

# FISHING and FLIES – Read the Story

## *Cutthroat Trout and Fishing Fly (diptych)*



What a beautiful creature! I am amazed at the range of colors that they possess. Unless you see these lovely animals alive you cannot appreciate the brilliance of their color, the colors fade with the life. This is a trout I caught in the San Juan Mts. of Colorado.

## *Shadow Cast*



So many vibrant elements of this picture speak to me. This is truly a “Sense of Place” image; a real place, a real moment, an essential experience. The place is the Pedernales River, 3 miles from my home, the moment was a precious time spent with friends Nancy and Darrell, and the experience was 3 artists practicing their craft separately together.

Darrell was casting his line, intent on enticing a fish to rise so he could look in its eyes and then let it go. Darrell speaks the language of the fish and understands the accent of the river current. He knows what the fish are thinking and where they are even when they hold their peace.

Nancy, a writer and teacher, was nestled between the roots of a magnificent Cypress writing in her journal and enjoying the quiet song of the river. As she looks up from her writing at my approach I feel like the most welcome person on earth. Nancy’s smile is so bright and warm that it is a paragon in the cosmos.

I was enthralled with the place, the people, the trees, grass, roots, water, fish, smells, sounds, light, shadows, animal tracks and the stories in the landscape, all of it. The trees spoke to me of the floods they had endured and presented evidence. The riverbank spoke of the trials and tribulations of its marriage to the river. Soft shadows

painted a kaleidoscope on the distant hills as Darrell's shadow danced among the roots of the ancient cypress then hid itself in the shadows of the tree. My friends spoke wordlessly of their joy in the moment and the fish, now the fish kept their secrets buried just beneath the crystal surface of the river. And the river, at that moment, presented its placid, peaceable face to us, as inviting as Nancy's smile.