

Becoming 70/2017

Winter:

Snow: Just kept coming, with layers upon layers piling up on our roofs, driveways were narrowed to single tracks and walking was almost impossible.

Spring:

Machu Pichu: We paid homage to an ancient civilization, perched at the top of another world. Mortal bodies long gone, their spirits still alive through breathtaking incarnations of rock folded in upon rock.

Summer:

Solar Eclipse: Waiting at the highest viewpoint, for our sun to be totally enveloped by her tiny moon. Time stopped, magic happened, and we were transformed.

Fall:

Fires: Roaring into our backyard, everywhere choking smoke settled in as fear lingered close by and I grieved the loss of trees. Later, our wise elder, Tash, died suddenly at 102. By her loved ones, she was ushered from this plane with a funeral fit for an empress – buried in a coffin crafted by her grandson. Soon after, and inexplicably, my sweet, little, soft Sadie was gone too. They both rest now in Camp Sherman's loamy soil.

Winter:

Raven: Behind my home, Puma found it first. A dead, feathered body lying face up to the sky. After the forest creatures had their fill, I took the wings and buried her dark body under an ancient pine tree.

