

Path of the Patriarch

WILL A TRAIL FOLLOWING THE JOURNEY OF ABRAHAM, THE FATHER OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR MONOTHEISTIC RELIGIONS, HELP BRING PEACE TO THE MIDDLE EAST? OR JUST TO THOSE WHO TREK IT?

WORDS: JAYME MOYE
PHOTOS: CLAUDIA CHANG



People told me I was crazy to travel to the volatile West Bank of Palestine. But I wasn't crazy; I was desperate. My 10-year marriage had just blown up in my face—a union I'd thought was bomb proof, ignited by a hidden fuse of infidelity. Adding injury to insult, I was left with an STD. Was nothing sacred? Love was the one pure and true thing I'd still held in high regard. Once upon a time it had been God, but I'd stopped believing during my senior year of college when a friend committed suicide. After the divorce, I felt empty on all fronts.

So I did what any wounded 34-year-old journalist would do. I chased an assignment that dangled the promise of something to believe in, something larger than myself, a new ideal. It wasn't God, and it wasn't love. It was something a little less evocative and considerably more dangerous—a pilgrimage for peace in the Middle East—in a region of the world even more messed up than me.

I would join a team of six academics to test a 12-day hike across the West Bank. A trial run of the Palestinian portion of the Abraham's Path Initiative, we'd follow in the prophet Abraham's 4,000-year-old footsteps. Get enough people walking on that path, and terrorism would be replaced by tourism. At least that was the world according to founder William Ury.

I wanted to believe him, with all my broken heart. But I was hesitant. Palestine seemed like it needed a lot more help than foreigners strolling through its holy parts. This was the place Israel had built a wall around for security reasons, a place that suicide bombers called home. And I didn't have much faith in the power of Abraham. He was an Old Testament relic from my cast-off Catholic upbringing.

But Ury—an expert in international conflict resolution—is used to dealing with skeptics. During the Cold War, he wrote the report that would become the first arms agreement Regan and Gorbachev signed. For his latest project in the Middle East, he'd resurrected Abraham as a symbol of peace. The father of the world's three main monotheistic religions, Christianity, Judaism, and Islam, Abraham is literally the common ground of three billion otherwise sharply divided people.

Ury is either a genius or delusional. Abraham's Path Initiative, founded in 2007, is conceptually astute—it reconstructs the prophet's womb-to-tomb path from his birthplace in Turkey to his burial in Palestine, crossing the borders of 10 Middle Eastern countries. But the various segments of the path already in place—in the more stable countries like Turkey, Syria and Jordan—have yet to be connected. The path, at this point, has not breached an actual border. And developing it in the less stable countries along the route—like Iraq and Afghanistan—presents its own set of seemingly

unconquerable challenges.

Regardless of whether Abraham's Path has the power to transcend the violence plaguing the Middle East, I needed to walk it. If successful, I would become the first woman to backpack across the West Bank of Palestine. But more importantly, I needed a new epithet other than the one I'd crucified myself with in the wake of my shattered marriage: you're not good enough.

Ye of Little Faith

My first night in Palestine, I woke to the sound of a helicopter. What would have been an annoyance where I live in Boulder, Colorado, was, in a shabby two-bedroom apartment in the West Bank, cause for alarm. I sat up as soon as I heard it, looking over the sleeping forms around me. According to Muslim tradition, the men and women of our group had been separated. Iona, the girlfriend of Canadian filmmaker Adam Shamash was asleep on one side of me, and my photographer Claudia Chang on the other. Closest to the door slept Firoza, a Brit, and the wife of Yunus Sola, the Executive Director of Abraham's Path Initiative. Before I could nudge any of them, Nahla, the homeowner and our hostess for the evening, stepped into the room and flicked on the light. Her three teenagers were standing behind her.

I couldn't see Nahla's expression without my contacts, but her voice sounded urgent. The other women woke at the commotion, and Iona, who spoke Arabic, got to her feet. The whir of the chopper blades outside had grown louder. Nahla spoke in broken English, and her son Ahmed tried to fill in the holes. Something was going on.

Iona helped translate. The Israeli soldiers were here. *Here?* No, not in the house, in the town. They're shooting. *What?* They could start shooting. You might hear tanks. *Tanks?* Trucks. I struggled to understand what Nahla needed us to know. Feeling blind, I stood up to get my contacts. "Down," Ahmed warned, gesturing toward the large picture window just behind me.

I dropped to my knees. Had I still believed in God, I may have prayed. We were five miles outside the city of Nablus, the site where Abraham built an altar after God promised this land to his descendants. I don't know exactly what I was expecting in a holy place, but not a battlefield.

Then, just as quickly as they'd entered, Nahla and her son and daughters left, closing the door behind them. We all looked at Iona. She shrugged. "They were trying to explain that the Israeli soldiers patrol the village sometimes. If we hear noise, or gunshots, it's normal."

It didn't seem normal. Awarta was a sleepy town of about 5,000 residents who farmed olive oil and honey. What was there to patrol in this idyllic setting? My first impression of Abraham's Path elicited more feelings of panic than peace. I crawled back onto my cushion and covered my face with both blankets. Exhausted from the jet lag, and months of fitful nights sleeping alone in a bed made for two, I fell back asleep.

Had I known then what I know now, I wouldn't have fallen asleep at all. I found out later that Awarta is adjacent to an illegal Israeli settlement called Itamar, where Orthodox Jews have been squatting since 1984. Tension between the settlers and the Awartans over land,



among other things, was palpable. The Israel Defense Forces (IDF) has been stationed there since 1993 to protect the settlers. But killings continue on both sides. As recently as 2010, two Awartan teens were shot at close range, allegedly by the IDF. A week after I returned to the U.S., five members of a family of Jewish settlers were stabbed to death in their beds in Itamar. A male Awartan high schooler was convicted for the murders in August. The patrol that woke me wasn't random. Earlier that day, 3,000 Palestinians had marched in protest of the U.S. government's veto of a United Nations resolution condemning Israeli settlements such as Itamar as an 'obstacle to peace' in the region. The IDF was expecting trouble.

From big double fences to military police, evidence of conflict was everywhere in Awarta, and I hadn't even noticed. Sometimes you completely overlook the warning signs. Sometimes you ignore them on purpose. I'd been faithfully married to Ryan for 13 years. He was the third person I'd slept with, the first unprotected. Yet when my doctor called to tell me that my pap results were abnormal, when additional tests proved that Human papillomavirus had caused pre-cancerous lesions on my cervix, I wanted to believe that I'd gotten HPV from someplace else, that it had lain dormant inside me for 15+ years, undetected by annual pap smears. I refused to accept that Ryan had been unfaithful.

Abraham Should Have Just Filed for Divorce

Abraham was 75 years old (he lived to be 175, according to the Bible) when God came to him in a vision and told him to leave his native lands and seek a kingdom. God promised to guide Abraham to safety and great blessings. Our guide, a Palestinian named Nedal, promised neither, but did make sinfully sweet black tea from a kettle he kept in his backpack.

During the first few days of the trek, Nedal led us along shepherd trails cut into the valleys of the Jordan River, through grassy pastures and wildflowers. The gentle landscape helped balance what I'd only known as hostile territory. And I was surprised to find fertile land in a region of the world that I expected to be pure desert.

On the third day, we spent the early part of the morning wending our way through the Valley of the Hyenas, green grass punctuated with piles of rocks. In the afternoon, we hiked along a dirt path through an olive grove. We stopped to take photos of the gnarled olive trees, some oddly resembling humans. I was admiring a particularly knotty fellow that

looked old enough to have been around in the time of Abraham when I caught movement out of the corner of my eye. I turned and watched a white van switch-backing up a hillside where no road existed. Nedal saw it too. "They always pick the hilltops," he said, his voice tense. I followed his gaze. The van was headed up toward a long silver tent.

"So that's what a fledgling Israeli settlement looks like," Yunus said, coming up behind me. I pulled out my camera and motioned for my photographer Claudia to do the same. Yunus frowned. "Let's keep moving," he said. "They're watching us."

He turned back to the path and picked up the pace. The others followed. I was full of questions. Who was watching us? Who was inside that tent? Iona dropped back to walk beside me. She said that the Israeli settlers were like the Texas homesteaders pushing out the Mexicans. Technically, all Palestinian land belongs to Israel, as the conquerors of the Six Day War in 1967. That said, Israel can't just go in and settle anywhere within Palestine they'd like; there are international laws governing that process. Iona said that settlers like the ones in Itamar ignored those laws out of a belief that there is a Jewish right to the land as mandated by God.

This begged an Abrahamic question: If both Muslims and Jews originated with Abraham, why can't they live in God's promised land together? I snuck a sideways glance at Nedal, who had fallen into step beside me. He could be mistaken for an American, with a baseball cap shading his light green eyes. But he's actually a refugee. His parents fled Jaffa (which has since been absorbed into the city of Tel-Aviv) in 1948 during the Arab-Israeli war. He was born in a refugee camp for displaced Palestinians whose hometowns were annexed by Israel. He still lives there with a family of his own. But ask any one of his eight children, and they'll say they are from Jaffa. I remembered Nedal explaining this the day we met. "The return to our land always seems like it's just around the corner," he'd said. Family loyalties to the land run much deeper here than in America.

Family feuds run stronger still. Abraham's wife Sarah was unable to conceive. So she gave Abraham her handmaid, an Egyptian woman named Hagar, to produce offspring. Hagar bore Abraham a son named Ishmael, but her consorts with Abraham caused tension between the two women. Sarah would eventually give birth to Isaac, but the damage had already been done. She couldn't stand the sight of either Hagar or Ishmael, and had them sent away. God consoled Abraham that both his sons would produce

AND WHILE I'D FELT LIKE HAVING BEEN BETRAYED BY MY NOW EX-HUSBAND WAS REASON TO DISMAY, ABRAHAM HAD IT WORSE. HIS ISSUES WITH HIS WIFE WOULD FOREVER WEDGE A ROD OF JEALOUSY AND HATE BETWEEN TWO OF THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS FACTIONS IN THE WORLD.

great nations. Sure enough, Issac's descendents became the Israelites, spawning first the Jews, then the Christians, while Ishmael would move to Egypt and father the line that brought forth Mohammad, the source of Islam.

So I wasn't the only one who'd been let down by love. Apparently even prophets had marital problems. And while I'd felt like having been betrayed by my now ex-husband was reason to dismay, Abraham had it worse. His issues with his wife would forever wedge a rod of jealousy and hate between two of the largest religious factions in the world. With that thought, I stopped. Claudia, hiking behind, almost bumped into me. I pretended to tie my shoe to give myself a moment to reflect. The Abraham stories from the Old Testament may have all just been legend. But regardless, they put the circumstances of my divorce into perspective. On the stage of world conflict, infidelity, even the threat of cervical cancer isn't such a huge deal. I stood up and kept walking.

Walking Through the Birth Canal of Humanity

By the fifth day, the landscape turned into the desert I'd always imagined when I thought of the Middle East. We had entered the holy lands I was most acquainted with from my youth—those of Jesus Christ. We spent the evening in Jericho, a city so familiar from scripture that I felt like I'd been there before. In the morning, we started out in the Wadi Qelt, a stretch of desert better known as the Valley of the Shadow of Death—straight out of the book of Psalms.

It was the hottest day on the trail so far, too hot for a headscarf. But I kept mine pulled over like a hood to shield my face from the furnace blast wind. The path was empty, except for our group, strung out single-file, each preferring to deal with the heat and wind in his or her own way. I'd expected these conditions in the desert—the discomfort, the barrenness, the isolation. I'd been grappling with these same feelings in my own interior landscape since the divorce. What I hadn't expected was that I felt lighter than at the start of the trip. And not because we hadn't been eating well—we'd been feasting on rice and chicken, hummus and pita bread, and olives. It was more that it was easy to forget my problems here.

For once, my head wasn't spinning with thoughts of what went wrong in my marriage.

Nor obsessing over what the virus was doing inside my cervix. I was simply walking a path, head down, watching each footstep on the sand. In that space, I felt clear. I felt strong. Not rejected or diseased. *Yea, thou I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.*

Who or what was with me, I cannot say. But I felt anchored, connected. Whole. My pace slowed enough that Yunus caught up to me. He'd tell me later that there were tears on my cheeks. But I didn't feel them. I just remember wanting to tell him what I was feeling, but not quite knowing how. He put his hand on my shoulder and said: "This is the birth canal of humanity. Walking here is like coming home."

The Man, The Myth, The Legend

William Ury, the man behind the Abraham's Path Initiative, joined us for the second week of the trek. His busy schedule prohibited him from doing the entire thing. I was interested to spend time with him, as if his optimism was somehow transferable. But everyone else had the same idea, so it was difficult to get him alone.

Until the eleventh day. We were on our way to a home stay in the mountainous village of Bani Naim. There had been not a single cloud in the sky, nor a tree for shade. The desert stretched all the way to the horizon line, no matter what angle you turned. As relentless as this landscape could be, it had become meditative, a sea of peaked sand dunes as hypnotic as ocean waves.

It took us 10 hours, an unusually long day, to get to the final uphill push to Bani Naim—a dirt road made for cars. It was dinnertime, and dark. Everyone was hungry and tired. The conditions were ideal for only one thing—that "anything goes" space that sometimes occurs at the end of a hard day on the trail where tongues loosen and slap-happiness settles in. It was also the first time I found myself alone with William Ury. Directly behind him, to be more precise, following the light from his headlamp because I'd misplaced my own.

I took a chance with what was most certainly a stupid question: "So, William, do you *really* believe that Abraham's Path can create peace in the Middle East?"

I was asking the path's founder, a PhD who could have been teaching at Harvard (where he co-founded the Harvard Negotiation Project)



instead of traipsing around in the dark in Palestine. A man so invested in his belief that he'd dedicated his life to Abraham's Path. I couldn't see his expression, but I noticed he didn't break stride. He answered my question with a question.

"Do you remember the Genesis quote about Abraham's calling to leave home?" he asked.

I did. And I repeated it with the biblical flair of a former Catholic schoolgirl. "And the Lord said unto Abraham, leave the house of your father unto a land which I will show thee."

Ury laughed, tipping back his head and casting the light heavenward. Then he told me that the 100 years Abraham spent wandering through the desert with his family were usually interpreted as a quest for a kingdom, land promised by God.

"But there's another way to think about it," he said. "What if the land promised by God wasn't an actual place, but rather a state of mind that arose from say, having found a greater inner truth?"

"So the promised land could be a metaphor?" I asked.

"SO WHAT WAS GOD TRYING TO HELP ABRAHAM FIND ALL THAT TIME IN THE DESERT?" I ASKED, REGAINING MY BALANCE. "HIMSELF."

"Exactly," he said, turning to look at me. Momentarily blinded by the beam from his headlamp, I lost my footing and stumbled.

"So what was God trying to help Abraham find all that time in the desert?" I asked, regaining my balance.

"Himself."

I fell silent, reinterpreting the Bible passage in my mind. *Leave the house of your father and go to the place where you find yourself.* I thought about the clarity I'd felt in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Based on Ury's suggestion, the *who or what* I'd felt connected to was my true nature—a peace that existed inside of me regardless of my external environment; a peace that required neither God, nor love.

Lost in my own thoughts, I moved up to walk beside Ury. It was easier to follow his headlight beam when we were shoulder to shoulder. I wasn't sure I understood how entire countries, especially those as violent as Palestine and Israel, could silence the anger long enough to tap into that inner peace. But I felt comforted that maybe I could.

The Tomb of Abraham

Our journey was to conclude at Abraham's tomb. After walking 120 kilometers, spending our evenings with Palestinian families in

homestays or in Bedouin camps, we'd end up in the city of Hebron, at the south end of the West Bank. Abraham was living in this region when God demanded a sacrifice of his favorite son Isaac, still a boy. According to the Bible, Abraham asked his servant to stay behind and took Isaac alone to Mount Moriah. Just as Abraham was about to slaughter him, an angel appeared and halted his action. In gratitude and relief, Abraham sacrificed a ram in his son's place. God praised Abraham for his obedience and promised many descendants and riches.

Abraham never returned to Hebron after that, and I can't say I blamed him. Abraham's sons buried him there, in a place called The Cave of the Patriarchs, beside his wife Sarah, who'd passed about 50 years earlier. The exact cause of his death is unknown. Jewish legend says God purposely took Abraham's life to save him any suffering.

Despite its holy history, the city of Hebron is known as the heart of darkness in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. More violence has occurred in Abraham's final resting place than in the entire region. Most notably, the 1929 mas-

sacre of 67 Jews by an Arab mob, and in 1994, when a Jewish settler gunned down 29 Muslims worshipping inside the Mosque of Abraham, injuring another 125. The survivors beat the assassin to death with a fire extinguisher.

I was less than thrilled about hiking into the heart of darkness. I stuck near Ury, as if I could absorb his ease. The rest of the group was in high spirits, the successful completion of the path in sight. Even the landscape was cheerful, with fields of almond trees in full blossom. We stopped for a picnic under an oak tree on the outskirts of town. Ury sat beside me and offered me an acorn he'd found.

According to the Bible and the Koran, Abraham entertained three travelers under just such an oak tree. He went to great lengths to make them comfortable, offering shelter, food and rest. It turns out they were angels, and Abraham would be deemed the patron of hospitality, a value still at the heart of Muslim culture. To extend welcome to a stranger is a sacred act. To travel a pilgrimage is divine. I took the acorn and slid it into my pocket.

After lunch, we walked a service road that took us into the city. Children skipped alongside us and residents waved from their balconies and out their windows. The heart of darkness seemed surprisingly friendly. In fact, Ury told

PACKING LIST

Jayme Moye shares how she geared up to trek across the West Bank of Palestine

Navigation *Siraj Center for Holy Land Studies: Guides*
You can do it yourself by following shepherd trails, but it's always best to work with a local guide to avoid landmines, both literally and figuratively.

Footwear *Saucony: ProGrid Omni*
I wore my trail runners most of the hike. They're my most comfortable shoe and do well on pavement, sand, hard-packed dirt, or loose rock. On the one day it rained, I wore my La Sportiva FC ECO 3.0 GTX hiking boots. Lightweight and flexible they've got Gortex membranes and sealed seams to help keep the water out.

Headscarf *Prana: Sadie Scraf*
No, I wasn't forced to wear a headscarf in Palestine, I just liked the way it kept my head warm in the cool Jordan River Valley and protected against the wind and sand in the desert.

Shirt *Prana: Jaselle Top / The North Face: Light Long Sleeve Crew Neck*
In respect for cultural norms, I brought two loose, flowing, feminine shirts from Prana that I traded off each day. Underneath, I wore a Light Long Sleeve Crew Neck from The North Face to keep my arms and chest covered, both from the sun, and according to Muslim tradition.

Pants *Marmot: Minimalist Pant*
I made it through the entire trip with just this one pair of pants to wear on the trail. They were light enough for the desert while providing wind and water protection.

Socks *Smartwool: Mountaineering Extra Heavy Crew*
I switched off between two pairs of these the whole trip. They breathe well, stay in place and don't smell.

Pack *Osprey: Daylite Backpack*
Since our suitcases were shuttled to a home stay each evening, I chose to go fast and light with a small backpack to carry my camelback, rain gear and my share of the day's picnic lunch items.

Illumination *Petzl: Tikkina Headlamp*
Essential for finding your way to the bathroom when sleeping in tents with the Bedouins.

Bedding *REI: Lightweight Fleece Liner*
It wasn't such an issue at home stays, but in the Bedouin camps, I slept easier with a tic-free, sand-free sheet creating a barrier between me and the musty blankets.

Pillow *Therm-A-Rest: Compressible Pillow*
Sometimes we were offered pillows, sometimes not. Sometimes they were clean, sometimes not. Best to just carry your own. This one compresses down to a fifth of its size and is really comfortable after some enthusiastic re-fluffing.

Food *Chocolove*
There was only so much pita bread, hummus and olives we could consume. Photographer Claudia Chang had stashed a dozen Chocolove chocolate bars she'd brought from Boulder, Colorado, in her pack to give out to local children. We ended up eating all of it ourselves.

Beverage *Lipton: Black Tea*
I don't do caffeine. But the Brits in the group insisted on black tea, and our guide was able to make it on demand from the kettle in his pack. I learned to enjoy it, with three teaspoons of sugar per cup.

Literature *Abraham: A Journey to the Heart of Three Faiths, by Bruce Feiler*
Feiler went a lot further into the modern Middle East, and took a lot more risks than I did. His account is fascinating.

SIERRA TRADING POST **SAVE 35-70% Every Day**
Great Deals. Great Brands.

2 Years of Great Deals

MOUNTAIN HARDWEAR
ASOLO
Smartwool
Teva

Take an extra **20% off** your entire purchase

SierraTradingPost.com/ad
Use keycode **STP5**

to receive discount at checkout. See website for more information. Not valid with any other offer. Some exclusions apply. Expires 10/15/11.

coolest. camper. ever.

designed and made in the usa, without compromise

sylvansport.com

go



us the city's name means 'friend', referring to Abraham, the friend of God. We reached the mosque with plenty of time for sightseeing. But before we could enter, we had to choose sides.

Jews can only enter on the southwestern side, and are restricted to that section. Muslims must enter on the northeast side, and have access to the remainder of the building. Israeli guards patrolled the grounds and monitored the metal detectors positioned at both entrances. There was no way to be neutral, or a friend to all. I felt uneasy.

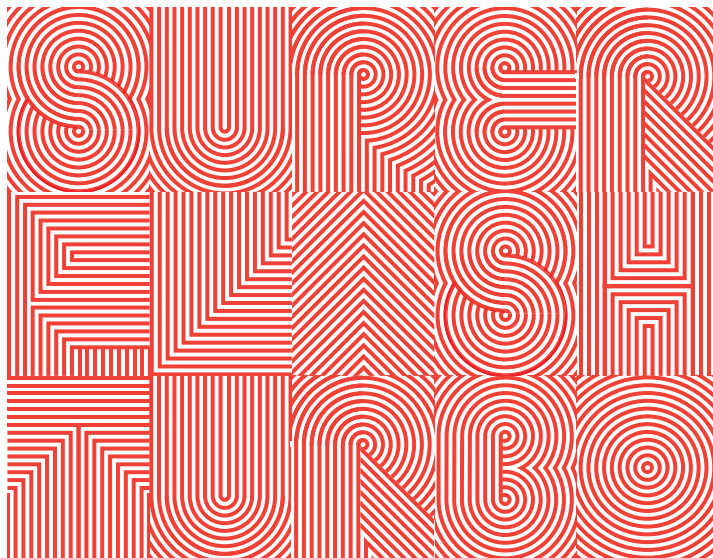
We entered the Muslim side, because it was Adam the filmmaker's religion. I stood at the entrance where I imagined the gunman must have started shooting. I pictured the walls of people moving together in the choreographed routine of Muslim prayer, their backs to the assailant. They never saw him coming.

I stepped inside and wandered until I found Abraham's tomb, more a symbol than anything else. There's no proof that a body is there at all, and if it was, the actual burial sites are off-limits, underground. I spent a moment looking at the giant rectangular tomb cloaked in green silk, quietly reflecting on things beyond the realm of prophets. Despite the anger I harbored toward Ryan, despite the injustice I felt that the HPV he'd infected me with caused cancer in women and did nothing to men, I wasn't ready to bury my heart.

The Power of the Path


I went outside to find a shady place to sit and wait for the others. I spotted Israeli soldiers, boys barely 20 years old, looking bored at their stations. I watched a group of Muslim school-girls walk by in crisp navy blue uniforms and white headscarves. I had just become the first woman to backpack across the West Bank of Palestine. The accomplishment felt good. But it also felt significantly less significant than I'd imagined it would. I realized it didn't define me any more than divorce or cancer or religion could define me.

I pulled the acorn from my pocket and held it in my palm. My symbol was no longer the cross or the ring, but it wasn't the tomb either. I clasped my hand around the acorn. It felt like Ury's symbol, not mine. I thought about Abraham's journey to find himself. I remembered that moment in the desert when my mind had quieted enough for my heart to speak. I imagined those instances becoming more frequent, lasting longer. Eventually, I could link them together, like a path. And that was a symbol I could believe in. **W**




The evolution of bicycle safety.
Superflash Turbo

BETTER BICYCLE PRODUCTS FOR A BETTER WORLD
 planetbike.com






SURLY surlybikes.com - 1.877.743.3191



SEASON PASSES

150+ days of direct to lift access to Oregon's most exciting and popular terrain.

SkiHood.com
1.800.SkiHood

 <p>AGES 23-64 SEASON PASS</p> <h2>\$499</h2> <p>AFTER 11/6/11 \$999</p> <p>SAVE \$500</p>	 <p>AGES 15-22 SEASON PASS</p> <h2>\$379</h2> <p>AFTER 11/6/11 \$669</p> <p>SAVE \$290</p>	<p>AGES 7-14 SEASON PASS</p> <h2>\$259</h2> <p>AFTER 11/6/11 \$449</p> <p>SAVE \$190</p>	<p>10 TIME PASS</p> <h2>\$379</h2> <p>AFTER 11/6/11 \$439</p> <p>SAVE \$60</p>
--	--	---	---

Age 65+ \$379
After 11/6/11: \$449 (Save \$70)

6 & UNDER \$20 SEASON PASS



Additional Add-On Opportunities

Add Season Ski Check: \$35
 Add Season Locker: \$425
 Add Nordic Season Pass: \$45 (reg. \$80)
 Add SkiGreen Offset: \$20

Season Pass Holder Benefits:

- HPC Demo Skis & Snowboards: **10% off**
- Adult Ski & Snowboard Group or Private Lessons: **10% off / 25% off** midweek non-holiday time frames. Children's Learning Center: **10% off / 25% off** midweek non-holiday time frames.
- Outer Limits Sports: **10% off** regular priced goods

Prices and dates subject to change.

"OREGON'S BEST" just got better with the new Stadium Express, our sixth high speed quad!
 The new lift will take you from the base to your favorite terrain - Shooting Star, Heather, Hood River Meadows and Private Reserve.