

I Was Formed By

I was formed by the strength Lake Tahoe's deep blue waters and the bold formations of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Walking along her wooded paths fill my soul with a quiet courage. When my eyes look up to her heavens, I am gifted with strength to carry on my journey.

I was formed by the shelter of the sugar pine forest and its majestic stance, her branches envelope me providing protection from harm. When I am cold, she makes a sacrifice and provides me with warmth from the fire. As I listen to the sound of her wind blowing gently through the tall striking pine trees, bending and swaying, feeding my body and filling my lungs with crisp fresh air.

I was formed by her black skies as evening comes and the sun falls from the mountain peaks, I am not afraid. She rewards me when the night turns dark with brilliant stars to guide me into slumber.

I was formed by the crisp quiet of the morning and the richness from her shores. The schools of fish can be seen deep within the crystal-clear water. Life is abundant and I am given the comfort and security to thrive from her gardens to the mountain peaks.

I was formed by the safety within her arms as she cradles me to sleep at night with the soft sounds of her shores rocking, gently whispering that I am not alone.

I was formed by the storytelling of the Washoe people, caretakers of this mighty place, my spiritual home. Embracing each season, its changes to the land that feeds my hunger and respecting all of life that surrounds me.

We were formed by the love for each other on her beautiful shores. On a crisp morning we walk to her beaches and feel the coarse warm sand on our feet. The smell of freshwater at her shores delights all my senses. We count 1, 2, 3, go and race each other into her icy cold water screaming and yelling with childhood pleasure readying ourselves to dare and jump in again.

Lake Tahoe, you were with me when I was born, watched me grow and stood by me when I married. Oh, how I love you, you protected me, you are ever changing and always the same. You speak to me of a perfect place where the spirit of nature provides all that is good.

Today you wait for my return; soon I will smell your pine aroma, taste the fresh water of your shores, and run barefoot along the beaches digging my toes and heels through the warm coarse sand, singing and dancing with the joy this life has given to me.