

The doe, drinking from the fragile spring, turns as we approach, her grace reflecting the delicate beauty of this little Eden. She drinks, as do wild rose, willow and grasses, the gift of life the spring offers.

For how many centuries has this delicate balance been artfully honed by nature: aquifers fed by winter snows feeding springs that create the Nevada too few know, the ancient Nevada that will die to feed the greedy demand of the spoiled toddler who thinks he is the center of the universe.

Such a short-sighted approach: to destroy the ancient, natural beauty of eastern Nevada in order to supply Las Vegas with water that will be wastefully consumed, with little thought for the life destroyed. The fragile springs will soon be gone, but not the insatiable thirst for more and more water.

Jacquelyn Z. Field      October, 2011

4214 Northgate Lane  
Carson City, NV 89706

(775) 888-9093



08/23/2009 10:01

2011 OCT 12 AM 11:18  
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