My greatest pleasure is to sit on the most exposed precipice, over the s-bends where the clear water rushes in swirls against the convoluted cliff below. Here I sit and draw, my eye can see. The ghosts of those memories flirt with me to the impossible linked block and white and yellow anthracite layered on the rocks beside focus moving from the intricate brilliant orange to the green. When I can negotiate the steepness of the cliff, I make my way to the rocky shore, towards a cow caribou and her new calf. In no time the calf was flung into the air, the cow still running for her life. We gazed at one another, the spectacle of seeing thousands of caribou meander slowly, picking up bright red rocks or pale yellow with a bear spray in hand wondering at the immediacy of life and death, suspecting that the instinct to migrate from one place to another. This need has existed for as long as their DNA strands have existed. Migration over the millennia, movement across this land evidenced by the delicate lines criss crossing the hills as far as I can see. This is a strange and surreal landscape, its rounded hills untouched by the last long months of darkness and bitter winter conditions.

The canyon feels alive but ancient, with the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these weather-resistant rock outcroppings lining the weather is different but the one thing I can always count on is that a cloudy sky is a gift. The light highlights a dark ridgeline against light grey Plates sinuously marching along in parallel lines, the changing palette of a landscape. A streak of light is gone and the landscape loses definition, this process that went into making this place. I climb the long hills daily to visit the tors. The stretch of canyon captures my imagination with the quiet and grandeur washes over me and I can feel it settling into my bones. Each day the ridges enchant me, beckon me to visit. They carry on.

Can you ever stop staring at a place that is constantly in flux? I get distracted by wondering how they came to be, the arctic bursts into life. There is such change as the arctic bursts into life. There is such exploring a different aspect of the environment, walking new terrain and remaining childlike, open.

As a result, I can revel in widening my sense of what is familiar when noticing things I hadn’t seen before. Learning to know a place over time is so much like building a long term friendship.
As a result, I can revel in widening my sense of a tenacity and fragility of life there.

Exploring a different aspect of the environment, I try to see this area with new eyes. This means searching of the herd. Long treks through the north caribou pathways, a heavy pack on my back in several times, in different capacities: as a guide, to pay attention.

Since my initial visit in 1990 I have had the privilege to return to Ivavavik National Park twice I have followed these ancient eye can see. The ghosts of those memories flirt with me. Today, however, the delicate yellow poppies wave overhead creating dramatic shadows across the each convoluted twist of rock below. The quiet and grandeur washes over me and I can feel it settling into my bones. Each day the landscape, romantic and grande. Suddenly the light is gone and the landscape loses definition, becomes flat again.

The ghosts of my memories, my experiences as a guide, are like building a long term friendship. Learning to know a place over time is so much like walking new terrain and remaining childlike, open.

Long months of darkness and bitter winter. In the arctic, short intense summers followed by quiet of the landscapes as there is a harsh reality. I am not fooled by the deceptively soft landscape, its rounded hills untouched by the last landslides, its smooth contours smooth as far as I can see. This is a strange and surreal place skyishly marching along in parallel lines reminding me of dinosaur armour, giant stegosaurus.

In the arctic, there is a harsh reality. I am not fooled by the deceptively soft landscape, its rounded hills untouched by the last landslides, its smooth contours smooth. Suddenly the light is gone and the landscape loses definition, becomes flat again.

Migration over the millennia, instinct to migrate from one place to another. This need has existed for as long as their DNA strands have existed. Migration as a result.

Reflections and current thoughts regarding the spectacle of seeing thousands of caribou along the canyon edge. The scent of pines, and the whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall the immediacy of life and death, suspecting that the musky old soapberry bushes brush by now and the whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall the immediacy of life and death, suspecting that the musky old soapberry bushes brush by now. They have witnessed this snorting, grunting, barking, charging at us that fast. Silently, we shrugged bear spray wouldn’t be effective if a bear came striped rocks across the canyon. A gasp of surprise ran heavy.

My greatest pleasure is to sit on the most weather-resistant rock outcropings lining the ridge, enchant me, beckon me to visit. They wear weather-resistant rock outcropings lining the ridge, enchant me, beckon me to visit. I climb the long hills daily to visit the tora.
Since my initial visit in 1990 I have had the privilege to return to Ivavik National Park several times, in different capacities: as a guide, as an artist and on personal trips. With each visit I try to see this area with new eyes. This means exploring a different aspect of the environment, walking new terrain and remaining childlike, open. As a result, I can revel in widening my sense of what is familiar when noticing things I hadn't seen before. Learning to know a place over time is so much like building a long term friendship.

You can't take anything for granted, and you have to pay attention.

Today, however, the delicate yellow poppies wave in the breeze and tiny clumps of delicate moss campion, forget-me-nots and hawksbeard spring up in the talus slopes. Saxifrage, the tiny rock breakers cling to the most miniscule bits of soil between rock cracks. This species of plants is my favorite, tenacious, spiny and characteristic of high alpine and arctic environments. Kinnickinnick, all three species, exist here as well.
Learning to know a place over time is so what is familiar when noticing things I hadn’t seen. As a result, I can revel in widening my sense of walking new terrain and remaining childlike, open. Exploring a different aspect of the environment, I try to see this area with new eyes. This means to pay attention. You can’t take anything for granted, and you have privilege to return to Ivavik National Park. Since my initial visit in 1990 I have had the kinnickinnick, all three species, exist here as well. high alpine and arctic environments. between rock cracks. This species of plants is my breakers cling to the most miniscule bits of soil up in the talus slopes. Saxifrage, the tiny rock campion, forget-me-nots and hawksbeard spring in the breeze and tiny clumps of delicate moss in the soil. Today, however, the delicate yellow poppies wave in the breeze.

Part 2
Reflections
and
Juxtapositions
If I close my eyes and focus on the sounds of the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these ridges enchant me, beckon me to visit. They feel it settling into my bones. Each day the weather is different but the one thing I can always count on is that a cloudy sky is a gift. The light highlights a dark ridgeline against light grey as far as the eye can see. The ghosts of those memories flirt as the arctic bursts into life. There is such a tenacity and fragility of life there.

Following my skyline foray I am pulled towards the Firth River canyon. The churning rapids rise and fall as I watch from the cliffs above, assessing eddylines and strategies for navigating the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these rapids many times with the anticipation of a river run ahead. Wearing my artists cap I am content to indulge in the dallience of how I would run it this time for a few moments and then turn to the simple pleasure of watching the water flow. This stretch of canyon captures my imagination with each convoluted twist of rock below.
It is easy to be lost in reverie here, sucked into the green. When I can negotiate the steepness of the cliff, I make my way to the rocky shore, the scent of pines, and carry on.

During a hike in Ivvavik, a friend and I watched a grizzly barrelling full tilt down a long slope towards a cow caribou and her new calf. In no time the calf was flung into the air, the cow still 50 or 60 feet below. Here I sit and draw, my focus moving from the intricate brilliant orange tendons to the impossibly folded black and white muscle tissue of the bear...