

“What! No Burning Bush?”

Many an adventure into the true meanings of life begins with “it was a dark, cold and stormy night”. It would be a lot easier to tell this tale and explain it if that was the case. But it was not. Actually, it was a nice, cool summer afternoon, heading into dusk, as the empty pack string rocked and rattled out behind Maudie and me. All was well, except that I had decided to give my old saddle one more chance to fit my aging backside (this was a major error). About the time your seat bones get to aching, you have but two choices. One, you can feel sorry for yourself (which makes them hurt even more) or two, you can find something else to conger on. I chose door number two and stepped into that often empty, but always dangerous, space called my mind.

I was sorting through a ton of old unfinished business, when a new question popped in, “where were mules on the list of creation, or were they”? While sorting through the fuzzy files of all of my past learning, I began to develop a hypothesis (really big word for idea). It began to come together as a story, an addendum to the creation of the world, and inevitably man.

In this saddle weary packer’s version, the creator did not rest after the seventh day, but was restlessly sitting with his head in his hands, after realizing he had just made “man”. He was trying to come to grips with the fact that he had just turned loose onto the rest of his wondrous creation, a scourge that could damage or destroy all of his hard work. This is the kind of oops that can happen with that final stroke of the artist’s brush. Now what was he to do?

This question was left unanswered for three full days until he decided to call in an ad-hoc committee from his work force, to see what they could come up with. Present were the archangels Mike, Gabe and Izzy (Isabella, the only known female archangel and a very important player in this saga.) He explained his quandary; that he had just created a dangerous creature, very disrespectful and manipulative to all that had come before it. The boys stepped right up to the plate with a quick and dirty solution. Lord! “Send us and the rest of the gang down to earth where we will have a blowout Saturday night and you will be rid of the problem for good”. But Izzy had a different idea. Lord! “That sure would do it, she said.” “But it may not be the most fiscally prudent thing to do,” she continued, “considering the supplies and resources you have tied up in this creature; mud and rib-bones come at a high cost these days.”

“Why not send teachers and messengers down to show them how to live in harmony with the rest of your creations.” Now that brought a light to the creator’s eye, he liked this idea. Because he had given these malcontents free will, this solution of a teacher or messenger would not mess up that dynamic. But, “who to send” he asked? As you all can figure out, the boys still wanted a chunk of these flawed humans, but Izzy again came up with another viable solution. She could see that humans were not going to take kindly to martial law, so she suggested; “send them down as unassuming creatures, which by its actions and soul would demonstrate to man how to Get It Right.” That was the direction he was looking for. It had to be a creature that was honest, loving, kind hearted and smart. It also had to be somehow different enough from other creatures that man’s need to play creator could not mess it up or drive it into extinction. That was the first glimmer in the formula for the creation of a mule; finally after due consideration into all of its’ negative potentials and strong points, it was crafted into a most wondrous animal.

After giving careful thought to all of the available hypotheses on the subject, a theorem (law) has been drawn up. In this case the theorem is that the Creator did not rest on the seventh day but on the tenth, and then only after the relief from creating mules.

Mules owe a great debt to their would-be patron, the archangel Isabella for putting the idea of their worth forward during that fateful meeting.

Since there was no burning bush, (no open fires allowed at that elevation in the Olympic National Park), one may wonder about the accuracy of my tale. Without that shrubbery aflame, or a heavenly clap of thunder, by chance, could those long flopping mule ears have been the sign? For my own satisfaction, I have developed a fairly accurate test for this theorem. All one must do is to look into a



mule's big soft honest eyes to discover the answer. Look close and you will see your image mirrored back at you, giving you a chance to wonder if you are living up to your true potential. The depth of those kind eyes display the hope the creator has in us to Get It Right.

“Enough said!”

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