

## John Muir Quotes

“There is not a fragment in all of nature, for every relative fragment of one thing is a full harmonious unit in itself” (John Muir)

“When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe. One fancies a heart like our own must be beating in every crystal and cell” (John Muir).

“How lavish is nature, building, pulling down, creating, destroying, chasing every material particle from form to form, ever changing, ever beautiful” (John Muir).

“The whole wilderness seems to be alive and familiar, full of humanity. The very stones seem talkative, sympathetic, brotherly. No wonder when we consider that we all have the same Father and Mother” (John Muir).

“Love of pure unblemished Nature seems to overmaster and blur out of sight all other objects and considerations” (John Muir).

“So young is our world. I used to envy the father of our race, dwelling as he did in contact with the new-made fields and plants of Eden; but I do so no more, because I have discovered that I also live in “creations dawn.” The morning stars still cling together, and the world, not yet half grade, becomes more beautiful every day” (John Muir).

“The life of a mountaineer is favorable to the development of soul-life, we well as limb-life, each receiving abundance of exercise and abundance of food” (John Muir).

“My legs sometimes transport me to camp, in the darkness, over cliffs, and through bogs and forests that are inaccessible to city legs during the day. In like manner the soul sets forth upon rambles of its own” (John Muir).

“Toiling in the treadmills of life we hide from the lessons of Nature. We gaze morbidly through civilized fog upon our beautiful world clad with seamless beauty, and see ferocious beasts and wastes,

and deserts. But savage deserts, and beasts, and storms are expressions of God's power inseparably companioned by love. Civilized man chokes his soul as the heathen Chinese (did) their feet"

"Most civilized folks cry morbidity, lunacy upon all that will not weigh upon Fairbanks scale or measure to that seconds rod of English brass. But *we* know that much that is most real will not counterpoise cast iron, or dent human flesh" (John Muir).

"One is constantly reminded of the infinite lavishness and fertility of Nature – inexhaustible abundance amid what seems enormous waste. And yet when we look into any of her operations that lie within reach of our minds, we learn that no particle of her material is wasted or worn-out. It is eternally flowing from use to use, beauty to yet higher beauty; and we soon cease to lament waste and death, and rather rejoice and exult in the imperishable unspendable wealth of the universe, and faithfully watch and wait the reappearance of everything that melts and fades about us, feeling sure that its next appearance will be better and more beautiful than the last"

(John Muir). "Instead of narrowing my attention to bookmaking out of material I have already eaten and drunken, I would rather stand in what all of the world would call an idle manner, literally gaping with, all the mouths of soul and body, demanding nothing, fearing nothing, but hoping and enjoying enormously. So-called sentimental and transcendental dreaming seems the only sensible and substantial business that one can engage in" (John Muir).

"To ask me whether I could endure to live without friends is absurd. It is easy enough to live out of material sight of friends, but to live without human love is impossible. Quench love, and what is left of a man's life but the folding of a few jointed bones and square inches of flesh? Who would call that life?" (John Muir)

"The whole contents of the human soul is the whole world" (John (Muir).

"We little know how much wilderness there is in us. Only a few generations separate us from our grandfathers that were savage as wolves. This is the secret of our love for the hunt. Savageness is

natural, civilization if strained and unnatural. It required centuries to tame men as we find the, but if turned loose they would return to killing and bloody barbarism in as many years” (John Muir).

Nature as meditative: “Here is six or seven thousand feet above the sea, yet in all that tranquil scene we feel no remoteness, not rest from care and chafing duties because here they have no existence. Every sense is satisfied. For us there is no past, no future. We live in the present and are full. No room for hungry hopes, none for regrets, none for exultation, none for fear” (John Muir).

“One can make a day of any size, and regulate the rising and setting of his own fun and the brightness of its shining” (John Muir).

“The great rousing fragrant fire is the very God of the house. No wonder the old nations with their fresher instincts had their fireside Gods. A fine place this to forget weariness and wrongs and bad business” (John Muir).

“No portion of the world is so barren as not to yield a rich and precious harvest of divine truth”

“Only by going alone in silence, without baggage, can one truly get into the heart of the wilderness” (John Muir). (and without mental baggage to the heart of God!)

“Nature is always lovely, invincible, glad, whatever is done and suffered by her creatures. All scars she heals, whether in rocks, or water, or sky, or hearts” (John Muir).

“As age comes, one source of enjoyment after another is closed, but Nature’s sources never fail. Like a generous host, she offers here brimming cups in endless variety, served in a grand hall, the sky its ceiling, the mountains its walls, decorated with glorious paintings and enlivened with bands of music ever playing” (John Muir).

“Fears vanish as soon as one is fairly free in the wilderness” (John Muir).

“...See how God writes history. No technical knowledge is required; only a calm day and a calm mind” (John Muir). “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin” (John Muir).

“Nature’s tables are spread and fires burning. You must go warm yourselves and eat” (John Muir).

“Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul” (John Muir).

“All Nature’s wilderness tells the same story: the shocks and outbursts of earthquake, volcanoes, geysers, roaring, thundering waves and floods, the silent uprush of sap in plants, storms of every sort, each and all, are the orderly, beauty-making love-beats of Nature’s heart” (John Muir).

“No fire can be hotter than the heavenly fire of faith and hope that burns in every (healthy boy’s) heart”

“Surely all God’s people, however serious and savage, great or small, like to play. Whales and elephants, dancing, humming gnats, and small mischievous microbes – all are warm with divine radium and must have lots of fun in them” (John Muir).

“This grand show is eternal. It is always sunrise somewhere; the dew is never all dried at once; a shower is forever falling; vapor is ever rising. Eternal sunrise, eternal sunset, eternal dawn and glooming, on sea and continents and islands, each in its turn, as the round earth rolls” (John Muir).

“The wrongs done (to trees), wrongs of every sort, are done in the darkness of ignorance and unbelief, for when the light comes the heart of people is always right” (John Muir).

“In every walk with Nature one receives far more than he seeks” (John Muir).