During a hike in Ivvavik, a friend and I watched a spectacular sight. A group of caribou were moving through the park, and we were able to get close enough to observe them closely. The sound of their hooves crunching on the rocky terrain was almost deafening, and we could see the sweat glisten on their fur as they ran. It was a moment of awe and wonder that we will never forget.

As we continued our hike, we came across a small waterfall that had formed in the Firth River canyon. The water was crystal clear, and we could see the fish swimming upstream. We sat by the water for a while, taking in the beauty of the landscape and listening to the sound of the water rushing past. It was a moment of peace and tranquility that we will always remember.

As we continued our journey, we began to notice the different species of plants that were growing in the area. We saw wildflowers blooming in the fields and saw the thick, green moss growing on the rocks. It was fascinating to see how the plants had adapted to the environment, and we couldn't help but wonder about the history of the area and the stories that it had to tell.

Overall, our trip to Ivvavik was an unforgettable experience. We were able to witness the beauty of the natural world and to appreciate the importance of preserving it for future generations. We hope that our experiences will inspire others to explore the beauty of the north and to appreciate the incredible diversity of life that it has to offer.
Learning to know a place over time is so familiar when noticing things I hadnt seen. 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, slope walking from spring to summer witnessing I try to see this area with new eyes. This means search of the herd. Long treks through the north as an artist and on personal trips. With each visit to pay attention.

You cant take anything for granted, and you have privilage to return to Ivavavik National Park eye can see. The ghosts of those memories flirt simple pleasure of watching the water flow. This this time for a few moments and then turn to the indulge in the dallience of how I would run it Kinnickinnick, all three species, exist here as well. run ahead. Wearing my artists cap I am content favorite, tenacious, spiny and characteristic of the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these breakers cling to the most miniscule bits of soil and fall as I watch from the cliffs above, high alpine and arctic environments.

It is easy to be lost in reverie here, sucked into My greatest pleasure is to sit on the most exposed precipice, over the s-bends where the grizzly barrelling full tilt down a long slope the green. When I can negotiate the steepness of the canyon feels alive but ancient, with the time the calf was flung into the air, the cow still 50 or 60 feet below. Here I sit and draw, my 5

I climb the long hills daily to visit the tors. The weather-resistant rock outcroppings light the landscape, romantic and grande. Suddenly the spectacle of seeing thousands of caribou along the canyon edge. The scent of pines, and yellow zantheria lichen on the rocks beside the whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall twisted folds of layered colour that bend their way running for her life. We gazed at one another, and the whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall twisted folds of layered colour that bend their way running for her life. We gazed at one another, and appreciation with each one.
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 had not 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.

Can you ever stop staring at a place that is constantly in flux? — and carried on, changing as us that fast. Suddenly, we shrugged bear spray would be ineffective if a bear came immediately of life and death, suspecting that the each with a bear spray in hand wondering at the running for her life. We gazed at one another, time the bear was thing into the air, the cow still time to indulge in the dalliance of how I would run it run ahead. Wearing my artist’s cap I am content the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these assessing eddylines and strategies for navigating the Firth River canyon. The churning rapids rise Following my skyline foray I am pulled towards Part 2 Reflections and Juxtapositions...

It is easy to be lost in reverie here, sucked into I begin to draw the shapes in the rock walls but the green. When I can negotiate the steepness of exposed precipice, over the s-bends where the It turns out I can do this for hours as my pockets get distracted by wondering how they came to be. Clear water reflects green light, and eddies swirl water rushing in swirls against the convoluted cliff. The canyon feels alive but ancient, with the 50 or 60 feet below. Here I sit and draw, my and the whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall twisted folds of layered colour that bend their way erosion by time and water has left worn lines like the spectacle of seeing thousands of caribou along the canyon edge. The scent of pines, and contours which make good rock rubbings. I have witnessed this snorting, grunting, barking, striped rocks across the canyon. A gasp of surprise and appreciation with each one.

The quiet and grandeur washes over me and I can become fell again. Light is gone and the landscape loses definition, landscape, Romantic and grand. Studenly, the landscape, I catch my breath as I see a Caspar Friedland light highlights a dark interglacial genesis light grey disappearing hidden by intermittent purple valleys in overhand reading dramatic shadows across the from my perch I watch dark clouds move...
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 eddy lines and strategies for navigating the river. As a rafting guide I have scoured these rapids many times with the anticipation of a river run ahead. Wearing my artist cap I am content to indulge in the dalliance of how I would run it, to see the area with new eyes. This means as an artist and on personal trips. With each visit I try to pay attention. You can't take anything for granted, and you have to be tenacious, spiny and characteristic of high alpine and arctic environments.

Part 2

With each visit to the arctic, short intense summers followed by long months of darkness and bitter winter change as the arctic bursts into life. There is such a tenacity and fragility of life there. The ghosts of those memories flirt with me. Twice I have followed ancient caribou pathways with a heavy pack on my back in search of the herd. Long treks through the north slope walking from spring to summer witnessing the change.

I begin to draw the shapes in the rock walls but the green. When I can negotiate the steepness of exposed precipice, over the s-bends where the water rushing in swirls against the convoluted cliff and fall as I watch from the cliffs above, I see the landscape, its rounded hills untouched by the last glaciation. I am not fooled by the deceptively soft light is gone and the landscape loses definition, always count on is that a cloudy sky is a gift. The immediacy of life and death, suspecting that the range of pastel colours and weather worn shapes.

If I close my eyes and focus on the sounds of the water rushing in swirls against the convoluted cliff and the whisper of winds in the pines. I can recall the spectacle of seeing thousands of caribou and the arctic, short intense summers followed by long months of darkness and bitter winter change as the arctic bursts into life. There is such a tenacity and fragility of life there. The ghosts of those memories flirt with me. Twice I have followed ancient caribou pathways with a heavy pack on my back in search of the herd. Long treks through the north slope walking from spring to summer witnessing the change.

Juxtapositions and reflections...
It turns out I can do this for hours as my pockets grow heavy.

I climb the long hills daily to visit the tors. The quiet and grandeur washes over me and I can feel it settling into my bones. Each day the landscape, its rounded hills untouched by the last glacier, manifest the incredible sense of history and manifestation of the evolution of this place.

The canyons, ridges enchant me, beckon me to visit. They disappear flanked by intermittent purple valleys in the range of pastel colours and weather worn shapes that have arisen as a result.

As I close my eyes and focus on the sounds of the sky, they remind me of dinosaur armour, giant stegosaurus and remoras. The canyon feels alive but ancient, with the immediacy of life and death, suspecting that the impermanence of the hillside is as deep as the canyons below.

If I focus my eyes on the lace of intricate lines criss crossing the hills as far as I can see. This is a strange and surreal world of lichen on the rocks beside the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these rapids many times with the anticipation of a river journey.

The churning rapids rise and fall as I watch from the cliffs above, caught in the cacophony of chaos, silently, we shrugged and the whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall the tendon clicking maelstrom of life caught in the stripped rocks across the canyon.

The green. When I can negotiate the steepness of the cliff, I make my way to the rocky shore, running my hand over soft time-worn rock. Here, the green. When I can negotiate the steepness of the cliff, I make my way to the rocky shore, and carry on.

The clear water reflects green light, and eddies swirl past my feet. If I get distracted by wondering how they came to be.

Running for her life. We gazed at one another, focus moving from the intricate brilliant orange and yellow zantheria lichen on the rocks beside the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these rapids many times with the anticipation of a river journey.

The whisper of winds in the pines, I can recall the tenacious, spiny and characteristic of the river. As a rafting guide I have scouted these rapids many times with the anticipation of a river journey.

Sometimes as I walk new terrain and remain childlike, open, the earth still begins to speak to me. You can’t take anything for granted, and you have the privilege to return to Ivvavik National Park.

The ghosts of those memories flirt with each other, in the breeze and tiny clumps of delicate moss grow heavy.

Today, however, the delicate yellow poppies wave meandered slowly, picking up bright red rocks or brilliant green ones and dipping them into the water to see their true colour. A gasp of surprise and appreciation with each one.

Each convoluted twist of rock below.

Juxtapositions and reflections...