



In 1956 when I was seven my grandfather gave me a fiberglass rod, a Medalist reel, a box of flies and this advice: "You fish with a rod, not a pole." The rest, as they say, is history.



*The Meadow*



Years ago I was fishing with a friend, a novice fly fisherman but a world-class climber. At lunch leaning against a boulder he said "You know, fly fishing is just like climbing. There's all kinds of equipment, you go to the most beautiful places in the world, you do it with your very best friends, and everyone's obsessed."





I was thinking it doesn't get much better:  
It's June, and Frank and I are skipping  
across the Idaho potato fields, heading to  
the Park to fish. It's first light, the windows  
are down, Becky's pregnant with Sarah.  
We've got the Stones cranked up and we're  
laughing and singing *Dead Flowers* loud.  
*Wild Horses* works, too.





In 1991 a mid-life crisis led to a year-long family sojourn in a one-dock Bahamian village. Several times a week I'd ride my old bike, fly rod across the handlebars, through town past the Colonial cottages and down the coral path to greet the flood tide on the bonefish flats—a 40-year-old just loving being 12 again.



*Curry Sound, North Eleuthera, Bahamas*



The year Tobey died we took him for a final visit to his beloved New Zealand, staying at the home he built in Murchison at the confluence of the Mangles and the Blackwater. He wanted to float and fish the old rivers, so we brought inflatable kayaks, and Neal carried him where the wheelchair couldn't. One morning Tobey and I were driving alone up the Buehler Valley to meet the others at the Matakītaki. The views were beautiful and I stopped for photos. Back in the car, after a few minutes in silence, Tobey said "You know, we need to do more of that." I said "What, Tob?" He said "We need to slow down. We're always trying to get to the next river."



*Buehler Valley, South Island, New Zealand*