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Comments: Behind the gates...

My kids grew up on logging roads full of adventure. We spent time in our forest embracing life and learning healthy lessons. A deep respect grew for all the wild has to teach us.

It breaks my heart that this way of life is decreasing for our youth. From land use permits, burn bans, gate keys, limited permissions and so much more... bit by bit the country life is losing its great outdoor embraces.

It bothers me that many youth cannot carry on a conversation about the hills of Melbourne or the mystery of the Oxbow or the view from the Saddle.

I miss those kids with old trucks deco'd with dirt from the Donovan. Their smell of campfire from Bigfoot's rock on the Nooche. The honest wind burns from Grouse Mountain.

If you don't know what I am referencing then it's even worse than I thought.

A world where the only unguided outdoor adventure exists by licensing and regulation laid out by boundaries and limits in a forest full of rules to me promises a youth who cannot learn the real balances from nature.

I know my generation blew for the next generation and I am terribly ashamed. But I will say it was not us country boys dumping, poaching, shooting trees with automatic high powered things or destroying behind the gates. We grew up with the respect the wild taught us... we were not perfect but our footprint was only a boot.

Anyway the good news is tomorrow has Disneyland... cause the 100 acre wood Christopher loved was yesterday

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