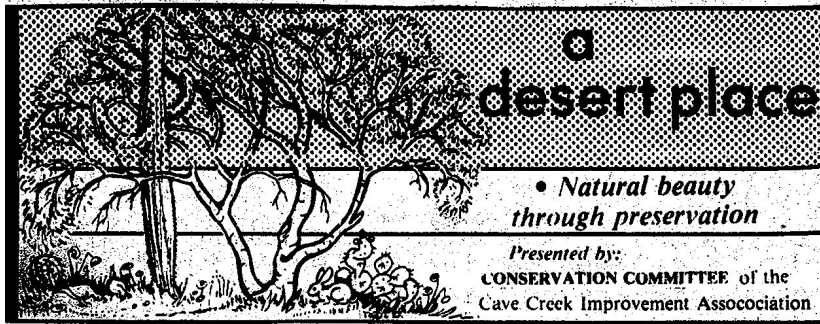


# Parallels in the sun's rounds and ours



## desert place

• Natural beauty  
through preservation

Presented by:  
CONSERVATION COMMITTEE of the  
Cave Creek Improvement Association

*Blue Mt. News - 15 March 1984*  
First light, gray, indistinct, mysterious. Then, suddenly ... sunrise!

Fresh-faced, seemingly born new, the sun appears in the eastern sky, swiftly clearing the dim of the brooding Sierra Madre. For the desert creatures of the daytime life begins afresh. It is once more what the Mexicans call "la salida del sol," not the arrival but the "departure" of the sun.

Are there not close parallels between the eternal daily round of the sun and the little life of a

man? At first the sun's rays are soft, mild, without strength. And so begins the human life, tender, weak, making little impression. The morning moves on and the climbing sun gathers strength, makes its being amply seen and felt. Thus does the man move upwards through infancy, childhood, youth ... towards adulthood.

At noon the desert sun stands high, hot and proud in the southwestern sky and all life, human, animal, vegetable (and perhaps even mineral) is inescapably conscious of its radiance and fiery force.

So it is with a man in his prime. The world through which he spins in orbit is conscious of his zeal and power which, like the sun's, have the capacity for the growth and enhancement of life and its beings or the stunting and destruction of them.

There is a harshness along with the brilliance of the midday sun and, similarly, a man in the striking maturity of his middle years is sometimes tarnished with callousness.

In the mid-afternoon, the sun's light starts to soften, to mellow. The world heaves a sigh of relief! And a man in the afternoon of his life has perhaps come to realize the impermanence and illusiveness of shining success, of fame and glory and, though the passions, like the late sun, have lost their fire, his mind and aspect have ripened. His way is now illuminated by wisdom, that golden inner light.

All too suddenly comes the sunset, often a time of uplifting

beauty as the darkening skies resplendently salute the dying sun, now wearied of his daytime task and sinking into the sleep of night. In such a manner comes a man's life to a close, at times with the majesty of a sunset over the Sonoran Desert, at others gently, quietly and without fanfare.

As night falls and casts a black shroud over the departed day, it seems, sadly, as if the sun has fled forever. Not so, for it will return refreshed, renewed, regenerated, from that other world beyond the horizon, that unknown world which seems so very far away.

So it is with the spirit of man. It appears to be gone forever, have left for remote and chartered parts — yet, like the sun, it will unfailingly return, warm, nourish and impart strength to the university.

Written in Sonora, Mexico  
Conservation Committee  
member Geoffrey Plater  
November 1979.

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Readers comments and suggestions should be sent to Conservation Committee, P.O. Box 42, Cave Creek, AZ 85331.