

# Bebbo

One of the things you kindly instructed me was to avoid gossip, so I'm going to stay in the you, me and we here....



We met on Redlands Mesa in the way back times. Neighbors, coworkers, soon friends. My non existent German and your fledgling English overcome by your generosity in sharing the few Gaulloises your folks would mail you sometimes from home, as we worked our way together down miles of The Fire Mt. canal, limpiadores al acequia for the hard work of getting the ditch ready to carry water in the spring. Remember? Tobacco an old language spoken by comrades and adversaries alike...



Practice makes the master, you used to tell me, and practice you did until you were conversing well enough in English and I was overcoming lingering childhood programming with regard to Germans as interchangeable with Indians in the war games of the kids I grew up with.. This was never a conversation, but looking back, I see it.

Did we pick and stack rocks for Sievers together? Press apples for Bernie? Cut firewood etc.? Hang out, drink coffee, smoke? Oh si. I watched with admiration as you and Lana built your house from scratch and stone and grit. I came to realize what exceptional Mensch you are, and come from. Seeing you out for your evening walks with Sichia and then Anton snuggled to your chest after a day of hard work, quietly listening to and looking at the sagebrush and cedar world of Blue Star....



I certainly came to understand that a man's life is his art from you. A lifetime of years and changes came and went. Our friendship endured. At some point, you organized the three of us, Jim and you and me to go camping together. And great camping trips they were!!



Fabled places in the Utah desert. Not especially in search of anything in particular. Maybe the dreamlines of Raven and all our relations. Abandoned pieces of the built world of the ancient ancestors. Astounding views from the patios of hard to get to stone housing projects. The Bears Ears. Sweet Alice Springs.



I'm guessing that over there in Other Side Camp you will get some time to work on your Sauerbraten recipe. Of course you'll have your Mom's guidance. No Sauerkraut or Braten either one to be made in summer! See if you can round up some sheep so we can have plenty of mutton stew and fry bread when I get there. Roasted green chile....





Thanks for all your help. Love you to tears.