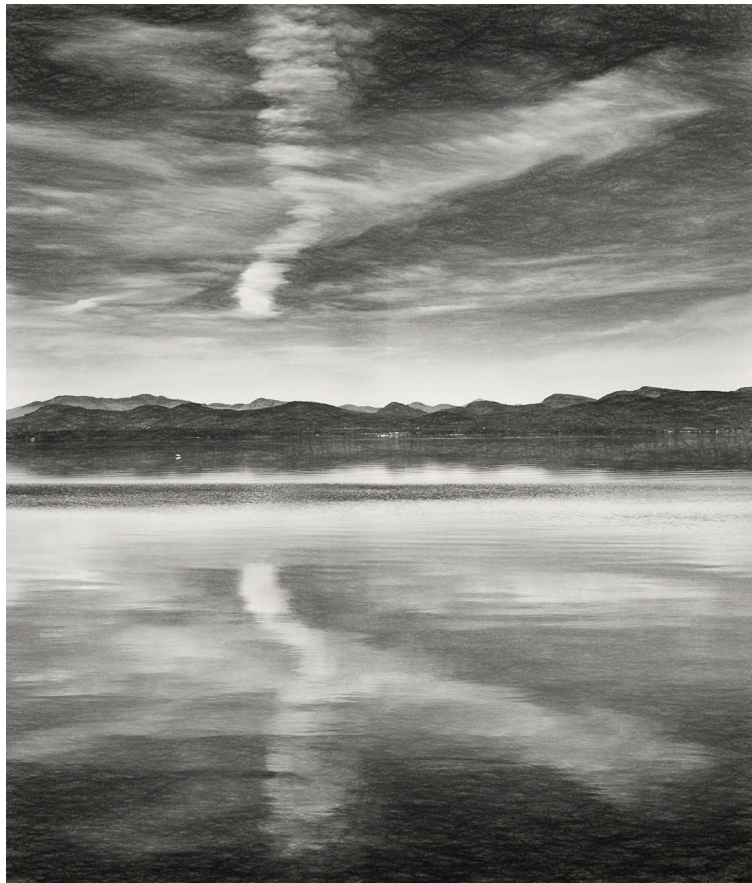


# WATER REFLECTIONS part 2



Why





Early Mooring

## Color of Water

I know big water is generally blue. Technically that is because water absorbs red, orange, green and yellow, leaving blue and violet photons to reflect to our eyes. I look, though, at my images, captured mostly at low light - sunrise, sunset - and I see a rainbow of colors. I love it.

Water reciprocates, affected beautifully by what is Near, On, In, and Under it. I pour a glass of water to drink and I don't want to see a color. I want it to be pure and translucent. In the big picture though, I love interesting skies and light, reflected beautifully on the surface of water. And, I am fascinated by particle impact from water bottoms and particles in and on water.

I started counting the colors in my image I call Color of Water, captured during the drought of 2012 on Lake Champlain, and I gave up - too many subtle shades to count. Usually my images are more monochromatic, but this unusual site captivates me - I feel something different each time I view the jumble of color - I try to make order of the chaos - I see as my imagination allows.

Dwelling a moment on the color of water recalls to me, the beautiful translucent aqua water of Cayman Islands in the Caribbean and the deep waters of Trout lake near our cabin on Lower White Fish lake, both are experienced delights in the 80's.



Color of Water



Fall Reflection



Philo feel looking West



Morning Mood





Thompson Point

## Passion Project

I confess - I am a little crazy with my photography - one might politely say, a passionate activity! To give some examples: I paid twice as much for a camera than I did for my first house. I bought a Land Cruiser so I could stand on the roof to better position for capturing images. I bought a boat for Lake Champlain to better my search of the lake for just the right image affect. Now I am thinking about getting an RV, pack it with photography equipment, and traveling America's shores, to get my water 'image of a lifetime'.

I've always been a project person - developing planning systems, departments, companies, books. When I first established a home in Burlington, Vermont in 2001, I knew there was a photo project of Lake Champlain, the Champlain Valley, Adirondack and Green Mountains, in the making. Twenty years later OUR BASIN OF RELATIONS, The Art and Science of Living with Water is born.

I gained an appreciation for clean water working with the Vermont Clean Water Network, and my co-author of OUR BASIN, Trevien Stanger. Also, in the process of working with my brother Richard, in producing SMELL THE ROSES, I heightened my self understanding of my image reflecting. The result is this project which I call WATER REFLECTIONS.

My present belief is I will augment this document over and over, as long as I live. I pray for WATER REFLECTIONS X, volume 2



Passion Project



Boat Rafting



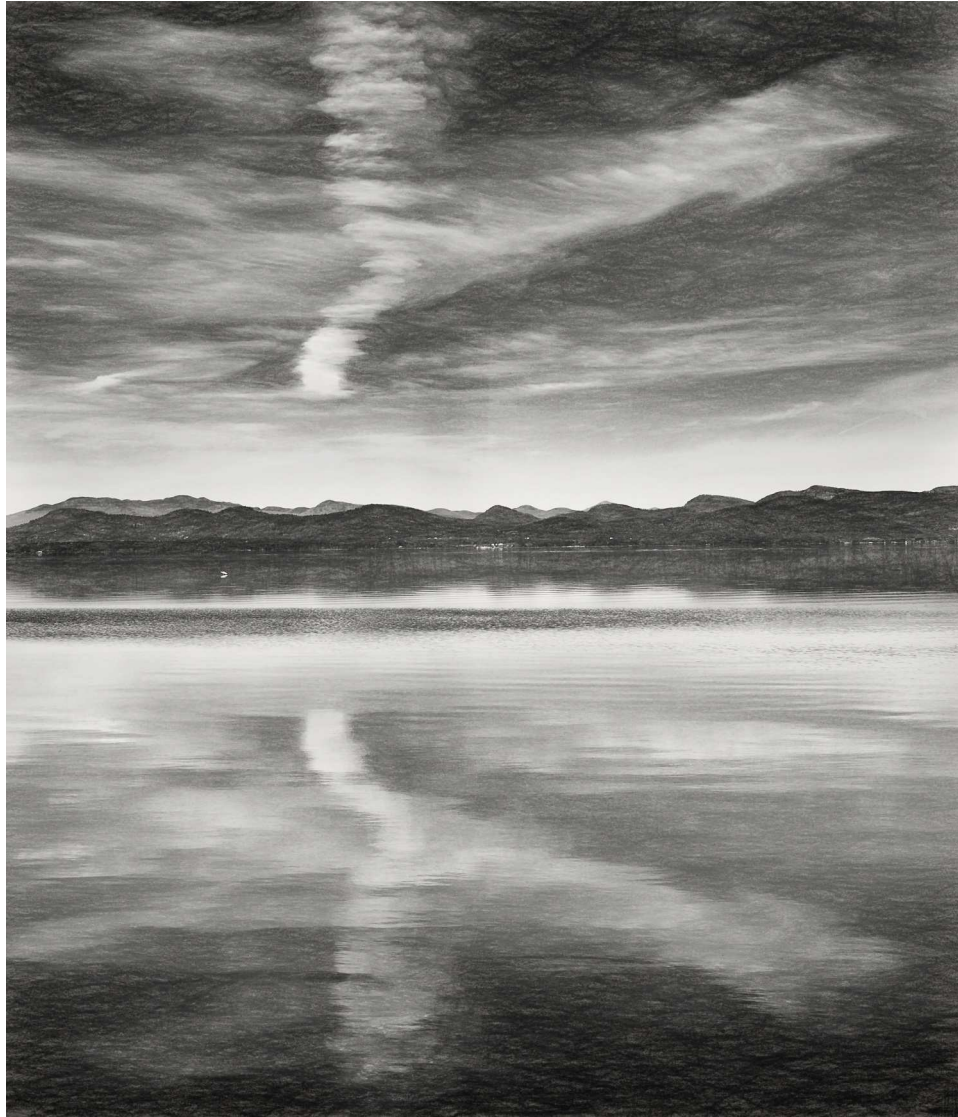
Ironwoman at Ironman



Resilience



Spring Harbor



Why?





Dinghy Dew Done



Resting Like a Bat

## Idyllic Time

According to Abenaki mythology, Lake Champlain was created by the great being, Okzihozo. So pleased with the masterpiece, he changed himself into the mighty rock Dunder, quietly enjoying his masterpiece for all eternity.

The Abenaki, and other native Americans revered nature, and probably, whomever remain, still do. They became one with nature and, I am sure, were blessed with bliss by it's being. Much of their life of connection with natural loving, healing power is unimaginable to me. To the extent they connected with nature seems something special, lost because of human nature - greed - self absorption - naivety. If we could only break the stupidity and understand that love of natural living beings, not taking anything personally, would give us peace - able to defund police, defund military.

Realistic? No. We are too human, stupid, to all love all others and love ourselves in the process.



Moon Over Rock Dunder



Rain?



Golden Pond

## Contemplating Cove

Contemplating Cove is a special place for me. I meditate there - let thoughts freely flow, and contemplate ones I wish to beat up. There is a perch at the end of the point that fits my structure. At sunrise I am there alone. The waves lap at my feet - a soothing sound. The view to the Adirondacks is one of my favorites. I love it.

It has been a few years since I sat at sunrise in Contemplating Cove. Now it is the Birch Bowl, at our home in Richmond, I wish to sit and meditate, contemplate. The delightful spot is just a stones throw from my bedroom, where I do most of my meditaing and contemplating these days.

Actually, my meditation and contemplation is most pure presently, around 3 - 5am, most mornings, as I lay beside Patty in bed. Most recently, I on my side, Patty on her back, early morning sunrays rimmed her profile face. As I viewed her chin, mouth, and nose, I see a beautiful young woman, peacefully a sleep. I think, no, Patty is 75. I look again and I see the same - a beautiful young woman.

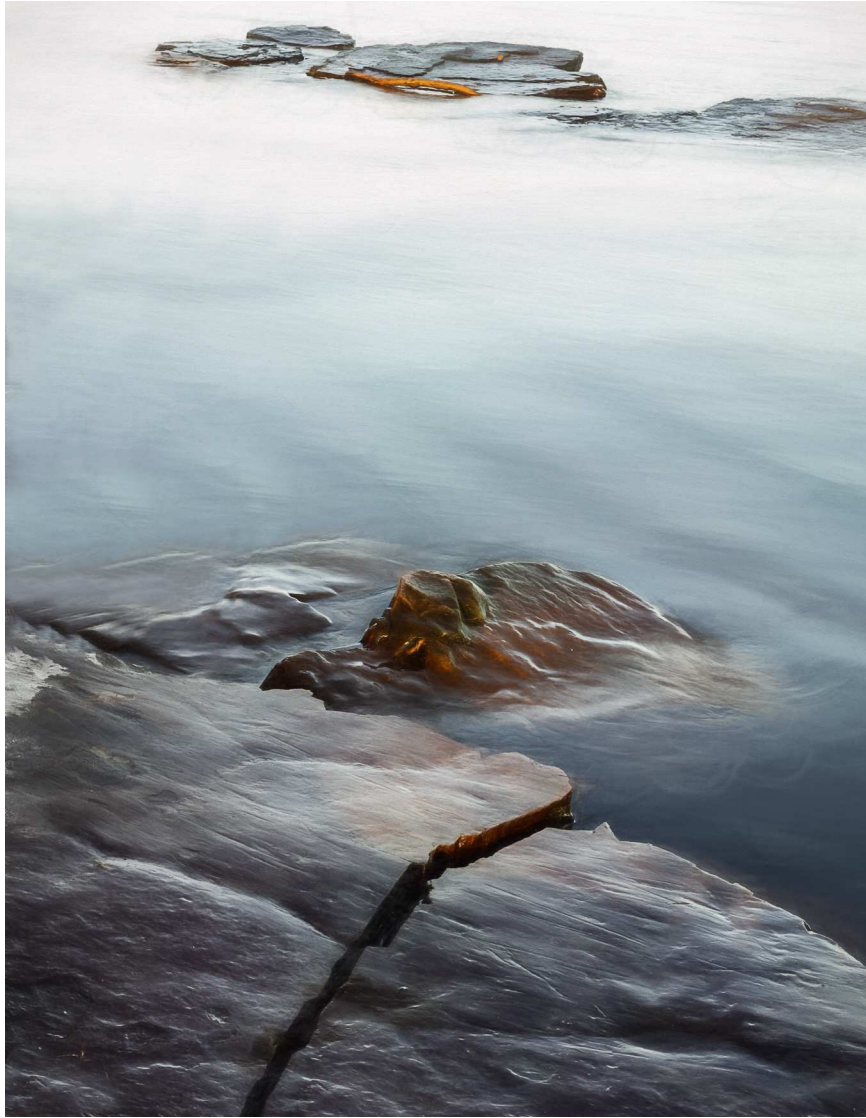


Contemplating Cove





Off Track



Split Rock



Fall Flow



River Reflection



Fall Light

## Meach Cove and All Souls Interfaith Gathering

June 2021 marks my official membership with All Souls Interfaith Gathering, located on breathtaking Meach Cove, along acres of prime property on Lake Champlain. The group's mission indicates: "All Souls is an interfaith spiritual center in Shelburne, Vermont, cultivating inner peace and inspiring connection with Divine Source."

ASIG vision connects with me - "We envision a just, peaceful, and loving world, respectful of difference and united by common humanity, in which people live purposeful lives in harmony with one another, other creatures, and the Earth itself."

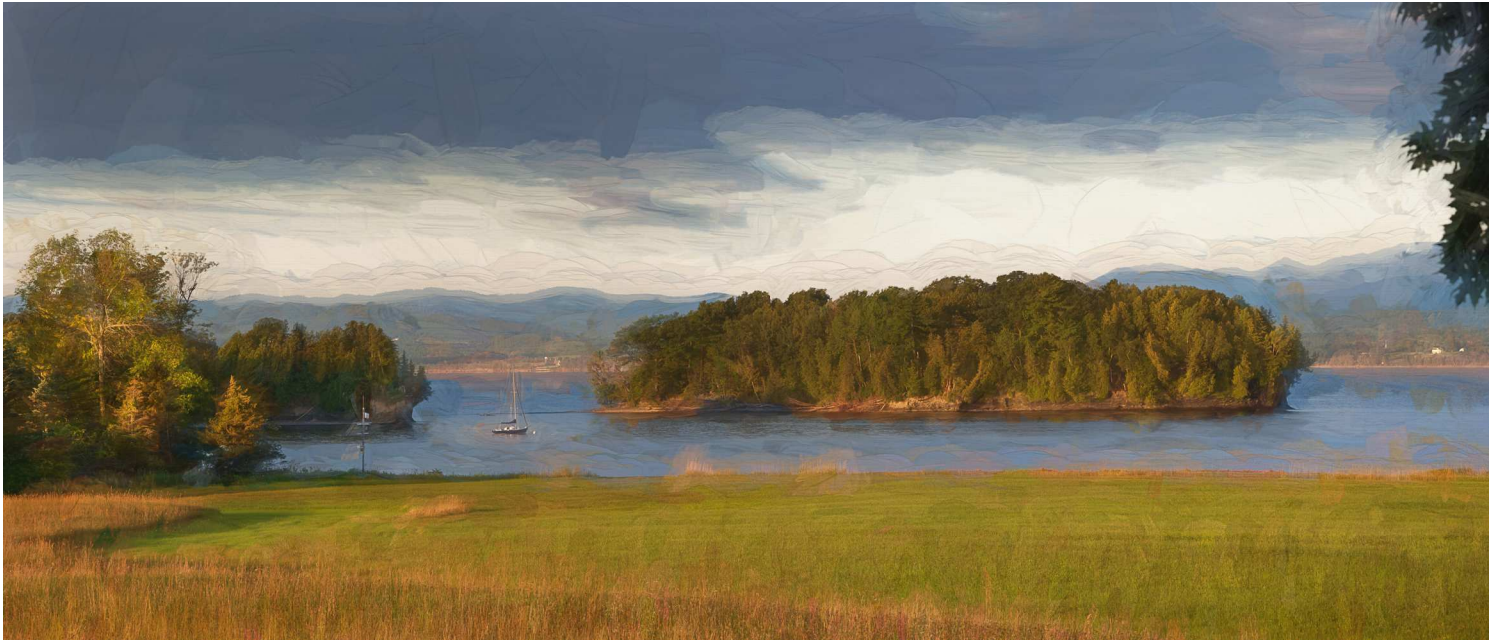
Trevien Stanger and I introduced OUR BASIN OF RELATIONS to All Souls Sacred Earth group as part of WATER MONTH. My opening remark was "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make her drink."

The ensuing thought is, government regulation will only result in clean water to a certain extent. The job will best be accomplished with education and inspiration - a paradigm shift in personal consciousness. We protect what we love! The intent of OUR BASIN OF RELATIONS is inspiration and education.

Taking personal responsibility for clean water is not a forced action, a government requirement. It is a personal choice that rewards with the wonderful feeling of doing good for all, present and future, with enlightenment and involvement with protecting a precious resource - WATER.



Meach Cove Solitude

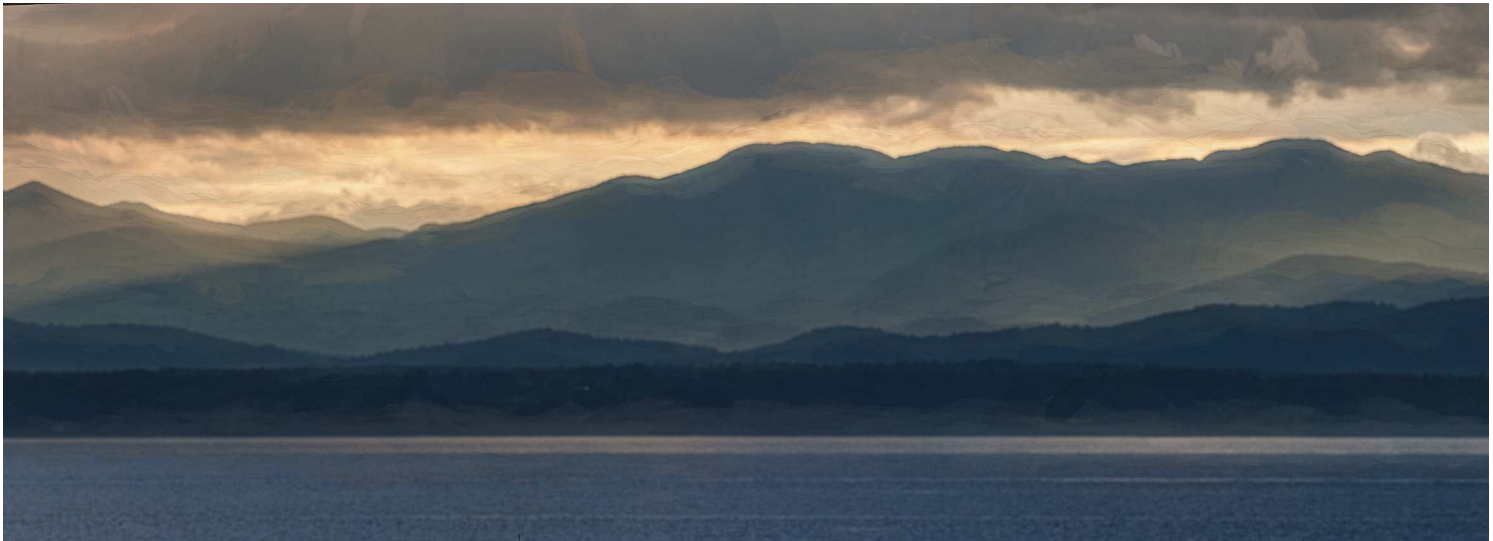


Meach Cove II





Meach Cove Light



Spirit Dwells

# "God's Gift"

by Mary Abele  
ASIG founder

## WINTER

Spirit dwells

in mountain peaks, thrusting high

from the birth of time.

Time rests motionless on silent crags, declaring infinity  
to unobstructed air.

Snow sleeps  
on the rocky slopes, holding promise for what waits below.

Ancient and new, given to us without condition.  
Water poised to touch and connect each part of creation.

## SPRINGTIME

Spirit dwells

in swelling crystals, releasing frozen form to drops of water.

Droplets meet  
in ruts and ravines, joining forces  
for the journey ahead.

Rivulets spread  
in random patterns carry with them, bark bits, pine needles, a feather.

Brooks swell  
through forests and fields, catching at

Rivers rise  
with majesty and purpose,  
prying off  
mud, unwary logs, and goodness knows what.

Lakes await

to welcome the rush of new life, flowing in  
with old, new, and the unexpected.

Yet another beginning, to wash clean, renew hope, and nourish the land.

SUMMER

Spirit dwells

in brimming ponds and sparkling lakes, settling in  
to the work of birth and renewal.

Water flows  
sure and strong through grassy fields, sweeping along  
dark debris from the work of farms.

Storms flash over towns and city streets, raising drains  
that offer trash and other. Deltas spread fanwise into ponds and lakes, parceling out  
verdant swaths of good and bad.

Lakes accept  
(What else can they do?) clouding water  
with debris, chemicals, and a feather.

Sails billow  
over sparkling water, keels piercing deep  
into the murky truth.

Children play  
with beach shells and lake wood, breathing in dust of farms and storm drain.

Why are the waters green/blue with weeds? Why does our skin itch? What have we done?

AUTUMN

Spirit dwells

in diminished pond and lake blowing dry  
from autumn winds and evaporation.

Spirit fills  
each droplet of water, changing form  
from crystal to lake to traveling cloud.

Spirit moves  
unchanging through the seasons, giving life  
to All That Is on our Blue/Green planet.

Spirit dwells

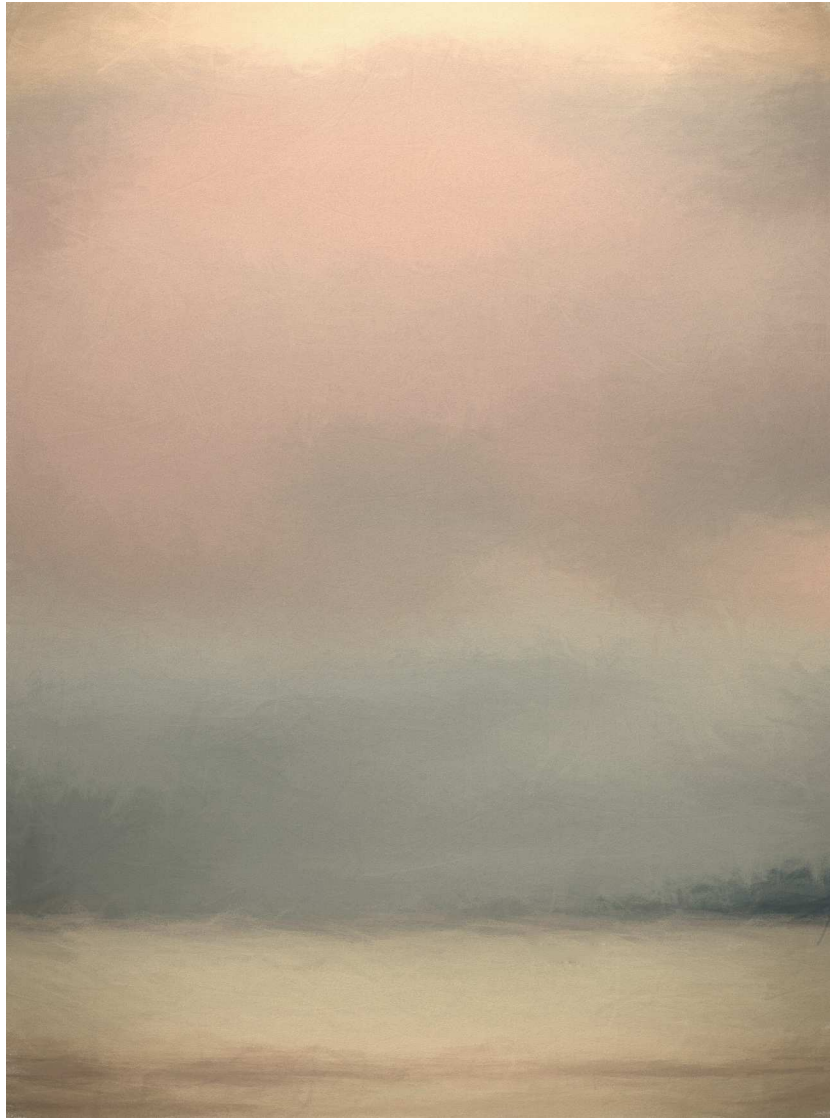
forever in the sacred promise of water, offering us  
clear nourishment for the soul and body.

Spirit grows

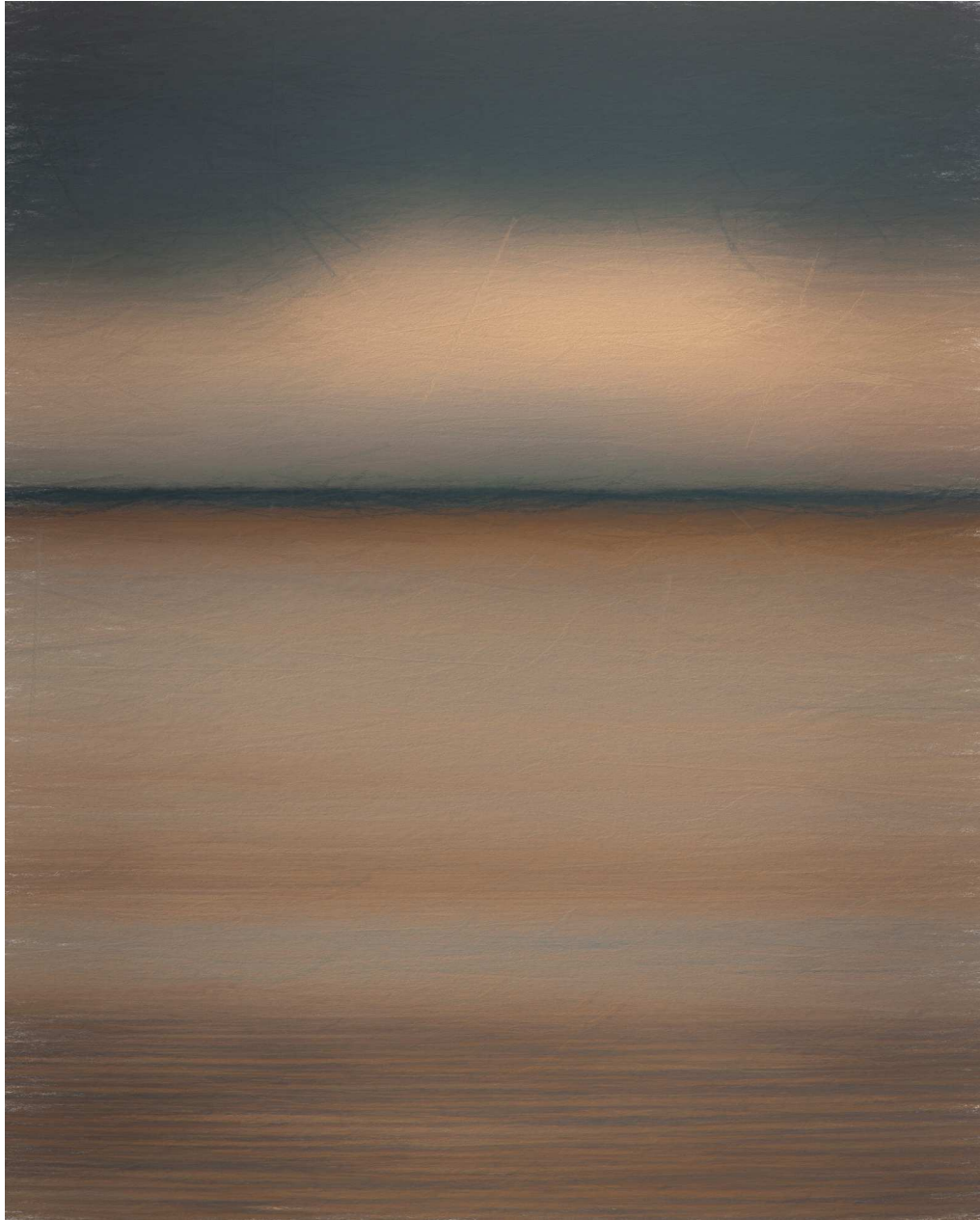
deep in our hearts and souls, opening us  
in mind and deed to its Eternal Gift.



Vermont Roadway



Lake Cloud



Little Ripple Big Picture



## Winter Water

Snow - Winter's water - beautification  
ending drab Fall finale.

Here long enough to admire the view, snowshoe and  
swish Stowe and other mountain slopes.  
I love it..... and love the end - coming of Spring,  
the greening, leafing, and flow of clean water.

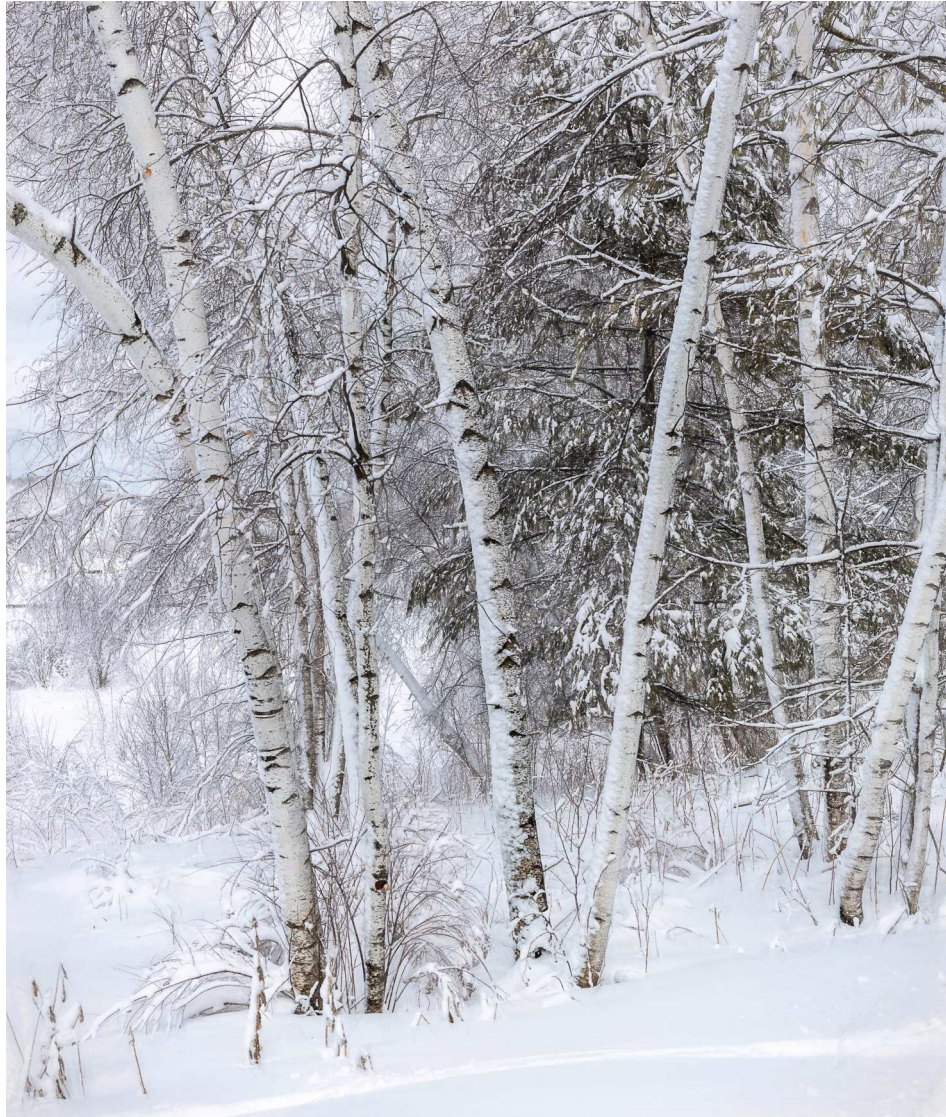
In Early days, I yelped the first ski run of the Rockies.  
Now, I lose myself snow shoeing my back yard  
or nearby Bolton mountain,  
capturing an image to process, print and visit  
again and again



First Snow



Backyard Playground



Gray and White Delight



Christmas Kiss

## Snowflake

Snowflakes - they all look the same to me. Along the way someone thought to look closely at individual snowflakes and found that each one is miraculously unique. WoW! Can you imagine that?

What is similarly miraculous is that all of us, humans, are unique. Billions of us, each different from the next. WoW! Can you imagine that? Unlike snowflakes, skin deep differences with humans are quite noticeable. Deeper than that though, (we are Nature's most complex, and gifted souls, ya know), it takes careful listening to free, open, honest expression of separate realities to understand others. Wouldn't it be boring if we were all the same? Natural diversity is divine. Thank God for diversity.



Waiting Water

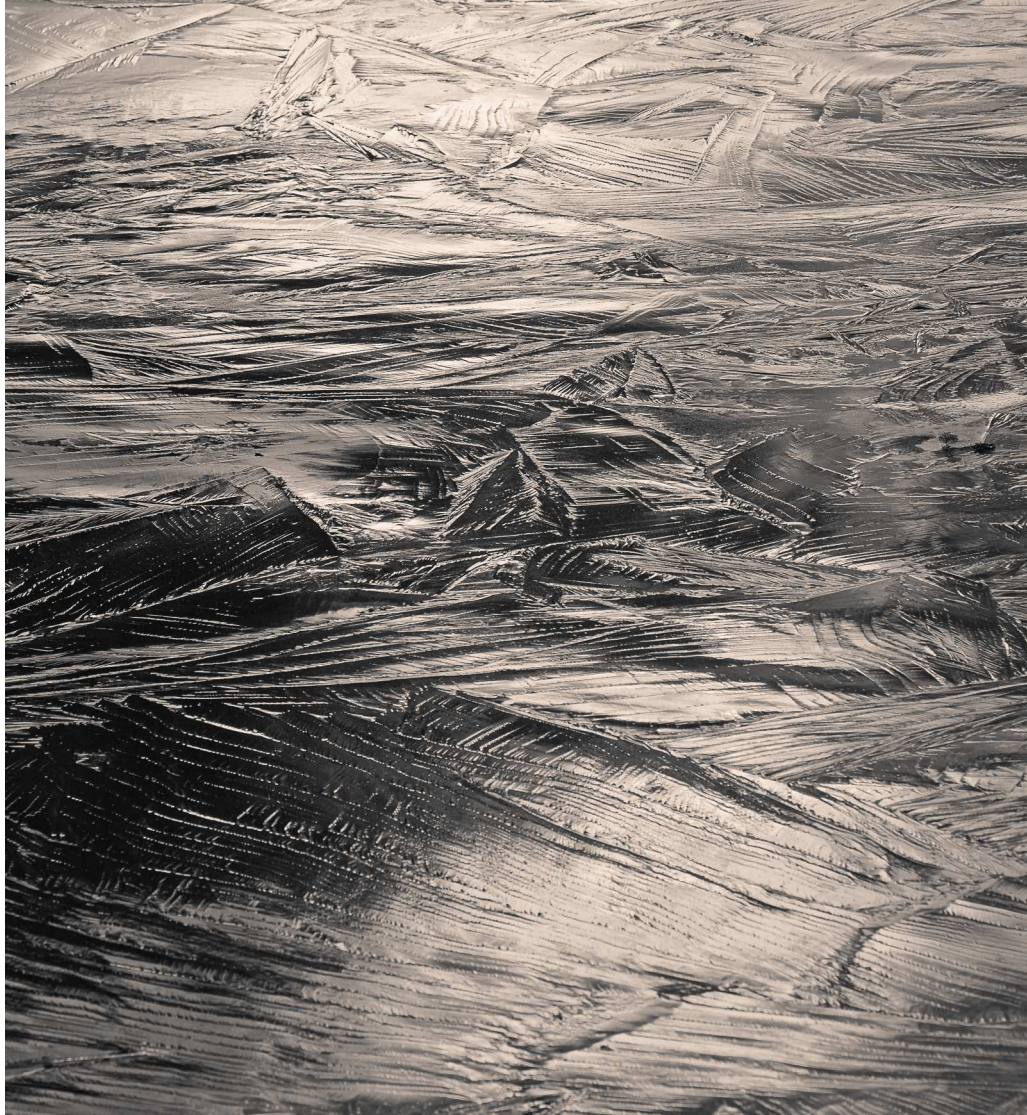


Johnnie Brook Melt





Winter Wave



Stroke of Winter



Wave over Rock



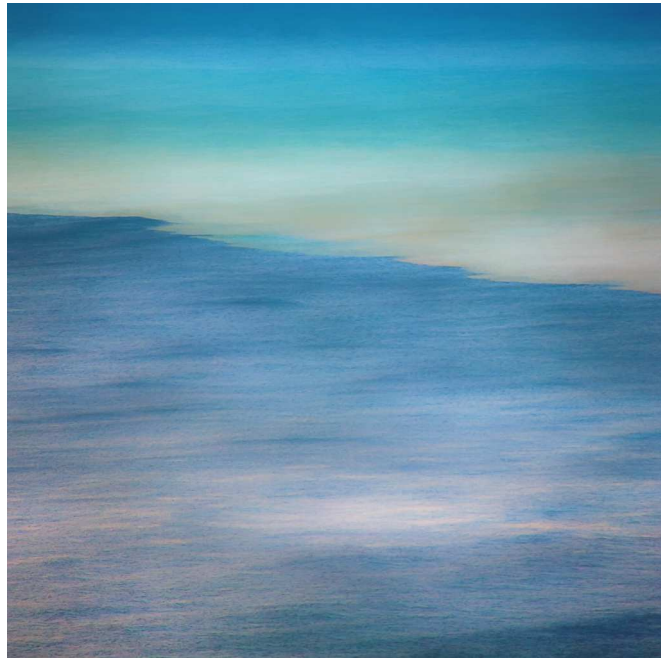
Golden Nugget





Designed using Adobe Photoshop Lightroom





Blue