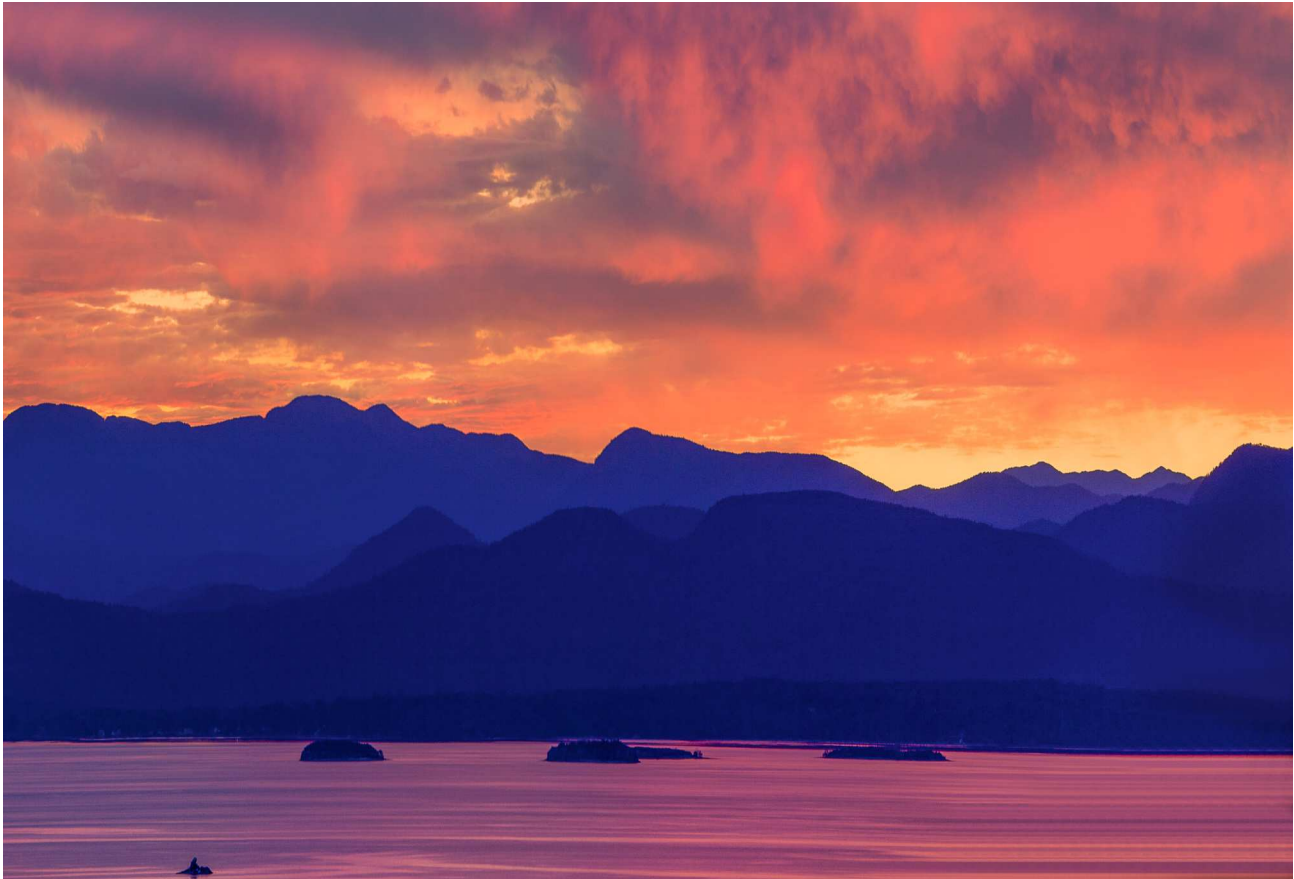


WATER REFLECTIONS - part 1



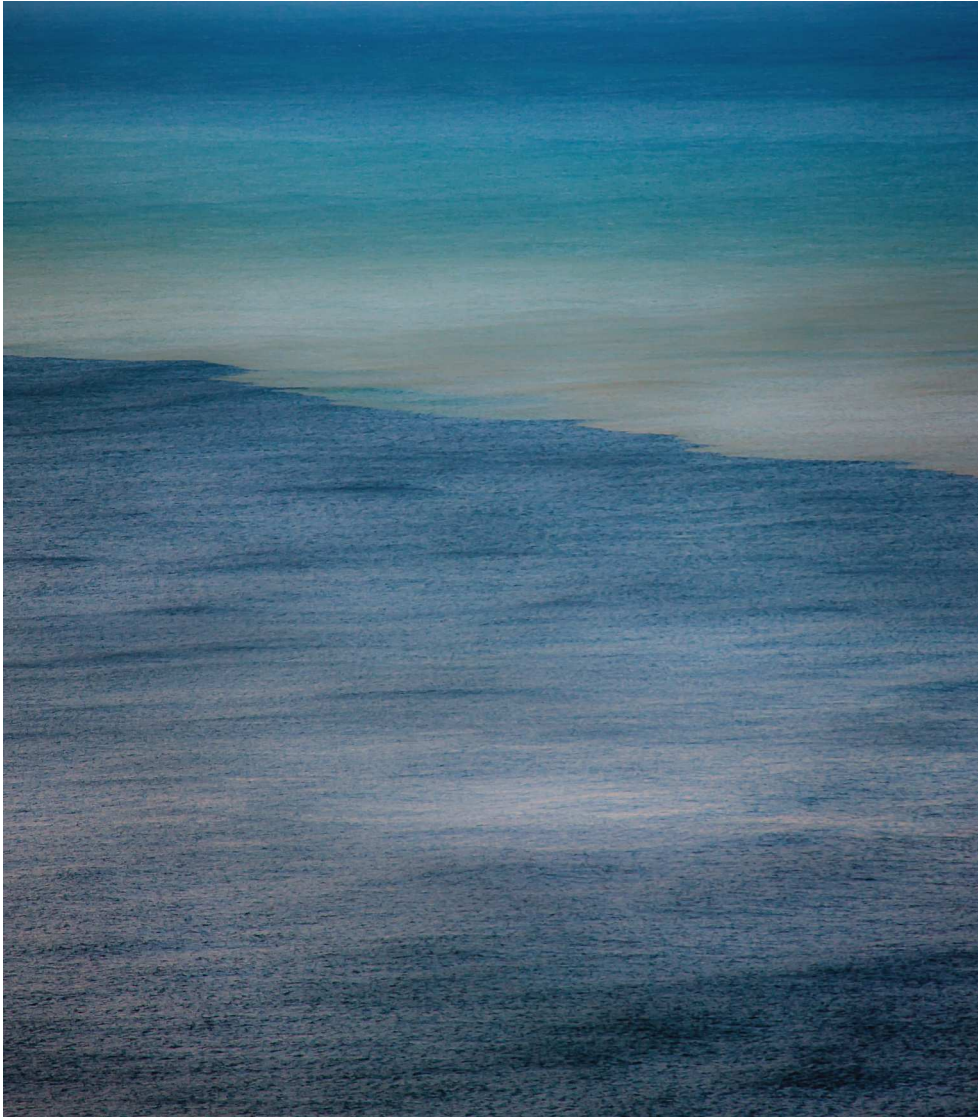
Extraordinary Light

Wonderful Water

You sustain me, sustain all that lives - Water
a miracaculous wonder.

You pleasure me - Water
A treat to be near, in, on , or under
medicine for the mind, body, and soul.

You are my camera's lover - Water
limitless nature adornment,
colors, patterns, forms - so photogenic



Blue



Superior View



Dock Side

Pebble Reflection

It was a wonderful weather wedding weekend. Lutsen Resort, on the North Shore of Lake Superior, shined - exceeding expectation.

It was my honor to officiate Dave and Clare's public proclamation on 7/21/2012.

The father of the bride, my good friend Jim, was missing. I clearly recall him mentioning a big regret of dying at 53 was missing the hand off of Clare to a new life long love.

The Heider's included a Tures tradition as part of the ceremony. I call it the Tures Pebble Prayer; personal reflection and expression of gratitude and wish, symbolically retained in a pebble.

Pebbles are everywhere at Lutsen - A good place to reflect about the mantra Jim shared with me on Thanksgiving 1997, a week before his death.

His mantra, 'All is Gift' stays with me. I would love to talk to Jim about All is Gift.



Pebble Reflection



Avi Ten

Transformation

From gratitude comes exhilaration - climatic and sustaining. Exhilaration is of the greatest of emotions, and there is no price to obtain - just our choice.

I go to my internal world to contemplate my passions and priorities - the mind is a mysterious thing. Attitude can transform a mood from bad to good - I am grateful to have experienced it.

Thanksgiving 1997, my brother-in-law, Jim said All is gift - those words have marinated with me since. The concept contributed to my revelation of the importance of a personal focus on Self-realizing, Connecting, and Giving. Jim died two weeks after that personally impacting Thanksgiving of 1997.

This Thanksgiving season, my sister Bernadette was asked - What are you grateful for - she responded - Everything. Bernadette was recently diagnosed with Parkinson's, and moved into a nursing home.

It seems that potential imminent loss of life prompts appreciation for all we have, and all we are able to give back. Really, life is relatively short for all of us - an attitude check, anyone?



Transformation

Water Wonder

Why something so simple - as water - is such a wonder.
I spend my life of it , near it, in it.
I love it.

I know it is not just me.
Family fuels with water - a real respite - I see it.
Lake times - lay back, slow down, stroll the beach.

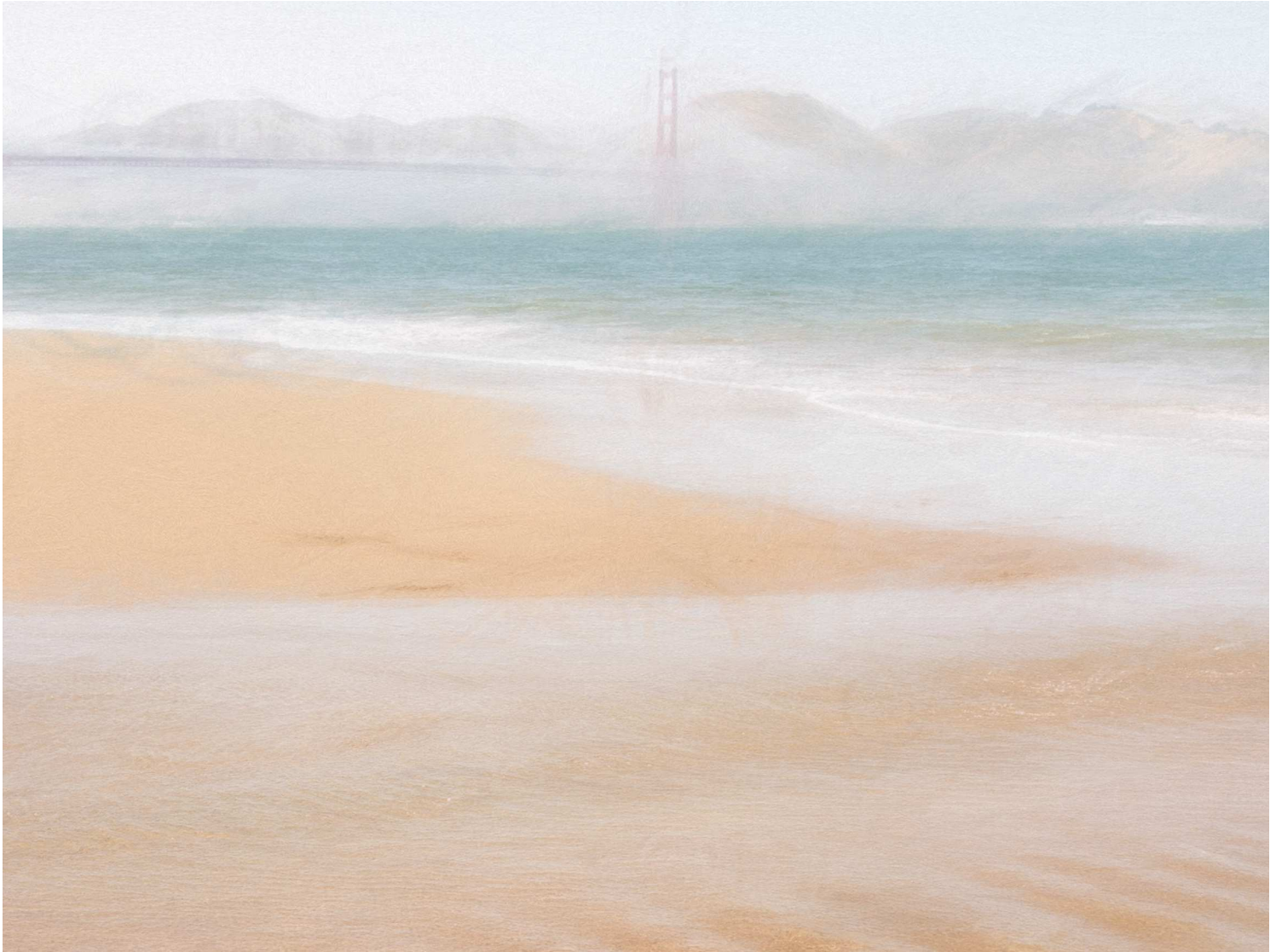
I need water.
I drink it - at least a few glasses a day.
I've tested the water, or lack thereof, and know I need it.

Water is great.
Drinking - Ice cold quench in heat.
All that is dry craves it's treat.
I ski it, sail it, sun on it.
I listen, feel, photograph

Water is Wonderful



Seattle Sea



Golden Gate



Sit n Sea



Beaching Barefoot

What You See is Subjective

I feel compelled to speak to the next image, I call, Seattle Water Causeway. I don't remember exactly where it was taken - it may have been near a lock. I know it was Seattle. Patty said look at that design in the water. I thought it was an amazing depiction, and apparently got Patty's attention at the time.

I asked Patty what she sees in the image today. She sees a couple of peoples heads, not what I saw, in the image then, or now. The beauty of abstract art is viewers see differently, and can interpret as they wish.

I googled - 'how often do men think about sex'? The first reference said every 7 seconds! Wild. Another reference said 20 times a day. My question is how does anyone really know? Who's counting? Who cares?

I have always questioned statistics. I think statistics can be skewed to whatever you want the results to show. During this last political season I became more skeptical about statistics, polls.

I believe in 'Trust but Verify'. But, actually that's an oxymoron - maybe it's more like Verify before Trusting. I hate to be this way. I would like to believe everything people say. I am still a little gullible, but it is disappearing at warp speed, with all the obvious lies and negative comments I presently hear.

My mother used to say "If you can't say anything nice about a person, don't say anything at all". When I was young, I thought it was her original saying. Like most of the many sayings that my parents used, they weren't original, but well implanted in me. Thank you.



Seattle Water Causeway

Minnesota Water

Minnesota is where I first absorbed a love for water. I grew up in the land of ten-thousand lakes. When I was young, we had a family house on Balsam lake. I fell in love with Patty, at her family cabin, on Gull lake. I proposed lakeside, one sophomore sunny summer eve. We had our own family cabin on White Fish lake. My CPA firm had a town-house on Gull lake. I spent time on Minnetonka, Mille Lacs, Superior, and others. I especially remember my invites to Cox's Camp, on Hubert.

I loved my Minnesota connection with water.

I loved especially skiing on glass like water - I often yelled uncontrollably after cutting a wall of water, breaking the still surface.

I get excited remembering skinny-dipping, intimacy, with Patty, caressed by refreshing water too.

Minnesota water beauty is missing from this account - it is before my digital image collection - my water focus then was different. All is good - the memories with water in Minnesota are strong - vividly captured in my mind.

Boundary Waters

I can't help talking about Minnesota waters a little:

We had one family trip to the Boundary Waters. I wish there were more... well, maybe not. Patty and I are mostly comfortable cabin people - Gull Lake, Whitefish, Balsam Lake, others. The Boundary Waters is for canoe and camping enthusiasts - a one of a kind haven.

An outfitter on the Gunflint Trail supplied what he thought we needed - 2 canoes, food for a couple days, tents, and other good stuff we needed for the new adventure.

It was especially hot. Kids were young adults. Dog Dickens, a house dog, stayed fidgety close by his master. We portaged two, three times - an adventure in it self. How do we get all that stuff from one lake to another? We didn't go deep - some people portage numerous times - we would die of heat exertion, or we would get lost.

Once we found a place to camp, Patty was dehydrated and asked for water. Okay, I would go to the middle of the lake, get some lake water, bring it back to our half established camp, and boil it. In the mean time Patty fainted. With a little water, half baked, she survived - good for a laugh later.

It was quite a chore to raise the food, above reach of bears. Handling toilet functions was also a big discussion point, especially in the dark of night.

I didn't have a swim suit - I don't remember if I didn't think I needed one or what. Swimming in my white briefs was a laugh, but of necessity.

Dickens couldn't handle it any longer. He jumped ship (canoe), and swam the final stretch on the abbreviated trip.

But, what a beautiful area!



Boundary Waters

Fishing with Dad

Dad liked to fish. He loved to fish for Artic Charr in Alaska. He had good gear - even ocean fishing gear. He was especially proud of his bamboo fly rod.

Dad was around 80 when I suggested we go to Canada - a first fishing trip together - It was three generations of males - Dad, Michael and me - a fly in, by a bush pilot. Of course, I made the mistake of having a hook on my line - something you just didn't do while in transit. What did I know. I got the fishing 101 lecture.

It was special - very memorable, even though Dad spent a good part of the week in bed with diverticulitis.

We caught many walleyes, ate walleye - all the time. We spoke of life and death, our relationship - good and bad.

I had to do it again, while there was still time. We had two more fishing trips together. The second and third trips were male only again - to Lake Michigan - fishing for Salmon and Lake Trout, with brothers John and Tom, and sons Michael, John Jr, and Dan. We spent a half day both times and caught a ton of fish - a wonderful time together.

I remember my dad getting impatient with my camera clicking, while my attention was suppose to be on fishing. I had to laugh - the same love of water - and different.

I inherited dad's fishing gear, with the caveat that I don't sell the bamboo rod. I have fly fished three times in the last thirty years, since I inherited the prize possession. People told me to not use the bamboo, as I am inexperienced and might break it. Using the bamboo fly rod is on my Bucket list. I look forward to using it on a trip with my kids and grandkids.



Beautiful Vintage Boat



Days Remembered



Basin Harbor - reminiscent of Minnesota

Nova Scotia

On ride home from our ten days in Nova Scotia Patty said this was a favorite trip - so pristine, tranquil, and people so friendly, even at end of tourist season - maybe the affect of living near water!



Blue Rocks Fishing Shack



Lunenburg Lobster Shed

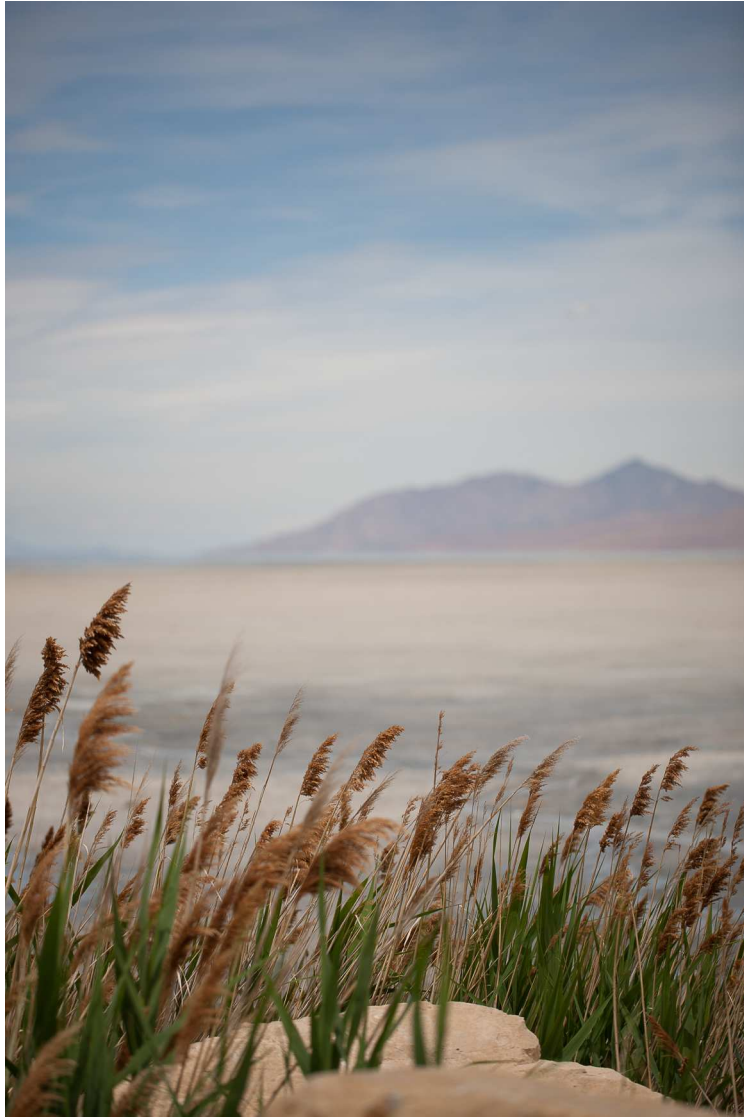


Peggy's Cove Lighthouse

Drive from Vermont to California

Patty and I thought the drive across country to deliver stuff to Bridget in San Francisco was going to be a drudgery. Not so. To our surprise this new experience was delightful. Salt Lake is extraordinary. Yellowstone is amazing. Wyoming wonderful. Generally, everything west of our home in Minnesota was a new nature adventure that delighted, exclusive of roadway to Colorado, which I have traveled many times to ski out of Silverthorne, Colorado - near Keystone, Copper Mountain and Vail.

We visited Richard and Marianne annually in the last years of Richard's life. Each day I would wake before dawn to spend time, during the Golden Hour, walking and image capturing the ocean shoreline near LaJolla - a daily routine I could make eternal.



Salt Lake



Yellowstone Geiser Pool



Yellowstone



Lake Yellowstone



Morning Surf



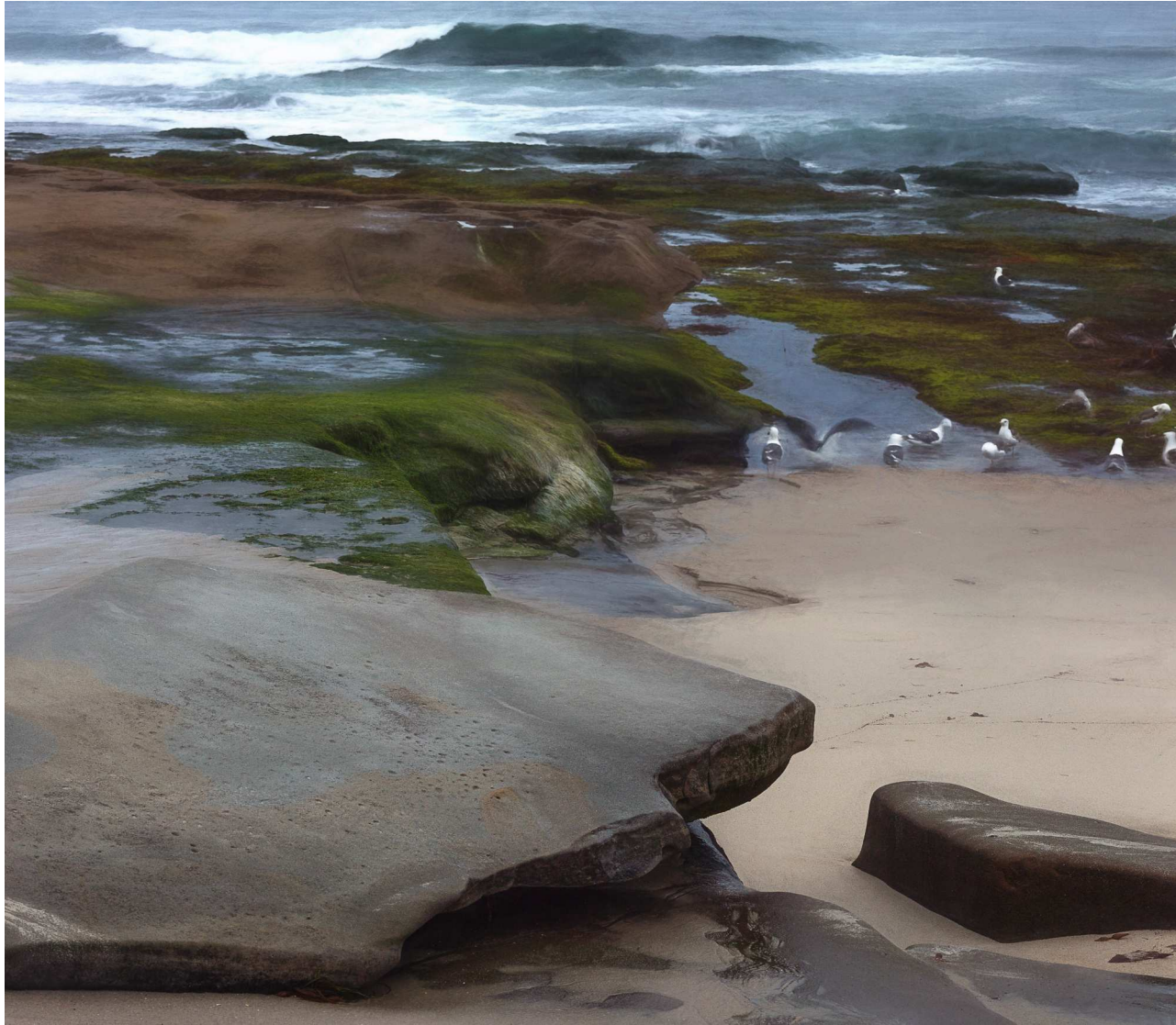
Light Line



LaJolla Light



Pacific Shoreline



Rock n Roll



Water Affect



La Jolla Green

Lake Champlain and Tributaries

Patty, a long time ago, said she didn't want to be a distant grandmother - we moved to Burlington, Vermont with a second home, just months before our first grandchild, Avi, was born, May 4th, 2002. We fell in love with living in the Champlain Valley. We moved to Burlington, as our primary residence in 2012.

The view of Lake Champlain from our condo at Overlake, on Prospect street, a mile or so away from the Lake, was important - comfort to the eyes and psyche. We cringed each year as the trees below encroached on our view.

In 2018 we moved twenty minutes away from the lake to our mult-generational home and studio, in the foothills of the Green Mountains. We now have room for planting walnut trees and hemp - new ventures are born.

The lake is still close and I've moved away from image capturing the Lake daily, to periodically sailing the Lake. You can't keep me away from Lake Champlain. Now I am getting familiar with the Lake's tributaries - we live on Johnny Brook that runs into the Winooski river, which flows to Champlain. I love it. I now am enjoying the entire Champlain watershed.

Being part of publishing *OUR BASIN OF RELATIONS, The Art and Science of Living with Water*, has dramatically increased my appreciation for clean water - it's hard to believe the toxic behaviors, especially considering the public love of the Lake - I guess it takes 'seeing to believing', and that stage has come.

Nature did its part in showing me the power of water, or lack thereof, in 2011 and 2012, with record breaking floods in 2011, followed by a drought in 2012. The events made for interesting captures.

The next thirty or so images were taken during the last twenty years while enjoying water in the Champlain watershed - a number of the images are included in the *OUR BASIN* book.



Lake Champlain Flood 2011



May 2011

Water Armageddon

I don't understand - I'm not a scientist, an environmentalist, a water expert, but I know you don't put shit in the water we use - drink, swim, fish, boat, etc. Why in the hell are the waste water systems unable to handle a heavy rain, resulting in dozens of spills of raw waste in our water each year? And, why are confined animal feeding operations manure finding its way to the water?

I know millions of dollars are spent annually regulating water quality. And, I know there is progress. I also know the highest priorities get the attention, the money, the resolution. What is it going to take to put clean water the highest priority?

ATTENTION

SWIMMING AREA CLOSED



as of Today

The Georgia local health officer has determined that swimming in this area presents a public health risk because of water contaminated by Blue Green Algae.

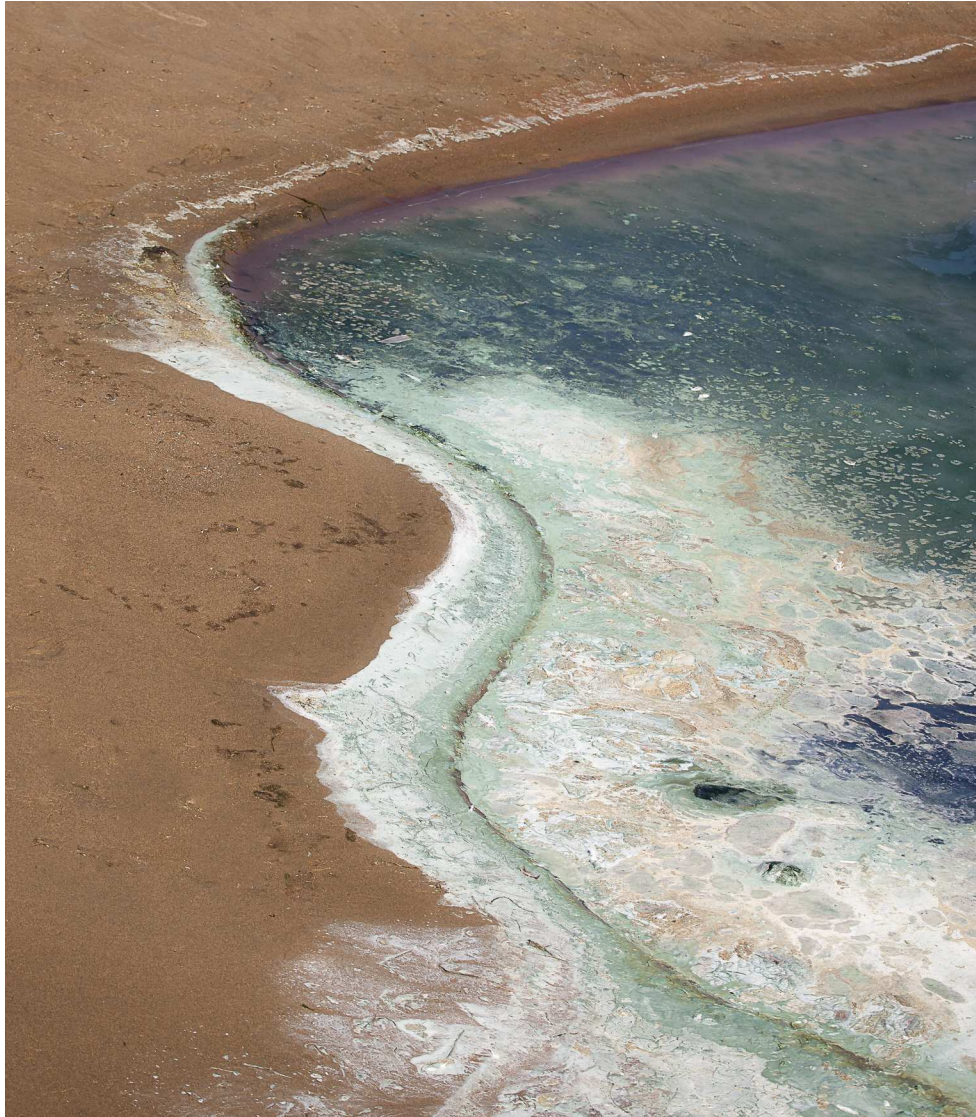
For more information contact:

Town Health Officer

Phone: (802) 527-9794

Signed: Christine D. DeAngelis
Local Town Health Officer

 **VERMONT**
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
healthvermont.gov



Drought Affect



Empty Docks



Lake Champlain Drought 2012

Clean Water

I have taken clean water for granted! Growing up on lakes in Minnesota, using, wasting, free, clean water in the land of plenty seemed natural. I don't feel guilty, but embarrassed. I know better now. Clean water is not limitless - rationed in areas not as fortunate as Minnesota. Toxic reservoirs from excess phosphorus use are aplenty. And free no more - Water is as expensive as a latte. City water bills are increasing. Without a change in the trend, I wonder what's up for our water future?

What little I do to help will not change the trend. I am always impressed, though, by the power of the masses, when we unite to solve a problem. The little bit each plays, with a united front, solves big problems. Clean water issues are rising and catching the attention of many - it's encouraging.

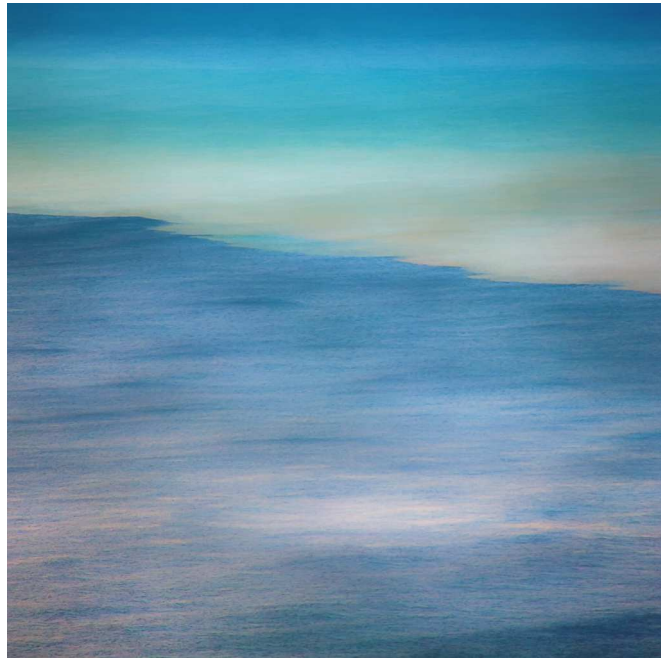
I am grateful for clean water - I depend on clean water..... for drinking, cleaning, fresh fish, cooking, sailing, skiing, swimming, photographing.... beauty. Water is medicine for the mind, body and spirit.



Extraordinary Light



Designed using Adobe Photoshop Lightroom



Blue