

Bebbo

My friend, neighbor and backpacking buddy, Bebbo died recently. I loved him. I never met anyone who knew him who didn't like him. I never meet anyone who he knew who he did not like. I can't remember him saying a bad word about anyone ever. He treated everyone with respect and kindness. He was the kindest man that I ever knew.

Bebbo was a carpenter and builder extraordinaire. His creative projects abound in this



region and beyond. He had a way of making a piece of wood show off its beauty, whatever the context. Once he asked me if he could have a few rough doug fir boards left from a project he helped me build. A while after that he came back with a beautifully finished standing bookcase for the guest cabin we had just finished. He was always generous with his time and helped me and so many others add his unique beauty to our homes and spaces.



We did many a backpack trip together, in the mountains and beyond. Bebbi came to love the desert trips the most.



The simplicity, warmth and solitude of the desert canyons were unmatched in his mind. The many trips with him and Tim Crosby are certainly the most memorable, sometimes with burro and dog in tow. We would not think of heading out without adequate coffee, or tobacco. And in true German fashion, bread, cheese and potatoes were a must. We could piece together the rest.



Bebbo loved Colorado and Redlands Mesa.

I never heard him speak of wanting to live anywhere else. Even after frequent trips to Boulder to see his children when they were younger, or extended trips to Germany to be with and care for his mother, he would always be grateful to be back. The sunshine and quiet here were part of the home that he always loved to come back to. His sweat-lodge was a work of art and a wonderful way to celebrate seasonal changes, community and his love of Native American culture.



Bebbo was a great cook. He could whip up a lamb stew around the campfire or crank out a batch of tamales that would make you believe he was raised in Mexico. He loved

to hunt for wild mushrooms and he willingly shared everything that he knew, even his secret spots. I always knew when he went out hunting shrooms because I would come home to find his most beautiful specimens left for me on my counter. When I would strike out hunting, he would share his own stash of dried King Boletes.



Bebbo, I will forever appreciate your friendship and the journeys we have taken together. You taught me much about living a simple life and being grateful for all our blessings. Thank you for all that you did for me.

Jim