

It took me eleven years to complete a bachelor's degree. I started college the summer after high school at age seventeen. I wasn't sure what to study, and there were the normal distractions of being that age and the abnormal distraction of the war in Viet Nam. In the interim between starting and finishing college I had a series of jobs and experiences which enriched me. I taught four and five year olds at a private school in New York, knocked around the Bay Area, reduced my belongings to what would fit in a backpack and hitchhiked to Yakima to pick apples, worked in a factory to help pay for a homestead in West Virginia, and planted "Doug Fir" on the Olympic Peninsula.

One of my strongest moments of self realization or samadhi, a sense of balance, tranquility and well being, came on the side of a mud covered slope in the rain as I was in a moment of rest while planting trees.

These pictures are of people and places that year, 1975.

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