

Water Reflections Part 6



To The LIGHT

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

I haven't photographed the Lake at sunrise for the longest time. My sister Rosie and brother John visited Vermont to give me a respite from demands of Alzheimer's , so I could shoot the Lake at my favorite time of the day.

It usually takes a year for me to capture a few images that mesmerizes - ones I have a desire to process, print and display for frequent viewing. It took four mornings this year.

Maybe my thirst for capturing the natural beauty of Lake Champlain, Adirondack and morning sky is so great that everything I see seems beautiful. Absence does make the heart grow fonder!

Thank you. thank you. thank you.



Calming Cove



Peaks



Weathered

Contemplating Perch

I sit on the perch at Contemplating Cove and I see more clearly. I look outward and see inward - feel really. Conscious thinking stilled. Inner Wisdom, subconscious, queried for enlightenment, delight - to better love. The subconscious, the emotional, mysterious, auto-controlling reservoir within - somewhere deep within, is accessed. I affirm love - open to wondrous possibilities. Good feelings... And good nature inspired imaging!



PERCH

Final Home?

We moved so many times since we married in 1967, it is hard to keep track of just how many times we've moved. I count twenty. Our newest, the multigenerational house in Richmond, Vermont is the second home we built. However, most of the homes we owned, eleven, were modified, to some extent. I guess we like what we like. We had six homes in small St. Cloud - the last, my favorite on Riverside Drive, is one block from our first owned home on Killlean Bulivard.

I hope our present home is our final home. We did commit a bit, in that we joint develoed it with Michael and Jessica. We have fifteen acres, a photo studio, a green house, the establishment of Purple Lark Farm for CBD hemp products. And, I am in the process of planting 100 Black Walnut trees for future generation harvest. I would say my expectation is PLF, or Walnut Woods, or Bilder Studio, or whatever we call our present home environment, is permanent. If we live long enough, I expect to beat our record of owning a house for more than fourteen years.

I jokingly say, we live above the garage... because we do. However, we have everything we want and need. The space above the garage is our official accessory apartment. The large office, above a nice guest room, mud room and bathroom are part of the main home, but we get a little 'preference' in it's usage!

I have really adapted well to my present home environmemt. I love the feel of being close to nature. I would not be able to experience this bit of heaven, without the involvement of Michael and Jessica, Emmett and Olive.

Patty, twenty years ago, before Avi's birth, said she did not want to be a distant grandma. It is a delight to live so close to all three of our grandchildren. I doubt this is what was envisioned as not being a distant grandma, but, to me, it's the best of all worlds, considering my present situation.



Home, from across the road

Rushing Fall

After our morning breakfast routine, Patty and I drove the twenty minutes to North Beach for a brief walk - nature called - 50 degrees, sunny, enough wind to hear a symphony of water against the shore, and brilliant oak leaves still hanging on, standing tall, along the half mile manicured beach.

We reached the beach parking gateway and read the sign, CLOSED FOR THE SEASON. What? We are only a third into Fall. With the entrance being closed, we drove the wrong way - one way coming out of the park. We were the only car at the beach parking lot, other than a few maintenance vehicles, preparing the wonderful area for next summer visitors. The lead worker said " I don't want you to be locked in, but you are welcome to park up above and walk the half mile down to the beach. What? - that's about the walk along the beach we will walk. Sure enough, the gate was closed when we drove out of the park.

Every moment will have it's season. It appears we rush Fall along and miss wonderful moments. This morning on the beach was a good example - magical moments missed by many. The brief time with Patty for the 2500 steps was mood elevating - like a bite or two on a MotherFlower CBD chocolate bar.



Rushing Fall

Kripalu

I am going to Kripalu, in Stockbridge Ma, next week. It was a Jesuit retreat center. Now it is a yoga wellness center. I was intrigued when I dropped off, and picked up Bridget for a course she attended on mindful outdoor leadership. I thought it would be a good place for me to have a bit of a respite from Alzheimer's caregiving. It was.

I signed up for a second dose of massages, healthy meals, outdoor photography, and even a little yoga. It was deferred because of the pandemic, and again because I needed to be closer to Patty. Now, Patty is gone and it is not a respite, but a time to grieve, to be alone with my thoughts, in nature.

I will also get a couple massages, have some healthy meals, write, and just be. I don't know if I would go if I didn't have the credit, but I know I will enjoy and appreciate the dedicated time for just me.



Kriiplalu

Blowing in the Wind

Today is the day - the day, each year, mid-Fall, that extra wind and rain says, it's time to leave - to fall from your branch, and become this year's mulch. I feel it each Fall. I now think to Thanksgiving. Although, I know there is beauty in all nature's time. Love each moment, Mike.

It is a windy morning, October 23rd, 2015. I am sauntering the Richmond Trail, along the Winooski. Normally I shoot to stop all motion. It's futile on this morning. I say to myself, flow with it - capture the beauty the wind creates.

I recently recalled 'Blowing in the Wind'. This is an image I can play with and maybe make more abstract - emphasizing nature's blast of color coordination - analogous colors - I love it.



Blowing in the Wind



Dream



Floats in Fog

Fading

January 21, 2022

Sometimes I think Patty is playing with me - it seems she does some weird things that are kind of funny. Maybe this is me attempting to make light of serious mind deterioration - Alzheimer's. Maybe it is me holding on to a piece of Patty - her sense of humor.

It's been ten years since Bridget thought it was appropriate to check Patty for Alzheimer's. She was diagnosed with early stage (whatever that means) in 2012. Whitney, her primary doctor said she is now late stage (whatever that means.)

I started a list of weird happenings a while back. Here are some:

Eating dog treats at a store.

Eating a ginger bread Christmas ornament.

Getting her sweater stuck around her waist.

Stepping into her bra

Peeing into a waste basket.

Finding her nighty in the refrigerator.

I gave Patty a full length flannel nighty for Christmas. Her old nighty has a zillion buttons down the front - frustrating to get them all buttoned. The new nighty has only five or six. You pull the nighty over your head. You can even leave the buttons unbuttoned, for a sexy look.

One of the first uses of the new nighty went like this: I got the nighty over Patty's head, but couldn't get her arms in the arm holes. So we tried to step into the nighty - that worked a little better but still didn't complete the job. I threw up my arms and popped into bed, saying you do it. Feeling bad, I quickly got up and tried again. We finally succeeded. I am now happy to help button up the zillion buttons on the old nighty which is frayed, but works.

Alzheimer's is such a long disease that death isn't a constant thought - it is easy to put aside. As Patty is fading away, that is not so easy any more.



Fading

To The LIGHT

It's mid-winter low light.
I'm at my Contemplating Cove.
My mind on Patty's passing.

Ashes to the air, she no longer breathes.
They float to living earth,
Unnoticeable and free.

I imagine her sinking body in the sparkling ice and snow.
Mine next to hers, looking to the light,
In crisp winter air.

I want to capture this moment.
Treasure memories,
Of fifty-four and five.

The light and color are to my liking,
After feeling, tweaking.
Less yellow, more passion rose.

I contemplate Patty's love,
Kind, patient, caring, thoughtful, forgiving, humble, honest, loyal,
A dear advocate for me.

Here's to the LIGHT, for Patty.
May her new world be free of anger, despair, pain and doubt.
Be it pure LOVE!



To The LIGHT

Winter Water

Ice, lake, cold.

Time for aviator jacket.

Hard water - form, mostly black and white, but color too.

Patterns not found in other seasons.

A lot to shot, but conditions hinder desire.

Warm covers help to hibernate.

Happy to have ventured.

To start is hard.

To finish is delightful.

Stark, solitude, beautiful.

Need to condition for elements.

Why do I not print ice large?

Water flows.

Water I feel, hear.

It's summer I long for, when water is alive, promising.















Designed using Adobe Photoshop Lightroom

