



Backcountry Leadership Program 2



Dear NYC'er,

Yee-Haw! It's finally here, that crazy journal your crewleaders promised months ago! In your hands you hold the final compilation of all those journal pages you spent hours around the kitchen table and on the long van rides writing! As the winter sets in, the office world at NYC becomes a bit less chaotic, and we can take the time to say, "**Thank you for an amazing season!**" NYC crews could not have accomplished what they did without the effort, commitment, and strength each and everyone of you gave.

After you left graduation, you probably ate some good chow, talked non-stop about the adventures you had and the tough times you endured, and finally—after a long session—got to take a long shower (hopefully a few!). But, as the warmth of your return wore off, I hope everyone was able to spend some time reflecting on what your experience meant. You were part of an extraordinary time! While you were slogging through the woods, huddling around the fire, seeking any type of moisture available, sharpening pulaskis, or finishing the last remnants of a too-large meal; up to twenty-six other crews were doing the same things across Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Northern California. The work completed by NYC crews went farther than ever before, pleased a record number of project sponsors, helped out the natural areas and communities in the Northwest, and, most importantly,..... showed the general public that teens are responsible enough to complete a hard job with style!

We hope you came away with a greater understanding of who you are, how you want to live your life, and what you are going to do with the gifts you possess. Don't forget those early morning sunrises, the feeling after a hard day's work, and the endless mountains and trees. Remember the laughter, the tears, and the exploration. Always know that you are limitless and can accomplish the seemingly impossible, the amazing and the beautiful. All you have to do is believe in yourself!

Don't forget about all those early morning sunrises, the dirt smile after a long day of work, trees the size of skyscrapers, rivers and mountains without end, and a place away from highways, radios and Burger Kings. The big outdoors is a place for everyone to visit, explore, and enjoy. Make sure you get out there as often as you can and figure out how you can help to keep these places around for future generations to experience. Sit down, grab some gorp, and relax as you take a trip down memory lane. Keep NYC in mind for next summer and drop us a line. Remember: "Use Good Judgement!" but don't forget to rub a little sunshine on your face.

Take Care,

Ethan Nelson
Program Director

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**Frank Church Wilderness
Krassle Ranger District
Gold Mountain Ridge Trail**

Week 1: June 6 - June 14

The sweet hereafter of the moon's companion, the languid peach fuzz sensation as it blesses me. Eyelids as if thy lashes have had a fresh snow storm land upon them. Tiny tentacles and minute legs prickle at the hairs upon my limbs... The earth and its gifts are blessing me: Exhaustion at its purest! Is it tempestuous of me to be so excited to welcome such exhaustion? Is it love? This is love to me... The unanswered triumphs and falls to undoubtedly come. Is it me to wonder such? Yet is wonder not hope? Hope! The rays of light that filter through the windows of an imagination-the imagination that sets forth the action. The action that guides us in everything we do. Living imagination is living life. Wonder of the earth that encompasses us all. What extravagant heat has cried down upon the living... Hope is of the new growth. Let that wonder of hope be within us. Peace...

Emily F

We are in the middle of the wilderness working in the sun, the heat, and building with stacks, reroutes, and doing some vegetation removal and all twelve of us are out for different reasons but we are all here to learn, work, and have some fun.

Shilo S.P.

Today was a rather chaotic day, yet productive work emerged from the chaos. We put in a lot of awesome trail, and only at the end of the day did dehydration start to kick in. A lot of us participated in outdoor cinema.

Melissa L

Seeing as how this was our first week, our crew (sea foam green) was just learning how to work together as well as on the project. Today we took an eight hour day due to lack of hustle/productivity toward the end of the day. Towards the end we finished building a few check-dams, and started to clear what is to become our next re-route that we hope to have finished by early Monday. This evening we had navy bean stew, cornbread, and lentil soup with Spanish rice.

Stuart A

This week our crew hiked in about nine miles and I was impressed by the physical abilities of most of our crew. Another accomplishment of our crew was we succeeded in building our first re-route and we almost finished a second one. I feel that this crew has accomplished a lot for the time that we have spent here, and I believe that this is one of, if not the best crews I have been on so far.

Chris W

Saturday found our sea foam green crew absolutely basking in the light of 8:30 never in a long while has seemingly so early been so satisfying. We dined on delightful Amber pancakes starting off the weekend with vastly expansive smiles. Our weekend trip found us a relaxing three and a half miles from home at a hidden lake. I say hidden only because looking over the cliff displaying the pristine mountain scape encompassing the river of no return wilderness. Papoose Lake lies barely noticeable between tall unburned trees. The glee that filled our sea foam hearts when we saw that water will forever imprint my memory. The cool yellow flower water met our dirty bodies like a long awaited sign. We caught and kissed frogs. We explored the rock scape and surrounding beautiful wilderness. We chilled out. It felt very good. Thanks for inventing weekends!

Anonymous

Frank Church Wilderness

**Krassle Ranger District
Gold Mountain Ridge Trail**

Week 2: June 15 - June 21

This weekend our crew slept in till 8:00a.m. We woke up to a beautiful pancake breakfast; once everybody had their fill we went on a four mile hike to one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen. There were a lot of fish and I caught a lot of frogs, Sunday was very chill. We just sat around all day with nothing to do. I think it was awesome.

Chris W

Our project this week is making and finishing a gigantic re-route. It is two to three times longer than any of the re-routes we will face with brushing, pushing gigantic rocks, slumps and snags. It's proving to be a hard and exciting project. The crew is definitely proving to be up the challenge with splits that refuse to be bent, I am sure we will finish our goal.

Cody H

Today was a good day. We have our biggest re-route and brushed a good chunk of trail. We had Cody and the big M for crew leaders and they did an awesome job. Matt the maniac was on the cross cut for eight hours and busted it out. The trail and the crew are looking good and the crew is ready for more.

Shilo S.P.

We're really beginning to perfect our trail building skills as well as stump less tree removal. We're each learning our strengths within the crew through our alternating leadership positions as well as areas in which we can improve. We have learned how to eat around mold and chipmunk gnawings and various other foul things. We have learned the excitement of storms and the value of a good nights sleep after too long a day of work. We have learned Stu can only carry 10 gallons on his own. He needs Dave for the other two.

Laura B

This entry is actually being written on a Monday for two reasons, first because the official Friday spot is quite small and second because no one was here to write it. The reason we were gone is that after being led through a five hour work day by Shilo and Laura we began the ten mile trek to the SCC Idaho red crew's camp. The hike was beautiful, berry lined, and over all very enjoyable. Despite the four mile scenic detour courtesy of Matt, we reached their camp in good time and energetic spirits. The evening was filled by fried noodles, reunions between old friends, and a warm fire that burned many hours into the night. We departed form their camp in the early afternoon on Saturday fearing the loss of one of our crew members. Laura had stated earlier that morning with intention to quit. But fortunately for all of us her mind had changed for the better by the end of the hike. The rest of the weekend was not nearly as eventful but just as enjoyable, as it was filled with conversations, laughter, and lounging.

Kendra S

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Week 3: June 22 - June 28

I'm not entirely sure what to say about today, other than that in my opinion it was one of the best days we have had thus far. We made a good six or seven hundred feet of trail and made a solid dent in the brushing that lies before us. Our spirits were high throughout the day and a mark of this could be seen by playfully flicking twigs, the tossing of water, and the echoing of laughter through the maze of snags.

Kendra S

Oh, what to write. There is so much to say. Why is there anger and discomforts within our souls, our minds? Anger is a reaction of a fear... a fear of not understanding; a fear of knowing that there are forces greater than an individual's heart and sadly predominant over 10,000 individual voices. Anger drives us from within a power. Power to breathe; power to hurt; to squirm; anger drives a power to love also. A love that is such a phenomenon that it can influence a world. Be careful with anger and with discomfort-for though it can lead to wonderful accomplishments and realizations-they are of a pessimistic nature and can also bring forth abuse-upon oneself and others-also hatred. That is all. Peace and Love my Friends.

Emily F

Our goal for this week is to finish the trail to the north of camp. We have finished quite a bit of trail already and can't wait to go the other way for work. We have two more re-routes and after a bit of brushing.

Anonymous

It is hard to say what we all learned because it is difficult to speak for the whole crew, but I would have to say that we learned a lot about obtaining our goals. We all worked hard towards finishing the biggest re-route this crew has done so far. In the end our hard work paid off, we finished ahead of schedule, even though I thought we would be behind. It feels good to work hard and succeed.

Chris W

Thursday at lunch was the very middle of our entire work session. We were nearing the forest of our longest re-route on Monday despite tensions at the end of the day, we accomplished quite a bit. Tuesday was again productive and we made it most of the way through the forest. We were definitely set to finish the remaining re-route and trail maintenance to the north of camp. Thursday at lunch we finished the hike over to the South-West side of camp. By the end of today we finished brushing and water bars. We also finished a few hundred feet of trail, though it is still a bit rocky. Tomorrow we hike eighteen miles to pick up some fresh produce, meat, cheese, and bread. As well as get a chance to pick up and send mail.

Stewart A

Frank Church Wilderness Krassle Ranger District Gold Mountain Ridge Trail

Week 4: June 29 - July 5

Today flew for a Monday. We are working on our fourth re-route. The brushers from Friday joined forces with the rocking trail busters who kicked the trail out Friday. Oh wow are the boulders huge. Despite the obstacles we reached our goal: meeting up with the first old trail crossing. The brushers reached about 200 feet from the ending of the re-route. Yeah, to pushing over snags. We are making great headway and are on track with our goal to finish this trail and brush our next by the end of the week. Wahoo week four.

Kendra S

This weekend we slept in to a refreshing six o'clock wake up call. Then we proceeded to eat, and then embark on an eighteen mile hike. At first I was skeptical and was imagining some soft of death march, but ended up to be a light breeze. I guess the loss of sixty pounds helped but never the less, eighteen miles in six hours feels good. Then Sunday rolled around and relaxation began. It was a good weekend, one that Matt and I will look back at for the rest of our lives and be proud.

Mogly

Today was a productive day, as most days are here at NYC we brushed ahead and surpassed our initial goal, but we still have a lot of rock work to do. The rocks are a blast. Most are the size of

small cattle, or so it seems. Amidst solos and SEEDS and leaders of the day, we are all keeping busy thinking about one thing or another. Our stay as suppliers for the chipmunks ranges not to much longer, so we hope that the chipmunks will resort to their original diets easily and not remain the size of organic watermelons.

Melissa L

Today we finished our fifth re-route and started to work on the sixth and final re-route. Shilo and Kendra were leaders of the day. We are on our last re-route and we are, we know we will get it done before our last day and get done some extra work at the end of the session. We are all excited to know we will get done ahead of time.

Shilo S

We were challenged at the beginning of the week to have our fifth re-route and brushing to the sixth finished by the end of this week. We exceeded this goal and are over half way through our last re-route already. We have also challenged by continent-sized boulders which all seemed to be strategically placed to make in the center of our future trail. We were challenged last weekend with our one-day, eighteen mile hike for re-supply. We dominated the trail with our speed and Christina summed up the crew sentiment at the end asking, "Where did that hike go?" Our personal leadership skills are once again being tested as we again assume the rolls of leaders of the day. We will each go twice in these final ten work-days. Another stellar accomplishment of the week was the relocation of our bread into two smaller bear hangs. As of yet, they are entirely chipmunk proof. We have found much amusement in watching the chipmunks unearth the area the food was previously located. They are almost in a sense of hysteria. Serves them right... Sorry Em.

Laura B

Frank Church Wilderness Krassle Ranger District Gold Mountain Ridge Trail

Week 5: July 6 - July 12

As the anticipation grew steadily forward to our weekend to our solos-work became an efficient blur, as well as the sky. For the sky on Friday as we were settling into our cocoons that are our sleeping bags, I felt a droplet... a single "pad" of heaven's tear land upon my forehead. Another followed continuously. I got up with a sign and took cover with my family under our common area tarp. The sky literally opened-up and within minutes there was literally a river in which we were standing in... Laughing, tired and anxious, I booked with Christina in tow to the "Shelter" of our tent. Waking on Saturday to more drizzling, gray and freezing temperatures that were ominous to the realization that our patiently awaited solo weekend would have to wait for on more week. It turned out that the guys occupied themselves by making a chill sweat shop and on Sunday we all relaxed and made/built shelter at our solo spots. That was fun for our imaginations!

Emily F

Well... This should be self-expanding by now, given it is our fifth week in the same site, but I shall briefly describe. This week we are finishing our sixth and final re-route-crazy. We are thrashing through the reprod and rocks laying trial which we have perfected for over four weeks. It is fine, fine tread if I do say so myself. I am in awe of our stellar skills. Last week, I believe it was on jueves, we faced a bit of a flash flood. The raging waters tested their strength against our virgin trails, and although our trail was the overall victor in the battles, there were some rough patches that hopefully we will have time to do some repair work on said trail. I have decided to end this journal right now because the boys took a very short amount of time writing theirs because they are lazy and careless, and do not feel it is fair to anybody (not out of selfishness) to spend an extensive period of time on this, when others shirk their responsibilities. I too, would enjoy listening to 40 year old women who have escaped temporarily from their mother's wrath to secretly call their Brazilian girl British lover. It is all so unfair. Now, I realize in thoroughly

describing my feelings regarding the situation, I have defeated the purpose and statement I intended to make in cutting this short.

Laura B

After finishing our project on Monday, our contact gave us more work. Now we are working back to camp putting in drainage. Some goals for all of us this week would be to work on trail tread as well as water bars. We fixed an ugly part of the trail today as well. It was a hundred foot stretch. They required us to put in a turn pike made of rock, as well as had at least fifty buckets from down the trail. We should finish this project tomorrow and start pulling rocks on the old trail.

David M

With the new project of working back and putting in water bars, we are perfecting the art of setting and finding rock for the water bars. We are also seeing the imperfections on our finished trail and as we go back we are smoothing out all the bumps and humps. We are also winding down the time. And as the days get shorter, the tension gets higher. So I think we're learning how to stay friendly even when our nerves are at an end. But I think we're doing a wonderful job and we'll pull through.

Cody H

This was the last full week of work for our crew; it was to be followed by a full day on Sunday and half of a day on Monday. On top of that we only worked a six hour day that was followed by our long awaited and much anticipated solos. Many of us were so excited by the good weather, what a change from last week's rain, and the lack of work left for our crew. Speaking of work, this week has been spent building water bars, and other drainage on the trail we had built as well as quite a bit of finish work. We were also all in anticipation of the Tuesday trip to Papoose Lake that will end our stay in the back country. During the last five days I think that our hardest challenge was keeping our edge against ever tedious finishing, and hostility over the matter amidst our crew.

Stuart A

I came to a tree, we see eye to eye. On earth equal times? Why should I make her die...? I wrap my hands around her girth, will her soul back into earth and let her fly, roots exposed and dry... So that others may live: Trees near our trail go through a sieve to keep our paths' integrity. Hopefully it will out last the time of we, lucky. We will see plucking boulders, rolling to rest in neat rows. Beautifying work, hoping plants won't choose to grow in the middle. Digging water bars, solving; placing like a riddle, redirect the river, so that others may see these beautiful trees and mountains... Trees fly from the trail away like fountains dirt moves like exodus... Thank you earth for your trust. Really, trails are a must, I just wish our rooted sisters and brothers didn't have to fly like a gentle explosion we leave an out sloped people path it deters erosion. I laugh vibing joy through your soil. Close my eyes, trying to pacify the turmoil. I say a prayer send it through a little tree blessings and love royal divinity stilling my mind: I wait for a sign as a great bird circles under a pure blue sky.

Christina L

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Week 6: July 12 - July 20

It was odd getting back into the swing of things on the trail again after spending twenty-four hours enjoying the peaceful solitude of our solos. Most of us spent the day finishing the long reroute and removing burm from it, yet despite the monotony of these tasks, the day passed by swiftly and when it was over, it was strange to think that we only had two more days of work ahead of us. What has been barely six weeks, now feels more like six days.

Kendra S

Today was a beautiful day, as almost all days have been, except the day when the flash flood came and sent Stu into the tent, away from our “commons” area, which was then a river. The anticipation of the final days of work spread throughout the group, and this is also when we realized our food supply was rapidly becoming miniscule. Nonetheless, a good event occurred as well. Our long-lost friend, the black-handled Pulaski, was finally found which sent all rejoicing, including the chipmunks. Well, not quite, but I was relieved. This adventure into the woods has been challenging, hilarious and rewarding. Thanks NYC!

Freddy

Tuesday was an exciting day. The whole crew was pumped up for the last day of work. Not only that, but it was a four hour day and after work the whole crew was going to spend the night at Papoose Lake. When we found a nice spot above the lake to set up camp, we found a huge rock face to climb up and watch the sunset. I would have to say it was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

Chris W

We’re out of here! Today we hiked out to the meadow. We made the nine-mile hike in three hours and nineteen minutes. Now we are relaxing by the station waiting for our plane which comes in the morning. We were planning on having some bread that we left at the station for dinner, but as it turns out the crew at the station ate it. So now all we have to eat is 9 cans of meat, a loaf of bread and 2 cans of tuna. Matt is leaving tonight to take care of “logistics”.

David M

Thursday we wake with the sun in our face. The last day in the back country. We load up for the plane. We are on the plane full of anxiety ready for town. When I get to town all I want to do is go back to the wilderness to the unknown because the monster I know is worse than the monster I don’t.

Anonymous

Well today was mainly driving, just driving it was not very eventful but it was interesting however talking to my crew and finding out what everyone wants to do when they get home and most importantly what they want to eat. It feels kind of sad knowing that 3 days from now I won’t be waking up with the same twelve people hearing that it is minute call, and seeing those beautiful stars and watching the sunrise together, I will deal with it although I will miss everybody.

Christopher W

My Most Challenging Day At NYC Was...

...the working days of week two. Mentally and physically I was tested and tried. Mentally I was depressed and very distraught at a personal issue. My closest friend was going through rough times and I felt as though during the whole week I was neither taken seriously or being respected as an individual. It was just a very trying week.

Beuller

...the first day of work. The reason it was most challenging was not because I was exhausted, but because before that day, I never built a water bar, and I just couldn’t get it right.

Night Rider

...well, I don’t quite remember. Nor do I remember the easiest, or the best. They all blended together. I do remember there was some tough stuff on days, but like time, it rolls on. I may not remember the most challenging day, but I do remember having the sense of accomplishment.

Anonymous

...was a part of the hike into camp. My backpack broke, getting me behind everyone, except Ferris at my back.

Freddy

...during the middle of week two. Everybody had passed over this particularly hairy section, needing to be cleared. I set my mind to breaking through the pickup stick logs, blocking our future trail . . . and succeeded. Got intense, determined, and I busted through it.

Stretch

...listening and not talking and being respectful of others.

Shilo S

...the second weekend when we visited the Idaho Red Crew, I remember thinking how lax and laid-back their leadership standards were compared to ours. I was so jealous that they only had four days left. As everyone knows, I was ready to quit. But looking back on it, I see that it was so much more rewarding, having more challenging environment and projects, and realizing BLP's true superiority.

Biter

...when Ferris had a discussion with us about how, at our current rate, we probably wouldn't finish the project (we finished a week early). Just motivating myself to work as hard as possible for the rest of the session.

Ten Gallon

...when everyone who had different opinions on how the trail should look decided to voice their views. It was hard for most of us, but we came through and made us a stronger crew.

Iceman

...the last day because the end of a good thing is never easy to let go.

Sweet Feet

My Three Favorite NYC Experiences Were...

...sitting on top of a small mound of boulders. Watching the neon-pink setting sun after our last working hours and a beautiful hike. Waking up every single night and opening my eyes to millions upon billions of stars. Priceless memories. And realizing that leaders are those that can lead themselves as well as others . . . also the greatest entertainment- I love chipmunks!

Beuller

First, I really enjoyed hiking to Papoose on the weekends, especially watching the sunset over the lake. Secondly, working on the trails all together. I know in the coming months I will miss the work. And thirdly, hiking up to eighteen miles with a group of people that love what they're doing and don't complain.

Night Rider

...the people, the work, everything else, listen, respect, and always being stubborn isn't always good.

Shilo S

...were listening to wolves at Papoose. Seeing the pack train come in at night, and swimming in the evening.

Ten Gallon

...the hikes we took. The people we were and who we became, and finally, the beautiful territory we spent six weeks together in.

Iceman

Three favorite?!? Who knows? I'd say . . . watching the sunsets and sunrises, laughing until it hurt, and covering some nice mileage on foot.

Freddy

...watching the coals burn in a late night fire while listening to good music. Seeing the sunset from the top of the world, and beginning my days with a star-lit sky, and groggy smiles blinded by head lamps.

Sweet Feet

I loved seeing the sun break through morning skies. I loved conversations and insane dehydrated hysterics. Walking hand in hand. I loved climbing to the top of Papoose Mountain and seeing alpine paradise- yellow flowered and frigid.

Stretch

Our ongoing battle with the chipmunks, especially when Shilo “pegged” one with a rock, much to Cody’s horror, the dark morning wake-up calls, standing around eating breakfast in the freezing blackness, and the accomplishment we felt after the eighteen mile resupply hike.

Anonymous

One Thing I Will Always Remember...

...about the past eleven weeks...up until the day I die, is that knowing who you are; knowing your morals and beliefs; knowing the direction of your future...however hazy that is... it is your journey. Remember- “Not all that wander are lost.”

Beuller

...is the leadership training. Not only will I remember it, but I plan on putting it to use in the near future.

Night Rider

...is the night I listened to the wolves.

Anonymous

Over the course of the six weeks we spent together, I think that it is really the little things, like running through the caves and sharing canned meat late at night.

Stuart A

...group circles and all the laughter we had together.

Shilo S

...that it is a necessity of life to act without reason sometimes, and that alcohol is actually good for you.

Sweet Feet

...the sunset and sunrise the second to last night at Papoose. Sharing such sights with people you love, and respect makes them so much sweeter.

Biter

...running across the rock fall and reaching the top and seeing the expanse of the wilderness. It was amazing to see real mountains so close, and to realize everything we could see was inside the wilderness area.

Iceman

...the hike in! The smoke jumping base! The airplane rides! Chipmunks, hiking, laughing, swimming, and making dinners with TRIO!

Freddy

...the feeling of coming back into the concrete and civilized world- with only one desire . . . middle of nowhere.

Stretch

From Now On I Will Always...

...be consciously aware of myself and what I contribute (consciously or unconsciously) to the environment. From now on, I will always take a deep breath and take a moment out of everyday to “smell the flowers”.

Beuller

...realize that no matter how hard things get I will always have options.

Night Rider

...the accomplishments that I achieved in BLP. Also that I worked, and have worked, and will work as hard as I can.

Anonymous

...have trust in myself, my actions, and my decisions. I know that I have the ability to be a leader, and to hike eighteen miles in six hours.

Iceman

...learn to listen, because many people have good things to say.

Shilo S

...savor wiping with rocks.

Sweet Feet

...do paperwork ahead of time, so I don't have to sit in vans when other people go to the hot springs.

Biter

...remember to remember to appreciate the simpler things.

Stretch

...have stamina and to persevere through challenging difficulties.

Freddy

...push myself beyond what I think both my physical, but mainly mental limits are.

Ten Gallon

At NYC I Learned...

At NYC/BLP I learned that I have immense love, humor and compassion for all creatures- especially chipmunks! Also I learned that by reaching the core of your essence is amazingly surreal, and that by doing so, the experience brings only resilience and strength. And I learned this summer that I am a little crazy. . . Truly, and I wouldn't want it any other way.

Beuller

...I can do whatever I want as long as I put my mind, body, and efforts towards it.

Night Rider

...that being in this environment helps me melt into everything that I am and what I can be.

Anonymous

...to trust in my self and the decisions I made. I learned about so many different viewpoints people have on politics and the environment.

Iceman

...about myself, and how I function in a group as well as how other people respond to me in such a basic setting.

Anonymous

...to appreciate how much you can learn about yourself through others. This session magnified how much individuality can be instilled in one's self through other strong personalities. Friends equal a mirror into myself.

Stretch

...learned, learn, and will learn things innumerable. I learned that everyone has potential to become an incredible human being. I learned that people plucked from society and put together in the wilderness; find out a lot about themselves and who they are away from all their securities. Thanks for everything!

Freddy

...that the perfect shaped and sized rock is a beautiful, beautiful thing, especially when it's right next to your cat hole. Also that eighteen miles in an afternoon is a wonderful thing.

Sweet Feet

...what doesn't kill us only makes us stronger.

Biter

...to be respectful and listen.

Shilo S