





Through the Nikon B700 era most photos were taken out walking: hiking in the woods; wandering around my parents' lake; or simply walking around town from my front door.

What my B700 found on these walks often surprised me and always helped to see the beauty of our earth.

Around the OR Cascades

Mt Hood to Crater Lake





Such a lonely tree



Will one catch me?



Crater Lake rim has some of oldest trees in OR; even dead ones watch



Human smoke is never this beautiful



An oasis filled by snow, watched over by sisters



Enchanted Valley is enchanting



Just how Dorothy felt



Sunrise hiking harmonizing a lone tree, burn scar and fire sky



Even those dark clouds couldn't prevent sun from touching earth



Which layer is hiding today's magic?



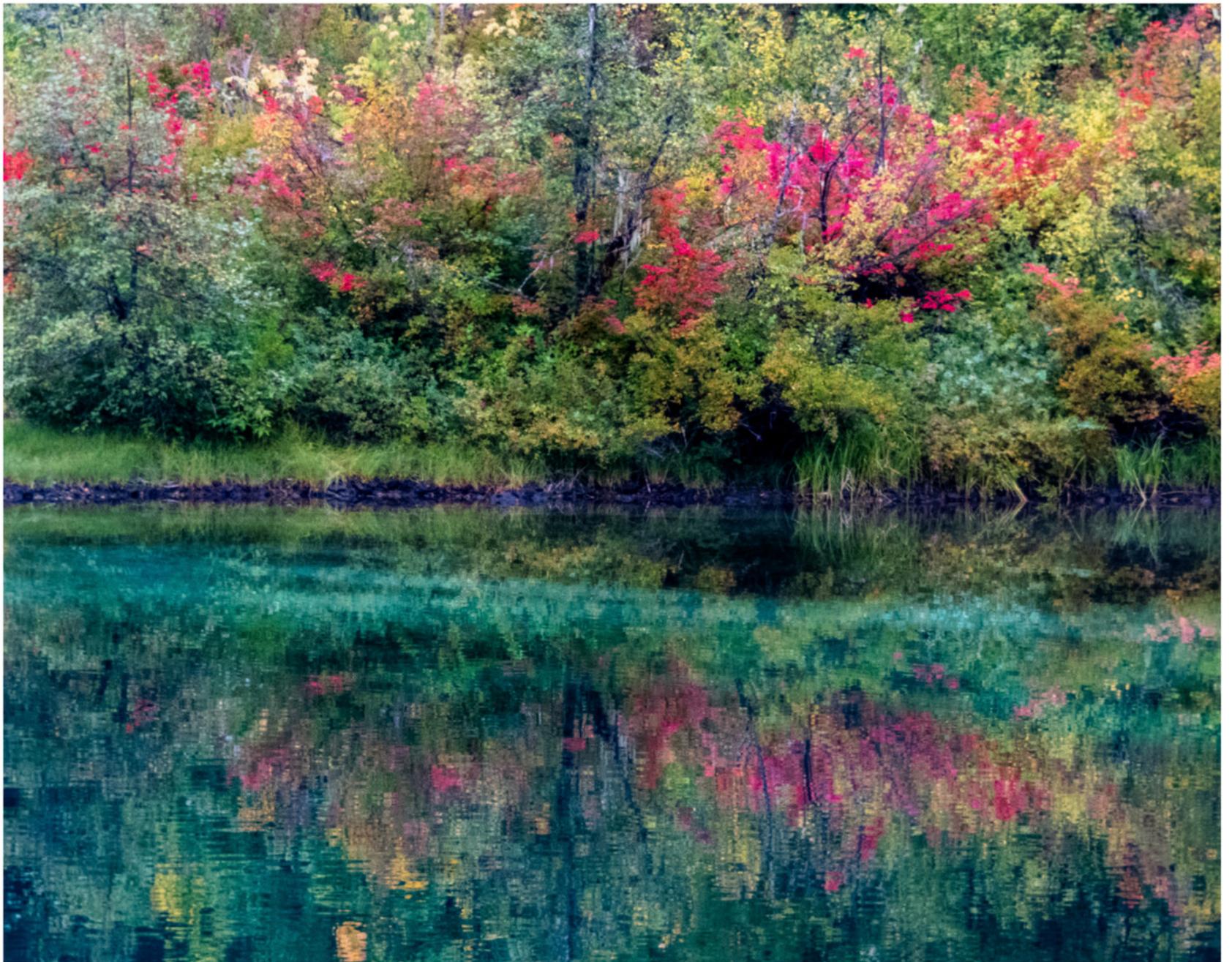
If the towers are that small, how large am i?



Balanced on a knoll between night and day



Coyotes singing in the background to start the day



Tree and river painted long before Monet



Who wouldn't want to sit down and watch?



This little one watches everything



Did the duck ask for this paint job?



We found lunch, we're just waiting





This kestrel has its lunch



Vegetarian lunch



Soon to be mother with grace, power and beauty



A new friend watching its herd and me



Leave me alone, I'm eating!



Time to head home back into the fog



Just in time to start a new day

Mornings around the lake





My reflection?



Red in morning, sailor take warning



As soft as the sky



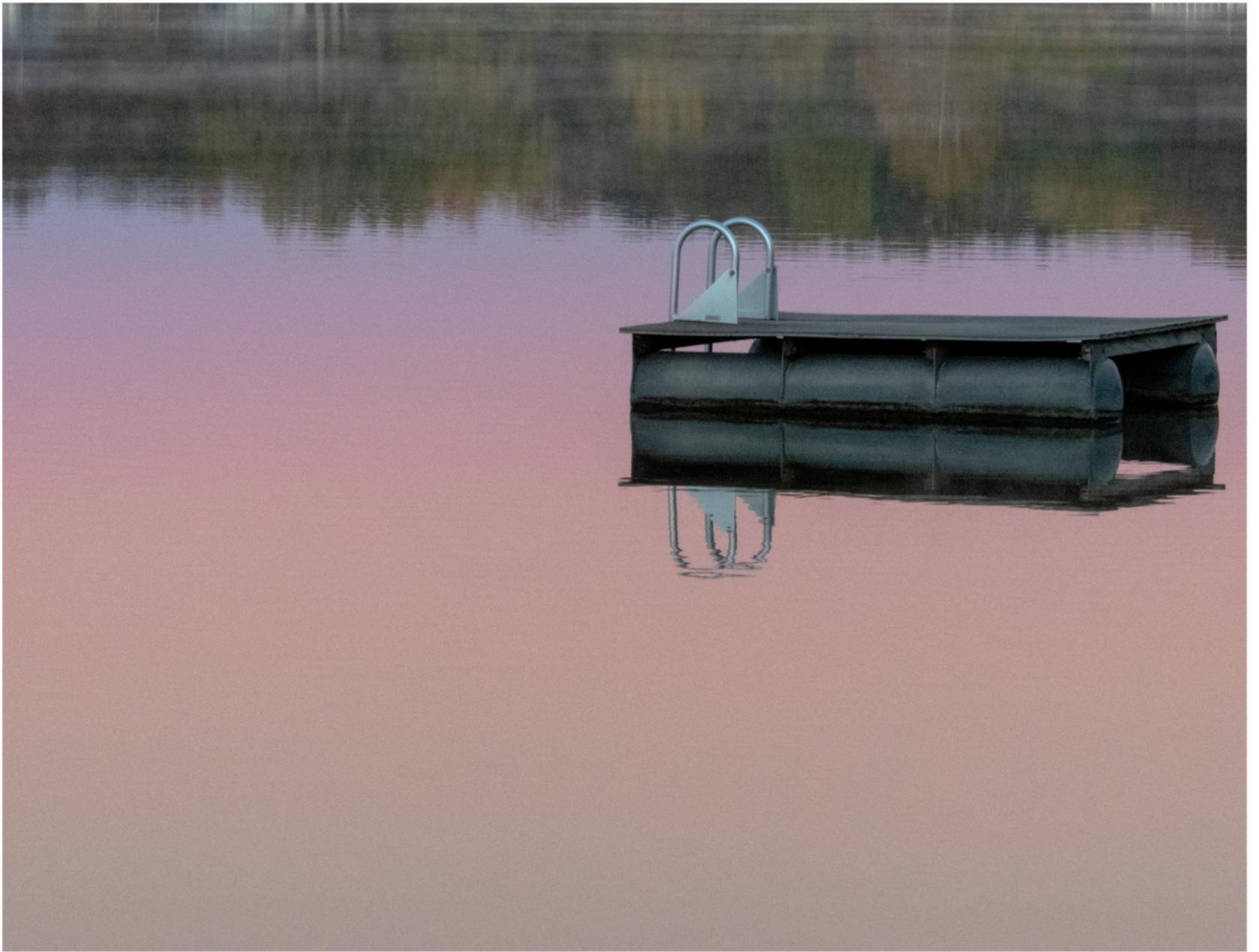
Nobody for the sunrise?



Sun kisses on the lake



Avalon?



Pinkish calmness



A fog beast ready to eat a boat



Back on the ranch



Holding the sky above the ranch



Suspended, waiting

Around Town

*Sometimes the world's beauty can be found
just walking out your front door*





Monet by the Mill Race



Spiders catching dew



One more for the pantry!



No! I'm not sharing



This is MY house!



My feet are getting cold



Hello!



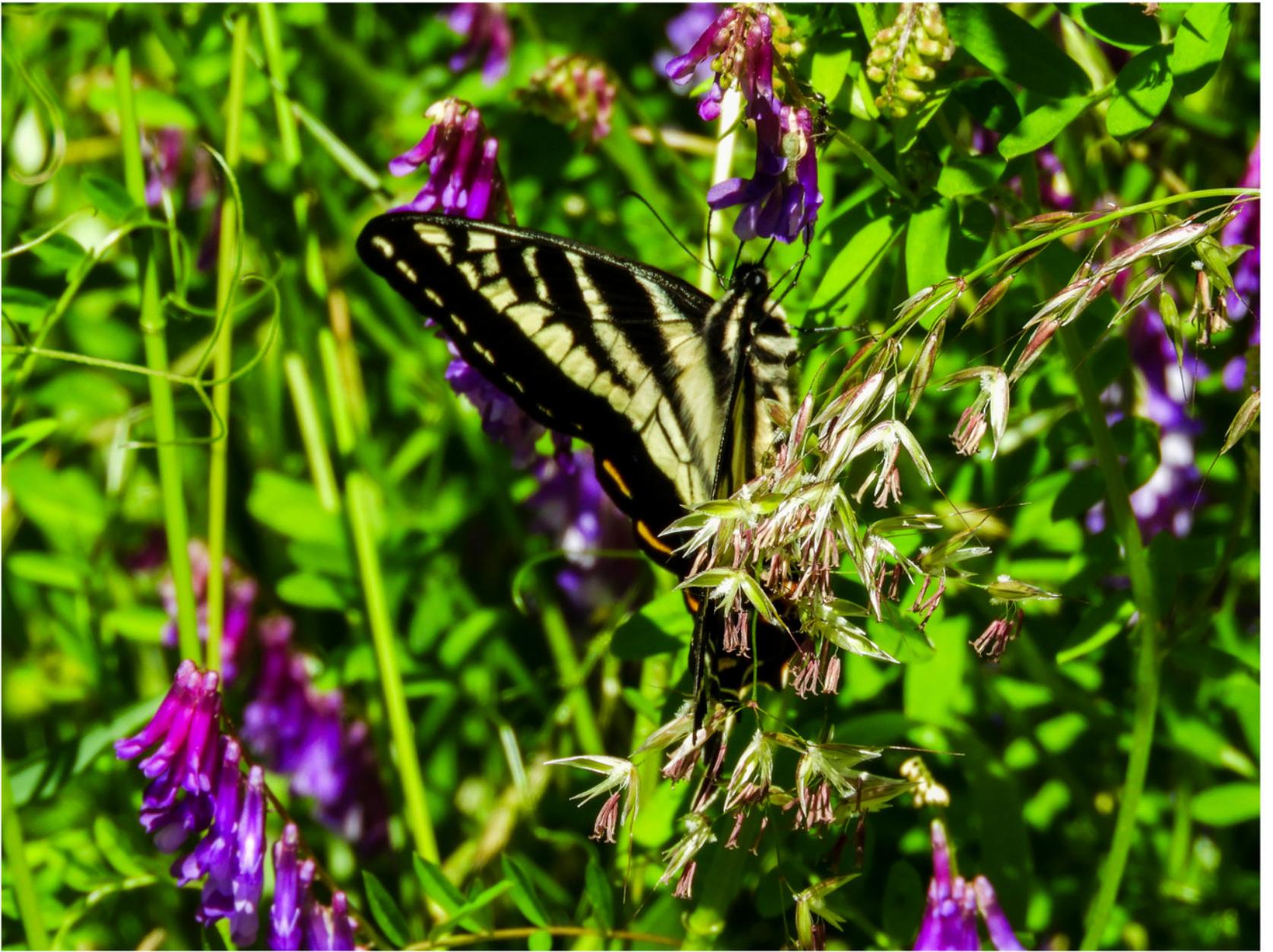
Not enough gold to mine, unless you're a bee!



Little puffs of color



Not me, said the spider



Just hanging out



A pillow, with food!



Will that bee sting?



Wildfire smoke changes the Willamette



Sometimes, the fog just slips away

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