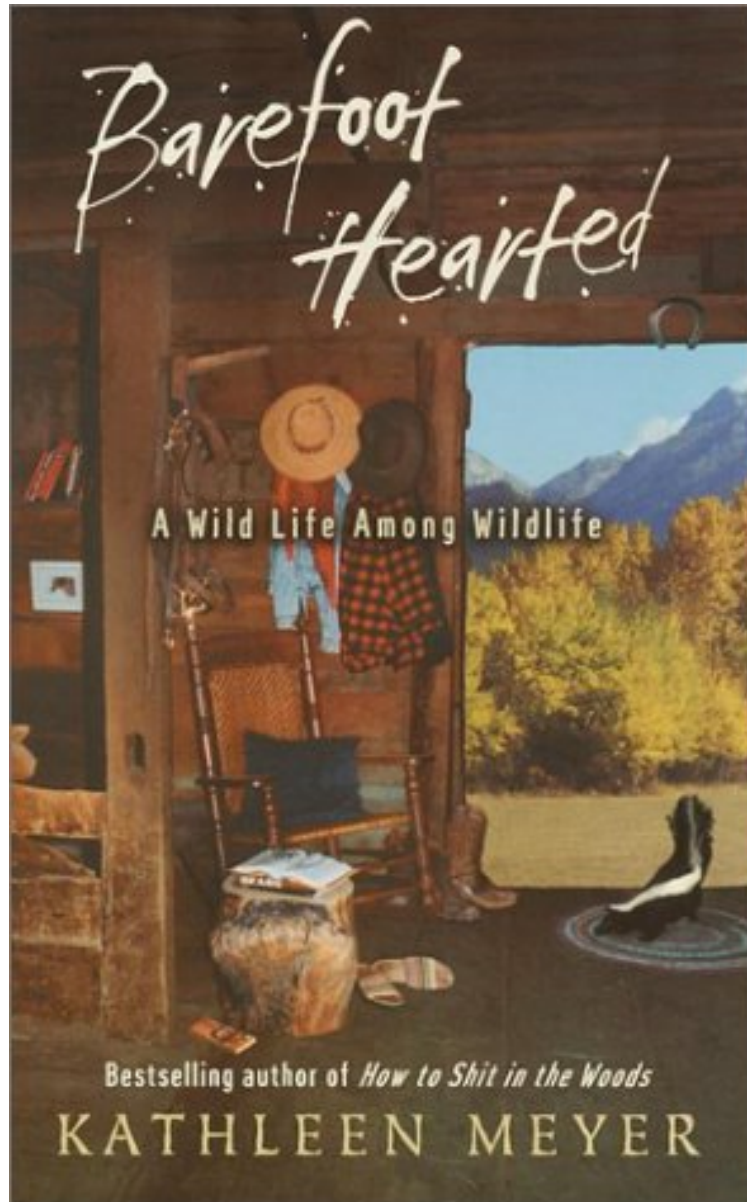


[FREE] Barefoot-Hearted: A Wild Life Among Wildlife

Barefoot-Hearted: A Wild Life Among Wildlife

Kathleen Meyer

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Kathleen Meyer : Barefoot-Hearted: A Wild Life Among Wildlife before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Barefoot-Hearted: A Wild Life Among Wildlife:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I Loved This Book!By Gail D. StoreyKathleen Meyer's BAREFOOT HEARTED; A Wild Life Among Wildlife is undoubtedly one of my favorite books ever. It gets to the

heart of an affectionately respectful coexistence with nature and all manner of creatures--horses, mice, bats, skunks, flies, bears, moose, and wolves, and last but in no way least--the drop-dead-gorgeous Irish farrier Patrick McCarron. Kathleen and Patrick, fiercely independent and just as fiercely in love, travel by covered wagon through Colorado, Wyoming and Montana before settling into an old dairy barn in Montana's Bitterroot Mountains. The writing is powerful and witty, and Meyer's voice here is as intelligent and original as in her book HOW TO S*** IN THE WOODS. BAREFOOT HEARTED is a highly sensual story--rich with musk, sage, and clover, the sweep of a Rocky Mountain valley, the scratching, cawing, and braying of animals, the feel of the dirt under Kathleen's bare feet. I especially loved her account of her wagon trip with her draft horses, Pancho and Lefty, as endearing as every other creature--animal and human, in this utterly authentic book.3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. The adventurer I wanted to be.By L. KleinI really enjoyed this book. She did a number of things I always wanted to do, but "the real world" prevented it. (Raised a large family alone, etc.) I think the feeling I got was of someone who could look after herself, and was a "helper" as well as a "helpee",. Independent, but still able to love and give to someone else.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Great back-to-nature read!By B. BrownA fun and funny book to read if you ever dabbled in the countercultural "back-to-nature movement" of the '70's or the looked ahead to the coming "social collapse" the in '20s as a survivalist determined to live off the land without destroying the rest of it. And a love story to boot. Thought provoking read.

"The Wyoming Centennial Wagon Train ended in Cody in a dismal, torn-down drive-in movie theater. Before setting up the corral, we were forced to clear away shards of glass, bent nails, broken lumber. My prairie skirt and petticoats hung ragged and clay-caked, and under a droopy Stetson my frizzled hair appeared at once greased and starched beyond human recognition. A cloud, a sort of vaporousness, redolent with fresh acrid sweat on top of powerful stale sweat, hung thickly about me. Laced, as it was, with a woman's sweet musky secretions, and all gone past ripe, oddly it was a pungency I savored. Such goaty piquance, though, was cause to be shunned in any town setting.The look of my world had changed. Gone were the high-dollar designer clothes and the zipping around fabled Marin County in a candy-apple-red 1966 Mustang convertible. It was true that I unflinchingly sought the ironies in life and, with a kind of dual personality, shifted easily through incongruencies such as town strolls in high heels and backcountry hiking in bare feet; the bucket seats of a classic automobile and the broken-down bench of a beater truck. It was only during the years that I'd worn white overalls, taped drywall, and come home every night much like Charles Schulz's Pig Pen, flaking a cloud of dried white mud bits onto the rug, that I'd felt moved to keep my fingernails painted red. Now I was to slip farther than ever planned toward one end of my seesaw and then, incredibly, by conscious design, inch out even farther."--from Barefoot-HeartedWith more than 1.5 million copies in print, Kathleen Meyer's groundbreaking international bestseller, How to Shit in the Woods: An Environmentally Sound Approach to a Lost Art, has been widely embraced by the outdoor community and has found its way into myriad places: national parks, outdoor leadership schools and scout-troop headquarters, the camp tents of those who have discovered that it is amusing out-loud reading, and the bathroom-literature baskets of households around the world.Now, from the Rocky Mountain West, Meyer brings us Barefoot-Hearted: A Wild Life Among Wildlife, a coming-into-the-country story told with the frank, dry humor and sharp research of her first book. The country, in this case, is Montana's tall, reaching landscape with its ever underfoot wild critters; the on-tenterhooks territory of a new romantic relationship; and the pressure cooker that is our precarious global imbalance. Meyer finds herself in midlife standing out under yawning skies, surrounded by sagebrush and cactus, having fallen for the Irish charm of itinerant farrier Patrick McCarron. As partners, they travel across three mountain states with draft horses and a covered wagon and then set up housekeeping in a seventy-five-year-old dairy barn.In this primitive structure, the author rapidly discovers she's living with troops of mice, a nursery colony of seventy-five bats, sexually fired-up skunks, and more flies than in a pig shed. She tells of a freakish season that orphaned seventy-seven bear cubs, an unusual fly-fishing trip on a famed blue-ribbon trout stream, the visitations of moose, and the discovery of a den of wolves.Meyer's prose is original and inspired, playful yet provocative. She carries us vividly back to the settlers' old West while pondering modern-day dilemmas, those of fitting into this fast hurtling world, of determining amid the earth's rising extinctions of species, whose planet it is, and of managing to stay empowered residing with a man who "stands six feet six and beats steel on an anvil for a living." A personal chronicle of conscience and a love story of rare and quirky dimension, Barefoot-Hearted catapults readers into new realms of thought, deftly guided there by Meyer's sense of the ironic, the randy, and the humorous.

.com Memoirs by urbanites who homestead in the country and learn hard lessons in the bargain are many, but few attain the depths of a Walden or Pilgrim at Tinker Creek. Readers of those books will want to spend time with Kathleen Meyer's sometimes playful, sometimes somber Barefoot Hearted, which brings a resolutely modern sensibility to some ancient problems--among them, how to live with the creatures on whose homes humans have intruded, and how to learn the arts of self-sufficiency. Meyer, the author of the indelicately titled but highly useful How to Shit in the Woods, recounts how she and her partner set about making an old Montana barn into a fit home. The job was daunting, she learned: in winter, the place was so cold that she had to bundle up in gear befitting an

Antarctic explorer, no easy garb for, well, performing certain functions. And, she found, the barn and its environs had become a shelter for many animals, some of which she welcomed (among them bats and, strangely, skunks), some of which she reluctantly waged war against (specifically a never-ending army of mice). She sets those challenges against a thoughtful, ongoing discussion that touches upon important philosophical issues: the responsibilities of those who live on the edges where civilization and wilderness meet, and the responsibilities of humans to preserve what little of wild nature is left in a time of wholesale extinction and slaughter. Wise, literate, and often moving, Meyer's memoir is required reading for anyone contemplating a move to places beyond the avenue--and for anyone who values a good story well told. --Gregory McNameeFrom Publishers WeeklyMeyer (author of the unlikely international bestseller *How to Shit in the Woods*) offers a thoughtful and irreverent account of her life cohabitating with bats, skunks, mice and an Irish gypsy horseshoer named Patrick McCarron, in a 75-year-old dairy barn in Montana's rural Bitterroot Valley. Meyer describes the couple's struggles to balance the needs of the natural world with their own, recounting many amusing anecdotes to support her contention that "the person passionate to live gently, with cheek and ear to the ground, is mightily challenged to figure out how." For instance, efforts to control deer mice and cluster flies, both of which threaten to overrun her barn, lead to questions of the power that "ordinary, all-powerful Homo sapiens" have to determine which species will survive. The couple learns to adapt to such unusual circumstances as baby bats dive-bombing them at night and skunks spraying the barn during their mating season. Meyer also helps care for bears driven from their habitat by sprawling towns and lack of food, and reflects on the decline of native trout populations. Drawing on interviews with local naturalists and scientists, including well-known writer David Quammen (*Song of the Dodo*), she provides a wealth of information about each species, though at times gets bogged down in unnecessary detail. Although mostly focused on environmental concerns, Meyer's loosely structured account does include personal elements, including frequent references to Patrick and an account of their empowering journey across the Continental Divide via covered wagon, yielding a compelling portrait of a life lived close to nature. Copyright 2001 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Library JournalA decade ago, Meyer (*How To Shit in the Woods*) moved from Manhattan to Montana to escape "a world grown mega-industrial, super high-tech, cybernated, and virtual all in half a lifetime." She and her romantic partner, an Irish gypsy-farrier, set up housekeeping in an old dairy barn, where they took the concept of simple living to an extreme: dilapidated furnishings, naked Sheetrock walls, indoor beams "adorned with bird poop," and skunks under the floor. Meyer here recounts her struggles to reduce the large populations of deer mice, black flies, and brown bats who also called the barn their home. She bemoans the fact that imported fish are crowding out the native species in Montana's rivers, muses about relocating black bears, and defiantly reeks of skunk while attending a social function. She also enjoys alluding to her sexual activities with her partner. Along with her personal observations, Meyer inserts chunks of factual information about wildlife apparently gleaned from reference books and web sites. The result is a miscellany of impressions and facts that tries to be adventurous and witty but ends up being tedious and rambling. Not a necessary purchase.- Ilse Heidmann, San Marcos, TX Copyright 2001 Reed Business Information, Inc.