

A love letter to Oh Be Joyful Creek:

Dear Oh Be Joyful,

A friend once told me you had to be the most beautiful kayak run anywhere. Maybe Norway or somewhere has something better, he said. I haven't been to Norway but your beauty seems right near impossible to surpass. When I was 20 years old, I bounced my little front wheel drive truck into your campground, waded across the Slate River and wandered into a wildflower and waterfall paradise. I'm now 41, and when I pull into that campground and start to hike up into your Ragged Wilderness and the snow capped peaks surround me, I am still overcome with a sense of awe akin to entering a sanctuary. Falling down your smooth bedrock and flying off your waterfall lips brings Joy to the kid in me. Of course a visit to your valley isn't complete without cascading down your equally stunning sister Daisy and sliding down the playful blooming alpine meadows of your neighbor on the Upper East. My love for you though grows deeper and more enchanting with age.

Forever my love xoxo.

Evan

Sincerely,
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