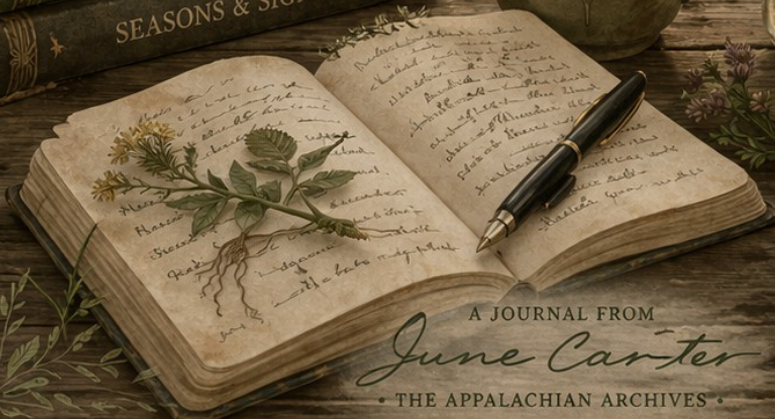




JUNE CARTER'S RIDGE OBSERVATIONS

*Notes on plants, seasons,
people, and the quiet wisdom
of the mountains*



A JOURNAL FROM
June Carter
• THE APPALACHIAN ARCHIVES •

June Carter's Ridge Observations

From The Ledger of the Ridge, The Appalachian Archives

June Carter believed the ridge spoke, not loudly, but steadily.

Her observations were not formal notes. They were quiet understandings gathered over years of walking the same paths, listening to wind through trees, and watching how plants responded to the seasons.

These were her **Ridge Observations**.

Observation One: The Morning Fog

The fog rolls in quietly here.

It doesn't announce itself. It simply arrives; soft, steady, patient.

I've noticed that people are often uneasy when they cannot see far ahead.

But the ridge teaches differently.

The fog reminds us that we don't need to see everything at once.

We only need to see the next few steps.

And often, that is enough.

Observation Two: The Roots Hold the Soil

After heavy rain, I often walk the trails to see how the ground has shifted.

Where roots run deep, the soil holds. Where the ground is bare, it slips and washes away.

The same is true in life. When we are rooted, in place, in purpose, in community, we withstand more than we realize.

The ridge reminds me of this after every storm.

Observation Three: The Quiet Plants Return First

After disturbance, a fallen tree, a storm, a slide, certain plants return first.

Mullein. Yarrow. Sometimes ginseng, if the soil remains undisturbed enough.

These plants do not rush, but they are dependable.

Healing follows a similar pattern.

The quiet things return first:

Breath

Stillness

Hope

Then slowly, everything else.

Observation Four: The Wind Changes Before the Weather

You can often feel change before you see it.

The wind moves differently.

Birds grow quieter.

The air feels heavier.

The ridge teaches attentiveness.

If we learn to notice small shifts, we are better prepared for larger ones.

The land does this naturally. We are still learning.

Observation Five: Evening Softens Everything

The ridge feels different at dusk.

Even sharp edges soften.

Sounds quiet.

The air cools gently.

I've come to believe that evening exists not just for rest, but for reflection. What felt difficult in daylight often feels gentler in fading light.

Sometimes, the best thing we can do is wait for evening.

Observation Six: Goldenseal Chooses Carefully

Goldenseal does not grow everywhere.

It prefers shade. Cool soil. Quiet places where the land has not been disturbed.

It reminds me that some healing requires protection. Not everything thrives in open, busy places. Some growth requires stillness.

The ridge has many such places, if you know where to look.

Observation Seven: The Ridge Remembers

The older I become, the more I believe that land holds memory.

Paths worn by years of walking

Trees that have stood through generations

Plants that return in the same places year after year

The ridge remembers.

And sometimes, when we slow down enough, we remember too.

A Note Written at the Bottom of the Page

The ridge does not hurry.

It watches.

It waits.

It heals quietly.

If you spend enough time here,
you begin to do the same.

— June Carter

The Appalachian Archives