

People who live beside moving water have been given the gift of living light, and even if they never come to recognize it as such, any other light, no matter how clear or brilliant, is pale and static to them, leaving them with a sense of loss, of vulnerability, as if they have suddenly found themselves without clothes.

“I have to live near the water, ” they will say. “I can’t live away from the ocean” ... or the river or the creek, or whatever water throws back to them the sun, or the boiling storm clouds, or the pearl of moving fog, or the wash of sunset.

But what most of them are really saying, without knowing it, is , “I can’t live without that light that dances with me, I wear it like a living skin. Without it I am incomplete”

from the beginning of ch. 5 of a book called ‘Sweetwater Creek’ by Anne Rivers Siddons