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Organization:

Title:

Comments: The Crazies

Last summer on the birthday of the deceased father of our 3 three sons, I crept up the last five miles of Big Timber Canyon Road to Half Moon Campground. After setting up my tent and building a fire, I enjoyed a simple supper. The stars grew brighter. And brighter: so many. I remember sitting back in my chair with the feeling that I was the luckiest woman on Earth at that moment. Tomorrow I would hike in to meet my son who left the west side on a traverse 3 days earlier.

I am a nurse. I give of myself on a daily basis to connect with patients, to understand, as they deserve. The Crazies replenish my soul. The dusty bumpy road leads to a place of peace and restoration. I may not be there on a vision quest as Native Americans might...yet, I am. I am changed when I hike and backpack in this sacred place, when I listen to the wind, the silence, and songs of the creeks and lakes.

We have an opportunity to preserve a sacred place. You have an opportunity to preserve the Crazies for all of us and for those that follow, for native people, and for the place itself: the animals, waters, the rare silence of a wild place.