



*“Painting
With a
Camera”*

by



What Toklat color prints mean...

Life at Toklat has allowed us to mature and to raise a family in tune with the rhythms and responses that surround us in this glorious alpine valley we call home.

The ancient chant verbalized from elder to youth unending out of the cradle of true American civilization -- the Indian Southwest -- speaks most deeply of our feelings.

*“My help is in the mountain, where I take myself to heal
The earthly wounds that people give to me
I find a rock with sun on it
And a stream where the water runs gentle
And the trees which one by one keep me company.
So I must stay for a long time
Until I have grown from the rock
And the stream is running through me
And I cannot tell myself from one tall tree.
Then I know that nothing touches me
Nor makes me run away.
My help is in the mountain
That I take away with me.”*

*“Earth cure me -- earth receive my woe.
Rock strengthen me -- rock receive my weakness
Rain wash my sadness away -- rain receive my doubt
Sun make sweet my song -- sun receive the anger from my heart.”*

from “Hollering Sun” by Nancy Wood

My spiritual Mother is the earth who tells about growth-change-imagination, about the many ways to do the same thing well.

My Father the sky speaks firmly of power, organic oneness, humility and rhythm.

My Brothers and Sisters are all of the living things, both great and very small, whose joyous blending — Life — I immensely enjoy with them.

We do not need to seek immortality. It is a gift we all receive. We only mark it as we can control our massive egos and reach a peace with the whole of our family. Our coming and going are only a part of our being one with the whole of reality. Real love and understanding never looks over its shoulder.

