

THE  
LEDGER  
of the  
RIDGE

SHORT LETTERS FROM

June Carter

Thoughts, observations, and gentle words  
from the mountains.

Some letters  
find you  
when you  
need them  
most.  
♡

To a friend,  
on the ridge

The mountains  
have a way of  
teaching us the  
things we're too  
busy to hear  
anywhere else.

May you find  
what you came  
looking for —  
and what you  
didn't know you  
needed.

- June

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM

June Carter

• THE APPALACHIAN ARCHIVES •

# The Ledger of the Ridge

## Short Letters from June Carter

*From The Appalachian Archives*

These letters were found tucked between pages of worn notebooks, pressed leaves, and hand-drawn maps of the ridge. Some were written to no one in particular. Others seemed meant for whoever might come after.

Each one holds a quiet piece of wisdom, like herbs gathered slowly over time.

### Letter One: To Whoever Finds the Path

If you are reading this, you've already done something important.

You've slowed down enough to notice.

The ridge does not reveal itself to those in a hurry.  
It opens quietly, the way morning fog lifts from the trees.

If you've found your way here, you may be carrying something heavy.  
Most people who come to the mountains are.

Sit for a while.

Listen to the wind in the leaves.

Let your breath match the rhythm of the land.

You don't need to understand everything right away.

Sometimes, simply being here is the beginning of healing.

— June

## **Letter Two: On Ginseng and Patience**

Ginseng is not a plant you find by accident.

It grows slowly, hidden beneath the canopy, where the soil stays cool and undisturbed.

I've spent entire mornings walking these hills without finding a single plant.

And then, when I've nearly stopped looking, there it is; quiet, patient, waiting.

Healing is often like that.

It comes slowly. It asks us to keep walking, even when we don't see change right away.

If you feel like you're not moving forward, remember the ginseng.

Roots grow long before leaves appear.

— June

## **Letter Three: On Mullein and Gentle Strength**

There's a patch of mullein growing near the edge of the old trail.

The ground there was disturbed years ago, a storm took down several trees, and the soil never quite looked the same afterwards.

But mullein grew there.

Tall.

Steady.

Soft leaves, golden flowers.

I've always loved that about mullein.

It doesn't wait for perfect conditions.

It grows where healing is still happening.

If you're standing in a place that still feels broken, remember this:

Some of the strongest plants grow in disturbed ground.

— June

## **Letter Four: On Goldenseal and Responsibility**

Goldenseal is harder to find now than when I was young. I used to see it more often, tucked into shaded patches along the ridge.

Now, when I find it, I sit for a while before harvesting, sometimes I decide not to take any at all. Some plants teach us restraint.

Not everything that grows is meant to be gathered. Some things are meant to remain, protected, respected, and allowed to continue.

The ridge teaches this gently, but firmly.

Take only what you need. Leave enough for the next person.

— June

### **Letter Five: On Yarrow and the Healers**

Yarrow grows along the open field where the wind moves freely. It looks delicate at first, small white flowers, soft leaves, but it holds strong against weather and sun.

I often think of the people who care for others when I see yarrow.

They don't always look strong.

They don't always speak loudly.

But they hold steady when others need them.

If you are someone who carries more than your share, find a patch of yarrow and sit for a moment.

You deserve protection too.

— June

### **Letter Six: The Mountain at Dusk**

Evenings on the ridge are my favorite.

The light softens.

The air cools.

Birdsong fades into quiet.

It's during these moments that I feel the land breathing.

The mountains don't rush into night. They ease into it. There is something comforting about that.

Not everything needs to happen quickly. Some transitions are meant to unfold slowly.

If you find yourself in a season of change, let it move gently.

Like the mountain at dusk.

— June

### **Letter Seven: A Quiet Reminder**

If you've come this far, I want to leave you with something simple:

Healing doesn't always look dramatic. Sometimes it looks like:

Resting

Walking

Listening

Breathing

Staying

These are small things. But they are often the beginning of everything.

— June

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*From The Ledger of the Ridge*  
**The Appalachian Archives**