



**Thank You
For Your Energy**

Ink Free # 14

September, 2024

While my family, friends, and photo colleagues continue to post beyond stunning monsoons, rocket launches, Milky Way, and well-off-the-known track images, I cower under a veil of pain stapled to the floor. Flowers are nearby, and the occasional wire-filled sunset still clicks the aging creativity nestled deep within my soul. Thank you for your stimulating supply, charging my fiber, and thus keeping my creativity alive. No, I do not need a new camera.



Monsoon over Tucson, 2024

Facebook, the only social media I currently visit, posts images from people unafraid to share their creativity. Images, stories, and memories bring joy to my wrinkles and juice to my love of nature. The advertising, while ok, is not for me. Block I do any posts and people spreading hate, politics, or fear. I respect their right to pound the soap box as I hope they respect mine not to hear it. Show me an angry sky filled with lightning, a deep colors sunset, and pleasing flowers any day. While I can not get out on long hikes, I muster the patience necessary to photograph birds plucking out a meal or visiting a secret place. Just like I used to, the images others share spark my awe of nature.



Crested Cara Cara, Three Points, Arizona

Once, in my younger graduate school days, teaching proved beyond frustrating. My career path avoided the classroom in favor of trekking off the trail, searching for natural resources. Mineral deposits are where they are, not where it is easy to access or where folks might want them. So explore, search, theorize, and discover I did for 40 years. After discovering photography among my passions, I only understood that my earlier teaching efforts focused on the worst students at the expense of mentoring the gifted. Teach again, I did photography at a local community college. Now, that was fun. Now, I peruse the images I find to learn and critique, searching for ideas to improve even the best photos—Octogenarian status may limit my access, but not my imagination or creativity. Thank you, my talented buddies, for allowing me to draw energy from your photos and posts.



With aging comes old folks' jokes and stereotypes, often cemented with misunderstanding. Once

funny, perhaps, I feel more cruelty than caring. Facebook provided an example again: "*The cause of most accidents is older people thinking they are still young.*" I find no "*too old to do it*" wisdom, notice or switch. There is nothing wrong with trying. There is nothing wrong with stopping climbing on the roof, driving, or anything else when I recognize the dangers. Not doing something does not mean by any measure that I can not continue to learn, create, enjoy, and care. Please stop saying '*you're too old*' as if you will shove me off the edge of the earth as excess old useless baggage. You might not understand, but that will in no way stop me from being me.

Thank you, friends, colleagues, and family,
for your stimulating energy sparking my inner self.



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