

If you're readin' this in the spring, meltwater is begin^hing to flow f^mom the ice and down to t^e lake, tumbling down a series of waterfalls. The water carries with it dust tiny motes o^f rock scraped from the rock bed, evidence of the glacier's heavy movement. In streams, this "rock flour" gives the water the appearance of diluted milk. Down in the lake, he particulate collects t^o color the water a brilliant, unforg^ttable turquoise. To the southeast, water drain^s into the Bow River, which elbows through Lake Louise a^d Banff and Canmore and Co^bran^a and Cag^a

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erally, in your bones.

It takes some time for the water from the glacier to make its way to the city. If you dropped a small toy boat into Bow Lake on a Sunday morning, and if it was lucky enough not to get caught up or sunk along the way, you could step out onto the Peace Bridge in Calgary early Wednesday evening and touch it drift below you. If you're not that patient, put the boat in our car, pull off the gravel shoulder and onto the Leefield Parkway, and drive southeast from the lake to the city. It would take you two and a half hours, if the traffic wasn't too bad.

I have a print of a black-and-white photograph of the Bow Glacier taken almost a hundred years ago. In it, a man stands with his hands in his pockets, gazing over the lake and up to the ice. Beside him is a large teepee, pitched on a gravel island. In the foreground, both the teepee and a portion of the mountain are reflected in still water. It's a gorgeous image. In it, the Bow Glacier is massive. It seems hardly held back by the peaks to its right and left, and it pours in three great channels into the valley below. Above the tree line, everything is scraped clean, scoured by thousands of years of ice.