Save the San Marcos Foothills



Santa Barbara, CA



@sierrahouse_

When all is said 3 done, it wasn't local celebrities or Janta Bárbara's wealthy elite who did everything they could to save the foothilly... it was everyday people. The following pages serve as a testament to how vacred & beloved this land truly is. No luxurious home can ever compare to what Mother Earth blesses us with each day.

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In the Foothills

One day, I will tell my grandchildren about my time here about the two weeks spent in prayer watching the clouds cascading over the mountains about the coyotes and the deer the water that poured over our hands and faces tasting of metal and medicine the laughter we shared into the night

I will tell them about how
we didn't truly sleep
woken by cop light and nerves
woken from dreams by visions of mortality
woken by a wind that swept around us
like a current
turbulent and cold

I will tell them about the brilliant sunlight that would wake us each day and about the morning near the end when I watched the sunrise felt eyes on the back of my neck turned and saw an owl perched on a tree

how I stared into its eyes and did not fear death understanding that if I should die here it would be okay

because

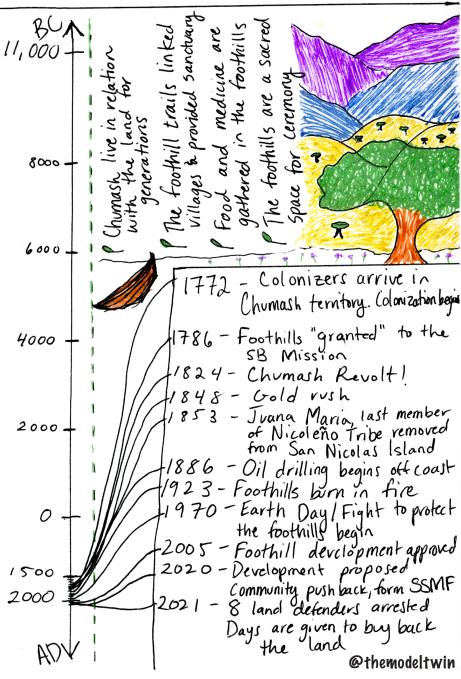
I love the land so much that I would die a thousand deaths to protect her







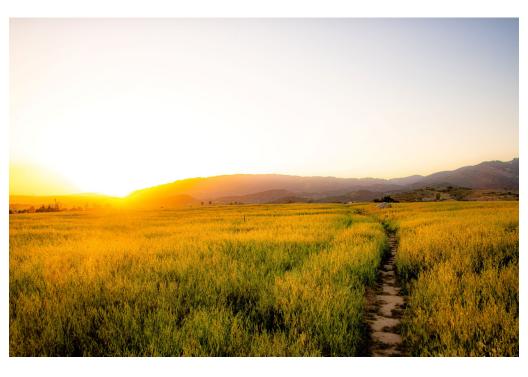
A HISTORY THE FOUTHILLS























Sunday to Thursday

On Sunday they said
Create No Sorrow
And yet I feel the sorrow of the land
others have created.
I am bracing myself,
am building an armor for what
may happen when we fail.

On Monday we were greeted by the swallows who had returned for their breeding season Birds. The one moment when hollow bones mean the ability to fly.

When air, seemingly empty, carriers birds on their wings a kestrel braving the wind a northern harrier *Do you see it soar?* a majestic red tailed hawk so close, his color a direct link to our worrying hearts.

On Tuesday we recognized the hawk's color in a stone we found where people had been walking the land. Pigment created by rhythms of our feet. I collected some stones, memories preserved in my pocket.

On Wednesday I woke heavy with a dream Of grandfather sage, reborn after fire. Gone. Of swaying wildflowers. Gone. Did you see the portal in one of the oaks? Gone.

On Thursday I fled to the desert
Hoping the vastness would protect my feathered heart
on land where we seem so fragile.
But even coated in timeless dust
I will forever return
to mourn the medicines
they might take from us.























MEET ME AT THE FOOTH MEET ME WHERE THE SUN BAKES THE EARTH AND THE WIND BLOWS FREE MEET ME WHERE NATURE IS KING AND THE BIRDS SING MEET ME AT THE FOOTHILLS, WHERE WE WILL ALWAYS BE



















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Make a donation today at: foothillsforever.org/

