

The doe, drinking from the fragile spring, turns as we approach, her grace reflecting the delicate beauty of this little Eden. She receives, along with wild rose, willow and grasses, the gift of life the spring offers.

For how many centuries has this delicate balance been artfully honed by nature: aquifers fed by winter snows feeding springs that create the Nevada too few know, the ancient Nevada that will die to feed the greedy demand of the spoiled toddler who thinks he is the center of the universe.

Such a short-sighted approach: to destroy the ancient, natural beauty of eastern Nevada to supply Las Vegas with water that will be wastefully, thoughtlessly consumed. The fragile springs will be gone but not the insatiable thirst for more and more water.

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