

MOVING WATER

An Artist's Reflections on Fly Fishing, Friendship and Family

Dave Hall

"Dave Hall is a painter with his feet and mind in the natural world, a place he knows with uncommon intimacy."

—Tom McGuane

You will probably read this beautiful little book in the time of a cup of tea but you will want to contemplate it over and over again.

—Yvon Chouinard, author of *Let My People Go Surfing* and *Simple Fly Fishing: Techniques for Tenkara and Rod and Reel*

Moving Water: An Artist's Reflections on Fly Fishing, Friendship and Family was inspired by two grandfathers who loved the outdoors, by a rural New England childhood, by family art, by a lifetime of dawns and dusks, and by the death of a friend who knew where to find the beauty in his life.

Quietly potent, Moving Water illuminates the mystery and joy of fly fishing. The serene visions and tender touch on the canvas offer refuges of restoration.

—Melanie Rae Thon, author of *Silence a Song* and *Voice of the River*

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—Tom McGuane, author of *The Longest Silence* and *The Cadence of Grasses*

The art is at once imaginative and serene. And one always has the feeling there is a story hidden beneath.

—Marshall Cutchin, publisher of *MidCurrent*

The sensitive words and striking visual images make Moving Water a work of uncommon beauty.

—René Harrop, author of *Learning from the Water*

These stories touch our hearts and souls. And our lives.

—Craig Mathews, author of *Western Fly Fishing Strategies*, among many others

What deepens Moving Water is the profoundly sparse narratives that read like exquisite haikus. This is a book that everyone should have in his or her collection. It is deep balm for the soul.

—Jeff Metcalf, author of *The Last Steelhead, Requiem for the Living* and *Back Cast*

Moving Water offers insight into what Dave Hall feels when he paints.

—Mike Lawson, author of *Spring Creeks*



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MovingWater.org



F O R E W O R D

I have spent much of my life thigh deep in moving water.

Two grandfathers led me to fishing, and I was fortunate to have lived in rural New England where the absence of roads and fences nourished a young boy's passion for finding fish.

Family art hung in our home—my father, a grandmother, a great, great grandfather. These gifted artists gave me permission, I suppose, to do what I do. And they've encouraged me in ways mysterious.

Along the way, a handful of friends have spent countless days in various countries longing for trout to rise and for bonefish to tail in the sweep of tropical tides.

Our passions give birth to our stories. And the characters in our best stories are those we care most about.

We are our stories...

Last Chance, Idaho

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