



NUGGETS of NEWS March 2023



From the

SHAWANGUNK NATURE PRESERVE



Misty Brook

Upcoming Workshop: MACRAME PLANT HANGER

March 11, 2023, 10:30 am – 1:00
at 217 Shawangunk Rd.
Cold Brook, NY

Hang-out with fellow crafters and learn some basic macrame knots while making an elegant, but simple plant hanger out of lovely cotton cord. We'll have some tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwich (\$8) available if desired or bring your own lunch. Materials fee for the project is \$6. Please register by March 11, although there may be space for later registrants. Call 315 826 7405



The idea of living a long life appeals to everyone, but the idea of getting old doesn't appeal to anyone.
Andy Rooney

True happiness comes from the joy of deeds well done, the zest of creating things new.

Antoine de Saint-Exupery



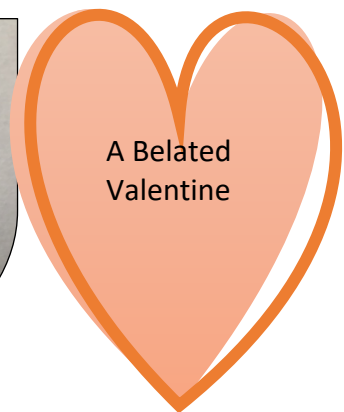
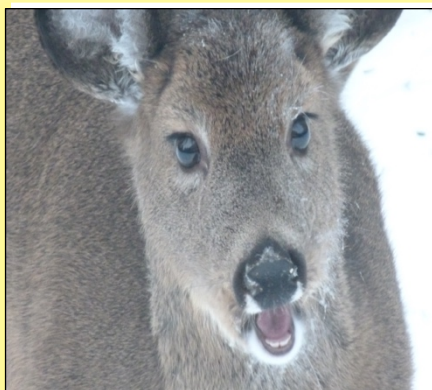
Tim & Becky walk on the Bent Bridge over a marsh on the Three Pond Trail. Beneath them is the frozen upstream part of Misty Brook which shows multiple tracks of beavers passing through between the ponds.

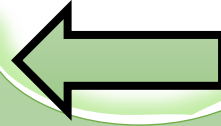
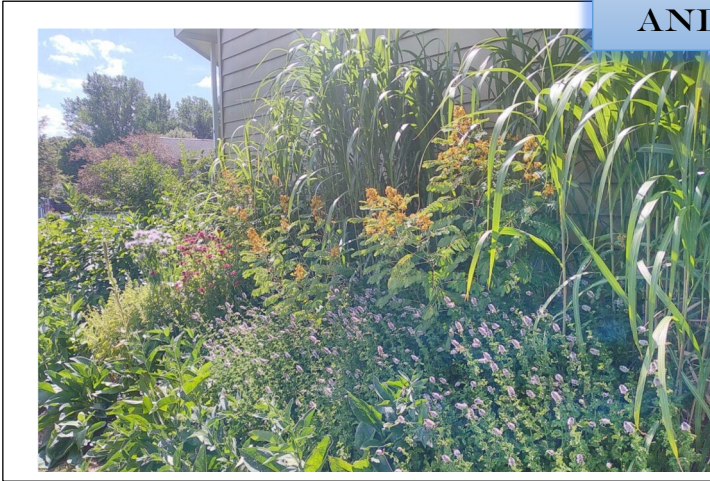
EMBRACING THE WINTER

By Kimberly Behrendt

The Danish have a concept called hygge, pronounced “hoo-gah.” It is this idea of surviving winter by surrounding oneself with cosines, soft blankets, candles, seasonal food and simply things that make life good and warm

Like many, winter used to feel like a dark, cold and miserable time to me. But as our years filled up with child-care, house maintenance and summers rushing by, I started to look forward to the hoo-gah days of winter, spent inside where it seems more acceptable to slow down, grab a blanket and a book and rest into it. Now I embrace this time. I don't count my days away through it but try to remain present and appreciative of everything I can learn within it. I essentially hygge into my winter and am grateful for it. The beautiful thing is that hygge doesn't have to end with winter, it can also be an approach to all the seasons of life, enjoying our days as we grow and change with the earth.





DID YOU KNOW?

(Recommended by a Preserve Friend)

There is a new local tree and plant nursery which offers home-grown trees & shrubs of various nuts, fruits, pioneers, natives, shrubs & willows!

Located at Old Path Farm in New Hartford, personal tours and assistance with your selections are offered at Andrew's Nursery 9035 Grange Hill Rd., New Hartford, NY

You may check out what they offer at: Andrewsblendorio.com

IT IS THE UNATTAINABLE THAT APPEALS

Maxfield Parrish



The State Forest overlooking Hinckley Lake at Price's Beach during late February 2023!!! Where is the snow?

Delving Deeper

by Timothy Hume Behrendt

Throughout our lives we are encouraged for the best of reasons to have stable pleasant moods, and especially to work hard at being happy and content. Yet, this is unrealistic to the way we are made emotionally. We wax and wane in and out of mental and feeling states throughout the minutes, hours, days, weeks and years of our lives. We are like the moon in this respect with the same face showing many varying lights, shades and shadows of being.

Accept the reality that happiness is only an occasional mood state that most of us will hopefully, and regularly experience.

From Tales from Shawangunk
by Peggy Spencer Behrendt
Volume 3. March 1975
(a camping trip to Florida)

We head for the Syracuse Airport with camping gear, folding bicycles, tent, air mattresses, bedding, pillows, tarp, and a soft, insulated food bag. A friend will pick us up at the airport, take us to a store where we buy enough food for ten days, then drop us off at the campground which is thirty miles from the nearest store. It's important that we remember everything!

We get to the airport and unload the bags before parking the car. What? There are only three bags of camping gear! Where is the fourth? Oh, no!

We couldn't have left one behind!

"I told you to take it out to the car last night, but you insisted on putting it in the shed instead! I knew this would happen if you did!" I accuse Tim, with venom in my voice.

"You were responsible for making sure everything was loaded up!" he retaliates in anger.

We are both intractable. I am so furious; I am having trouble resisting the desire to yell and have a tantrum in front of all the people in the airport. Our flight will leave in 40 minutes. No time to go home. How can we go camping without a tent?

As we enter the plane, our fury goes on in strained undertones of accusations and reiterations of our different perceptions of the sequence that caused this calamity. I get a headache. I quietly cry. What will we do? Finally, I close my eyes and try to nap.

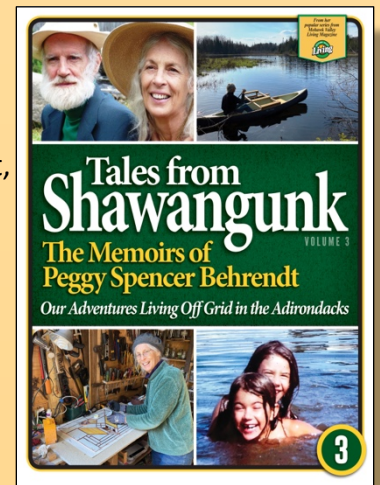
We arrive and I feel like Dorothy entering the Land of Oz. It's no longer twenty below zero. It's an Elysium of sunshine, warmth, bird song, flowers, and green trees! We can breathe without coughing from the shock of cold air on our lungs. We both feel relieved and refreshingly calmer than we were when we left.

"We can just go to a store and buy another tent and air mattresses," Tim says. *"I know its extra cost, but we'll just have to do it."*

I agree. And despite calmer discussions about it in the future, neither of us ever accepts sole responsibility for this mishap. It's just one of those things.

We return to the wild winter world of Shawangunk Forest refreshed, energized and less pale. The icicles on our windows begin to drip during the day, finally crashing down in chunks with a startling boom in late winter sunshine. We sip sap from a freshening maple like children nursing from their forest mother. The once alabaster snow becomes an aqueous canvas painted with drifts of black springtails, brown pinecone detritus, freeze-dried rabbit scat and twig liter. I plant the first garden seeds in the sweet scented, newly thawed soil of our scrap-wood greenhouse.

With joy and relief, our frozen forest and garden begin to waken from the somnolence of deep winter, and so do we.



The Tales from Shawangunk books are available at Central NY Natural Food Stores (\$15 donation) and by order from the Preserve. See our website to order @ ShawangunkNaturePreserve.com. or call 315 826 7405



"Forgiveness is the quality of the brave, not of the cowardly..."
Mahatma Gandhi