

## Goodbye my friend and brother.

Hey my friend, - where ever you are? You left me with a big challenge!  
I took on a request, to write an obituary about YOU, it's tough, but I'm glad to do it. It is painful, saddening and while I mourn, there is a hole in the fabric of my being that I have to cope with.  
You are one of four dear friends I lost in 2022 to the "Unknown".

With tears in my eyes and pain in my heart, I'm remembering.....

I remember that we first met at Orvis Hot Springs in the mid 90s, almost a quarter century ago!  
What I didn't know then was that this encounter would grow into a wonderful long lasting friendship and brotherhood

We often joked about our different dialects, our birthplaces in Germany, just 80 miles apart.  
Some times, we had to translate our gibberish hometown speaking into "High German Language" to understand each other.

You have been born in Mannheim on May 18th, 1957.



In an industrial town in the southern part of Germany, a very extreme contrast to the desert of Southwest Colorado you so dearly loved. Maybe the abstract landscape of columns within the Maze and the Needles of Canyonlands reminded you of the smoke stacks of your home town?



You grew up as one of three siblings. You were not so happy in this political social economic environment in the 60s and beginning 70s. I remember you telling me stories about traveling with friends at a young age in southern Europe, spending time in Spain and France. You worked in different orchards to earn some money to support your traveling life style, something that would repeat itself in the North Fork Valley, working in apple orchards.

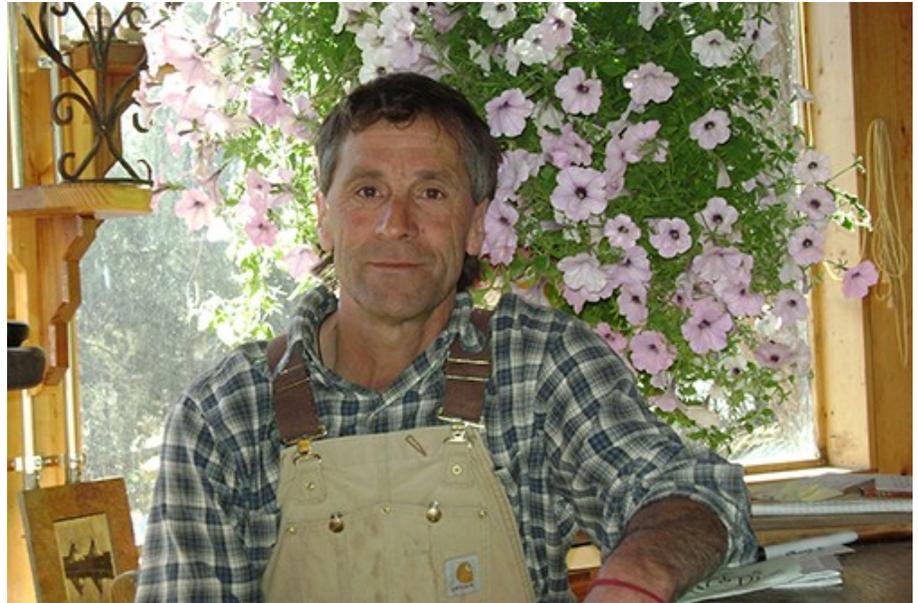
I think, we connected so well with each other because of some similar adventures and careers, and mostly the search for something missing deep inside in our self, freedom, peace and love? While I explored Africa and the Mideast, you wandered off to America. You liked to be in Central America. You loved to be with the "normal folks", living and being together with native people. You always enjoyed to speak the Spanish language and listen to folklore music.

While traveling abroad you met your wife Lana, on the Yucatan Peninsula, that would bring you to the United States, to your beloved "Blue Star".

Most People around here in the North Fork Valley have known you as **Bebbo**, maybe some of them received an invoice where your real name was written:

**Kurt Egon Bettwieser.**

Bebbo was your nickname since your day's in Spain. The people could not pronounce your German nickname Bebbes, so they called you Bebbbo and that stuck with you!



It took a while till we really connected. You had been in Boulder for work and to be with your kids, Sichia and Anton, while I was hanging out on the Uncomphagre Plateau, building my house and working as a solar technician.

You helped me with some carpentry work when I remodeled my house. In return, I could help with electrical installation at Blue Star.

We also shared a love of German food! You cooked delicious German dishes for me and friends. And I was eager to learn to cook too, thanks to you.



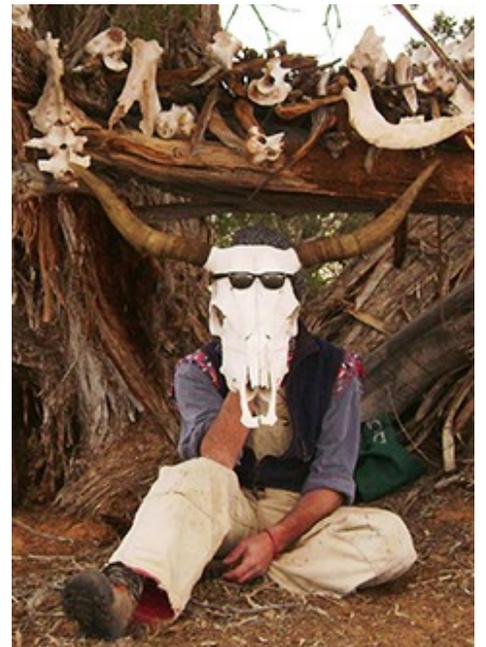


One of your specialties was your knowledge about mushrooms.

You loved to go up Leroux Ceeek to Green Mountain to hunt them. Thanks to you, I'm still alive!!



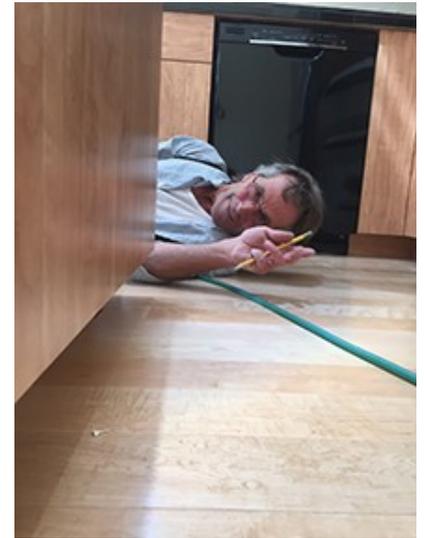
I don't know if people knew that you could be goofy too?



After working all kinds of jobs from Ditch Rider to working on ranches and orchards, you made yourself a name as a craftsman, a talented carpenter, building and remodeling houses in the North Fork and surrounding areas.



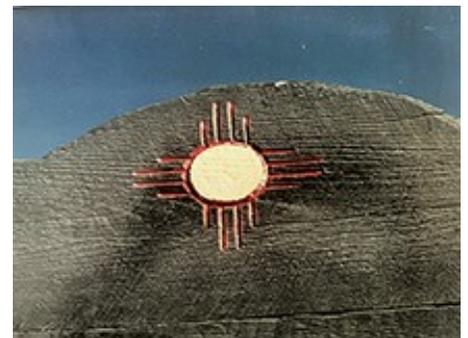
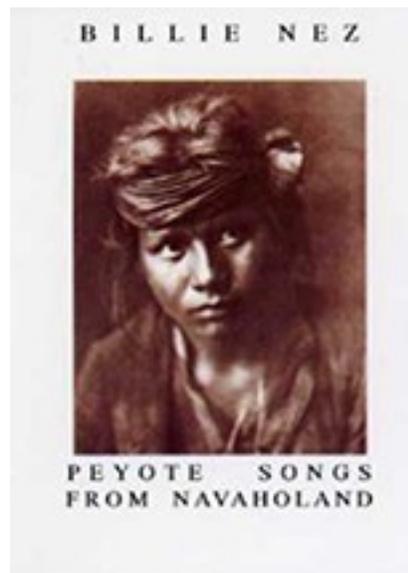
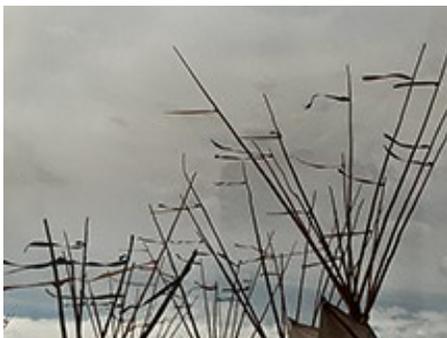
You loved wood. You created wonderful artwork, integrated in your daily carpentry work.



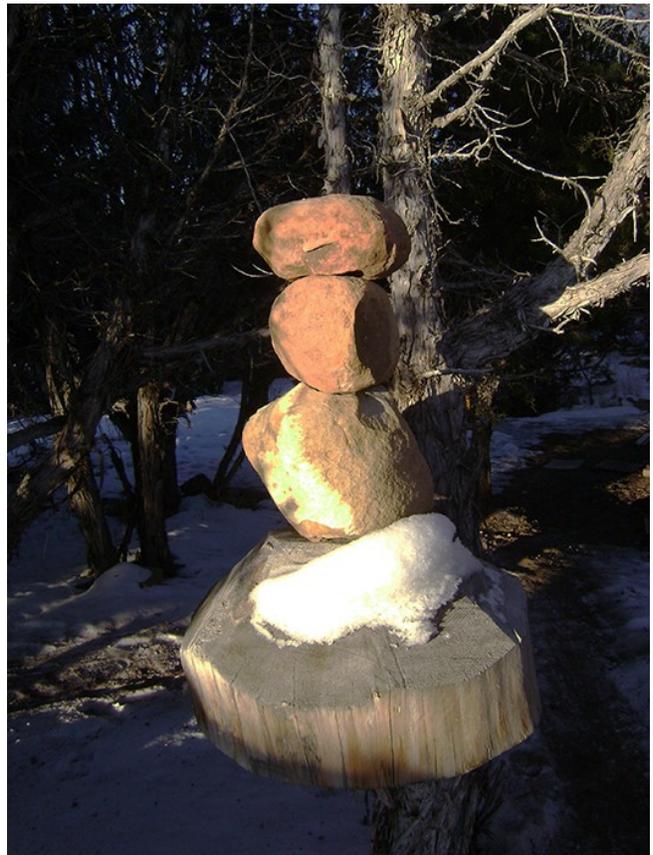
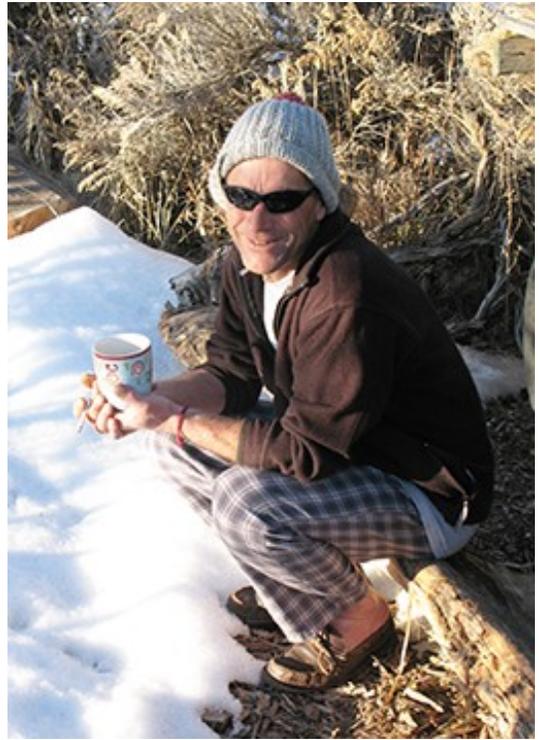
**This will live on as your legacy.**

I don't know what it is, why Germans really love the native Indians. We grew up playing Cowboys and Indians as kids. We both liked to play the Indians and as it turned out, we both got into having sweat lodges on our land and participated in cultural events regarding the Native Americans of this country. The Spirit and the closeness to the "Land" was inviting us.

You have been a real fan of Native American music and you have also inspired some of your friends to listen to your favorite artist.



You loved the countryside and contributed to it by integrating your 'living' artwork when you cut firewood on my land.



There is so much more to say about you. In closing, I want to acknowledge what so many others have loved about you: your quiet manner, your poetic soul, your connection to the beauty of the natural world, your keen eye and attention to detail in your woodwork, your humor, your devotion to your family, including your mother who joined you on your way.

Bebbo died the morning of New Year's Eve 2022. He is survived by his son Anton, his daughter Sichia, granddaughter Gia (One Month old), a brother Dietmar. His mother Lore Bettwieser died in Germany the same day.

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## Mitákuye Oyás'ıñ

Roland

