

## *Narration within “The Range of Light”*

*writings by John Muir*

*Looking eastward from the summit of Pacheco Pass one shining morning, a landscape was displayed that after all my wanderings still appears as the most beautiful I have ever beheld. At my feet lay the Great Central Valley of California, level and flowery, like a lake of pure sunshine, forty or fifty miles wide, five hundred miles long, one rich furred garden of yellow Compositae. And from the eastern boundary of this vast golden flower-bed rose the mighty Sierra, miles in height, and so gloriously colored and so radiant, it seemed not clothed with light but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city.... Then it seemed to me that the Sierra should be called, not the Nevada or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light.*

*I was a new creature, born again, and truly not until this time was I fairly conscious that I was born at all. Never more, thought I as I strode forward at a faster pace, will I sentimentalize about getting free from the flesh, for it is steeped like a sponge in immortal pleasure.*

**(THE “RANGE OF LIGHT” MUSIC ENDS)**

*And after ten years of wandering and wondering in the heart of it, rejoicing in its glorious floods of light, the white beams of the morning streaming through the passes, the noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow, and the irised spray of countless waterfalls, it still seems above all others the Range of Light.*