



THE WIND RIVER RANGE, WYOMING

In a spiritual quest in the summer and autumn of 1973, I camped alone in these mountains, a day's hike from the nearest trail head. On one occasion, in a long ramble on up into the high country, I spent the night sitting by a campfire beneath the celestial splendor, listening to the choir of coyotes. The next morning, being then fully two days from any civilization and in the midst of overwhelming scenery where few persons ever ventured, I found inexplicably lying in the wet grass a small slip of paper printed like those found in Chinese fortune cookies—the revelation which I had been seeking. It read:

Extend the hand in friendship and be affectionate.