

A Guide to

Ubiquitary Connection

Phase II

A refreshed collection of
photographs by
Photographer
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Front Row Seat for the
Sunrise and Launch
(diptych)

...And lift off of the endless
avian fishing expedition...

Often, many of my best photos come out of bitterly cold weather. There is an austere beauty that comes from frozen landscapes. In even the coldest weather, life continues both beneath and above the snow. Bluffers Park. 



Switch:
Conveyances and
communication

Track switches and
sidings, the intercity
Scarborough GO
Train station, seen

from the rail overpass on Kennedy
Road, and a very tall communications
tower beside it. 

Photographer's Note:
This exhibit is an amalgamation of
previous exhibits: *Springspiration*, and
Ubiquitary Connection.



Schoolhouse:
We've come this
far by faith

"Schoolhouse" at the Sheffield Park
Black History Museum in Clarksburg
(Blue Mountains) Ontario.
My father shared a class at McMaster
Divinity College with Wilfrid Sheffield
whose family founded and tend this
museum. My grandparents were SIM
missionaries in Nigeria and brought
back with them curios, books and
missionary magazines of the time
which reflected a particular school of
thought about missionary work that is
quite different from today. This
material was donated to the Museum
by my parents in their last move. This
is but a personal connection to what is
a far, far greater experience and
exploration available therein. 



Hope, Struggle, Rest:
Rosetta McClain Gardens
(trptych)

Early Sunday mornings I am drawn to
sunrise at this memorial garden on the
edge of the bluffs in Scarborough. The
rose garden goes through so much
change over the seasons, but the care
by city workers keeps this a vibrant
place of colour. Hope for Humanity
has been replaced by another rose by
a different name. 



Bench in the
Mist

Foggy Sunday morning awaits clarity.
This was an unusually mild January
morning with a veil of mist embracing
all. The presence of this bench on a
hillock at Scarborough Heights Park
invites thoughtful reflection,
meditation, and rest. 



Illumination:
Lighting the
power grid

One morning a task and a nearby photo opportunity came together in location and time. I captured the dawn's back lighting and under lighting of the Finch Hydro Corridor pylons on Beare Road in rural northeast Toronto. In the distance, I could see deer silhouettes just beyond the reach of the camera, and hear wild turkeys hiding in a forested area across the road in a call and response to gulls, song sparrows and crows. 🔗



**Tree on the
Edge**

Pondering the future in a rapidly changing landscape. Beyond the fence surrounding The Toronto Hunt Club there was a tree within reach of my camera outside the fence. One of the realities of living in the sandy cliffs of The Bluffs is erosion and the loss of level land as it happens. Everything plunges over the edge including this tree. As nature progresses, something new comes out of upheaval. 🔗



Dome:
Learning apart for
working together in
the world.

On an expansive tract of land sits St. Augustine's Seminary in Scarborough semi-isolated from the surrounding community, adjacent to a church and a high school. Is a learning in silence with an attitude of submission ideal for reconnecting to our communities? 🔗



Dusk:
Kennedy Road
rail overpass

Sunset, Communications Tower and water tower in Toronto city skyline as seen from Scarborough. Places to live, places to sleep, physical needs to be met, and community. 🔗



Starry:
Revelation

Night sky at Woodbine Beach. Urban light in cities overwhelms stars in the night sky. The camera and some editing reveals what the eye cannot see in real time. We can also see the fragility of humanity and its home. Is it in "God's hands" across the universe? 🔗



**Moon
Silhouette**

Mystery and magic. Two ordinary things come together and something magical happens. This is an intersection of a full moon and a few leaves in the crotch of a tree branch. Crescentwood Park, Scarborough Bluffs. 🔗



A Last Life

Arboreal remains caress the moon. This dead tree has disappeared from the landscape after this photo was taken. It is not far from the boardwalk on The Beach, west of The Bluffs, and had grown quite tall before it died. Someone was trying to keep warm one night and cut the tree down for firewood.

Prints of these and my calendars can be purchased.

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