

# A WANDERING REPORT 1

Posted on 2021-03-03 2021-03-03 by spd\_wp\_admin

Dear Reader (2021-03-03),  
Re: Sunday February 21, 2020

I have been walking with ghosts. These are the ghosts of my past. After returning from England earlier this year I made a commitment to myself to get rid of a lifetime's worth of paper. For most of February I have been doing some combination of recycling, scanning, or shredding. Not counting the magazines and software manuals that went directly into the blue box, I have filled over 15 large clear garden bags with shredded paper. I think I have another 25% effort to go. When a friend mentioned the possibility of a drive, I was pleased at the opportunity to keep the ghosts at bay for a day.

Wanders may or may not have a destination, may or may not involve driving, and may be urban or rural. In other words, they can cover just about everything outside of an overnight road-trip or a walk. In fact, I go on more wanders than walks.

Keith needs wine kits from Red Deer, and has an idea of taking a winding route home via Dry Island Buffalo Jump Provincial Park. As we have both been very COVID cautious, we agree to wander in one vehicle. After picking up a trio of wine kits, we turn east towards the coulees north of Drumheller.

For most of the drive, the grey skies limited form to the land. I am hard-pressed to see photographic dimensions. The drive becomes part reconnaissance for future wanders and part catch-up. My recent in person conversations have been with my wife and spectres. Part way through the day I observe that my conversation skills are rusty. It is though still a pleasure to drive and speak with a friend. Keith's images of the wander can be found [here](#).

The first three images below form a triptych called "Close, Closer, Closest".

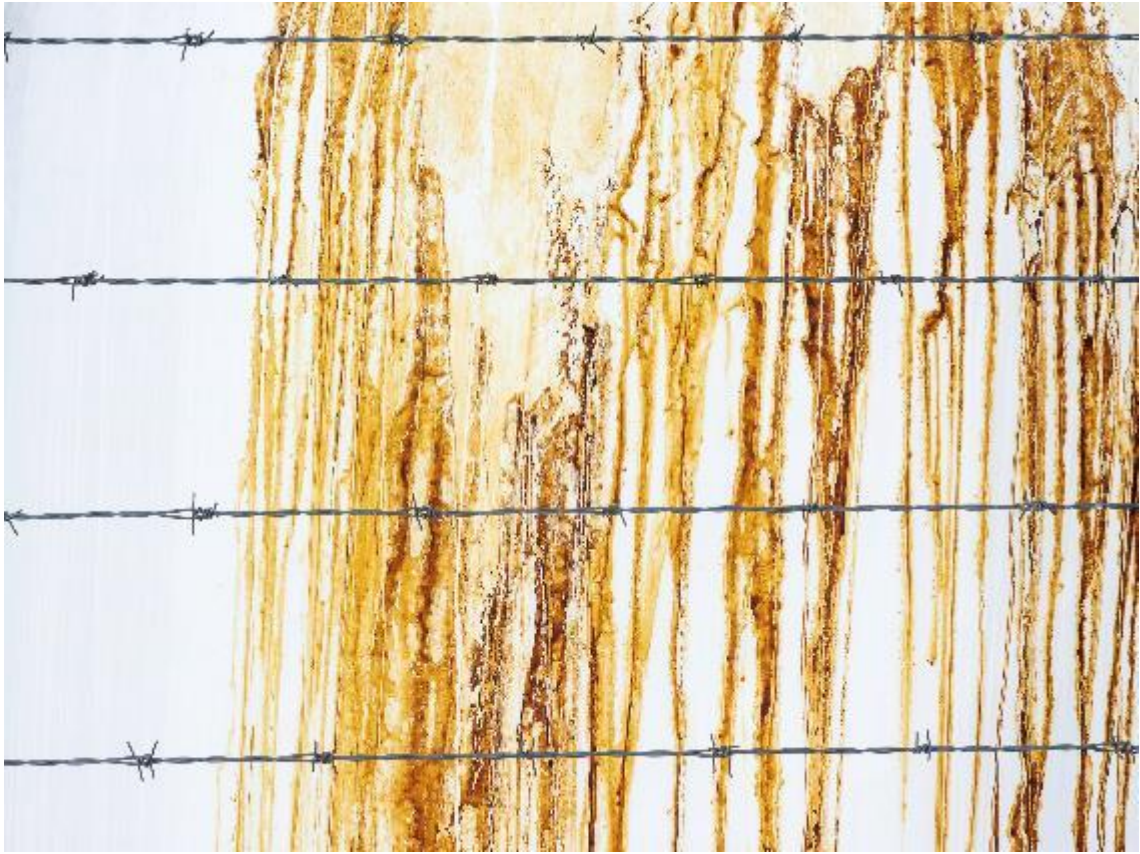
To remove the annoying band across the top of the full size image, click anywhere on the image.



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As always, your comments are sought and welcomed. Please come back on Saturday for A Wandering Report 2.

Cheers, Sean

## 4 Replies to “A Wandering Report 1”

1. **LIZ TOBOLA** says: 2021-03-04 at 22:49 Edit

me and my dog walked some fields in the hills, the foot of the mountains today. It was my birthday. It was a Beautiful day

1. **spd\_wp\_admin** says: 2021-03-06 at 14:25 Edit

Belated Happy Birthday Liz. Thank you visiting and commenting.

2. **Keith** says: 2021-03-03 at 17:11 Edit

It was a wonderful day! One of my plans for this summer is to take what is likely to be a very full day, and photographically explore the badlands canyons.

Now I see what you were shooting as you disappeared over the edge of the jump. I'm quite taken with that image. My main thought at the time was hoping I wouldn't have to go rescue you.

I'd mentioned that I wasn't impressed with my hay bale shots, though I do plan to look back at them and see if I've overlooked anything. Your shots of the bales are quite good, and a set gradually getting closer had never occurred to me.

At first I didn't care for the shed shot, but it's growing on me. Or I think it is. Your shot has a very different mood than mine. I've been meaning to go revisit mine, in my copious (snork) free time.

1. **spd\_wp\_admin** says: 2021-03-03 at 18:30 Edit

Keith thank you for visiting and commenting. I too had visions of me sliding down that cliff, especially as dirt started falling on me as I was trying to find a stable position. Let me know if you would like company on a badlands day, maybe beginning with a Horsehoe Canyon dawn, or ending with star trails there. I agree with your observation on the difference in our shed image moods. The darkness in my view was intentional. The more I think about it, my shed image could be an illustration for your post on barriers. Cheers