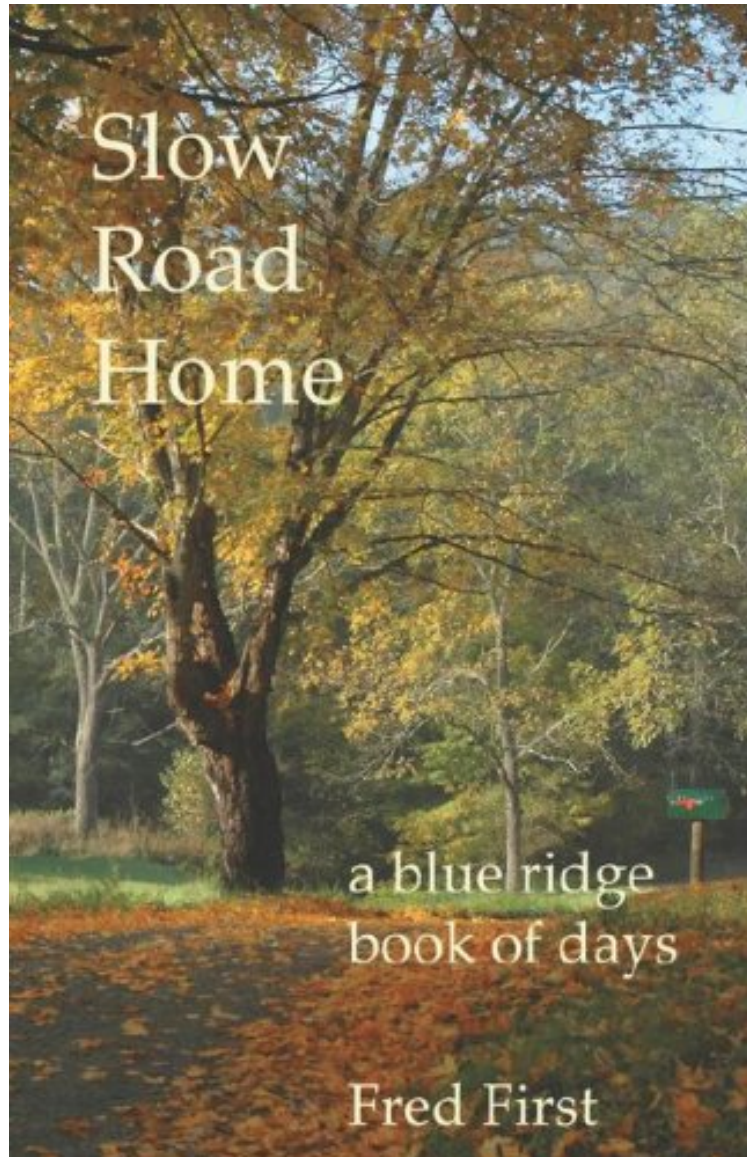


Slow Road Home

Frederick Blair First

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Frederick Blair First : Slow Road Home before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Slow Road Home:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. you can always find solace in natureBy Serenitysdad"Slow Road Home" is a great read, especially, this time of year - Fall in New England. There is like no other. While I grew up in the majestic surroundings of New Hampshire, and now the postcard-like atmosphere of Connecticut, I could relate to

Fred's writings of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and Goose Creek in SW Virginia. To anyone who has spent time in the woods, any woods, the sights, sounds, smells, the wanderings and wonderings that abound, the "smallest things, all around us, that live with us, unnoticed by many" ...you will enjoy Fred First's account of his wonderful piece of the world. Thank you for sharing with us Mr First. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Come along for a visit...By Gary Boyd Today for lunch I joined a friend I've never met. We walked along a creek with no name under hemlocks in a valley I've never seen. We passed a barn I've only envisioned in painted light upon my screen. The sun I couldn't see glistened on grasses in the field to dry the dew I did not feel. I wasn't there, and yet I was, visiting with Fred on Goose Creek in the mountains of Floyd County. I'll go there again tomorrow for lunch as I revisit a "Slow Road Home". Won't you come along? We'll visit Ann's Falls, we'll sit a spell under the white pines, we'll wave at the neighbors from the front porch. We'll while away the time as we discuss the important issues of the day, the bumblebees at play, and the hawks upon the wing. We can discuss anything at all as we visit there on the creek with no name along that "Slow Road Home". A visit to Fred thru a "Slow Road Home" always slows the day, sets the pace to another time, and takes you to another place. The place you've longed for since childhood, a place that brings back the memories of grandparents and more. A time when the constant companion was a single word...Why? Walk a while and listen to another's whys, you may discover the child you left a long time ago, far, far away. Where else can you feel free to laze in a summer rain, loll in an open field at night to watch the fireflies rise and stars fall, or chase spiders as they glide by? There is a maple on the cover that shelters a house that seems to have been there forever. The house is nestled up to the ridge like you shelter in the covers of a bed. How do I know this? I have seen this house thru the eyes of someone who loves it, and the tree, and the ridge and all it encompasses. You can see it too. Come walk the pages of Fred First's "Slow Road Home"... You never know, we may meet along the road. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Reviewing Fred First's book, Slow Road Home By David St Lawrence There is an old saying that when the student is ready, the teacher will appear. In Fred First's case, when he was ready to learn new lessons, he let Nature be his teacher. What he discovered about himself and his connection to his new home in the Blue Ridge Mountains will strike a familiar chord in everyone who has reached the point in life where our goals leave us unfulfilled. In Fred's book, Slow Road Home, he discusses finding himself with no purpose in life after he left his position as Physical Therapist. His wife, Ann, had a job and was supporting them both, and he faced the challenge that many face in these changing times, that of creating an existence which includes a means of earning a living and at the same time discovering a worthwhile purpose. It becomes apparent as you read this fascinating book, that Fred develops a philosophy for his life as he discovers himself. It is an account of how he set out to find wonder and meaning in the myriad details of life in his valley and in the long string of apparently random events that led them to this place they call, "Here's Home". His weblog journal, Fragments from Floyd, becomes a tapestry of his days chronicling his angsts, his sometimes humorous efforts to overcome them, and his epiphanies. He applies his considerable analytical abilities to the problems he faces, his discoveries about life in the valley along Goose Creek and the bliss he finds observing the infinite details of life on a calm summer day. He takes us through several turning of the seasons, the loss of a beloved canine companion, and the tenderly funny incidents that make up married life on Goose Creek. At the very least, this book could be considered a record of his love for the place he and Ann call home. For the rest of us, the greatest value in Fred's book may lie in the example he sets in so many ways of observing life closely, working to understand what he has observed, while discovering in himself the strength to persevere and share his discoveries with others. Inspiring, evocative, and moving, with many moments of dry humor. This book satisfies in many ways.

Some of us long for belonging to the land, for roots in particular and special places where, for reasons usually beyond our knowing, we resonate with the landscape. For those who have lived other places only to discover home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, there is a mystery and allure that draws them there. This pull First describes as a "magnetic resonance in our bones that pulls us toward an altitude, latitude and slant of sun that simply feels right for us like no place else." For such souls "the mountains hold a nutrient that we can not live without." At fifty four, the author left his profession in healthcare to explore where it was that he lived; for a time, this became what he did for a living. The daily discipline of intentional immersion in small wonders close at hand ultimately grew to become the story of the book, a celebration of one special mountain place that seems to have been waiting all his life for the author to find, to know and to share. Slow Road Home ~ a Blue Ridge Book of Days was published by Goose Creek Press in April, 2006. The author's background as naturalist, teacher and photographer inform this collection of more than a hundred lyrical essays and stories, many originally shared with weblog readers in the author's weblog, Fragments from Floyd. Slow Road Home is a book to read slowly as it unfolds through the seasons. Readers have commented that having read through once, they intend to read it again. Another reader states that Slow Road stays by her bedside where "it just makes me thankful and at peace, and I go to bed looking forward to what the next morning will bring." If you live in or long for the southern mountains, the pages of this book will remind you of the unique sights, sounds and smells of Virginia's Appalachian hills and home. Fred First is a physical therapist who practices part time at a clinic near Radford, Virginia and teaches as adjunct faculty for the biology department at Radford University. He lives on the

headwaters of the Roanoke River in a remote part of Floyd County, Virginia, with his wife Ann and yellow lab, Tsuga.