

Excerpt from the novel, *The Lost Legacies*, Ray Hazel, 2016

...Reaching for my camera, it suddenly dawned on me that I had not even bothered to put it in the canoe. Slowly turning the canoe in the direction of camp, I couldn't help but think back to the days when my camera was never more than an arm's length away making it possible to record and capture such events on film. Walking back up the small hill to the campsite, my eye caught a blossom and when I bent down to gain a better view, it surprised me to find that this one single bloom was but one flower attached to a vine that gave nourishment of life to several other blossoms as it wove its way across the forest floor. Entering the tent, I forced myself to pick up my equipment and hoped that perhaps something magical would evolve creatively from pure determination. As I struggled and thrashed my way along the shoreline, I tried to regain the old feeling and drive to capture on film the majestic beauty these mountains have to offer. In frustration, I found myself sitting on a fallen pine and buried my face in my hands trying to regain my composure. Obviously, the smart thing to do was to break camp and return to the mainstream of life. Packing my gear and preparing for the trip out was frantic and discouraging. My relationship with these mountains had finally come to this and a deep sense of loss overtook me...