

Some might have described it as a miserable day but the rain was never very heavy or cold and there was no wind to speak of. It was the third day of paddling in or near the Saint Regis Canoe Access Area. A Loon let us drift closer than usual affording an opportunity to photograph it. Another Loon some distance across the pond called out in that haunting voice that carries well over the open water and echoes off the distant shore. I'm reminded of the lyrics of a Gordon Lightfoot song describing another bird's call.

It sets my senses reeling and my wheels begin to spin
There's a kind of a restless feeling and it pulls me from within
In the quietude of winter you can hear the wild geese cry
And I will always love that sound until the day I die

It's a moment that defines the essence of communing with nature and I struggle to describe it. In the end no words – be they sublimely lyrical or deathless prose, no photograph, no motion picture, nor any sound recording can do it justice. Some things must be experienced to be appreciated.

-- Dave Koschnick
PTYAFO XV circa September 1997