

Wishing All a Merry and Festive Christmas in 2018...



Fall in the Sierra Sangre de Cristo above Mora, Oct 5, 2018

The past year sometimes seems to have been a continuous round of medicos here in Vegas and in Pecos, Santa Fe and Albuquerque, but it was not so; we squeezed in a few outings such as this one to view the turning aspens. And it was not in vain, for Kathryn's diabetes is under control, and Peter's diabetes seems to be gone, though his continuing (16 mo, 3 ops, c.20 office visits since Sept '17) eye problems are not quite resolved, he is still looking for some glasses by Xmas, though now he can see at a distance for the first time in his life without glasses, though not exactly clearly.

We went on an outing to San Agustin a small village 9 mi SE of Las Vegas, on the Rio Gallinas, c.30 mi by road, the last half was by minimally maintained

narrow dirt where we had to wait for a calf to finish nursing in its middle and let us pass. We were looking for a large mass of cane Cholla in scarlet bloom. The cactus were there but the bloom was largely over. In compensation Peter found and photographed a Milkweed he had never seen blooming before and a new Evening Star which had to be picked and carried home for these flowers only open in the evening for only one night. And there it bloomed in its full glory along with our Cholla, transplanted from the wilds of AZ then NV, in glorious scarlet bloom.



*Grassland Blazingstar,
a one night stand*



*Kathryn in the door of
ruined church, Jun 19*

In September we managed a picnic at Villanueva SP, a favorite spot we first visited in 2005 when we were still looking for our post-retirement Elysium Fields which we found here in Vegas and environs. The Pecos was low, wade-able before the rains in '05 but this year, after the incessant rains since July, it was a fast roiling muddy RIVER! We just sat on the bank and watched that river roll on by.

Peter in his obsessive need to see and photograph everything was off into a great mass of fall blooms when he spied a butterfly he had seen but once in the one and only poor photo he had shot in order to see which of three yellows it was. It wasn't any he knew and he had been on the look-out ever since. 'Twas a Dainty Sulphur, smallest (wing span: $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ") Namer yellow and she found him, landing about one foot in front of him on a Cow-pen daisy. He had to step back in order to take the photos.

And a lovely day it was.



*Kathryn in rio Pecos,
Villanueva, July 2005*



*Dainty Sulphur
(Nathalis iole)*

...and a Happy, Joyful New Year in 2019 to All

And there was Art. We managed a few trips to Santa Fe's Lensic Theatre: a wonderful dance troupe, PILOBOLUS; a new to us opera, the Met's Samson et Dalila by Saint-Saëns that we thought was great; and last New Year's Eve Concert dress rehearsal with Sally and Bill, a \$20 open seating bargain. We plan to return this New Year's eve. Tchaikovsky and no New Year's Day hang-over. At home in Vegas there are too many concert to attend all, we attend as many as we can; in November we heard the Madrigal Choir sing *Nuestra Musica*, songs of Spain and Latin America through the ages.

And the visual Arts: cinema, museums, Open Studios in Dixon, a delightful show in Los Alamos library, a large eclectic idiosyncratic retrospective by Suzanne Vilmain occasioned by her departure from Santa Fe with a life's work. The big Art news is that Kathryn, Carol and Mary, who make art together once a week, held a joint show Inspired by Nature for the month of June. There were paintings, ceramics, floral cyanotypes, dream-catchers and mobiles, all inspired by nature. The reception went off well with a crowd of friends, family, fans and general art lovers. The artists then sat the Gallery throughout the month. Boy, were we busy!

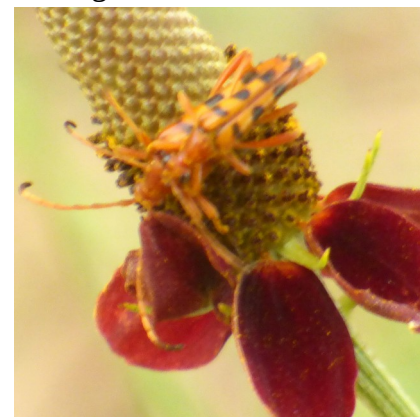


That song is wrong about not being cloudy all day. Since July 5th, the day after las Fiestas it started to rain copiously and when not raining it was still partly cloudy, hence summer was cooler and wetter than



Bog Violet (*Viola nephrophylla*)

normal, Ireland was hotter and drier than normal to compensate. The drought from Oct '17 til Jul '18 left few spring flowers for Peter to photograph, though he did find a new one, the Bog Violet, in a ditch draining the utilities yard after passing it unnoticed for years. In desperation he turned to BUGS! In June he was admiring his wild flower garden when he noticed the red flickering of insects (bright red bodies under those orange wing-covers)



6 Spotted Strangalia beetles
hooking up

buzzing all the flowers, briefly stopping for a quick bite but the flowers aren't just a café they are also a pick-up bar. With 6 Spot, an obsession was born as he began stalking, photographing and identifying all he could with a little help from the cats bringing him the occasional beetle or moth and wife, in a distressed voice, pointing out the Spiders. The results of all this should appear this winter at www.kayakpeter.net

Here's Looking at you, With all our Love and Best Wishes,



Kathryn
✱ *Peter*