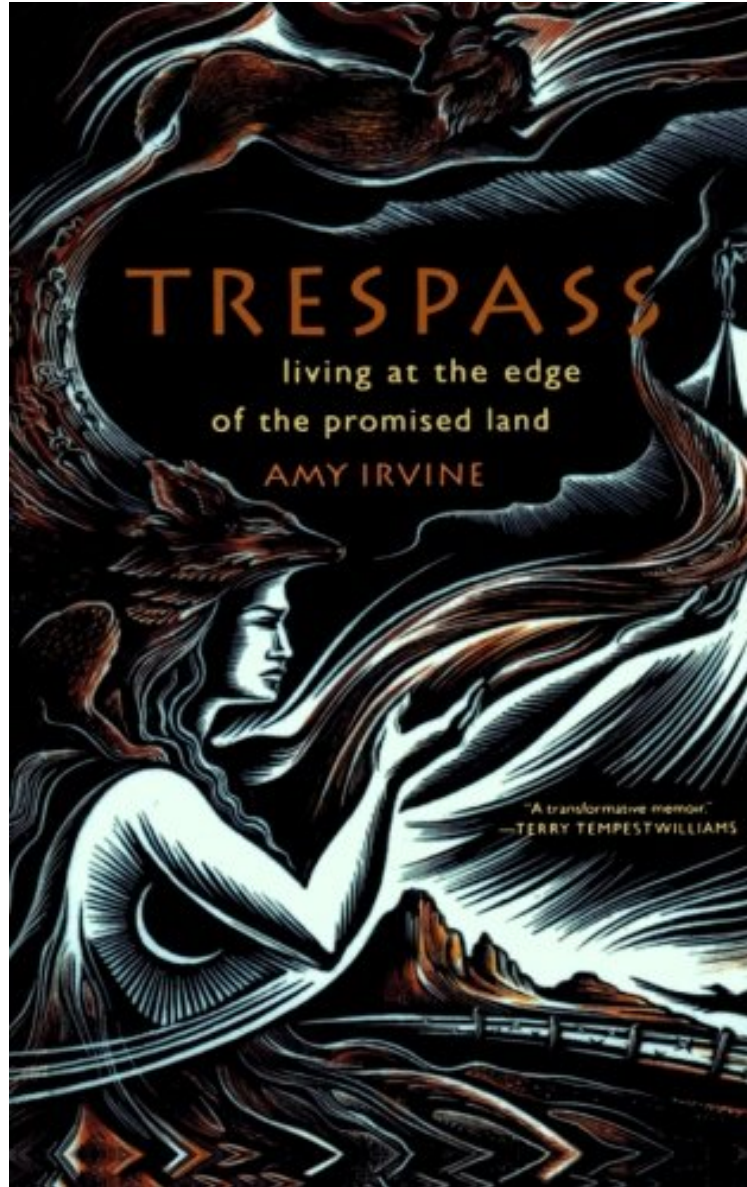


(Download free ebook) Trespass: Living at the Edge of the Promised Land

## Trespass: Living at the Edge of the Promised Land

Amy Irvine

ebooks | Download PDF | \*ePub | DOC | audiobook



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

#647986 in Books North Point Press 2009-03-31 2009-03-31 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .84 x 5.00l, .88 #File Name: 0865477450384 pages | File size: 77.Mb

**Amy Irvine : Trespass: Living at the Edge of the Promised Land** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Trespass: Living at the Edge of the Promised Land:

13 of 13 people found the following review helpful. Critique of My HometownBy A. M. ReddAmy Irvine is a gifted writer whose prose kept me reading in spite of feeling offended several times in nearly every chapter about a variety of subjects including the LDS Church, the little town of Monticello I grew up in, cattle ranching and the seemingly

inflexible wilderness attitudes. My younger brother enjoys riding what he calls a four wheeler and she calls an ORV to see the incredible sights of the Colorado Plateau she so beautiful describes in her book. It is clear that she and I share a love of the redrock country. As a retired psychiatrist I enjoyed her fearless and at times appropriately veiled expos of her personal and family dynamics. I thoroughly enjoyed the interweaving of her knowledge of ancient San Juan County cultures into the fabric of her personal story. The ending chapters were unsettling to me and I am not sure I can explain why. Is it because it seems she has given up her passionate quest? Is it because her trespass metaphor became blurred? Is it because she became ill? I don't know. I will let it continue to percolate in my mind and I may read it again. I recommend it. I agree with Terry Tempest Williams, "This is a transformative memoir that dances between shadow and light.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A plea for acceptance, without being accepting...By R S CobblestoneI've heard this book and author, *Trespass: Living at the Edge of the Promised Land*, by Amy Irvine, being compared to Ed Abbey and his stories. Although Abbey may have appreciated the quality of her writing (and Irvine writes well), it's unlike any Abbey book I've read. It's certainly not a *Desert Solitaire*. And I think Amy Irvine would agree.In *Trespass*, Irvine weaves a memoir of growing up as a Jack Mormon in Malad [although I agree with Richard Dawkins that "I never tire of drawing attention to society's tacit acceptance of the labeling of small children with the religious opinions of the parents... There is no such thing as a Christian child: only a child of Christian parents" (p. 18 in *The God Delusion*)], her strange family dynamics and her father's suicide, her positioning herself in "the lion's den" by settling in San Juan County, Utah, as a grant-writer for the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance (SUWA), and her attempts at developing and maintaining her relationship with Herb, another SUWA employee. In the mix are descriptions of southeastern Utah, the original inhabitants of this land, and early Mormon pioneers.It's hard to characterize Irvine as a happy person. In Monticello, a bastion of tradition bound Mormonism, she craves recognition as... what? A kindred spirit? A fellow Utahn? A descendent of Mormon pioneers? A lover of red rock country? But the recognition she finds and describes is as a member of SUWA, which she wears as a badge of courage while simultaneously hoping the badge is invisible. It's not. And other than flashing anger at clueless missionaries and a rancher in a laundromat, she never really seems to earn her activist stripes. Does she stand up for what she believes at public hearings? Is she volunteering to block the bulldozers? Organize speakers? Write letters of the editor?No, she doesn't want to make waves. She wants to be invisible, yet... she craves visibility. Her neighbors? They are just WRONG in about everything they do and believe. In her search for righteousness, Irvine fails to make her case for what is right. And that is her flaw; in her relationship with Herb, in her dealings with the locals, and in her commitment to her cause, she can't make her case. What she carries within is not projected to the world.I attended a reading by Irvine, and the passages she read - the prologue in particular - motivated me to read the book. Now that I've finished, I'm less enamored with the author. She didn't come across as a particularly likeable person. She doesn't volunteer in her communities (and I would think that this would have been an excellent way to develop relationships in Monticello). She seems seriously depressed much of the time.I guess this was a thoughtful memoir, but Irvine didn't make it memorable.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. History, Nature, PersonhoodBy lady eA beautiful, thoughtful, important book. I originally borrowed it for a weekend but had to buy myself a copy as it addresses such rich themes - loss, wilderness, vision, community, ideology-- and ultimately, responsibility.

"*Trespass* might as well be *Desert Solitaire's* literary heir . . . It's hard to imagine a personal history more transporting than this one."Judith Lewis, Los Angeles Times Book Review *Trespass* is the story of one woman's struggle to gain footing in inhospitable territory. A wilderness activist and apostate Mormon, Amy Irvine sought respite in the desert outback of southern Utah's red-rock country after her father's suicide, only to find out just how much of an interloper she was among her own people. But more than simply an exploration of personal loss, *Trespass* is an elegy for a dying world, for the ruin of one of our most beloved and unique desert landscapes and for our vanishing connection to it. Fearing what her father's fate might somehow portend for her, Irvine retreated into the remote recesses of the Colorado Plateauhome not only to the world's most renowned national parks but also to a rugged brand of cowboy Mormonism that stands in defiant contrast to the world at large. Her story is one of ruin and restoration, of learning to live among people who fear the wilderness the way they fear the devil and how that fear fuels an antagonism toward environmental concerns that pervades the region. At the same time, Irvine mourns her own loss of wildness and disconnection from spirituality, while ultimately discovering that the provinces of nature and faith are not as distinct as she once might have believed.

From Publishers WeeklyIn this clouded memoir, Irvine, former development director for the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance (SUWA), pursues her tortuous trajectory from a loosely Mormon upbringing to strident environmental activism. Irvine writes from the fresh grief of her father's suicide: a fierce atheist with a Mormon pedigree, her father divorced her mother when Irvine was 10, drank heavily and gradually grew estranged from his family before shooting himself in the heart. With her mother and sister, Irvine grew up a Jack Mormon (one whose belief in the Church of the Latter Day Saints has lapsed), endured a brief marriage with a yuppie vegetarian and found true love with a lawyer named Herb, with whom she moved to San Juan County, Utah. As Irvine, a grant-proposal

writer, and Herb both worked for the SUWA, their advocacy for public lands pitted them in uncomfortable opposition to the pro-development, cattle-friendly interests of their largely Mormon neighbors. Irvine structures her memoir cannily around the four eras of local Native American prehistoric culture (Lithic, Archaic, Basketmaker and Pueblo), each reflecting a period of migration and settlement in her own life. However, her work is filled with so much tertiary detail that emotional resonance is rare. Still, her views on wilderness preservation ring passionately and her research is sound. (Feb.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist\*Starred \* The Mormon ranchers of Utah's red-rock country hate environmentalists as much as coyotes, and believe women belong at home with their children. As a wilderness advocate and renegade Mormon, Irvine is, therefore, apprehensive about living in contested San Juan County with her ardent public-lands-use attorney lover. As she hikes breathtakingly beautiful, ruins-studded canyons, she vividly imagines the lives of the long-vanished hunter-gatherers and contrasts their ways of being with ours. Bold and original in her thinking, candid and lyrical in expression, Irvine launches a penetrating critique of Mormon sovereignty, the persistent oppression of women, the longing to belong versus the need to be one's self, and the environmental havoc wrought by cattle ranching, extreme recreationists, and the federally sanctioned, post-9/11 rush to extract fossil fuels from protected public lands. Haunted by her complicated heritage as a descendant of one of the original Mormon Saints as well as nonconformists especially her grandmother Ada, an artist who found meaning in the deserts' mercurial beauty, and her father, who lived to hunt and died at his own hands Irvine suspensefully chronicles the rancor and stress of advocacy work and a bewildering health crisis. Forthright and imaginative, sensitive and tough, Irvine joins red-rock heroes Edward Abbey and Terry Tempest Williams in breaking ranks and speaking up for the living world. --Donna Seaman Fierce . . . The most vivid ground-level report from this war zone that I have ever read. Grace Lichtenstein, *The Washington Post* Bold and original in her thinking, candid and lyrical in expression, Irvine launches a penetrating critique of Mormon sovereignty, the persistent oppression of women, the longing to belong versus the need to be one's self, and the environmental havoc wrought by cattle ranching, extreme recreationists' and the federally sanctioned, post-9/11 rush to extract fossil fuels from protected public lands . . . [She] joins red-rock heroes Edward Abbey and Terry Tempest Williams in breaking ranks and speaking up for the living world. Booklist (starred review) A distinctive, affecting meditation on loss--an amalgam of personal history, natural history, and a search for spirituality . . . in unexpected places. More Brilliant. Charles Bowden A singularly elegiac and astringent memoir of dissent. Donna Seaman, *Chicago Tribune* A transformative memoir. Terry Tempest Williams