



*The* **SPIRIT** *of* **SEDONA**

original art and verse by *Steve Simon*



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To Billie and Nicolas:

*May your dreams shine forth and move mountains!*

To Leslie and Madeleine:

My deepest gratitude for your loving support in making this book possible.

## Introduction

In the spring of 2007 my wife, children, and I came to Sedona, Arizona for a visit. We were awe-struck immediately by the beauty and magic ambience. Two months later we moved from California on the 4th of July weekend to become full-time residents. Stories like these are not uncommon among those who have been drawn to the beauty and splendor of this magical place.

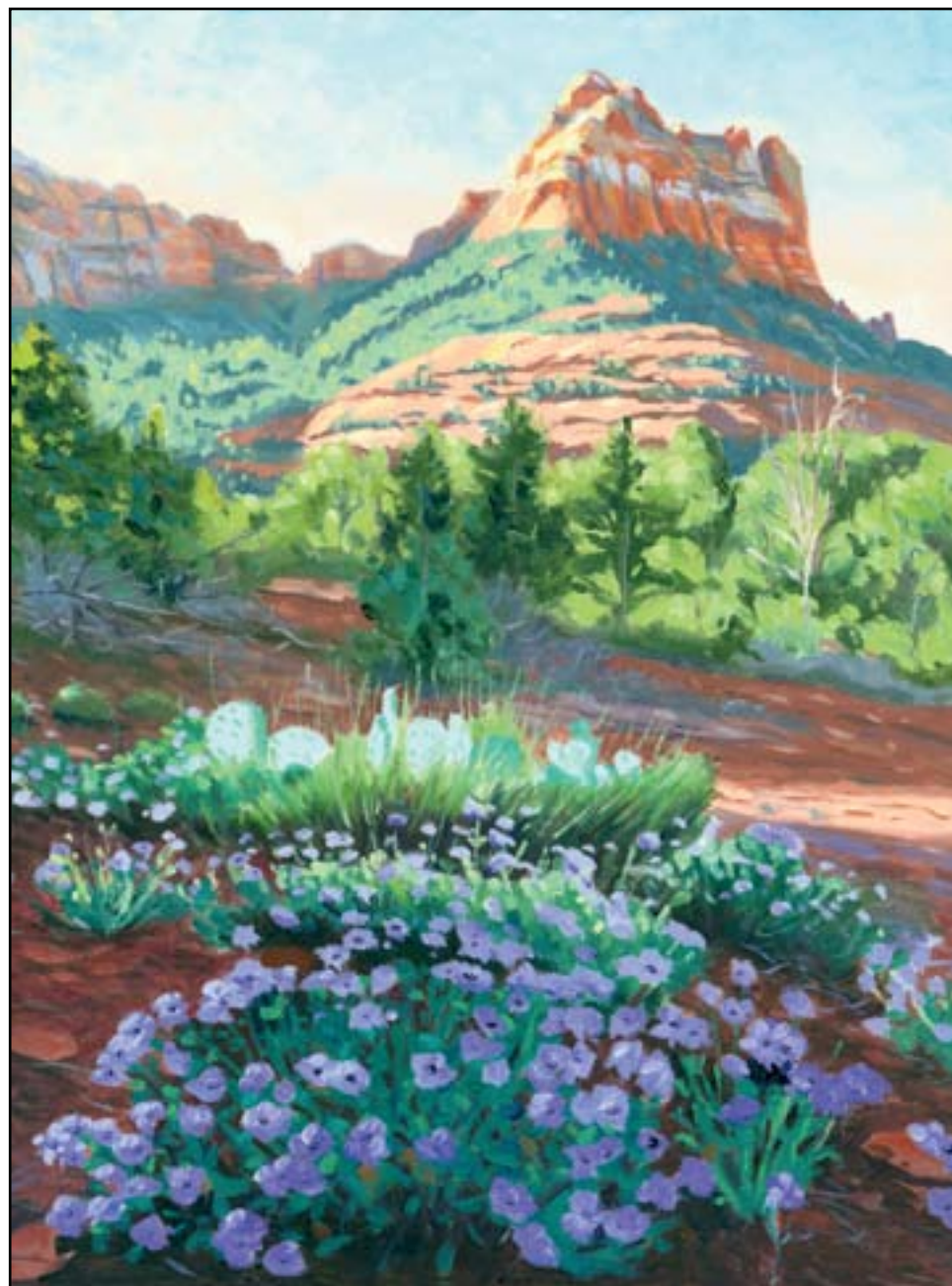
Nestled at the base of the Colorado Plateau, Sedona offers an up close and humbling reminder of geologic time and nature's awesome forces. Her natural history offers a window into ancient cultures, prompting us to see our own culture from new perspectives. The beauty of the landscape, gentle pace, unspoiled environment, and stunning night skies all collaborate to nudge us toward a more relaxed and grounded state of mind. Here we find the serenity to listen to our inner voices and fertile ground to allow our passions to grow. With or without the belief in Sedona's legendary vortex energies, it is difficult to deny that at least a special *spirit* abounds in this truly unique locale.

As a landscape artist with reverence for nature's beauty, it is often challenging—and with the case of Sedona, quite daunting—to attempt to capture the special *spirit* of such a place. It is perhaps a brazen pursuit but one I find great pleasure in.

How often have you beheld art and wondered if you understood the artist's message or wondered if the emotions you were feeling were intended by the artist? It is for this reason that I enjoy writing poetry to accompany my art. It provides me a second opportunity to “steer” you, the beholder, in the direction of my composition's intent. Perhaps it may also inspire you to participate in pondering what the composition might mean to you personally.

It is, therefore, my hope that as you wander through this collection, you might feel that you, too, are participating in a journey—part yours, part mine—the convergence of which we shall call *The Spirit of Sedona*.

Steve Simon



*Verbena in Bloom*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

## *The Living Landscape*

Sedona, Arizona—that mystical and magical place

Overflowing with nature's creative grace.

Where wilderness whispers its gentle sweet song

And your spirit yearns to quietly sing along.

Where juniper, piñon, and prickly pear

Sculpt the high desert landscape with artistic flair.

Where each time of day and season is a new scene to adore

Each lending a painterly touch you've never seen before.



### *How It All Began*

During a great rain that lasted a forty-day spell  
She sprang from the depths of nearby Montezuma Well.

Wearing a protective pearl she was sheltered in the log of a tree  
Before a woodpecker in Sedona set the beautiful woman free.

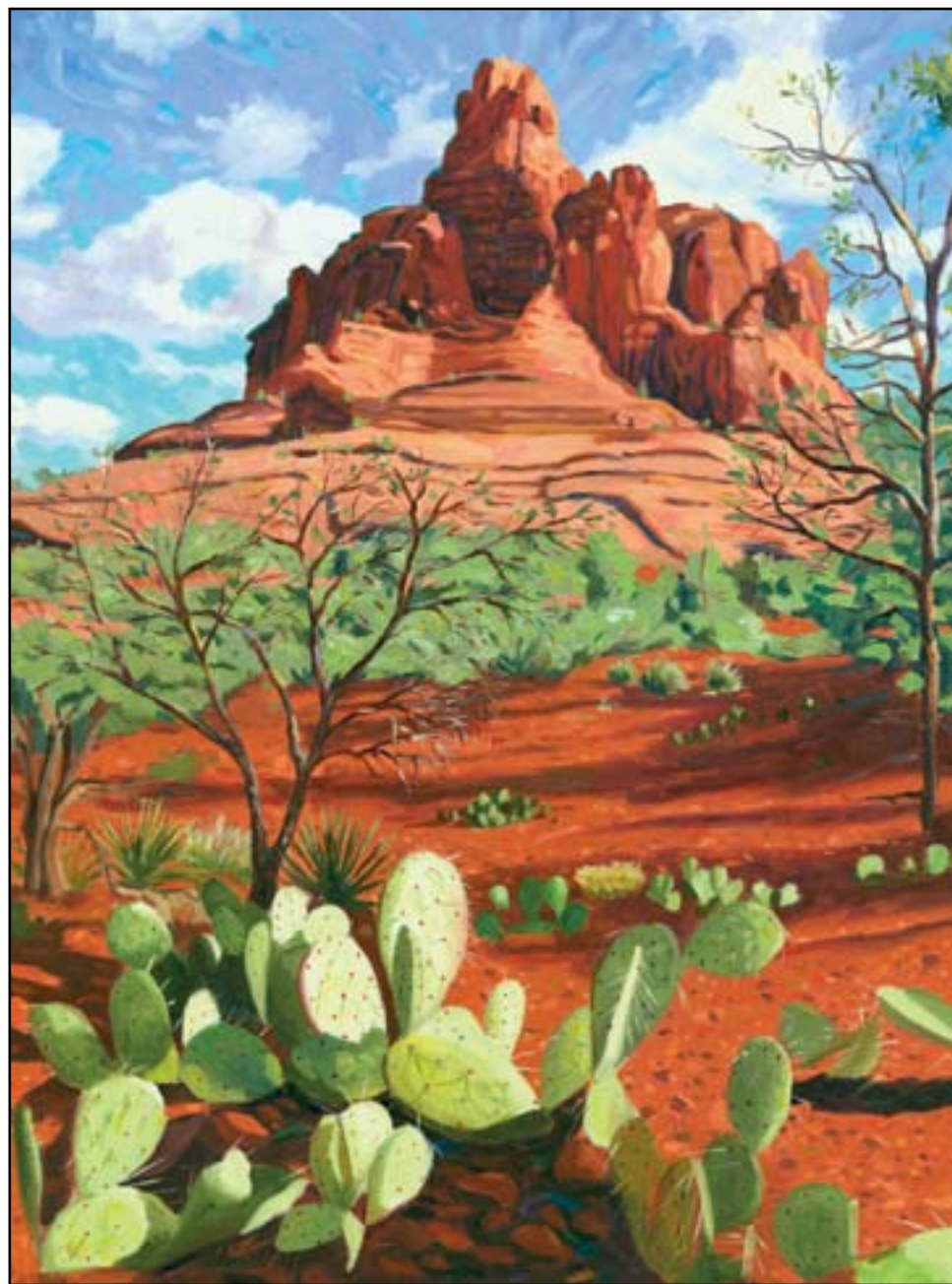
To Mingus Mountain the bird guided her to meet the Sun  
They quickly fell in love and a great story had begun.

For this woman known reverently as “Lady of the Pearl”  
Would bathe in Boynton Canyon and give birth to a special girl.

This girl would be the “First Lady” of mankind’s first generation  
So goes the creation story of the great Yavapai-Apache Nation.



*Boynton Canyon*  
oil on canvas, 18 x 24 inches



*Bell Rock*  
oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches

### *That Certain Something*

Some say she's named for her shape, others for her ringing sound

One thing is for sure, here a certain aura does abound.

Her inviting slopes making rock climbers of us all

Onward and upward, you answer her alluring call.

From each new height a fresh vantage is revealed

Around each bend a hidden stretch no longer concealed.

And when you sit quietly unable to go any higher

For a few still moments, you let the surroundings inspire.

Through that certain something, you feel her secrets unfurled

You get a clear sense that you're on top of the world.



## *Charting History's Course*

Like a Spanish galleon moored off shore

Frozen in time for all to adore.

Though a ship in the desert might seem out of place

An ancient sea once gave this landscape a different face.

For eons the Pedregosa Sea rose and receded, depositing lime

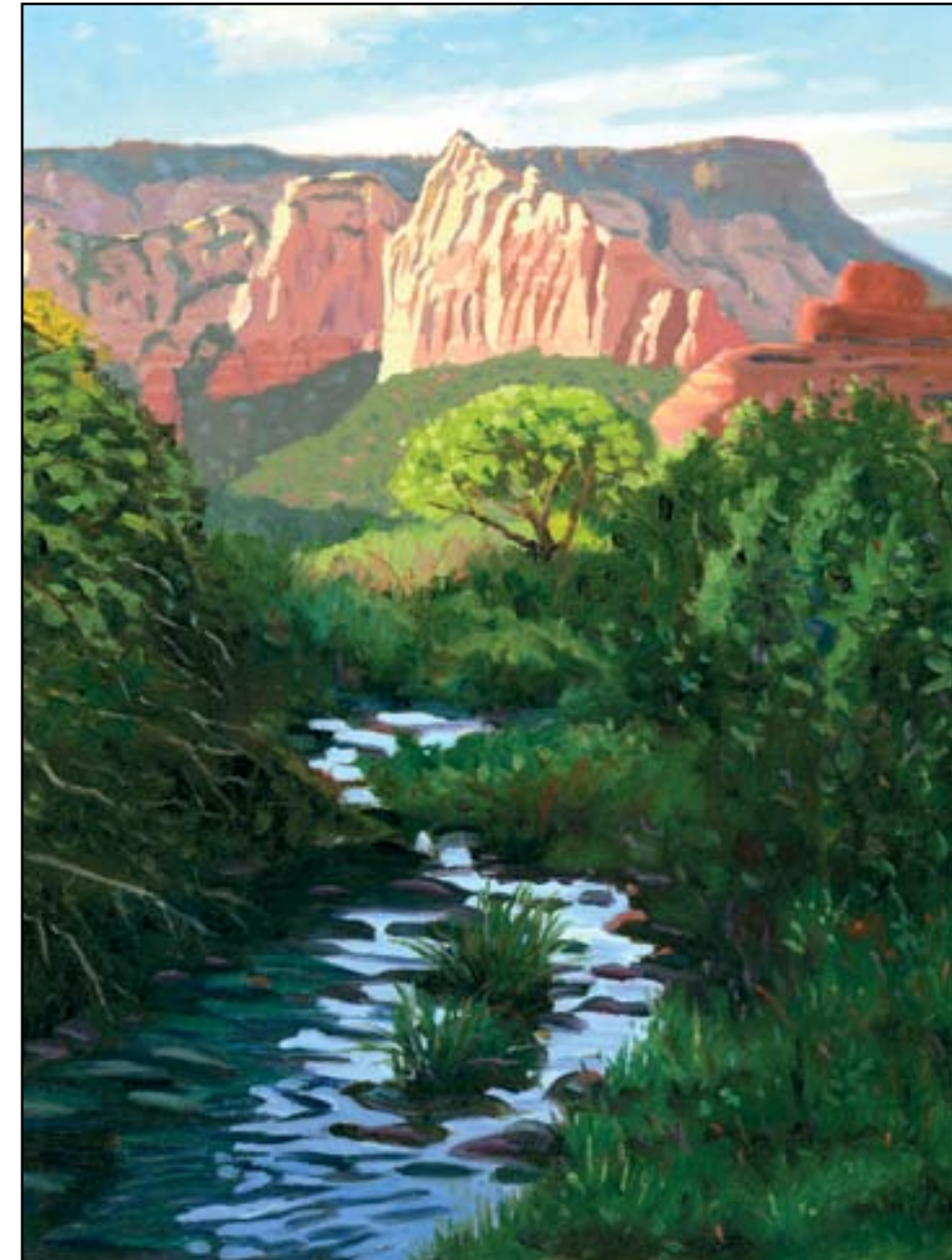
Leaving in its wake its own fossilized record of time.

To geologists this time stamp is technically known

As the ten-foot thick layer of Fort Apache Limestone.

In Sedona, these erosion-resistant layers of sedimentations

Form the capstone of many famous rock formations.



*Ship Rock*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches



*Merry-Go-Round Rock*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches

## *Out for a Ride*

Hike Munds Wagon Trail up Schnebly Hill

And you're in for quite an adventurer's thrill.

You'll pass towering Mitten Ridge and the rolling Cow Pies

Before this curious formation greets your eyes.

Time-hardened limestone does frame

This unusual formation with an amusement park name.

A natural playground with discoveries in store

For your inner child to seek and explore.

Come see how much fun can be found

Riding Sedona's ancient Merry-Go-Round.



*When Nature Speaks*

From this vantage above these sacred pools  
One might receive an education not taught in schools.

The rocks, trees, and fauna offer wisdom for all to hear  
Through the open, clear-minded, non-discriminating ear.

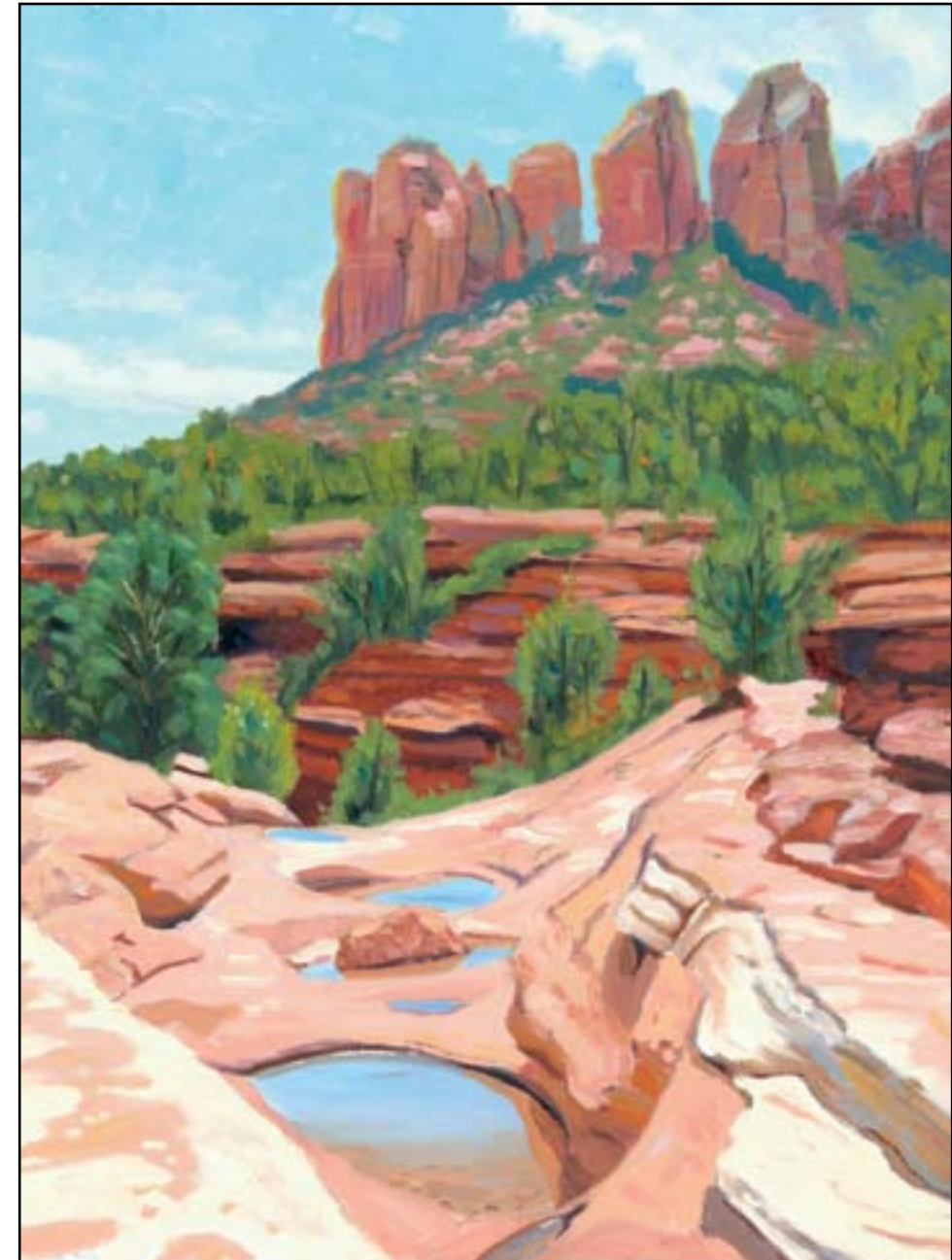
It is said the ancients could communicate in subtle ways  
Which we have simply forgotten in more modern days.

Is it possible this oblivious I have become?

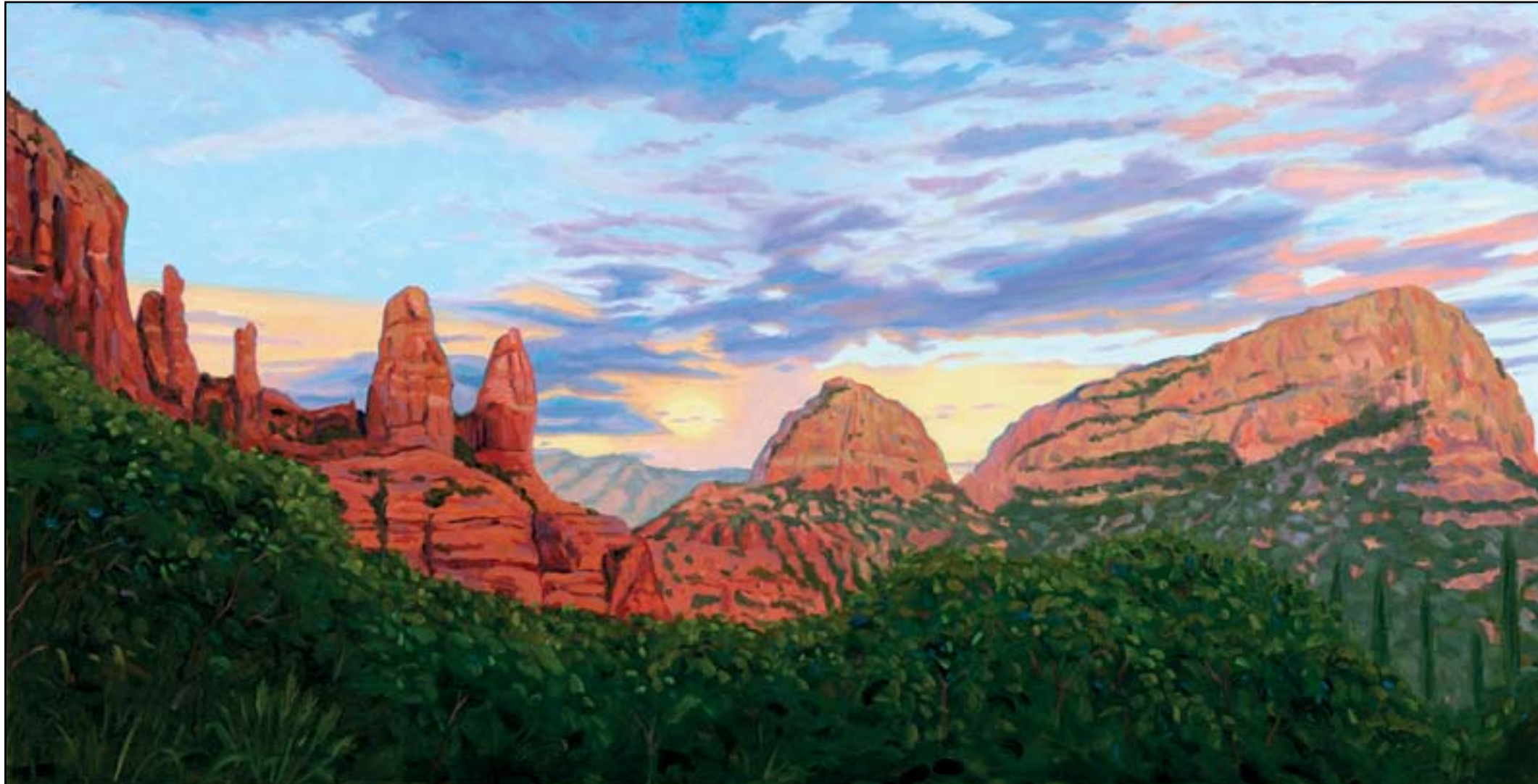
Could I be so blind, deaf, and dumb?

What do these rocks, trees, and pools wish to say?

What am I missing from this seemingly mute display?



*Seven Sacred Pools*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches



*Madonna & Nuns*  
oil on canvas, 18 x 36 inches

### *Harmony and Balance*

The Madonna and Nuns catch the eye  
Silhouettes against a technicolor sky.

Their intuition and graceful femininity  
Opposite the buttes' power and masculinity.

The very scene urges together in its display  
These epic polar forces come whatever may.

So Nature reminds of the balance to be found  
In the mind whose goal is harmony bound.



*Against the Odds*

Atop a mesa, a tree amazingly rooted in stone

Reverently greets the coming sunset all alone.

Long shadows stretch across the valley below

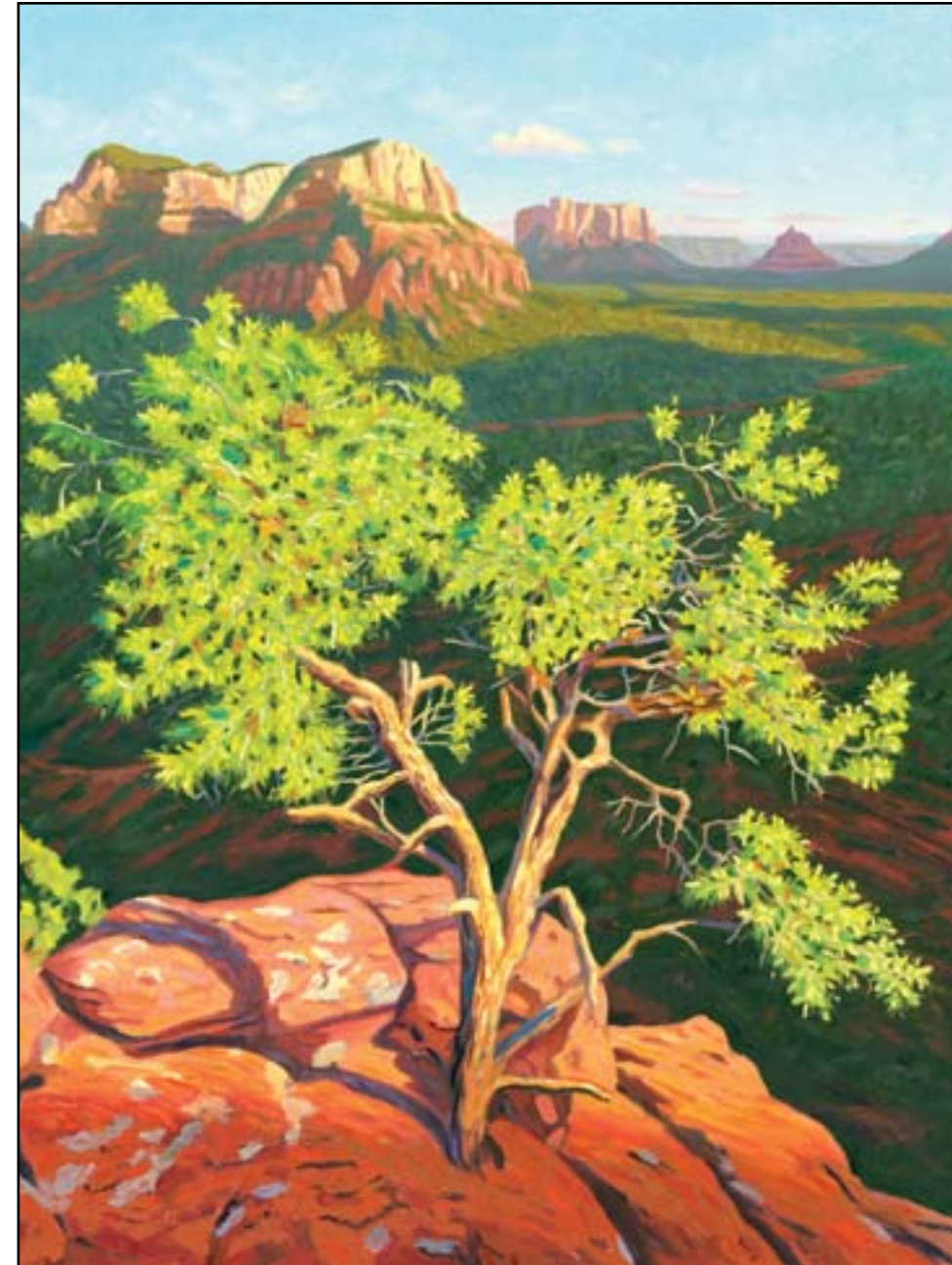
Like a giant sun dial, imperceptibly slow.

From the tree's simple point of view, one cannot dismiss

The past and future are but thieves of current bliss.

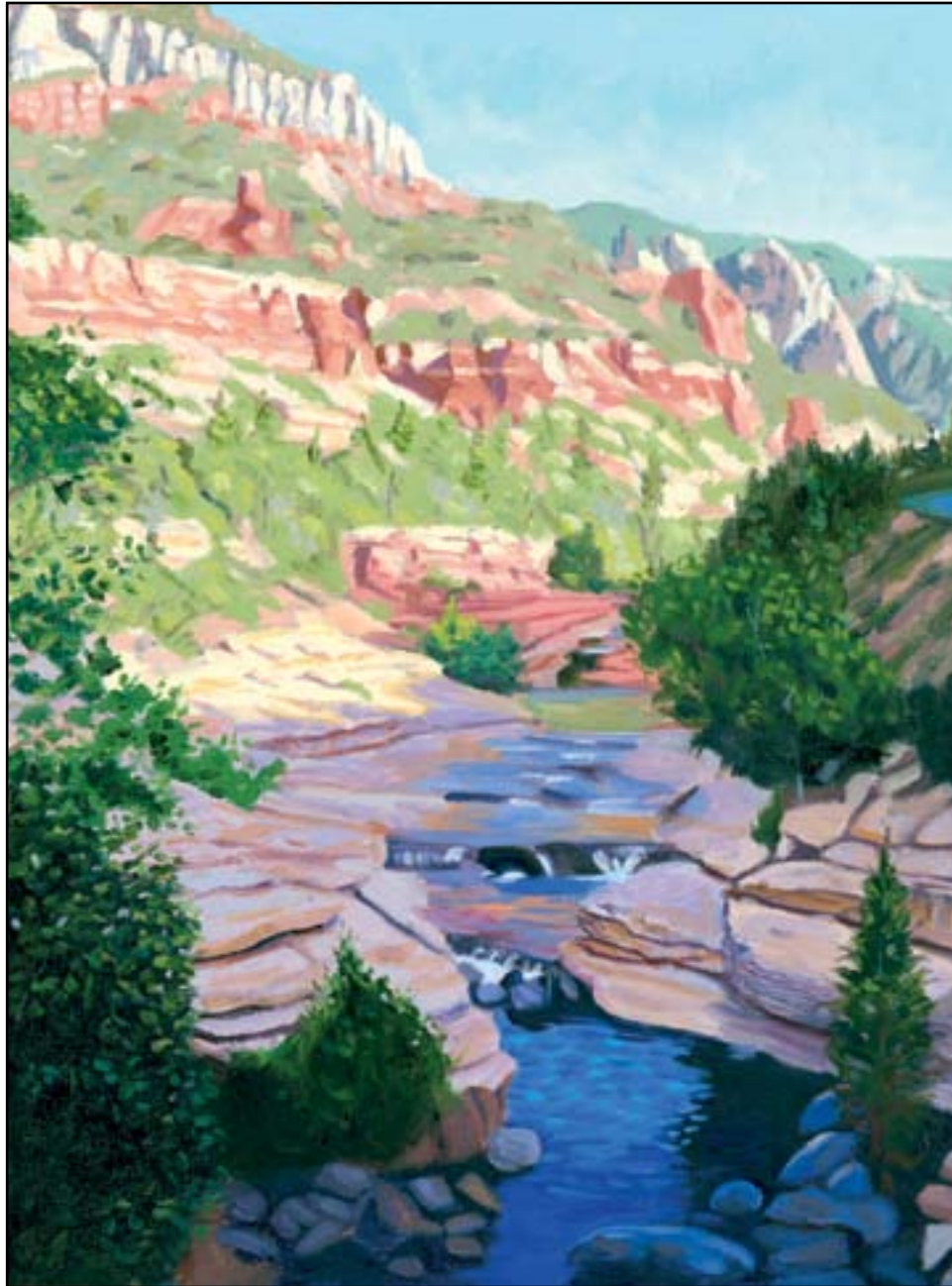
It is in sublime places and moments such as these

Where the march of time seems to collapse and freeze.



*Against the Odds*  
oil on canvas, 28 x 22 inches





*Slide Rock*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

### *Nature's Theme Park*

Carving its way down from the Colorado Plateau

Through layers of time, Oak Creek does flow.

In a place with cliffs towering a thousand feet above

Is nestled a natural water park all children love.

Smooth slides of rock on which to swoosh down

And pools of spring water to splash around.

A spectacular place to pass a hot summer's day

Breathing mountain air, nature's beauty on display.

*Early Bird*

It's the dog days of a summer, blazing hot streak

So I rise before dawn and stroll along the creek.

I head to my favorite spot with the inspiring view

Greeting the sun like I imagine the ancients would do.

Like a hot knife through butter sunbeams pierce the haze

The alchemy of which turns the water gold as maize.

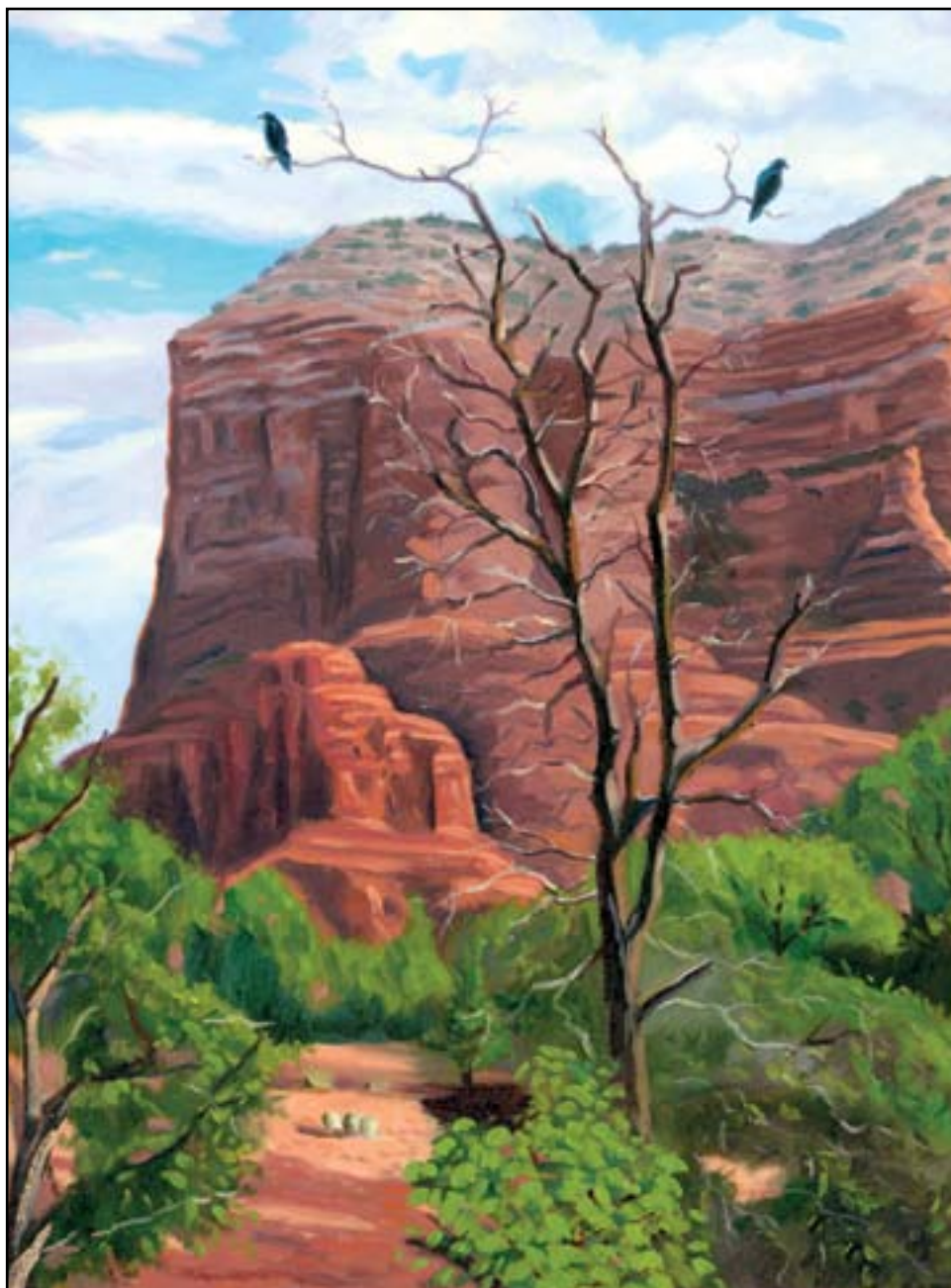
Therein lies the promise of riches in the rising sun

Envision the bounty of the day before it has begun.



*Cathedral Rock Morning*  
oil on canvas, 8 x 10 inches





*Stark Raven Beauty*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

*Stark Raven Beauty*

Needles fallen, branches bare

Stretching into the high desert air.

Accommodating perches from which to peer

For prey which may haplessly venture near.

A hungry pair stands poised in position

Ready to launch their next hunting mission.

Hiking by, you accept your sole solemn duty

To take in nature's "stark raven beauty."



## *Chapel Nocturne*

When darkness falls, look to the heavenly skies

Be prepared for another feast for the eyes.

Shooting stars, constellations, even the Milky Way  
In the absence of city lights, magnificently on display.

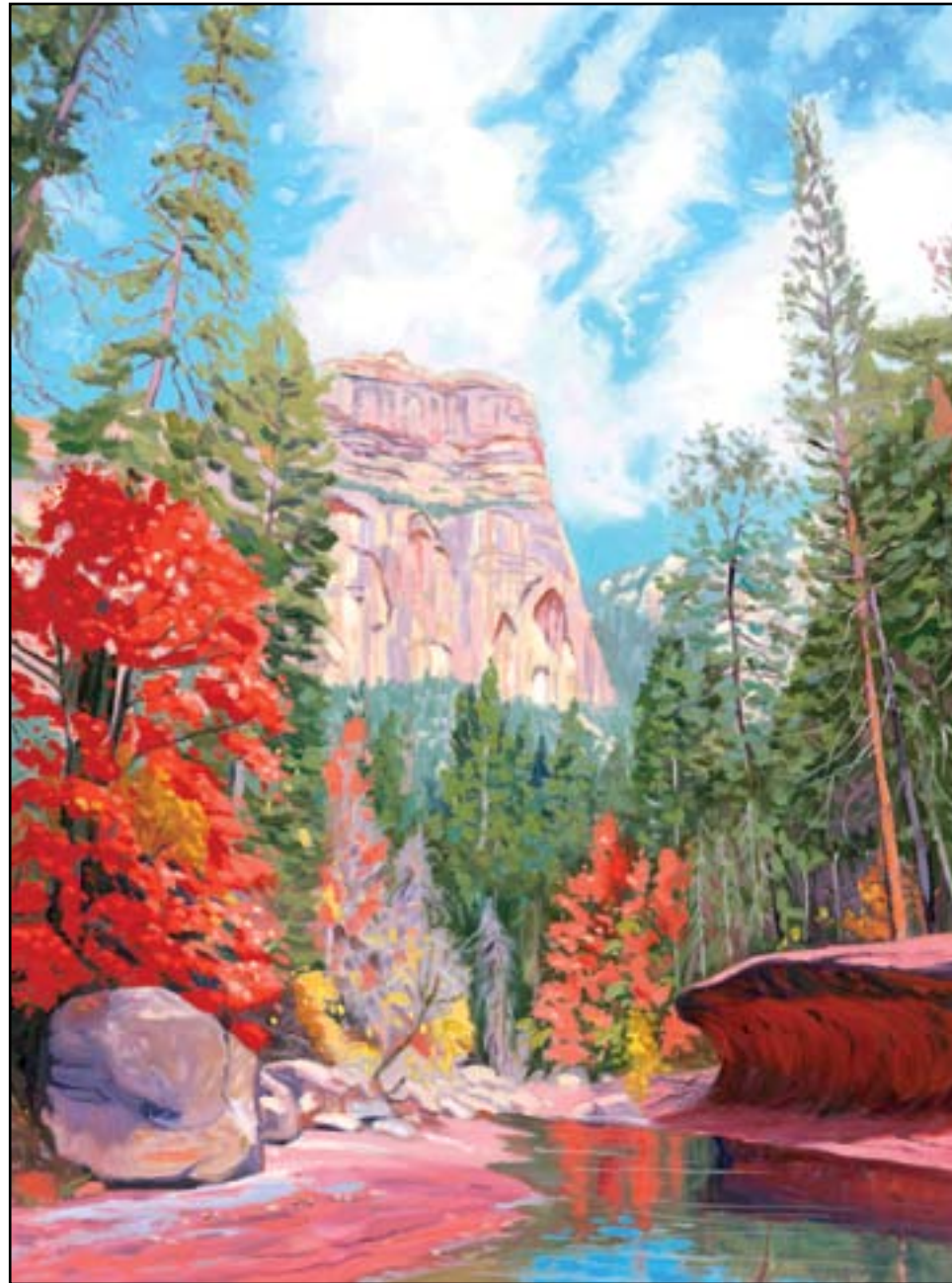
It is said for each twinkling star you can spy  
Whirl at least as many galaxies not seen by the eye.

Amazingly, as difficult as this is to understand  
All this could once fit in the palm of your hand.

From this fleck in space and time, a new perspective is conveyed—  
A new scale on which the gravity of things are weighed.



*Chapel Nocturne*  
oil on canvas, 24 x 36 inches



*West Fork Autumn*  
oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches

## *Meandering in Magic*

Just north of town in wilderness of sublime mystique  
Flows the West Fork on its journey to meet Oak Creek.

Beautiful are all her seasons and all her days  
Particularly enchanting when her fall colors blaze.

Through forest and across the stream the trail goes  
Around the corner something more spectacular she shows.

A fantasia of the senses so enchanting it would seem  
I've entered the setting of a fairy-tale writer's dream.

Even though no unicorn, ferry, or wizard has ever come near  
That won't stop me exploring the mystical magic found here.

## *Departure*

As the curtain drops on another spectacular day  
My mind wanders to those who previously came this way.

I wonder what they thought upon beholding this scene  
What was deemed important, for what did they dream?

Perhaps most intriguing of all, is the unsolved mystery  
Of this unforgiving territory's rich natural history.  
To the people known as Sinaguans, this was home  
For centuries before disappearing for reasons still unknown.

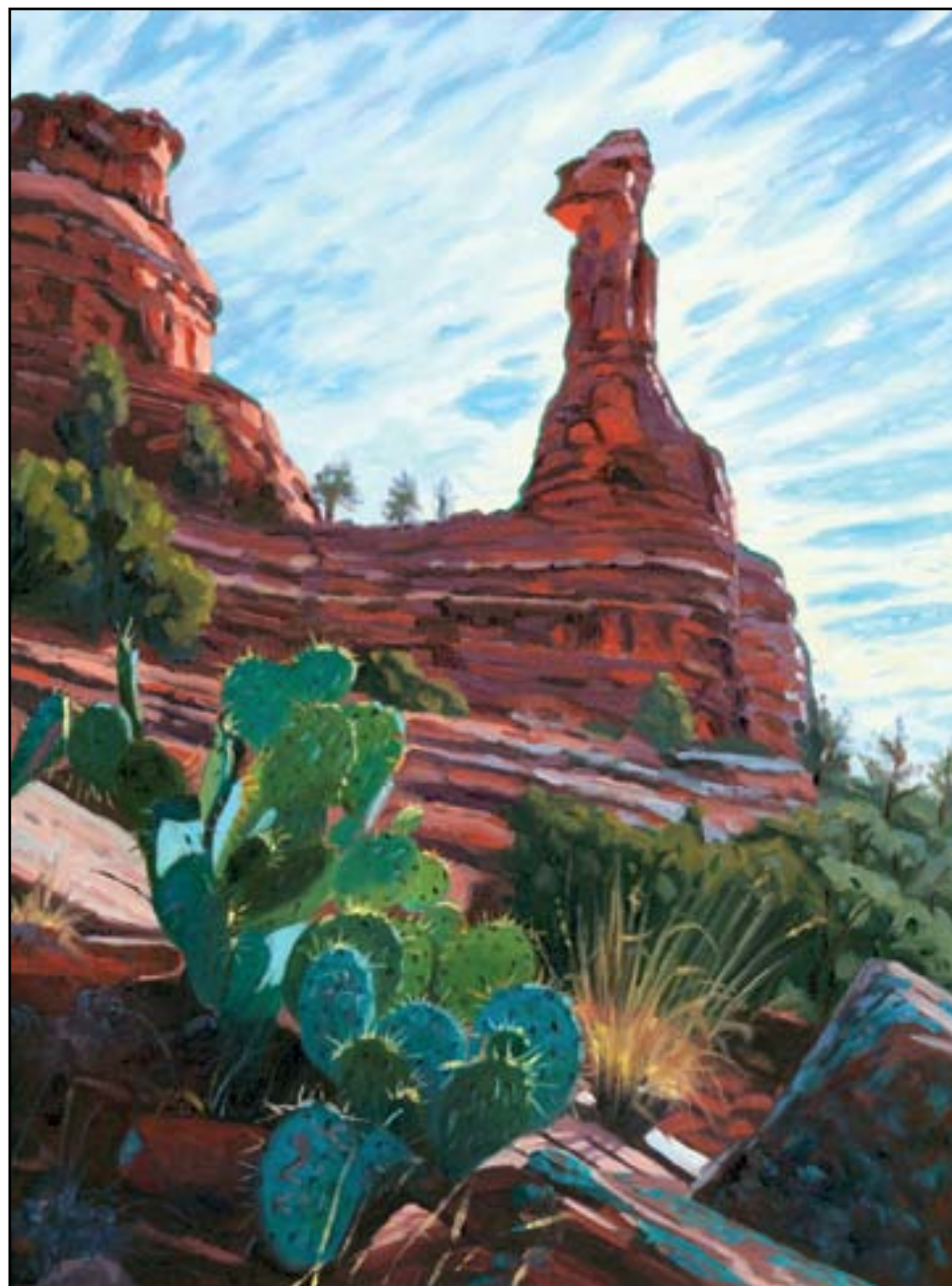
Was it drought, famine, social decline, or migration?  
Or did they somehow undergo an arcane transformation?

Somewhere, I imagine, within the rock's archives  
Lie the historical records and clues to their lives.



*Cathedral Rock Sunset*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches





*Kachina Woman*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

### *Sage Made of Stone*

As I turned a corner in the canyon, there she stood  
Not unlike her likeness often seen carved from wood.

Quietly the Kachina Woman has struck her pose  
Wise with time in all that she knows.

So I asked if there was something she wished to say  
“Is there some wisdom you could share this fine day?”

Somehow through the subtle ether came her vibration  
Her oratory was firm, yet gentle with a musical incantation.  
“All my kachina brothers and sisters and all our relations  
Are here to remind you of the life in all His manifestations.  
You see, this essence fills the cosmos and lives in everything  
It resides in the light from the sun and songs the birds sing.

This is critical for humanity to understand so as to thrive

Even imperative for your future simply to survive.

Please, tell your brothers, sisters and all your relations  
Thus you will find true joy and peace between nations.”

I thanked this ageless beauty wise in the ways of the universe  
And humbly asked her assistance with this painting and verse.

## *Snowblind*

I remember as a child watching each winter's snowfall  
Giddy with excitement in the potential fun of it all.  
The will of the neighborhood kids you might say  
Would bring enough down to cancel school for a day.  
Ah, to build a fort and have a massive snowball fight  
To sled down the hills, every child's delight.

As the years past, adult priorities put the fun to rest  
The snow became another chore, a hassle at best.  
That childlike anticipation went into deep freeze  
Replaced with a shovel and the flu with a sneeze.  
I wished one day again I could see this season as fun  
Instead of the dreadful slog I had let it become.

At last, here in the desert of all places  
My inner child rediscovered winter's graces.  
To make footprints in pristine powder or gaze at a single flake  
The soul stirring silence left in the storm's wake.  
The beauty of a freshly fallen blanket on the rocks and trees  
My child's heart once again sang out in joyous reprise.



*Coffee Pot in the Snow*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches





*Asters in Bloom*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

### *Ode to a Legend*

Armed with nothing more than his flute and sack of seeds

He undertakes his annual ritual of supernatural deeds.

Where so ever he roams, winter turns to blossoming spring

Through his music and dance, a deep joy he does bring.

To the maiden who dances and sings along with his cheer

A beautiful child will she bare in the coming year.

For the vivacity of spring and miracle of birth

Thank you, Kokopelli for your cheerful mirth!





*Sedona Skyline*, oil on canvas, 18 x 60 inches

### *Artist at Work*

Sure it might just be a simple happenstance  
A scientific result of differential erosion and chance,  
That sculpted this skyline with such architectural flair  
And threw down bold color as if on a dare.

But isn't it more exhilarating to sense a childlike artist at play  
Experimenting with color, form, and lighting day after day?  
What would it be like to create on a scale so grand?  
What if we can but don't yet quite understand?



## *Magnanimous Matriarch*

Though her name may be an exaggeration of her life span

Her towering presence our attention does command.

The ancients used these agaves with elegant stalks of flowers

For soap, food, fiber, needles, and medicinal powers.

In this same spirit of offering herself in whatever way

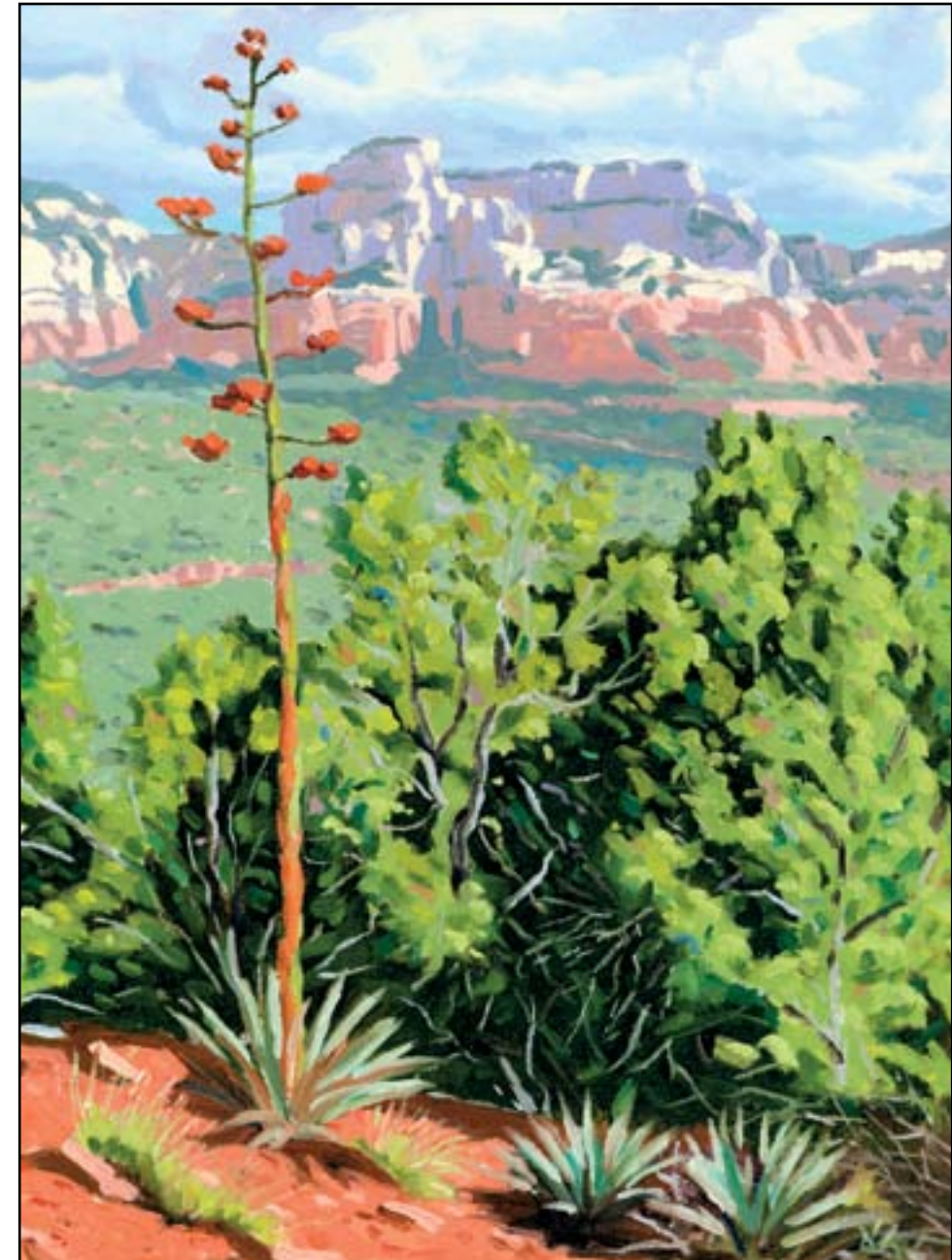
The century plant gives up her life with an energetic display.

Blooming only once with spectacular verve and vim

Within a few weeks, she'll grow taller than a basketball rim.

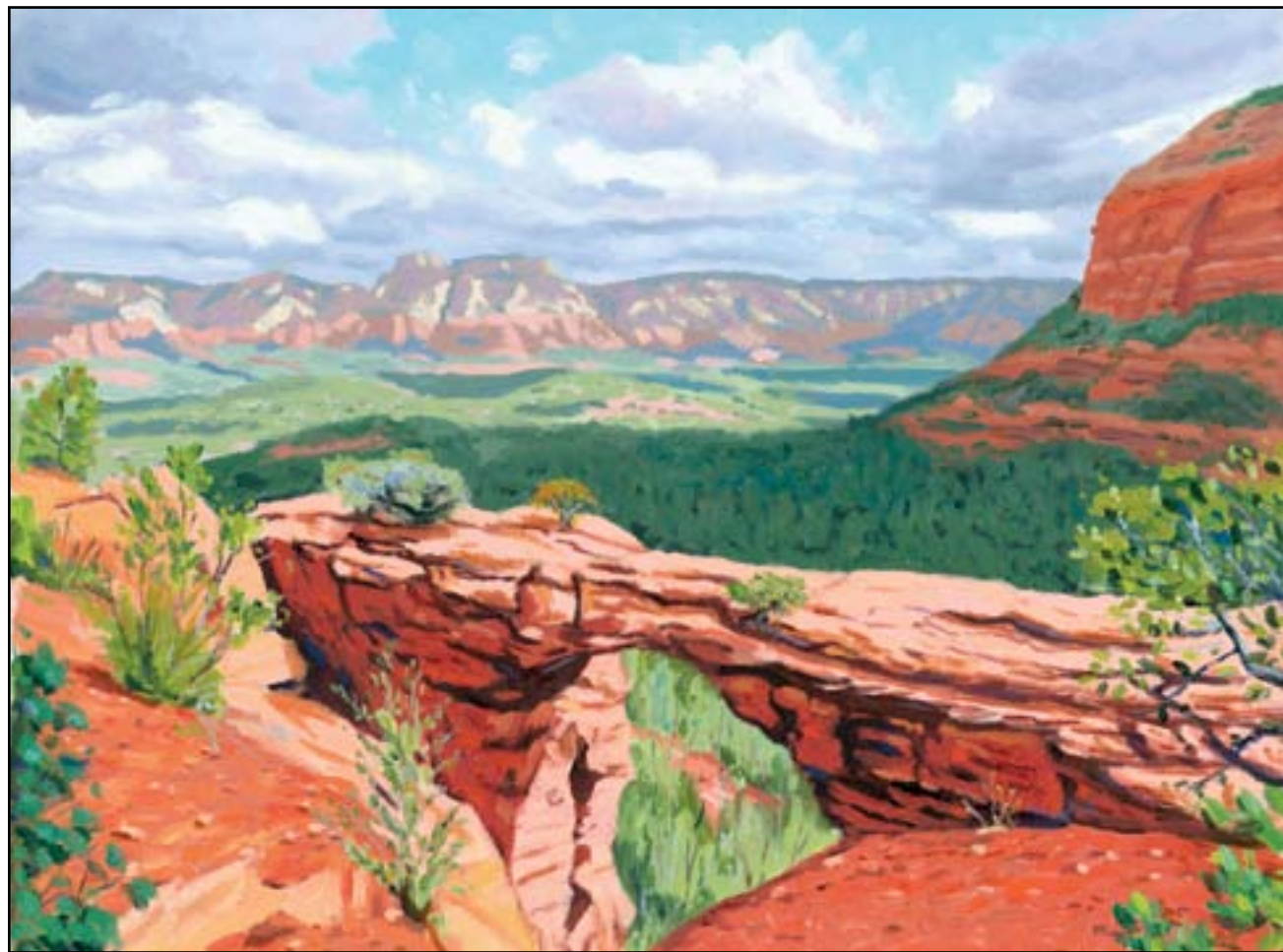
After the season she will succumb humbly with determination

To pass her giving life force on to the next generation.



*Century Plant*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches





*Devil's Bridge*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches

### *Serenity Bridge*

Overlooking the wilderness out here all alone  
Stands a natural bridge carved from red sandstone.

Accepting the invitation, I cross the span  
Heading to the other side without any real plan.  
Crossing, I'm reminded how time marches and how it can fly  
Like the bridging of generations or an era passing by.  
I imagine peoples' lives quite different from mine  
And that's not far back along history's time line.  
I can't help but wonder what our children will face  
How things will evolve and what will become of this place.

Then I peer through the arch like a portal to another dimension  
Here my doubts and concerns go into complete suspension.

The message comes clear and bold  
I guess I needed to hear what I've already been told—  
“Focus on things within your influential scope  
Accept everything else with loving faith and hope.”

### *Dare to Dream*

Marguerite Brunswig Staude, sculptor with architectural flair  
Student of Frank Lloyd Wright, not afraid of a little dare,  
Began her project in 1932 with strong dedication  
After New York skyscrapers gave her an inspiration.

Within the towering ironwork everywhere she could see  
Crosses embedded in the design, as if placed reverently.

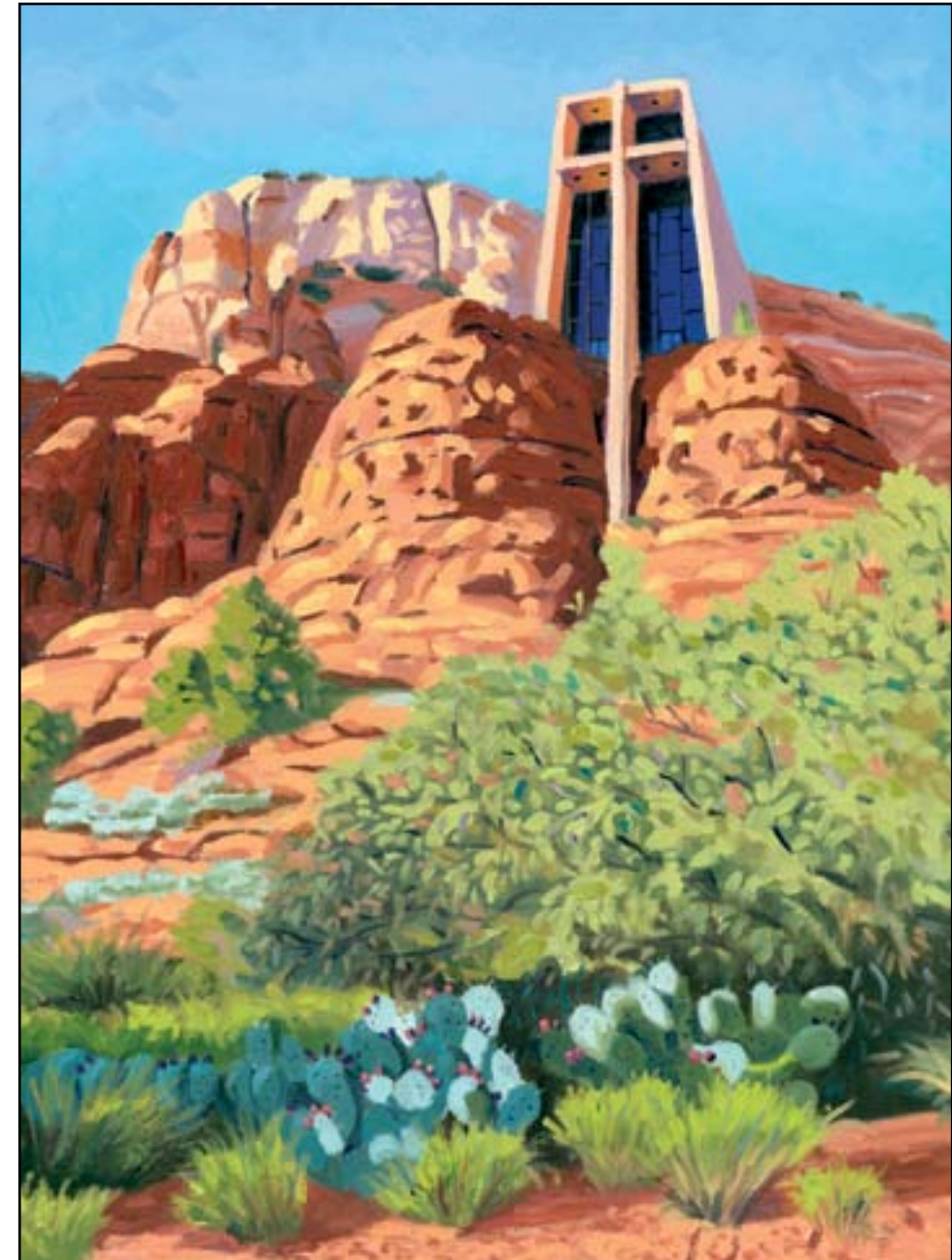
She began looking for a setting worthy of her lofty vision  
One that “spurs man’s spirit godward” would be the mission.

She traveled the U.S. and Europe looking for the perfect venue  
And found it wedged between two rocks, complete with a view.

Failing economies and a world war would intervene  
But by 1956 she would finally realize her dream.

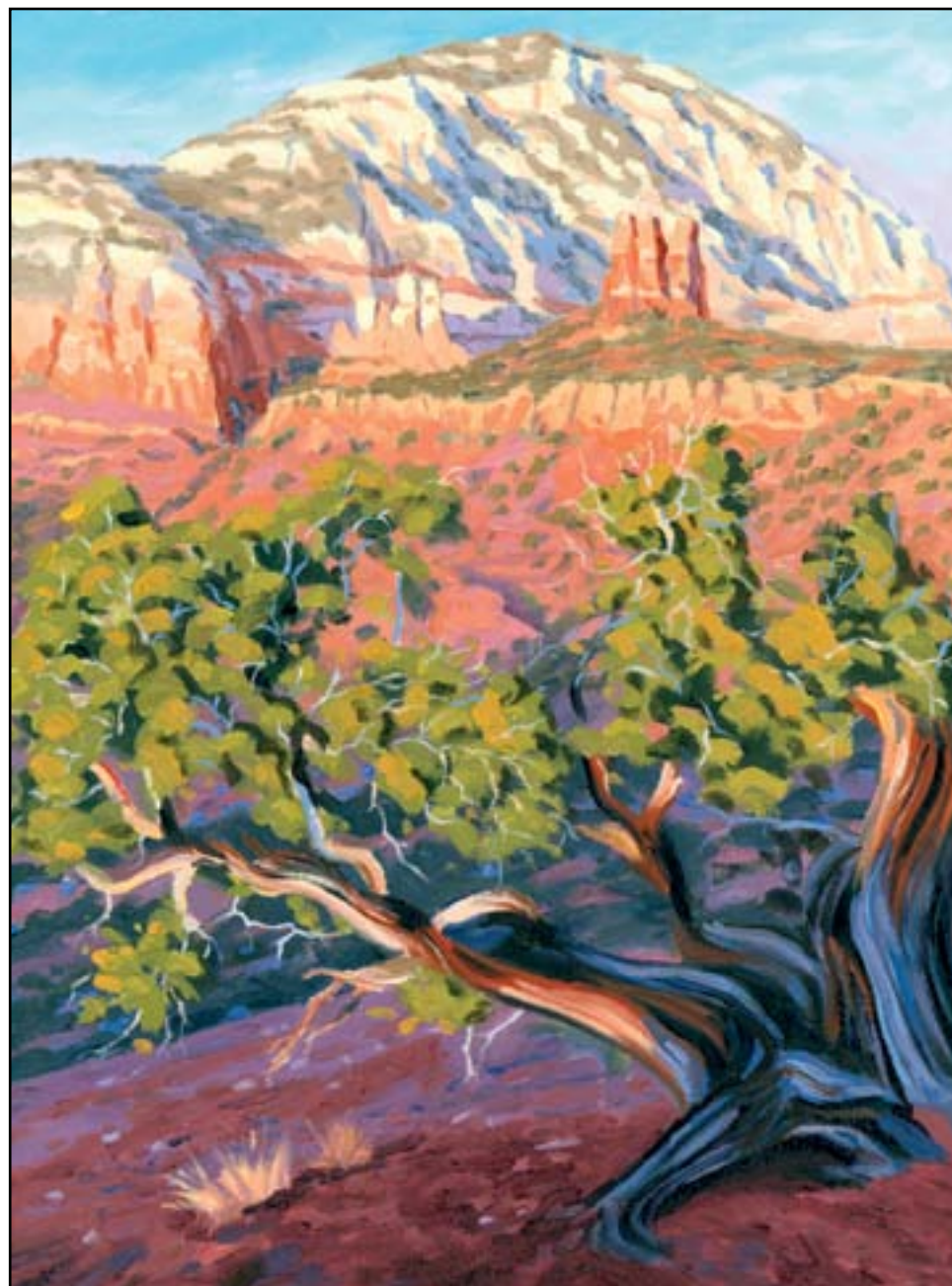
The Chapel of the Holy Cross was complete, and so too her goal  
Of using the same vertical skyscraper thrust to lift the soul.

Inspiration, imagination, and perseverant dedication—  
The beautiful building materials of this architectural celebration.



*Chapel of the Holy Cross*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches





*Chimney Rock*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

*Lesson of the Day*

At the trail head where I began my quest  
The sun barely kissed Mingus Mountain to the west.

Ascending Little Sugarloaf, each measured gain in elevation  
Offset the sun's departure in a sunset of suspended animation.

But alas when I got to the peak  
Further away the sun would sneak.

My fleeting attempt to make the colors last  
Had unceremoniously come and passed.

So it is nature offers her education  
All good things in moderation.

*The Artist's Muse*

The higher elevations accented with freshly fallen snow  
Lend an extra special backdrop to her portrait from below.

Distant canyon shadows recede quietly in a cool blue  
In contrast to her finely sculpted features taking on a fiery hue.

The model stands motionless and always knows  
Her best side to show when striking a pose.

Photographers and painters attempt to desperately capture  
The beautiful coffee pot figure and all the percolating rapture.



*Coffee Pot from Airport Mesa*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches





*Snoopy Rock*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches

## *Snoopy Rock*

As if atop his dog house reclined

Forever relaxed in his peace of mind.

That eccentric hound with comedic flair

Joyful spirit and imagination beyond compare.

Immortalized in a rock bearing his name

The beagle who found adoration and worldly fame.

*At One with Mother Nature*

Amidst the trees, he is grateful for the air She has brung

So he treads softly in the forest for this is Her lung.

Gazing at the crags, he is grateful for the mighty stone

He pays respect to the earth for this is Her bone.

Listening to snow melt, he rejoices as a creek begins to flood

He keeps clean the rivers for this is Her blood.

Reverently co-existing with the life of all others

He nurtures all fauna for these are Her sisters and brothers.

And as a soft, luminous shaft dapples light from above

He returns the warm embrace of Her unconditional love.



*Cockscomb in the Snow*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches





*Last Rays*  
oil on canvas, 15 x 30 inches

### *Golden Rays*

The day's been overcast since the dawn's rising  
But, at last, just before kissing the horizon  
The sun appears from below the ceiling  
Giving the landscape a whole a new feeling.  
Where once the scene looked dull and flat  
It now seems alive and picturesque at that.

So it is I suspect with my own soul  
Sweeping away the clouds should be my goal.  
If I can dismiss the illusion cast by cloudy days  
Surely an illumination will come in golden rays.



*Cathedral Rock Snowfall*  
oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches

*Coming to Your Senses*

Cobalt blue sky, air impossibly clear

The trickle of snow melt, all you can hear.

The aroma of piñon and juniper, oh so subtle

To taste the pristine water from a chilly puddle.

A gentle winter breeze, cool on your face

Alive are the senses, at one with your inner space.

The simple blessings of this secret place

Peace, at last, from life's breakneck pace.



## *Gratitude*

The wildflowers seem giddy dancing in the arid breeze  
Despite scorching heat the desert brings on days like these.

Perhaps it's the monsoon gathering over the plateau  
And the promise of a shower to the valley down below.

Or maybe it's the closeness of family and friends nearby  
That makes them so cheerful and pleasing to the eye.

Or maybe it's the view and the panoramic inspiration  
That makes them glowingly beam in adoration.

Or maybe it's simply the joy of the moment found in each day  
Grateful to be alive, celebrating in their own special way.



*Twin Buttes*  
oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches



*Little Horse Waterfall*  
oil on canvas, 16 x 12 inches

## *Cascade of Blessings*

Amidst peaks the clouds appear from where they hide

Like peek-a-boo spirits out for a joy ride.

With their life giving power

They release a gentle winter shower.

The trees soak up whatever they can

Like faithful followers listening to a revered holy man.

The normally dry creeks roar in celebration

Rejoicing in the vivifying precipitation.

There's something about being out on the trail in the rain

The pitter patter melodies and musical refrain.

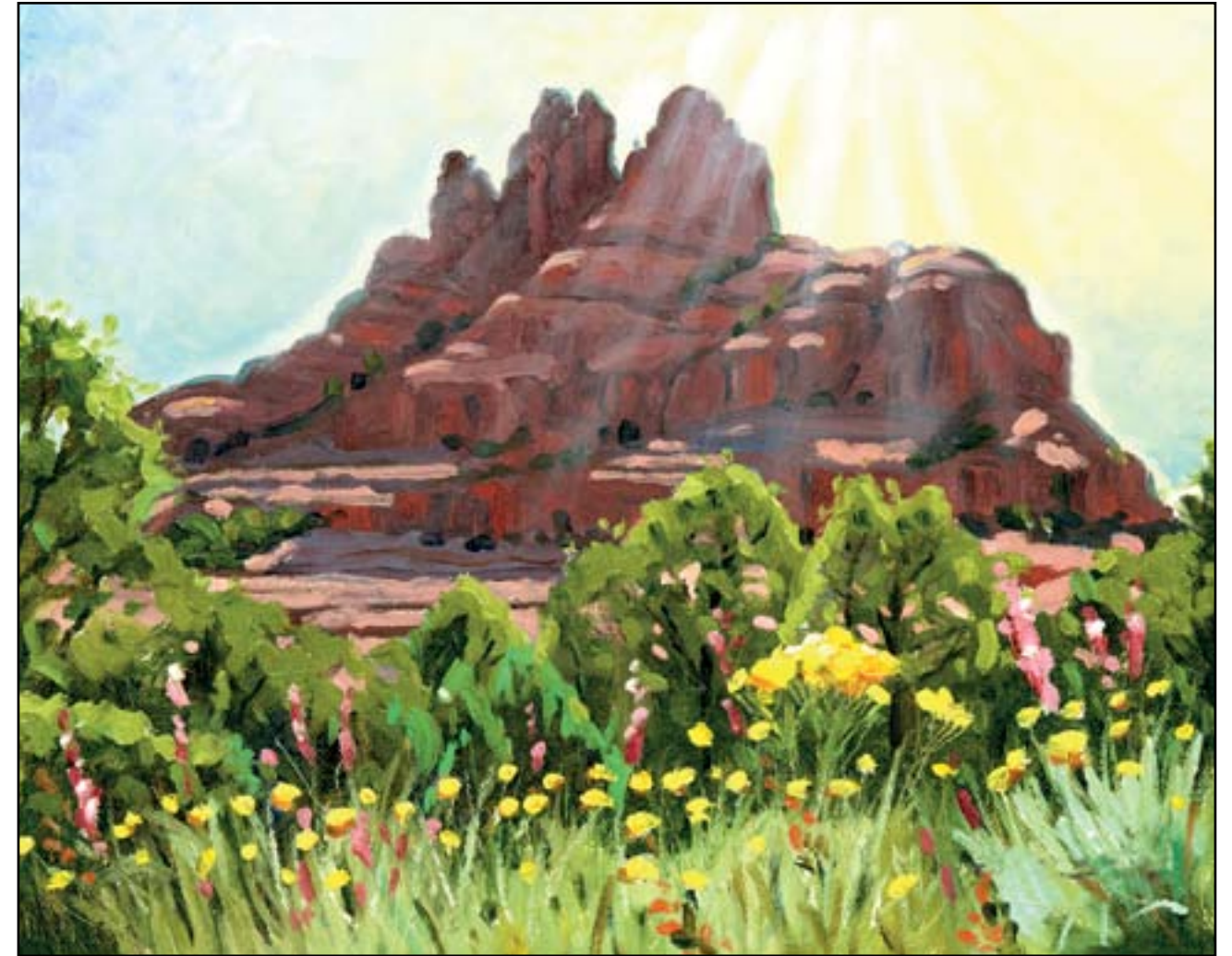
There's something about it that loosens the mire free

Cleanses the muck I carry but otherwise don't see.



### *A Charioteer's Opus*

Before my eyes an opera began to perform  
Inspiring and passionate my heart it did warm.  
A diva's penetrating, sunny voice radiated from above  
With a flowering chorus in an aria of spring love.  
Bell Rock chimed in to add staging and rhythmic ringing  
Complementing the timbre of the melodious singing.  
  
So I picked up a stick and conducted this opus of jubilation  
With no knowledge of music, just playful imagination.  
First, like holding back wild horses in an adagio quite slow  
Gathering a sense of tension to put on a good show.  
Gently releasing the gallop to an andante pace  
Accelerating to an allegro, letting all the horses race.  
My baton was alive, conducting in a mad craze  
How magnificent it would be to thus live all my days.  
For today I made no excuses nor from my passions did I hide  
The charioteer trusted in the horses and just let them ride!





*Cathedral Rock Reflections*  
oil on canvas, 22 x 28 inches

## *Reflections*

The music of the creek fills the crisp autumn air  
As thoughts fill my mind seemingly out of nowhere.

On an on the ceaseless chatter does go  
What purpose this serves I really don't know.

But there's something about this treasured spot  
That cools the mind's motor from running so hot.

So as another silly thought enters my head  
I release and let it go downstream instead.

Over the rocks go each frustration and fear  
Churning before into the water they disappear.

With the monument before me I strike a connection  
Before gazing in soft focus at its reflection.

In this quiet state of contemplative relaxation  
I come a step closer to understanding and realization.

Somewhere along that journey of many trails  
Lies the whisper of amorous gales!



## *The Spirit of Sedona*

The power of the rocks and beauty of the sky

A tonic for the soul and feast for the eye.

A certain energy not easy to define

Lifts the heart and tingles the spine.

Yes, the spirit of Sedona is a state of mind

Unlike any other place you might ever find!



*Schnebly Hill Sunset*  
oil on canvas, 24 x 30 inches

## Artist's Statement

The oil paintings created for this collection were done over a period of three and a half years. Each was painted from photographs I had taken while hiking along Sedona's many trails. During the course of this project, I was pleasantly surprised by the seemingly endless inspirations and the realization that I will never fully plumb the depths of Sedona's many-layered creative muses.

Each canvas in this collection was painted in studio. However, I also enjoy painting on location. This style of painting landscapes on location has come to be known as *plein air* painting. The term is frequently defined as painting in "open air." I believe, however, this definition is somewhat imprecise or at least incomplete. *Plein* in French means "full" and *air* in this context I believe is better defined as "atmosphere." In other words, painting *en plein air* is to paint in full atmosphere where one strives to use all the senses to absorb the full essence of the place. These perceptions, both gross and subtle, are then poured onto the canvas. Whether painting on location or in the studio, I strive to do exactly that—capture the full essence of the place.

Although the impressionists themselves did not use the term *plein air*, the aim was the same. Their goal was to communicate their full impressions, including their emotions,



upon the beholder. In 1994 before my career as an artist, I was living in Paris, France. I had the wonderful pleasure of visiting an extraordinary impressionist painting exhibit at the *Grand Palais*. An audacious effort was undertaken to temporarily reunite important impressionist masterpieces which over time had become scattered across the globe.

Nearing the end of the exhibit, I had reached sensory overload and did not think I could fully absorb another piece. The finale, however, snapped me back into full art appreciation. Two beautiful paintings were presented by two extraordinary artists. Both of the paintings featured *La Grenouillère*, a popular resort with a spa and floating café on the Seine near Paris. One painting was done by Monet and the other by Renoir. The two impressionist masters had each created these masterpieces standing side by side. For the first time in 125 years the canvases were once again reunited and hanging side by side!

Monet's composition tellingly emphasized the landscape whereas Renoir's focused on the people within the landscape. If these paintings could speak, I said to myself, they would recite two totally different poems. The historic paintings provided a tangible example of how two people, and geniuses at that, could interpret and record their impressions so differently even while looking at the same subject at the same time. I also pondered how the poems I would write for each painting would differ from the poems the beholder next to me would write if asked to do so. Therein was born my interest in writing poems to accompany my paintings.

A few weeks later, I attended a performance of Mozart's *Requiem* in the church of *St-Germain-des-Prés*. The tickets were expensive. On my limited budget, all I could afford was the least expensive of seats. The church is built in the shape of a cross. The orchestra was situated on the altar with the choir positioned at the apse above the altar.



My seat was to the right of the altar, somewhat amusingly situated behind the kettledrums. Acoustically, the seat was dreadful but the vantage point incredible. From where I sat, I literally felt I was one of the musicians. As the performance proceeded, I realized I was witnessing something quite spectacular.

Most conductors seem to have a predisposition for dramatic flair and this conductor was no exception. He appeared to completely embody the full emotional weight of the *Requiem* and pour it out through his animated baton, just as I would imagine Monet or Renoir would serve up their impressions with their brushes. At one point the conductor appeared so drenched in sweat and physically exhausted, I thought he would be unable to continue. He stood slouched between movements, wiping his brow. Then, suddenly as if reinvigorated by the bold challenge of the next movement, he stood erect, gazed intensely with furrowed brow at the choir, and with steely determination whipped his baton into action. With angelic exuberance, the choir exploded into beautiful song.

I had never seen anyone in such fervent and passionate creative bliss as the conductor at that moment. Sure I had read about the importance of following your bliss, taking the road less traveled, and all that sort of thing. Never before, however, had I seen and felt it so dramatically animated in person. By comparison, I thought about my lack of passion for my livelihood at the time and realized I was desperately missing the boat. So it was that a conductor forced me to listen to my unrequited love of painting. The poem “A Charioteer’s Opus” on page 64 is an ode to that extraordinary conductor. I am forever grateful for his powerful *impression*.

The next day the spine-tingling charge from the previous evening was still stirring my creative juices. Today, I thought, I have to allow my childlike artist to replace the businessman persona. I took my easel and paints to the stairs leading up to the *Basilique du Sacré Cœur*. All afternoon among the tourists and local Parisians, I strived to absorb the atmosphere surrounding the basilica and recorded my impressions on canvas. Though the painting was by no means a masterpiece, the day certainly was! In the early evening, I returned to my apartment. I opened a bottle of *Côtes du Rhône* and had a candid conversation with my inner child. It was then I made the decision to start a career as an artist.

This experience is an example of how places, people, and auspicious moments can move us in ways that stir our true spirit. This is certainly the case with Sedona. Sedona is clearly a place blessed with inspiration. It is also replete with people who have been attracted to the enigmatic energy here and ultimately inspired to march to the beat of their own drum. Lastly, it is also a place legendary for producing auspicious moments, so much so that we locals have come to refer to these occasions as “Sedona moments.”

On the surface and at first glance, Sedona is by any measure remarkably rich and beautiful. Her true wealth and beauty, however, are discovered as you delve deeper into her layers of history, culture, and people. Whether you call this incredible place home, visit frequently, or just happened upon it, I hope your Sedona moments move you in truly beautiful and bountiful ways. Long may *The Spirit of Sedona* touch your heart!



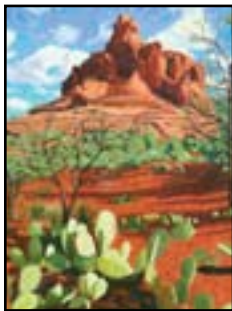
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Camel's Head as seen from  
north of Schnebly Hill Road



*Boynton Canyon* (page 9)  
Boynton Canyon Trail



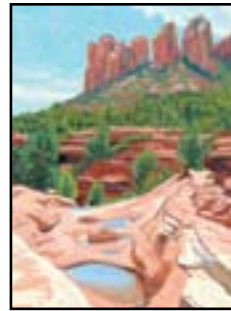
*Bell Rock* (page 10)  
Bell Rock as seen from the  
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*Ship Rock* (page 13)  
Ship Rock as seen from the Oak  
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*Seven Sacred Pools* (page 17)  
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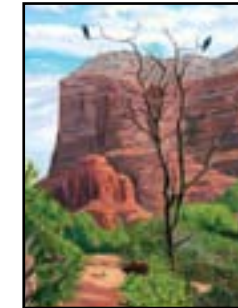
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Slide Rock State Park in Oak  
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*Stark Raven Beauty* (page 26)  
Courthouse Butte as seen from  
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*Chapel Nocturne* (page 29)  
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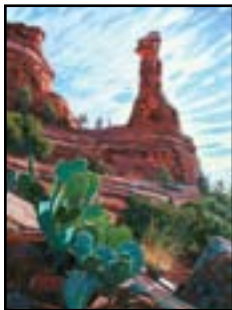
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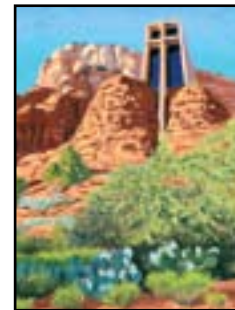
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*Coffee Pot from Airport Mesa* (page 51)  
Coffee Pot Rock as seen from  
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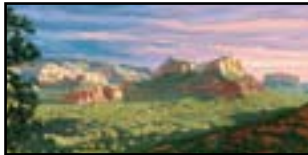


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## *How to Purchase Steve Simon's Art*

For a current listing of local galleries and gift shops carrying Steve Simon's art and gift items, please e-mail the artist at [steve@stevesimon.com](mailto:steve@stevesimon.com). You may also purchase original oil paintings, canvas giclée prints, matted prints, and various gift items on-line at the two websites listed below.



## *Artist Websites*

**<http://www.SedonaArtAndGifts.com>**  
(for Steve Simon's Sedona-themed artwork)

**<http://www.SteveSimon.com>**  
(for Steve Simon's full portfolio of art)

## *Other Books in Print by Steve Simon:*

*Orange County: Through an Artist's Eye*  
*California: Through an Artist's Eye*  
*The Spirit of Laguna Beach*  
*The Spirit of Newport Beach*  
*The Spirit of South Maui*

