

**ABOUT "THE
HIGHTS" WITH
JUANITA MILLER**

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About "The Hights" with Juanita Miller by Juanita Miller

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JUANITA MILLER

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FOREWORD

For the information of those interested in touring "The Hights" and the contents of this little booklet, only a brief foreword seems necessary. The monuments (already famed as landmarks of the estate overlooking the "Golden Gate," the five cities and seven counties of the great Pacific Coast) were among the many labors of love which my father performed during his busy and eventful life. The estate as it now stands, embracing about seventy acres, has been recently purchased by the City of Oakland for a "Joaquin Miller Memorial Park," and it is the intention of the Park Board to improve and beautify the same so that it will become in fact a fitting monument to his memory. Each monument or landmark is given a separate page in the booklet with space for notes. Perhaps a personal word from me might here be appreciated by those who loved, admired and remembered my father not alone for his genius. Maybe you visited him and, if so, was it morning and did you look in at his wide open door and see him writing in bed under his woolly horse blanket, mamilla pad and quill in hand, or was he creating—mentally thinking it all out? Did your shadow in the doorway bring from him, as his luminous blue-grey eyes rested upon you, "Come in, I am tired and need a change of thought" or "Go out among the roses until I finish this page or so"; and, later, when he called you in or found you, were you rewarded with such lines as "Above the sky of boundless blue, below the green, green sod, and ever and ever between the two the wonderful winds of God"?

Maybe he took your hand in his pink palm, led you to a seat under the olive trees, saying, "Come listen, O Love, to the voice of the Dove, come harken and hear him say, Many tomorrows, my love, my love, only one today; now what is thy secret serene grey Dove, of wooing and winning alway? Many tomorrows, my love, my love; only one today." Or was it afternoon and did you find him in corduroys, sombrero and high boots, planting some of his twenty-five thousand trees, nursing them tenderly, as he said "bringing them up on the bottle," or maybe he was erecting some of the monuments or stone terraces; and did he point to the older trees, saying, "Why! these trees, these very stones could tell how long I've loved them and how well, and in after years maybe I will come and sit; sit here so silently you may not know of it." Did he pause to point out the view and did he say to you, "Deep below us lies the valley, steep below us is the Town. See! great sea ships ride and rally, and the world walks up and down." * * *

In February, 1913, he seemed to waft away and what remained (no longer pink and white and blue and grey) was just cold, rigid, lifeless clay that could not think or feel or say; so some of me died too that day, but only some—the rest would stay; yet I was not here, not there—half way I walked a wierd, a weary way, and knew not was it night or day, until his ashes seemed to say: "Peace, peace, I am not far away." So now I do not grieve or mourn, but find him in all beauty, truth and in the joy of each returning morn.

JUANITA MILLER.

TO VINU
ANSONIAO

About "The Hights"

WITH

Juanita Miller



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1919

Poetical conceptions and illustrations
by the Author

Univ. of
CALIFORNIA

BRAY & MULGREW
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



JOAQUIN MILLER AND JUANITA MILLER AT THE NIGHTS

To dedicate all suffering with joy;
To just be worthy Him.



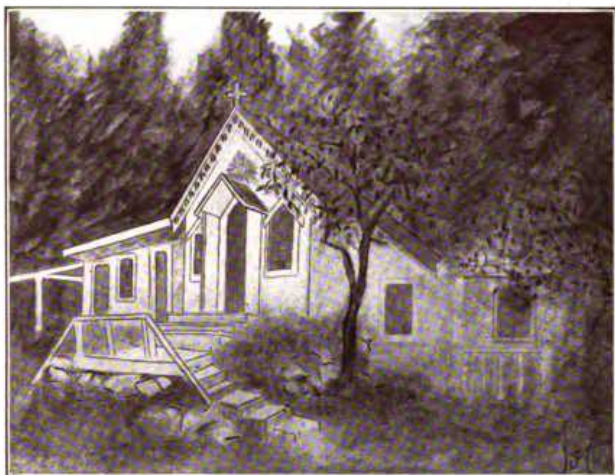
Cross of Trees.
Planted by Joaquin Miñer.

May we remember to bear our cross what-
ever it be
Bide patiently; both gain and loss they
balance eventually;
They are part of the perfect plan
And faith is God's greatest gift to man.

Until we have proven our perfect belief
That God is good, whatever He give;
Until we have learned to be grateful for
grief
We have not learned to live;

For the more we suffer and survive
The greater we are if still alive.
As a bird is rocked in its tree-top nest,
As a babe is safe on its mother's breast,
In the arms of The Infinite rock and rest,
Knowing that what God gives is best.

NOTES



Joaquin Miller's "Abbey."

**Crescent, cross and rays of the sun—
All symbols of the eternal One.**

NOTES