping over the trail rose to a whopping \$250,000.

The War with Mexico marked a significant change in the history of the road, and it was a great victory for the forces of Manifest Destiny. What had begun as the coveting of California had become much more. As a result of the Mexican-American war, the United States got exactly what it wanted – more land. It forced Mexico, in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, to sell all of its holdings north of the Rio Grande for \$15 million. Also included was the agreement to assume Mexico’s debts, totaling some \$3.25 million, to U.S. citizens. In all, the United States gained about 900,000 square miles of territory, including all of (Alta) California, Nevada, Utah, and most of Arizona; as well as parts of Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming.

Five years later the Gadsden Purchase of an additional 32,000 square miles filled in the boundaries of Arizona and New Mexico. It also gave powerful Southern commercial interests a more viable southern route for a transcontinental railroad linking the South’s agrarian resources with California’s markets. Mexico had been reduced to less than half of its former size, and the territory that would eventually become the contiguous, lower forty-eight states was in place.

Opposition to the War with Mexico had been vocal and broadly based, but, in the end, the Manifest Destiny hawks who held the political reins in Washington simply ignored or went around it. Lest we forget, it was his opposition to paying the taxes levied to support this war, couched in the

form of a poll tax, that landed **Henry David Thoreau** in a Concord, Massachusetts jail, and from which experience he would later write his monumental treatise, *On Civil Disobedience*.

The Santa Fe Trail had figured prominently in the martial events in the Southwest and Mexico. General **Stephen W. Kearny**, in the opening months of the conflict, had led his Army of the West westward from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, across the trail’s Mountain Route to Bent’s Fort and from there through Raton Pass and into New Mexico where he entered Santa Fe on August 15, 1846 without firing a shot. In the wake of the “liberation” the trail entered its



Up in Gunsmoke, Miss Kitty

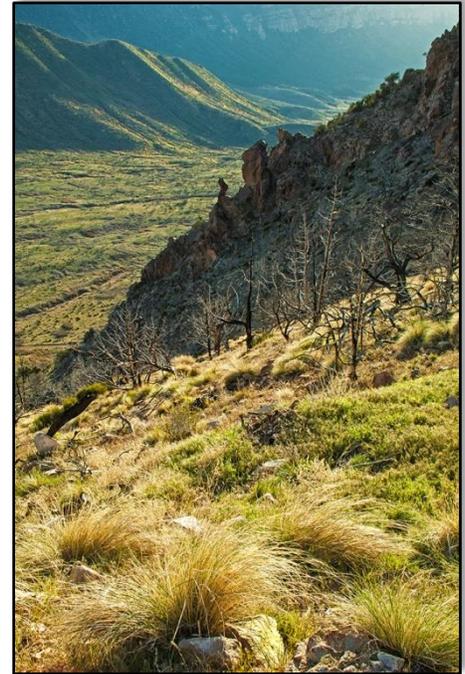


Prince’s Plume

military road period, becoming a line of supply of both materials and men for the campaigns south into Mexico and west into California. Additional military outposts, such as Fort Union at La Junta (now Watrous), New Mexico and Fort Dodge (Dodge City), Kansas, supplemented Bent's as temporary stopovers for the movement of people and goods over the route. This was a key development during and after the war because the subsistence agriculture that had been the history of New Mexico would not support the influx of soldiers and those who maintained them, and stable supply lines were essential to their sustenance.

Sometimes the only way to make those dollars feel secure is the guard them with an army; and the real upshot of the Mexican War is that for the first time in its history, the trail was completely within American hands, all 909, or 865, miles of it, depending on whether you're talking about the Mountain Route to Bent's Fort, or the Cimarron Cut-off through the desert.

By this time, the early 1850s, easterners and mid-westerners alike are beginning to be clear that the United States is stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, and those western lands are looking very much like places to go in search, not only of fortune, but of a better place to live permanently. This relative security which could now be



Lookin' into Castle Valley

attached to traveling the trail translated into even greater dollars: It is estimated that in 1855 the total value of goods traded over the road was \$5 million, that would be six zeroes. In 1862, as the Civil War was whipping itself into a frenzy, 3000 wagon loads of goods were taken over the trail; and by the year after the war ended, 1866, that number had increased to 5000 wagons.

During the war itself, the string of military outposts that had been constructed along the route to help protect wagon trains against the hostile actions of various First Peoples who saw the increasing numbers of Anglo-Americans and wagons as nothing short of a direct invasion of their lands, proved invaluable in moving army units and supplies across the plains between the primary eastern theaters and the less, but no less meaningfully, involved theaters in the West and Southwest.

These same forts also became the staging grounds for the military movements, in the 1860s and -70s, against those First Peoples which concluded with the removal to reservations of those once free-ranging groups who had lived on those plains for hundreds, if not thousands, of



Sighting up the Ruts

years.

There are no reliable statistics for the numbers of emigrants who left their homes east of the

Hundredth Meridian and traveled the long Santa Fe Road. Very few actually ended up in Santa Fe, but increasing numbers of them followed the Mountain Route to Bent's Fort and thence, going northward, by a trail skirting the base of the Rockies to Fort Laramie on the North Platte, by way of the South Platte watershed.

This path, which was called in its early history The Trappers' Trail, we commonly know as the Oregon Trail, along which tens of thousands of settlers, including more than 5000 Mormons, found their way to the Promised Lands they were seeking.

Thus, the primary purposes of commerce, military expediency, and emigration all came to be served by the trail during the sixty years of its existence; but dollars are very fickle things and their loyalties are anything but deep or constant.

In 1863, the United States Congress passed the first of five annually consecutive acts of legislation which amount to the most blatant examples of corporate welfare I can possibly imagine. When I consider the uproar I hear from some quarters about the relative pittance we give to the impoverished souls among us and not a peep about the billions that are given to corporations that foul our air and water, I cannot fathom a greater hypocrisy.

Collectively they were known as the Pacific Railroad Acts and, among other things, they began the practice of federal land grants directly to corporations. The long title of the first act was "an act to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, and to secure to the government the use of the same for postal, military, and other purposes."

The original legislation of 1862 "authorized extensive land grants in the Western United States and the issuance of thirty-year government bonds at 6 percent to the Union Pacific Railroad and Central (later Southern) Pacific Railroad companies in order to construct a continuous transcontinental railroad between the eastern side of the Missouri River at Council Bluffs, Iowa and the navigable waters of the Sacramento River at Sacramento, California."

The act further gave to the railroads ten square miles of public land for every mile

of grade except where the tracks ran through cities or crossed rivers. Thus from 1850 – 1871 the railroads received more than 175 million acres of public land – an area more than one tenth the size of the entire United States and greater than the State of Texas. Of course the railroads sold portions of their lands to new settlers at a handy profit.



An Oasis in the Desert



The Canyon of Calf Creek

Though its scale never reached the dramatic size of its larger sibling lines, the Santa Fe Railroad profited equally from the legislation of 1863. Chartered in 1859, the Santa Fe Railroad's purpose called for joining Atchison and Topeka, Kansas with Santa Fe, New Mexico. The railroad men could easily anticipate that if the wagon trains of the Santa Fe Road could generate such tremendous wealth from their efforts, what might be imagined for an operational railroad following a similar route would surely be amazing.

To account economically for the sparsely populated plains of Kansas, the AT&SF set up real estate offices near its tracks and offered discount tickets to potential buyers for inspecting the land it was selling from those tracts which it had been given by Congress. The scheme worked well and the company generated more than sufficient capital to continue its westward work.



Instead of turning its survey southward across the Cimarron Cut-off route at Dodge City, AT&SF continued southwest to Raton Pass, knowing of the discovery of coal seams near Trinidad, Colorado and Raton, New Mexico. Following the dollars would be able to occur at a pace faster than ever, and the numbers of them that could be transported would be staggering to consider.

When it did turn southward, rather than aiming for Santa Fe, it set its sights on Albuquerque, which it reached in 1880, and the old capital city was included on the line only by way of a spur from the Town of Lamy to its south.

This fact is largely immaterial, for on the day the AT&SF opened that spur, it tolled the death knell of the Santa Fe Trail, and in that year the great highway ceased to exist as a road for anything except the imagination.

The Road Goes Ever On I wonder what these ruts that march off over the land in front of me, over the rise ahead, and beyond, on their lonely trek across the desert, would say if they could tell me their story instead of me having to read the accounts of the humans who created them.

Perhaps they would tell me that in their world there are mountains and rivers and deserts and plains. There are pieces of jasper and palo verde trees and blue stem grasses. There is the beauty of a desert sunset, the cool feel of a mountain breeze, and the sweet smell of rain on the dirt. Maybe they would say that all of these things, and a world of others, exist at the hand of creation, where the hand of mankind is only a shadow. They might suggest that a roadbed – any roadbed, even itself - represents a great change in all of this and that before allowing such a change to exist it should be carefully considered what might be accomplished that would be in positive addition what is already there.

What's Now?

Remembering Something Like Normal

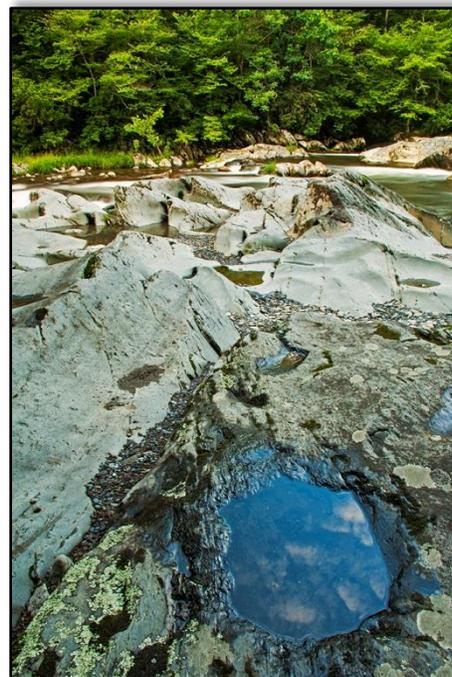
...And home has to mean something more than a house; it has to mean a place, so that going out the door can be going home as much as going in.

Rebecca Solnit

The Art of Arrival; Orion Magazine, May-June, 2014

Part of the difficulty lies in the awareness of the span of a human life as it exists side-by-side with the reality of geologic time. The past sixty-seven years are my eternity, my forever, and all of my comprehension of what is usual and normal is encapsulated within that frame. It is a narrow and a shallow point of reference, but because of the tricks imposed on my understanding by what it means to “be alive”, it is all that I have. When I place that on the continuum that is geology’s timescale, the fullness of my time doesn’t even begin to account for the slightest twitch in the muscle that initiates the blinking of a geologic eye; and in the context of that grand sweep “normal” is something so fraught with repetition and circularity that “seeing” it at all asks almost more of me than I am capable of giving.

Our minds have given us tools which, through analogy and metaphor, make the task of understanding almost comprehensible, but we still lack for a view of normality around which we can wrap something solid and fixed, like the mists that settle in the coolness of a mountain river bed in the wake of a passing storm and seem so real to the watching eye, but have disappeared overnight and are gone in the light of dawn.



Just a Temporary Illusion

When I was a child the seasons seemed to be regular, fixed, and straightforward: The year began in winter, which was followed by a warming into spring, and then a building of heat that became summer, on the heels of which there was a cooling as the year slid toward a conclusion in autumn. Such temperature patterns seemed rather predictable and dependable, so that when there were the occasional radical departures, they seemed to be what they were: the exceptions that proved the rule. Precipitation patterns were pretty much the same. In the winter and spring it rained more frequently; in summer it was drier, but there were regular, periodic thunderstorms; fall was drier until mid-season when the rains began to return more often. Even as a child, these repeating scenarios were fairly evident so that it didn’t require much attention to observe them.



Some Phlox

Last year at this time we were struggling to get a sense of the “rainiest” summer in the history of record-keeping around here. Then over the winter of 2013-14 we were thinking about

one of the coldest such periods overall in recent memory. Actually, as records go, this was only the 34th coldest winter on record, but it was one of the coldest winters of the past twenty years; and what may have made it seem colder was the relativity of the matter: since overall temperatures nationally have been going upward over the past two decades, the comparative



A Light in the Fog

weeks and months?

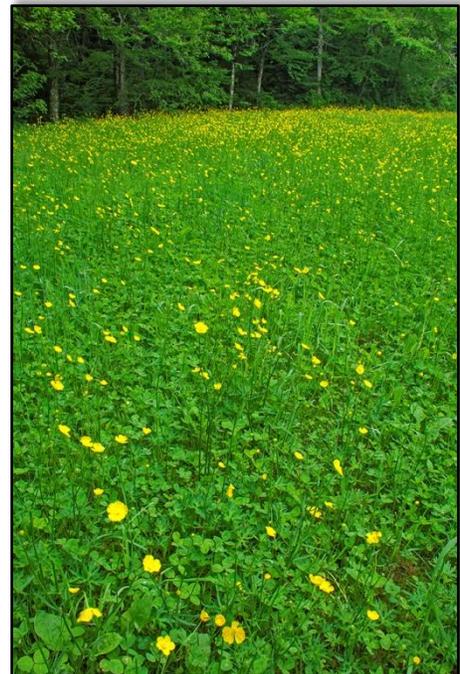
In Great Smoky Mountains National Park and along the last section of the Blue Ridge Parkway the mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) are at peak now between 4500'-5000', and the flame azaleas (*Rhododendron calendulaceum*) are just barely past peak in the same elevations. There are lots of bowman's root (*Porteranthus trifolius*) peaking here as well. Mountain spiderwort (*Tradescantia subaspera* var. *montana*) is just starting to be abundant.

This is going to be another banner year for wild hydrangea (*Hydrangea arborescens*); it is blooming profusely throughout the mountains. Hairy buttercup (*Ranunculus hispidus*) is also wide-spread and abundant. Goat's beard (*Aruncus dioicus*) is appearing in the higher elevations above 4500'. A couple of early summer composites, daisy fleabane (*Erigeron philadelphicus*) and ox-eye daisy (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) can be seen in several locations along roadsides where they commonly appear. Galax (*Galax urceolata*) is beginning to bloom noticeably between 3500'-4500' in locations like Roaring Fork Motor Nature Trail. In the Smokies, the Catawba rhododendron (*Rhododendron catawbiense*) is past peak and nearly gone. Some of the early specimens of small purple-fringed orchid (*Platanthera psycodes*) are beginning to appear along Clingman's Dome Road

However, there are many species of fern that are lush and quite attractive, including the maidenhairs (*Adiantum*), cinnamon (*Osmunda cinnamomea*), wood (*Dryopteris spinulosa*)

coolness of the past winter may have made it seem indeed colder absolutely than it actually was.

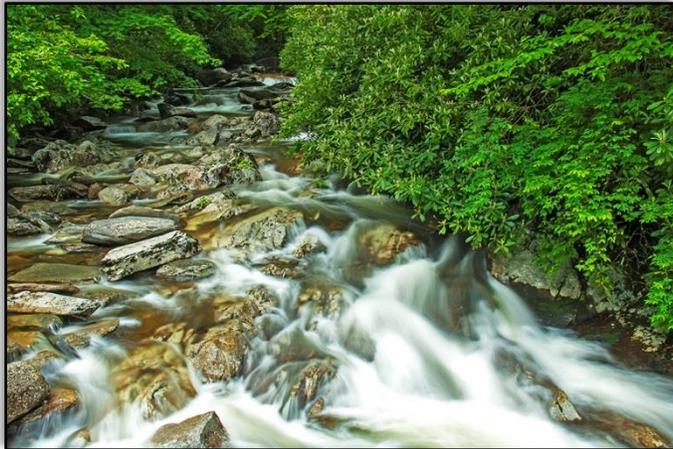
It was cold enough, long enough, to have delayed the onset of the blooming season; however it was wet enough that once the blooming began it was extensive and full. Then we went through a period of warm that was warmer than usual for that part of the season and lasted long enough so that the season caught up with itself and even got ahead to some extent. And this seems to be where we find ourselves at the moment. So what does it seem to say and to portend about the present and coming



In Your (Butter)cups

and several others.

Although we are far from being on course to set any new precipitation records, there has been enough rain this spring that the Park's streams are running at what could be called normal for this time of year and showers are continuing to occur regularly enough that after a downpour any given watershed can become a boldly flowing watercourse. I witnessed this two



days ago in the upper valley of Walker Camp Prong as a passing shower along Anakeesta Ridge quickly brought that stream up to a noticeably higher flow within a few minutes. This is also an area where rosebay rhododendron (*Rhododendron maximum*) will be blooming in the next two or three weeks.

This summer could be an excellent opportunity to experiment with architectural opportunities in the Park. This jewel of our national park system has the largest concentration of historic log and wood structures east of the Mississippi – cabins, houses, barns, cribs,

Walker Camp Prong Rising

grist mills, schools and churches: all can be found here and they are incredibly photogenic, especially in early morning, late afternoon, on overcast days, and in even shade. It's enough to keep you busy for a month. Another man-made opportunity is the numerous cemeteries to be found in the park, from multiple interments such as in Greenbrier, to locations consisting of only a couple, or a few, burials. Please remember to be respectful of these sacred places.

Another opportunity might be found on the edge of any stream or under a streamside rock. This Park has come to be known as "the salamander capital of the world," since thirty species of this amphibian live here. There are so many of them that on any given day the total mass of salamanders outweigh the total mass of all the black bears.



It Came from Tannin Foam

June, July, and August are also excellent months to experiment with atmospheric in the Smokies. During these months thunderstorms can come up very quickly and move rapidly. Majestic cumulus clouds of billowing white and threatening gray can be beautiful subjects, and they are often accompanied by searing flashes of lightning. Remember that if you want to become a storm chaser you'll need to keep you and your equipment protected; a raging storm can do serious damage to your health and your gear.

In July the elk mothers will begin bringing their newly-born calves down from the higher elevation forests, where they gave birth, and into the meadows of Oconaluftee and

Cataloochee. These are some of the cutest animal babies you will find anywhere and they are lots of fun to photograph. Just be thoughtful of your presence among them. It is a stressful time for mother and child.

The months of June, July, and August are prime time for sunrise and sunset in the Smokies, especially sunset. The sun at Morton Overlook is setting nearly directly down the valley during each of these months, and atmospheric conditions can make or break what you will experience. The only truth is that you have to show up before anything can happen. At Luftee Overlook, the sun at sunrise is far around to the left (north) of the parking lot and will not be present in your composition as it rises. However, great atmospheric conditions often occur here and these alone can make it worth the trip.

At Clingman’s Dome, on the other hand, the sun can be a part of your sunrise composition, even though it is far to the left of the view out of the overlook. Again, atmospheric conditions can give you something to remember for your effort. At sunset, the ball of the sun will slip over the Crest of the Smokies Ridge before it sets, so that by the time it does, the valleys below the Dome – Nolan Creek, Forney Creek, and Hazel Creek - are in deep shade and too dark to offer a great deal of interest. Early-morning and late-afternoon light can provide something worthwhile.

The Sunrise/Sunset times shown below are for Oconaluftee Visitor Center for the dates given. The actual sunrise/sunset times at the locations described above may vary by several minutes.

	<u>June 15</u>	<u>June 21</u>	<u>July 1</u>	<u>July 15</u>	<u>August 1</u>	<u>August 31</u>
Sunrise:	6:17 a.m.	6:18 p.m.	6:21 a.m.	6:29 a.m.	6:41 a.m.	7:04 a.m.
Sunset:	8:50 p.m.	8:52 p.m.	8:53 p.m.	8:49 p.m.	8:38 p.m.	8:03 p.m.

Summer in these old mountains, though it does offer plenty of opportunities for those iconic landscapes, is, in my mind, so much more about the closeness and intimacy of these places, bringing the near-at-hand into perspective and showcasing its equally tremendous beauty, telling the story of relationship and intimate connection that is everywhere you look.

Reminding myself that there doesn’t seem to be any such thing as normal any longer when it comes to what I can expect from the climate of the Smokies, or anywhere else for that matter, is just a way of telling me that I have to remain flexible and mobile if I wish to remain effective in my artistic endeavors. I have to pay attention to the changes in the near-term and learn to assess their consequences only as far in advance of my actions as seems feasible and prudent.

Cold weather may no longer abate in March, and when it is drawn out into April and May, it will affect the blooming cycle of the plants I have come to observe and wish to photograph. As the weather warms from year to year, the locations of plants and animals, and the times they will be present, may change; and the changes themselves may vary as time goes by.

I have no doubt that the changing climate is being driven, at least in some measure by human activity, and I want to understand as much as I can about how that is taking place and what I can do to adapt and to mitigate my impacts. Inasmuch as there are still those who continue to selfishly refuse to seek solutions to the issues that propel mankind’s destruction of this sacred place we call home, this earth we all depend on and must share with each other, I will work to reverse, alter, or mitigate their destruction; and I will do so with as much kindness and goodwill as I can. I welcome anyone so inclined to join me in this work. Change may be the new normal, perhaps it always was.

A Tip Is Worth...?

In the Fourth World: Watching the River Run

To allow ourselves to be truly in touch with where we already are, no matter where that is, we have got to pause in our experience long enough to let the present moment sink in; long enough to actually *feel* the present moment, to see it in its fullness, to hold it in awareness and thereby come to know and understand it better. Only then can we accept the truth of this moment of our life, learn from it, and move on.

Jon Kabat-Zinn

Wherever You Go There You Are

One of my favorite pastimes is doing nothing; and I'm reasonably convinced that it is one of the most important things I have ever not done, or will ever not do; for I believe it is one of the primary keys to everything I have done, or will do, as a creative act.



As a matter of course, whenever I arrive at a destination to photograph, I get out of the vehicle and do nothing – not really, but the thing I do not do is to begin photographing. This is because the first order of creativity for me, the first thing I do want to do, is to create a connection between me and the place: no matter how many times I have been there, and no matter how strong the connection I already feel, doing nothing lets me reconnect *in the present moment*; and for me this small act is essential to all that might follow.

You Light Up My Life

At some point in just about every workshop I lead, I bring up this idea and discuss it; and in all likelihood at some time in the field, I will invite the group to do as I have described: nothing

In the rush - rush world we live in, where we seem to be expected to justify every moment of our lives with action, this small ritual probably seems quaint, unnecessary, and wholly out of place; and if this is how you see it, that is fine.

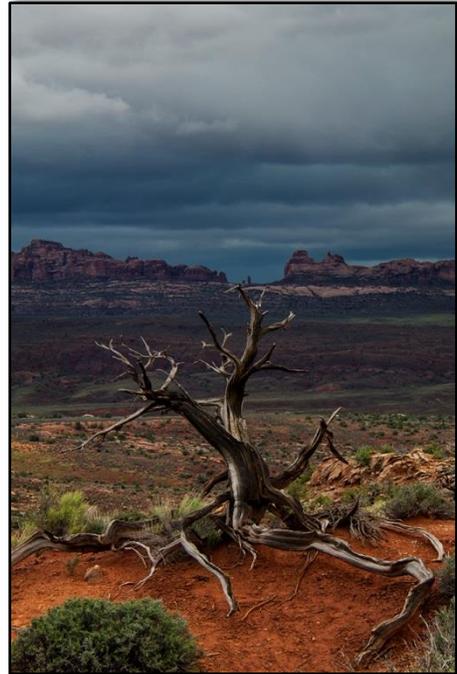
The “doing nothing” I have described is, of course, not doing nothing, but it is a radically different sort of “something.” It is an intentional disengagement from the conscious involvement with what we are there for, or are proposing to do; it is a quieting of the mind and an entering into an awareness of the body, of the body-mind connection, and of the body-mind connection with the place where we are. It is described best as an active stillness; and what comes from this watching, listening, and waiting is a more complete realization of the potential work at hand. It is not idleness, but rather a process of active reflection, of allowing the place and all of its components to reveal themselves, of even affording a space in which something new and, perhaps, previously unseen might emerge.

How this impulse toward frenetic active doing came to be seen as the only genuine and worthwhile measure of value in accomplishment is still unclear to me. Perhaps it grew out of our Post-World War II experience with industrialization and the so-called “efficiency” experts,

who measured everything done on the factory floor on a time-output continuum and saw nothing else as a measure of productivity and, therefore, success. Time, they said, is money; and following the path of as many dollars as possible is the only path to follow. I have worked on several factory floors in my time, and I have seen them up close and very personal.

Yet aren't "doing" and "not doing" equally necessary to a long-term understanding of the process to be undertaken, of that which we want to accomplish as a whole? If we arrive at a photographically creative location with synapses blazing, we will create some preconceived, or hastily conceived, notion of why we are there, but we will have denied the place, in the resonating silence we might otherwise have known, of the opportunity to speak to us, to share its story with us, to reveal to us those secrets which our chattering minds have denied us, to fill the gap between our expectations and the present moment.

One of the most successful and creative art endeavors in recent history is The Moth Project. The Moth is a non-profit group based in New York City and dedicated to the craft of storytelling. But here's the really interesting thing: it was conceived in 1997 by the poet and novelist, **George Dawes Green**, as a way of re-creating his early experiences at home in



Came Up a Bad Cloud...

Georgia, when he and his friends would sit around on the porch at night recounting tales to each other and watching the moths that were attracted to the porch light. The Moth now runs storytelling programs in sixteen American cities, and in 2010 its Moth Radio Program won the prestigious Peabody Award. In 2013, its story collection made the *New York Times* Paperback Non-fiction Best-Seller List.



...And Then It Rained

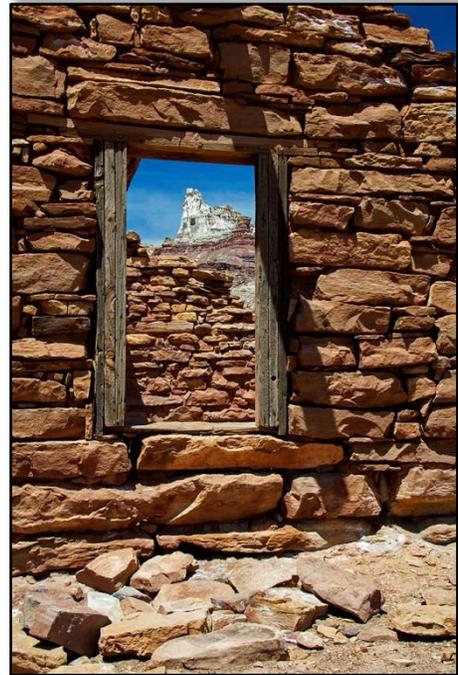
the origin of creative growth; and it can take place at nearly every photographic opportunity.

I call this to your attention because the art of "porch-sitting", a beautiful form of dynamic doing nothing, has become nearly lost in our culture. In fact most houses – except some of the newer McMansions – don't even have porches. When I was growing up all my grandparents had porches that wrapped around two sides of their country farmhouses, where aunts and uncles and cousins would gather after dinner to gossip and tell the latest adventures of this or that relative. It was a time of relaxation and relative calm where clarity was restored and the tensions and stresses of the day could slip away into the gloaming.

This is the sort of doing nothing I am intending, the creation of a space within our beings for the restoration of energy and the reconnection with our deeper selves that is

Our education institutions have followed the patterns set by our workforce and have created endurance contests out of learning and production mills out of effort that preach output rather than the joy of knowledge. Clearly students have to show proficiency and meet expectations set in the real world, but should they not also seek to engage in real self-discovery and to integrate their talents through a more natural process of self-revelation and -understanding? We have gone so far in the opposite direction that we no longer know how to balance focused attention, sustained effort, and acute intensity with the opposite side of the coin: patience and active waiting. We have become all, or nothing at all.

Creativity comes to us of its own accord and in its own time, but we also have a role to play in its development; and in this part of the process useful things can happen. We know that the creative act begins as an impulse and needs rise through our concerns and our involvements with the world around us until some moment of expression occurs. We know, too, that for this expression to take place, we must have something we wish to, or are compelled to, say; and that what we say will necessarily grow from our understanding of all of our experiences and our impressions that have gone before. That expression, then, becomes rewoven into the



A Temple in a Frame

So how we allow ourselves to come to the moment repeatedly has an impact on each new similar moment afterward.

Stillness, calmness, and reflection allow the seeds of that expression to germinate in a fertile environment and for the expression itself to be drawn from the fabric of whole cloth. According to **David Ulrich** there are several steps we can undertake to nurture it:

We can **engage in research and observation**. The renowned photographer, **Paul Strand**, would sometimes live in a location for as long as a year before even unpacking his equipment; and from this observation and learning he would then approach his subject with understanding and passion. His creative expression came about naturally as a result of the fullness of his connection.

We can **return to our bodies**; we can use our bodies to generate energy and then release some of that energy. Our body's innate awareness plays a greater role in our creativity that we realize. And just as the energy of action in the body has a role, the energy of inaction has a role as



Listening to Gorke Canyon

well. In the energy of inaction we find relaxation and awareness in the muscles, centering, and a coming to the silence within.

Finally, we can **put the work aside for the moment**. And this is exactly where I began: No thought of cameras or equipment; no thought of this composition or that; just the simple act of being here, now; of being in this moment, in this place; of being in the silence within that shows the connection between itself and all that I sense or see; of actively listening to all the stories that this place can tell and will tell if I allow my ears to hear them; just watching the river run.

As for EarthSong/Walking in Beauty....

Walking in Beauty

As I walk with Beauty
As I walk, as I walk
The universe is walking with me
In beauty it walks before me
In beauty it walks behind me
In beauty it walks below me
In beauty it walks above me
Beauty is on every side
As I walk, I walk with beauty

Traditional Diné Prayer

The craftsman's methods, tools, and materials can be thought of as extensions or even aspects of one another. In the most obvious way the materials dictate his tools and methods. But from a larger view, out of these three elements of his work, he forms a single tool, an ableness in himself which knows the proper way of working. Such a tool is not formed easily or soon, but it is worked for. Of all possible tools it is the one most adapted to his needs...It fits every requirement of his craft. With use it retains its properties and even enhances them, but without use they waste away.

Harry Remde

Close to Zero

from A Way of Working The Spiritual Dimension of Craft

In only two weeks half of Twenty-fourteen will be completed. Time has no thought of standing still, or even slowing down, but so far the year has been a beautiful one, filled with new adventures and amazing places. I want to thank everyone who has joined us in all of the wonderful places we have visited thus far, and to express our excitement and anticipation to everyone who has planned to join us somewhere during the remainder of the year. There are still spaces in all of our remaining events, so now is a great time to make a plan and get involved. There is nothing like a workshop to spur your creative juices and get you out into some beautiful place where nature's majestic presence can stir your soul.

In 2013 we offered the first of its kind, **Wildflowers, Waterfalls, and Western North Carolina Weekend Workshop** in Brevard. It was a great success, and so we have decided to offer a redux in 2014. We're excited about our new location for this event, but we'll still be

doing all of the wonderful activities that made last year's workshop such a favorite. So here's the deal:

**Wildflowers, Waterfalls, and Western North Carolina Weekend Workshop
August 22-24, 2014; Brevard, North Carolina, Holiday Inn Express**

I still have images in my mind's eyes of the awesome flows of Little River over Triple and Hooker Falls and the incredible sunset atmospheric that we experienced along the Blue Ridge Parkway as we enjoyed our weekend in the "Land of Waterfalls." Inspirational programs, guidance and field instruction, fieldwork, and meaningful critiques are all included in this workshop, which will enhance your creativity and teach you new skills in one of the most beautiful locations anywhere. For more



information, or to register contact Don McGowan: don@EarthSongPhotography.com, (828) 788-0687; or Kendall Chiles: kchiles@utk.edu, (865) 363-1525.

In March we held our first ever **Appalachian Barn Workshop** with the help of **Taylor Barnhill** and Madison County, North Carolina's Appalachian Barn Alliance. It was so well received that we decided to hold a second one; and this one, too, went very well.

These encouraged us to think even more broadly, and so we decided to create series of weekend Appalachian Barn Workshop event each with a seasonal theme. So here's the scoop on the next one:

**Appalachian Barn Weekend Workshop/Late Summer-Cusp of Autumn,
September 5-7, 2014; Asheville & Madison/Haywood Counties, North Carolina,
Days Inn North (North Asheville)**

The dates for this event would indicate that while it won't be fall yet, the summer will be waning. So anticipate the richness of dry, golden grasses to set the scene for some of the most photogenic barn structures you have ever seen. We'll visit at least ten (10) awesome structures, outside and inside; we'll have inspirational programs, guidance and field instruction, fieldwork, and meaningful critiques: all this in addition to learning something of the history of these special places. For more information, or to register contact Don McGowan:



don@EarthSongPhotography.com, or (828) 788-0687.

In late-September we're going back to the Upper Peninsula after a year's hiatus from this wonderful place. We've surely missed it and are truly excited to be going back. I have photographed in the UP, with and without a workshop, for 13 of the previous 14 fall foliage seasons, so maybe that tells you how special it is to me.

The Awesome Upper Peninsula of Michigan Workshop; September 27-October 3, 2014;

Baraga/Munising, MI dates are chosen to optimize the fall color experience in the location that, in my mind, offers the best fall color in the country, period; and some other pretty incredible opportunities as well. I simply cannot say enough about the combination of color, water, and light that makes the UP what it is.

There is some information on the website,

www.EarthSongPhotography.com; but if you

want the full story contact me: don@EarthSongPhotography.com, or (828) 788-0687.



Following the UP we'll head to New Hampshire for another location that offers an amazing autumn color experience, as well as some of the most beautiful mountains in the East. The

White Mountain National Forest Fall

Workshop; October 11-17, 2014; Glen NH has to be one of those incredible places that every photographer should visit much more often than once or twice. There are geologic features, beautiful rivers, wonderful atmospherics, and fall color that would knock my socks off, if I wore socks. We'll be in the heart of all of this in the friendly village of Glen, right alongside the Saco River. See the website,

www.EarthSongPhotography.com and then

contact me: don@EarthSongPhotography.com, or (828) 788-0687.



To wrap up the fall workshop season we're returning to a new location that we offered for the first time in 2013, and it quickly became one of those places we fell in love with and knew that we would be returning often. **The Beauty of the**

Rhode Island Coast Workshop; October 25-31,

2014; Narragansett, RI captured our hearts last year, and now it feels like an old friend we're looking forward to seeing again. The Ocean State in late-October offer a diversity of experience, both natural and historical, the will surprise and please you beyond your wildest imagination. The mighty Atlantic, quaint fishing villages, the historic beauty of Block Island and Newport, awesome wildlife refuges, and the charming wonder of Conanicut Island: I ❤️ Rhode Island. To learn about this photographic adventure you

will not forget: don@EarthSongPhotography.com, or (828) 788-0687.



We hope you will join us for a creative photographic adventure that will inspire you on your artistic journey. As with all of our weekend events, our week-long adventures include **inspirational programs, guidance and field instruction, fieldwork, meaningful critique sessions**, and an awful **lot of fun**.

Until next time, may the Spirit of Light guide your shutter release.

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Sunset, Manti-La Sal National Forest, Castle Valley, Utah