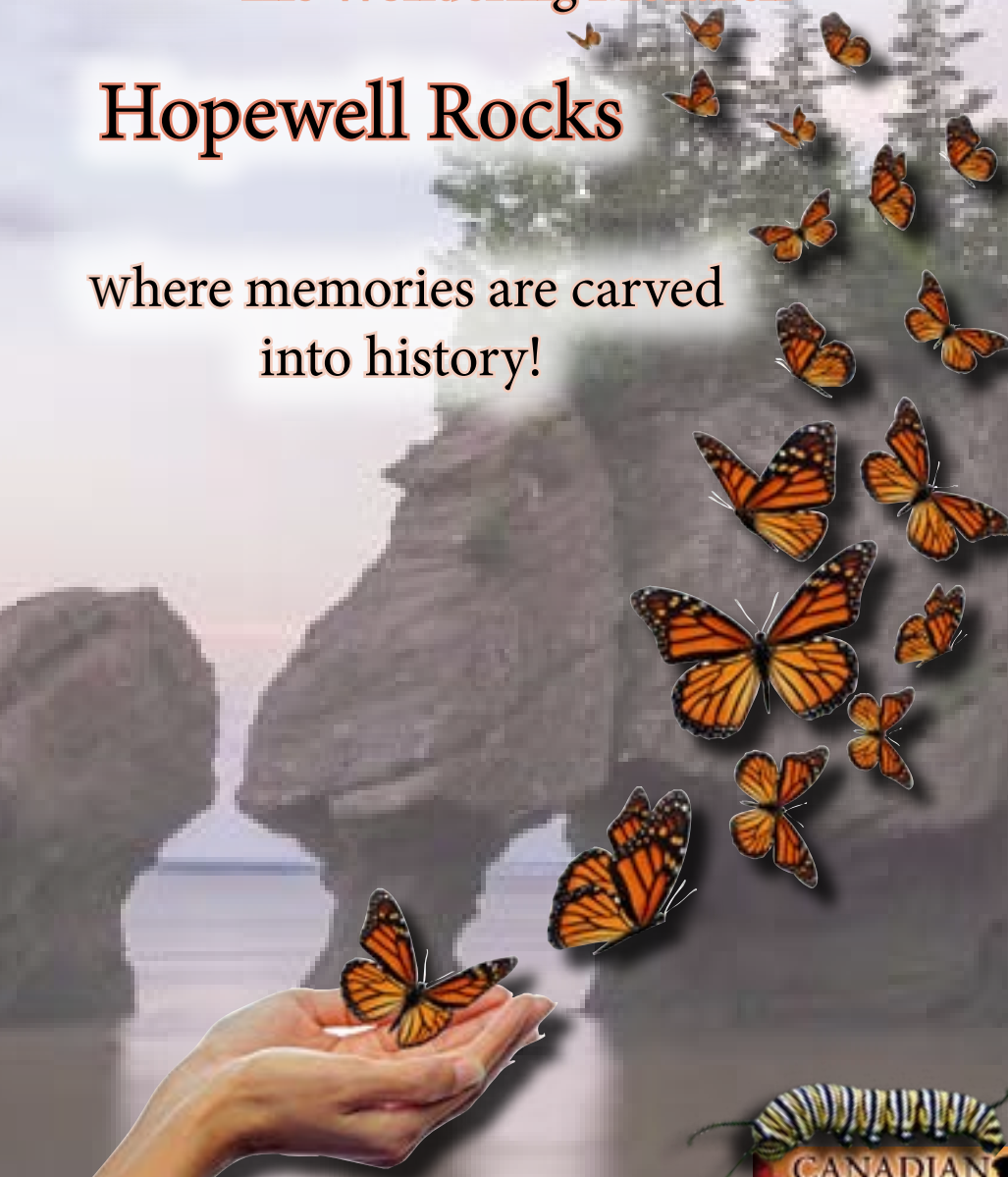


Carlos The 3rd

The Wondering Monarch

Hopewell Rocks

where memories are carved
into history!



Darkwood Woodcarving
By: Gary A Crosby M.M.M., C.D.



Carlos was once again pushing his wings extremely hard to gain as much altitude as possible before turning northward towards Moncton and Hopewell Rocks Provincial Park, located in Southern New Brunswick. He could feel the southern winds of summer starting to push him northward as he started once again riding the wind. With his home, the Irving Nature Park, now in the distance behind him, it would be smooth flying as the sky was clear, calm, and quiet.

It would only take Carlos a couple of hours to make it to Hopewell Rocks. This is one of the most magnificent attractions in New Brunswick. This is where you get to see Mother Nature at work. There is no other place like it. Hopewell Rocks has incredible trails, wonderful views, and, most of all, mind-blowing rock formations. Carlos was looking forward to darting in and around the rock formations.

But first he had to get there and keep from being some bird or wasp's next dinner. That in itself would be a challenge, as every day brings new dangers and wonders as he



flies over this incredible Province of New Brunswick.

Carlos was now flying over St. Martins Sea Caves, with the village of St. Martins being the perfect location to find some much-needed nectar, which would provide him with the energy he needed to make it past Fundy National Park and on to the Hopewell Rocks. Carlos started to glide and control his descent into the village, coming across a flower garden in the middle of town that was full of New Brunswick wildflowers, lots of goldenrods, milkweed, and lupins. Vibrant flowering plants lined the roadsides and between the quaint traditional homes of the Atlantic Province. Most of the wildflowers were in the legume family (Fabaceae); they are known for their tall, wild, colourful blooms. Carlos would spend about 20 minutes getting his fill of nectar before taking back to the sky and riding the wind towards Hopewell Rocks. Carlos would stop one more time at the Fundy National Park pollinator garden, where he would spend lunch resting and enjoying the view from the escarpment along the shore of the Bay of Fundy, watching the tide going out as he filled up on much-needed nectar. He could see a Great

Blue Heron working the mudflats as the tide went out, gathering their next meal of unsuspecting small fish caught by the receding tide.

This part of New Brunswick is an incredible place with its massive tides, wildflower gardens, and wonderful wildlife. Carlos could now see a Bald Eagle working the wind along the escarpment looking out over the Bay of Fundy. It was as if the Eagle was not moving but rather locked in time, if it wasn't for its wingtips twitching in the wind, you would never know it was flying. She just hung there, riding the wind effortlessly as if not flying at all.



After Carlos finished off his last flower and spending several more minutes of rest, he lifted off, catching the same Fundy Bay wind the Eagle was riding moments ago. The Bay winds were quite strong; they lifted Carlos up and forced him northward along the shore towards his final destination; Hopewell Rocks.

Carlos quickly realized that at this speed he would be in Hopewell Rocks just as the tide reached its full retreat. About the same time, the

ocean waters paused between the tide going out and rolling back in. That was by far the best time for viewing Mother Nature's handy work, her tapestry of stone artwork. After a couple of hours of light flying, due to the abundance of brisk sustainable winds, Carlos would reach Hopewell Rocks Provincial Park at 6 pm that same day. From his vantage point, he could see the tide was now on its way in for the night. He was a little behind schedule, but there was still loads of time to fly around the rock formations before nightfall.

If you have never been to Hopewell Rocks Provincial Park, there is a lot to take in. It's not just the tidal action but the visual art created by Mother Nature using water as her sculpting tool. It's the wild natural views along their forest paths leading to the rock formation. It's the abundance of nature's creatures wandering the forest floor and, of course, the ocean floor that becomes viewable every 12.5 hours. It's the combination of it all that makes this park so magical.

Carlos glided into the park with ease, looking for some flowers like Goldenrods that grow along the shoreline, and if he could find a place

where he could feed and enjoy the view of the Bay, that would be amazing. A couple of minutes later, he found just the place. It was one of the rock formations that jetted out into the bay. He could see loads of wildflowers at the edge of the cliff. It had everything he was looking for: a view and loads of nectar. This area looked like it would be low-human-traffic, so he would not be disturbed. That said, he did not mind most humans taking photos of his magnificent wings, as he considered himself quite photogenic; he was the King of the butterflies after all, he was the Monarch! It was the grabby humans and the ones with the small nets that had chased him and his friends in the past. But today it was all quiet; not a human in sight. He could see several Canadian Tiger Swallowtail butterflies and one Black Swallowtail butterfly resting on the Golden-rods leaning out over the cliff. This was the perfect spot to stop and rest.



Carlos was not there more than a couple of minutes when three humans arrived. They stopped about 10 meters from Carlos. He noticed they all

had large cameras and were preparing to take the perfect photo. Carlos decided he would give them a little show. He launched himself upward and flew around the patch of goldenrods, landing on one of the closest ones to the humans and lifting his wing slowly up and down, providing loads of opportunities for that perfect photo. Carlos could hear the distinct shutter sounds coming from their cameras. It was like he was a rock star posing for his loyal, dedicated Fans. This photo shoot went on for several minutes before the humans started to take photos of the Tiger Swallowtails. Carlos was not having any of this. He once again launched himself upward and towards the cameras that were now trained on him. If these humans wanted a show, Carlos was just the butterfly to provide it. The humans loved taking loads of closeups with Carlos in his natural surroundings. Carlos liked the attention so much he decided to leave the small group of amateur photographers and head to the big times, Hopewell Rocks, center of activity, the staircase down to the ocean floor.

Carlos used the last of the evening wind and headed to the Lovers Arch, a very cool stone structure. Mother Nature created several sculp-

tures, and yes, they are all named; the Elephant, which unfortunately collapsed in March 2016, to the Bear, Dinosaur, E.T., Mother-in-Law, and of course the Lovers Arch. But one thing for sure, there would be loads of humans; all with cameras for Carlos to dance in front of.

Just as Carlos made the turn for the staircase, he could see behind it a roost of extremely large monarchs, perhaps 100x his size each; he had to check this out. As he came closer, he could see lots of humans taking pictures of the monarchs; he also noticed that it was a very clever sculpture created by a human artist. It was designed to support the monarch species; not only with a wonderful sculpture, but with a very cool educational and storytelling side to it. (You're reading part of it now.)

Carlos decided that it was time to give the crowd of humans something very unique. He dove down and flew around the sculpture several times before landing on the forward-facing sculpted monarch. You could imagine the commotion that caused. A real monarch landing on a sculpture of a roost of monarchs. It was epic; human photographers were going



nuts. They were moving left and right trying to get that award-winning photo; Carlos was beside himself, or should we say full of himself. Since Carlos had a short attention span, he decided it was time to leave the photo shoot and do what he came here for in the first place: high-speed flight around the rock formations.

Carlos lifted off the sculpture and flew over the massive steel staircase, drawing even more attention to himself before darting toward the stone Ocean floor that was still exposed, as the tide had not yet come in. Carlos skimmed the Ocean floor, diving and weaving around the humans walking on the beach, drawing even more attention to his antics. He was going to give the humans a real show.

Carlos had now gained the attention of just about everyone in the area. So with that, it was show time! He darted around the first stone sculpture, circling it as he flew to the top of the Cape Rocks sculptures. He was now having the time of his life. He was truly riding the wind. The people loved it; you could tell by the number of phones and cameras watching



his every move. He would stop from time to time, allowing all the humans to get the perfect photo. After 20 minutes of this creative photo shoot, Carlos started to feel the need for some more nectar, and as the winds started to change with a cooler breeze, he felt the need for some rest before checking out the rest of the local area. With that, he gained some altitude so he could find the local wildflowers and a potential roost for the night.

Carlos would find the wildflower garden he was looking for along the southern shoreline over by Diamond Rock, just down the hill from the information center, where he would spend the next few hours gorging himself on Goldenrods and milkweed nectar. Once he was finished, he would head back to Cape Rocks for another show and find a local roost in the tall trees around Cape Rocks. Carlos would perform for the local tourists for the next few days, landing on the Monarch sculpture and perhaps a human from time to time. That is, if they looked worthy of his attention. It is said that if a monarch lands on you in the wild, it is good luck and Mother Nature is smiling at you.

Only after completely exploring Hopewell Rocks over the next week would Carlos consider moving on to his next destination, Parlee Beach. But first, he would watch the local events such as “Taste The Tides” dining experience or follow the walking trails that lead down to Cape Rocks. All in all, it will be a fantastic week of exploration and fun.

Please visit Hopewell Rocks Provincial Park online at:

<https://www.parcsnbparks.ca/en/parks/33/hopewell-rocks-provincial-park>

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Thanks for reading, and have a wonderful day.

“Art Is Magical”

