

Transcript: Voices from Windy Pine -- A Soundscape

[sounds of water on shore and loon calls, which continue through video].

[sound of pen scratching on paper]

[guitar strumming and other lakeside natural sounds]

It is with great pleasure that I, at the suggestion of John Wadland, inaugurate this journal.

Windy Pine is a special place for me and for many others.

It holds a range of wonderful memories -- hanging out by the water listening to Bruce mutter his way through marking finals, occasionally reading a choice bit or the other. Being whipped by Allen at cribbage and teased mercilessly because I brought shish kebabs to the barbecue potluck. Long stimulating conversations about life, priorities and everything; with people whose knowledge and insight are as clear as the mountain stream after the muddy meanderings of most social discourse.

Introducing my new husband to so many people I care about and watching him take his place in the rhythms of this place.

Windy Pine for me has meant peace and respite from the city and from the weary challenges of getting through each day. I come away from here feeling renewed, stronger and longing to come back.

I hope everyone adds to this journal as they come to Windy Pine to form a connection between all of us who share the experience but separately.