

Special Meeting Agenda
Tolland Conservation Commission
Zoom Remote Meeting
Thursday, October 26, 2023, 7:00 p.m.

- 1. Call to Order**
- 2. Roll Call**
- 3. Seating of Alternate(s)**
- 4. Public Comments**
- 5. New Business**
 - 5.1. 2023 Photo and Poetry Contest
- 6. Old Business**
- 7. Reports/Information from Other Organizations**
- 8. Staff Updates (David Corcoran)**
- 9. Items for Next Meeting**
- 10. Announcements**
- 11. Adjournment**

To join the Zoom meeting, either click:

https://zoom.us/j/4325402030?pwd=NG43ZHcyOXBQOGJldzZVTmQxNmhZZz09+13017158592,,4325402030#,,,*444555#

Or call: 1-646-876-9923 and input:

Meeting ID: 432 540 2030

Passcode: 444555

2023 Photo & Poetry Contest

Submissions

People Photography on the Tolland Trails



Entry #3 "Twins on the Trail" – Beth Schultz

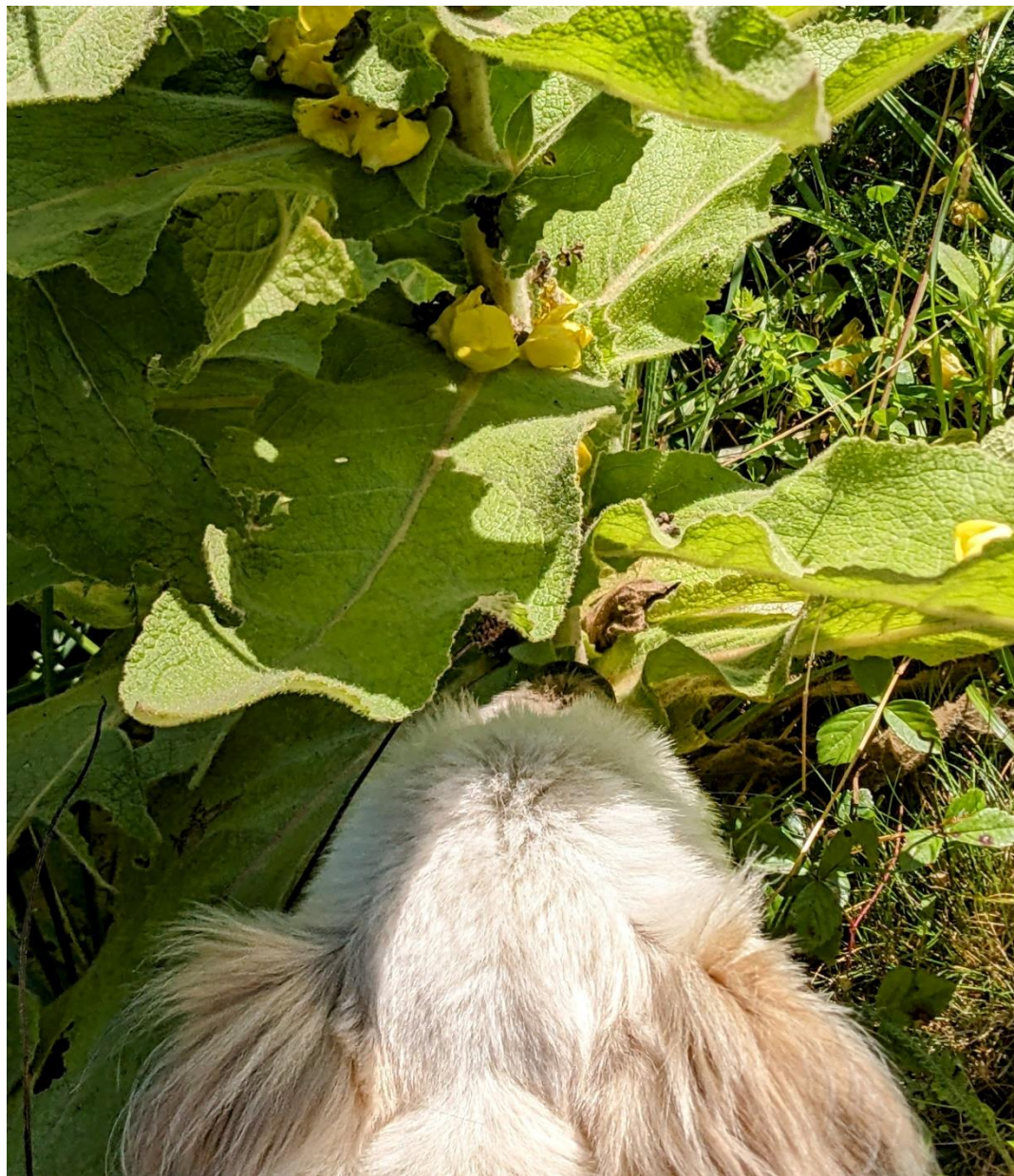


Entry # 6 “Hiker in the Trees” – Miranda Simao



2023 Winner
People on the
Trails

Entry #7 "Get Lost" – Chris Percy



Entry #12 "Sniffing at Crandalls" – Debbie Becker

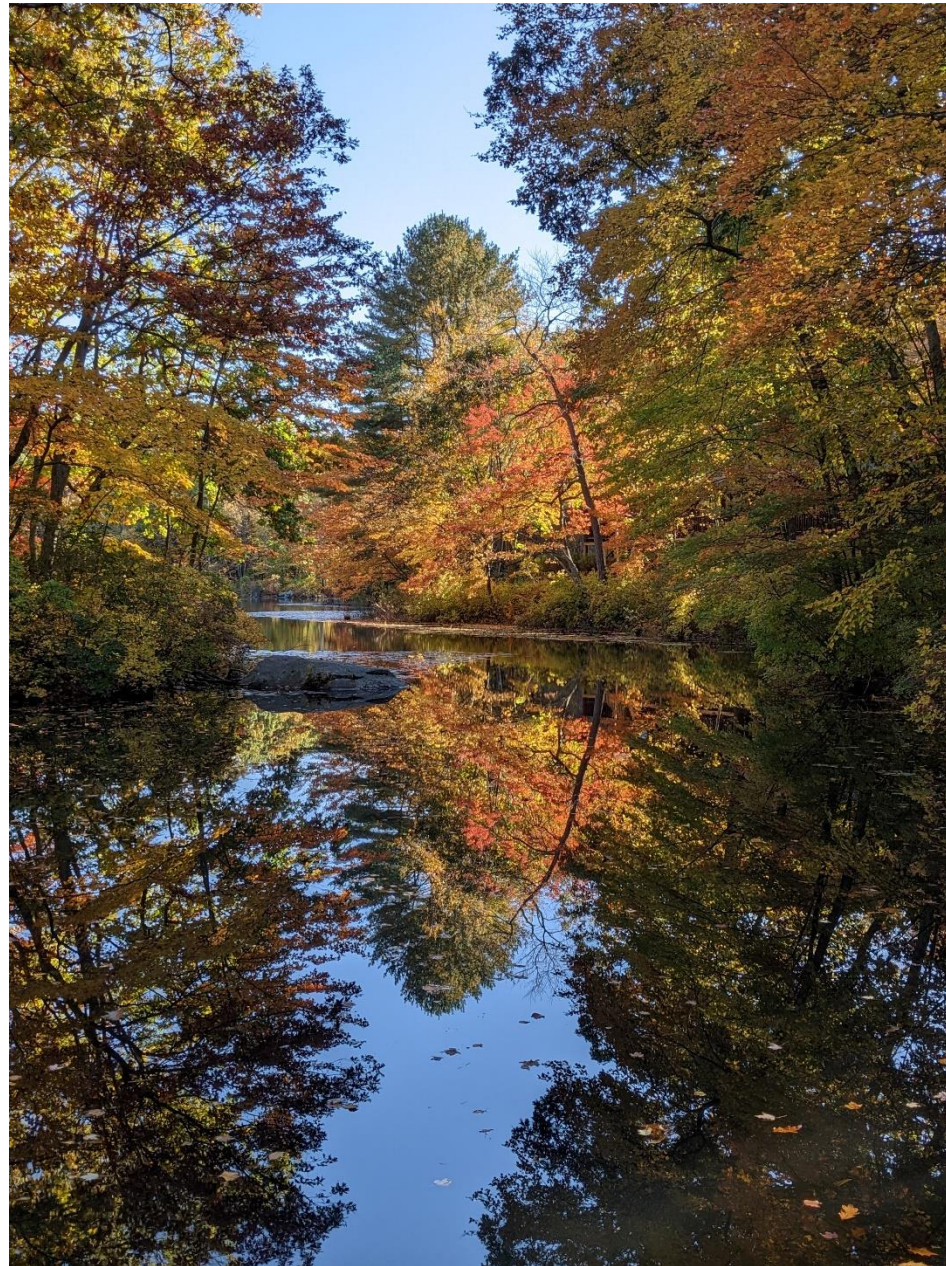
Natural Landscape Photography on the Tolland Trails



Entry #1 “Fungi” – Michele Vizina



Entry #1 "Mountain Laurel" – Michele Vezina



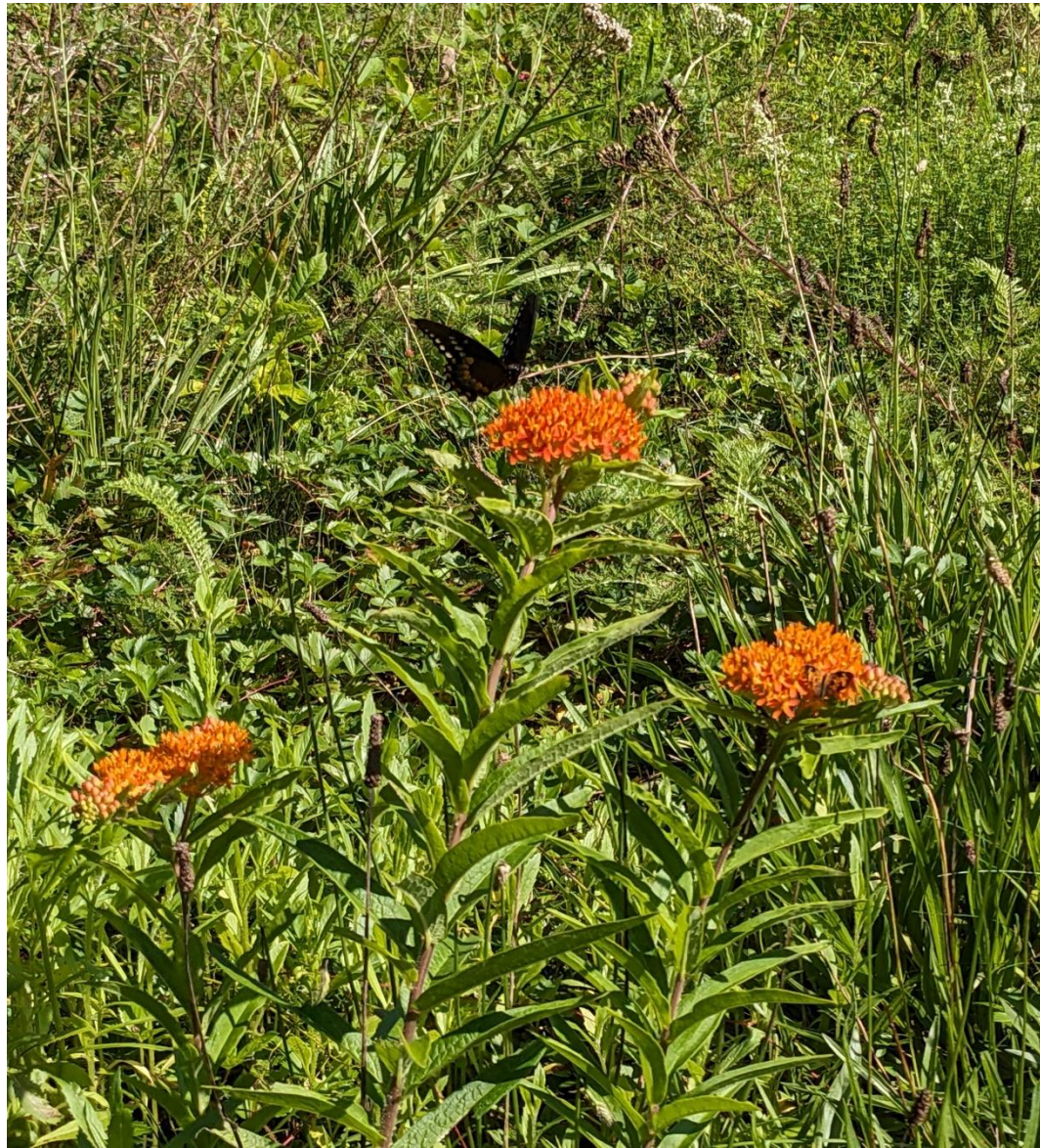
Entry #9 "Friends Gateway to Powell Pond" – Ronald Johnson



Entry #10 "Autumn Peeks in" – Marian Murphy



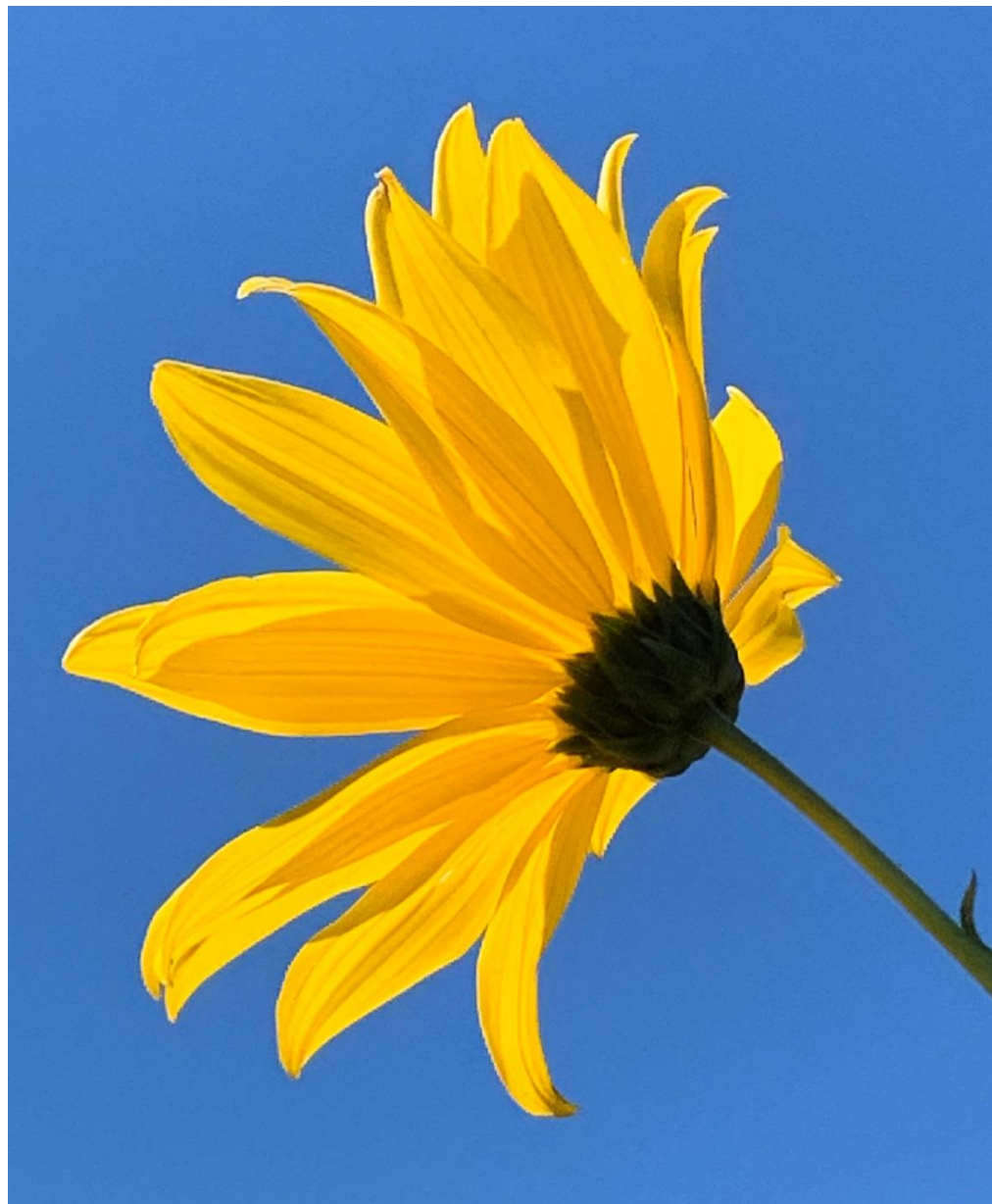
Entry #11 "Rocks of Time" – Marian Murphy



Entry #13 “Stopping by Crandalls’ Meadow” – Deborah Becker



Entry #14 "The Buzz" – Stan Tetrault



Entry #14 "Backlit Flower" – Stan Tetrault

Poetry on Tolland Trails

Summer's Mysteries- Age 16
By Lenah Hellerich

Eastern winds ebbing and flowing-
whispering white stolen memories
I once dreamt, ventured back when
youth still wore my small shoes
like a child in bright blue rain boots.

Dragging soggy prints against
the morning dew sprinkled
through the narrow throat
of that trail I once touched.

Gently exhaling deep,
humid swooning sighs
in a contempt of hazy jealousy.

The fog uplifted into heaven's brilliance,
left to the stained pink and blue
skies, cotton candy tasted by the
early rise of weary clouds.
A breathless summer breeze
caressing the musty evergreen
tree's nimble arms,
dancing in sync,
waving, saying
Hello.

A woven inflamed rubble stained
path, no one around,
haphazardly strewn gravel
imprinted with a sense of purpose-
cherished by tiny steps
and then the next that followed
lightly looking up to its God,
aware the trees grasped thin power.

Leaves painted in the glimmering
sun's shimmering golden dress,
floating gracefully in the wispy,
white, blaring streaks' souls.

My soles gently embrace each
smooth, sanded rocky stoop
to the peak of enchanting heights.

Sharply engraved lines crept, an
artist's delicate inscription of hills
cascading in the vast expanse like
an icy churning waterfall. An orange
dome cresting the waking horizon,
boldly blinking back igniting shards
of fiery passion
Upwards.

Pastel shades of pink and white
speckles fluttering about,
carried bravely by the wind's
tender touch. Mountain laurels
blossoming a fragrance of
melancholic beauty.

Knowing, whispering faintly,
I'll eventually have to go.

Autumn Walk At Tobiasson Forest

June L. Mita

Marvel at the yellow woods,
Let me be near to your nature's heart.
Inspired, we walk even higher
Along an enchanted rock strewn path.
Sol's warmth assured we hear
A twittering bird's song.
Soft air clings, breath of life,
And freely we walk
As God's voice drifts in to our quiet thoughts.

Passing of deer and time
Have hewn this golden path.
Oak roots rise in sublime
Disarray along the unsteady ground.
We are children again,
Hands clasped with Autumn love.
A chest filled with pieces of eight
We congregate with the falling leaves
That cling to our hair and crunch under our feet.

We leave behind the motors and rush
And embrace our silent company
In the midst of this golden afternoon,
Free to any who seek to be
Dancing with beeches and flitting chickadees.
Riches in rings and artifacts,
Luxuries and desires of the modern world
Cannot compare to nature's gold.
The purpling asters and goldenrod
Dripping with bees and their nectar,
Put hard gold coins to shame.

A Simple Recipe For Trail Travel

Start with a step, any path will do
Say Hello to yourself and mean it
Add your willingness to BE ALL THAT IS
Immersing yourself in the natural splendor
See your body as the center of all that exists around you
Let rise any thoughts or feelings but do not stir!
Add a few more steps and a dash of self-kindness
Taste and add your own seasonings of uniqueness,
If bitter, remove self-pity and add self-forgiveness
If sour, remove self-loathing and add self-love;
(CAUTION: Tiny amounts sweeten the whole being)
Walk further inward, kneading with outrageous humor
If humor hard to find, substitute with a thought of Joy
If Joy in short supply, add Gratefulness in larger quantity
Blend until smooth; removing all lumps, releasing all bumps
Top with a few breaths, add a few more steps
Then pour all into nature's readiness to enjoy.

BAKE: In The Sun Of A New Day

submitted by Hollie Barnas



2023 Winner
Poetry

Trees

Sky on water is like a mirrored
King unraveling silk. Shenipsit lake,
Feather from time's wing.
The night has
Rooms for winds that sleep.
Woodpecker hotel tree keeps it's
Guests. Do prayers return
To their source in which mouth do they rest.
vacant rooms
Invite remorse on a starless
Night. Woodpeckers drill, are they
Carpenters for a provisional
Ark. Day's light
Spilling eye. Walkers absorb
Sights, mountain Laurel of
Luce conservation area, knofla
Water lilies, Willimantic river tempts
Walkers to deliver prayers for
It's conservation, chance of
Birds passing over the
Moons reflection on
Waters being caught
Like the dreams of a king
In the mirror.
Submitted by Barry Carter