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# REMEMBERING JIMMY C. ADAMSON

By Bob McCallum



I'm in my study, sitting at my desk. On a shelf, eye-level, is a small sarcophagus – about twelve inches long and three inches square. The lid is in a closed position so that the interior is hidden from view. Egyptian hieroglyphics on the side of the coffin translate to: Personal . . . Confidential. On top of the coffin is a body, wrapped in the fashion

of a mummy; only a beak is exposed. The mummified body is that of a small falcon. The entire piece is made of clay, colored dirty tan, and fired in a subdued finish.



Jimmy Adamson made this piece for me in 1990. He taught art at the local college (Sierra College in Rocklin, Ca.) and was a master of that profession. At times he was commissioned by contractors and homeowners to produce wall-sized carvings on damp clay bricks set up on an easel 10 by 10 feet. Each brick had been numbered,

and when the carving was complete, he would remove it from the easel one brick at a time, trailer it to the local brick producer and have them fired. Once fired, he would trailer the entire load to a home, school, business, where he would mount it on a chosen wall.

Jimmy was also a master of the art of falconry. His falcons flew high and responsive to Jimmy's signals. His understanding of falcons was evident in the partnership he had with them. Never rushed – almost shuffling (which on some days was aggravating, especially when I was eager to cast off a falcon and the sun was disappearing on the horizon), always gentle in his hooding, unhooding and approaching a falcon, etc., he definitely saw from within the eye of the falcon. Jimmy and I flew together from 1989 until the early 2000's when he and his lovely wife, Joanne, moved to Idaho. But he did more than just fly falcons, he was also a pioneer in falcon breeding.

Jimmy was a gentleman at all times . . . I don't recall ever seeing him angry or disparaging – which is difficult in the falconry world.

A few weeks before Jimmy passed, he asked me to edit a piece he had written about his coming to the Mormon religion. It was to be published in a Mormon magazine. I read and edited the piece and was amazed by what I didn't know about Jimmy and his Mormon belief.

I never knew what I was going to hear out of Jimmy – some days he would blurt out some Lakota phrase before going on to some tribal pow-wow dressed in appropriate regalia – oh, by the way, he also made beautiful hand-carved cedar tribal flutes – the long type. Other times, he would start speaking French . . . I never knew what he was saying . . . I guess he did.

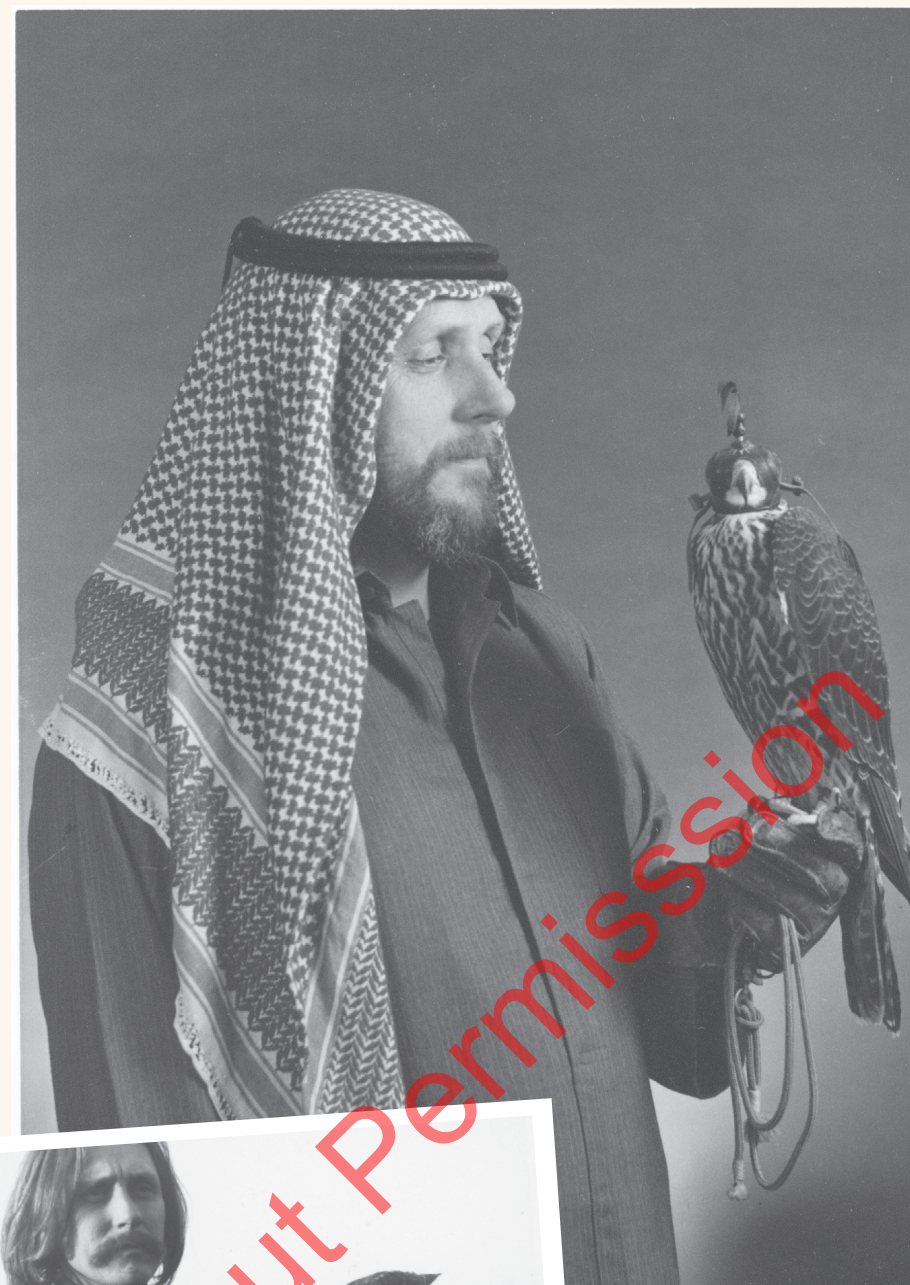
When the film, *Dances with Wolves*, came out, I had the pleasure of watching it with Jimmy . . . He wept . . . as I did with his passing.

*I miss you, Jimmy . . . Man who looked through eyes of falcons.*

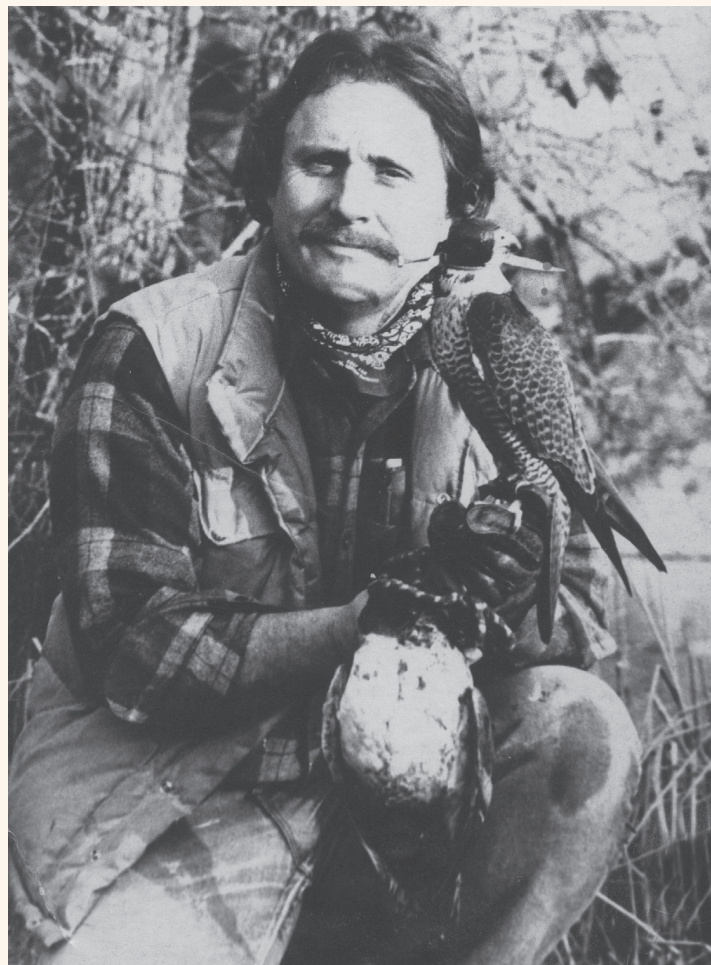


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Jimmy was the first to take game at a NAFA meet (1962 Reno — a jackrabbit with a gos)!



*Jimmy saw from within  
the eye of the falcon*

