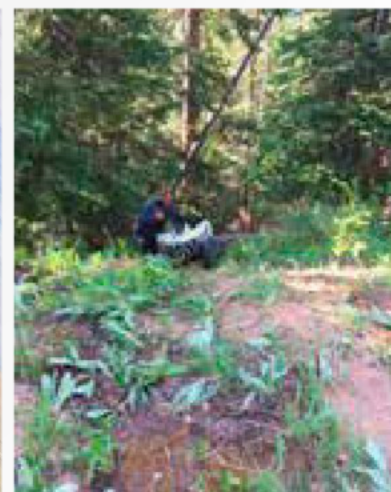
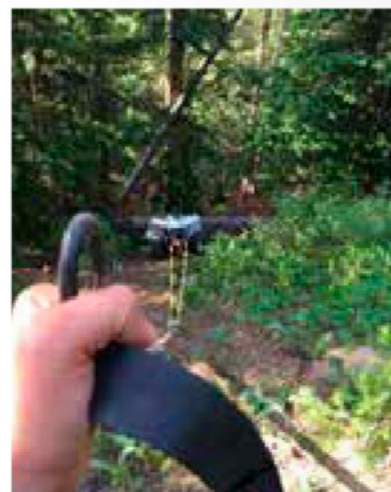


# THE NEXT CURVE



*"Now the darkness only stays the nighttime  
In the morning it will fade away  
Daylight is good at arriving at the right time  
It's not always going to be this grey  
All things must pass"  
~ George Harrison*

I am sitting on a friend's deck at Lake Payette in McCall, Idaho around 900 miles from Denver and I am about to start a journey up the Left Coast for work and pleasure. Now, I have ridden through this area in the past as part of my first official, documented, Iron Butt. However, this time I chose to ride up over the course of a few leisurely days instead of doing the Iron Butt required 1000 miles in 24 hours or less.



There are speedboats towing water skiers and luxury inflatable coaches cut through the reflections on the lake of the Payette National forest while Paddle boarders and people in canoes stick close to shore to avoid the wakes from the speedboats and water-skiers.

Like so many of our beautiful tourist destinations throughout the United States, Native Americans once inhabited this area; in this case, the Tukudika, Shoshone and Nez Perce tribes. They lived here during the warm months and migrated elsewhere to avoid the harsh winters.

In the 19<sup>th</sup> century, nomadic fur trappers such as Francois Payette, the lake's namesake, came to share the area. He was followed by miners searching for gold during the 1860's. Most of the miners left empty handed and in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century Thomas and Louisa McCall traded a team of horses for rights to the 160 acres of land surrounding Lake Payette with Tom Dever, who held the squatters rights, relinquished the area to the McCall Family and they built a post office, a school, a saloon, a hotel and a sawmill. The sawmill became a major source of employment for locals that continued through the late 1970's.

The opportunity to sit here at this lake house and dream of being sixteen again and rejected by beautiful young water girls is the result of a friendship forged over many years. The lake house has been in the family since the late 1930's.

renters of what they once owned since the new owner agreed to rent it back to them through this summer, so here I sit.

Everywhere you look on this property, the hands of my friends' late father are noticeably present as one point or another he fixed or added to just about every inch of the cabin. One particularly favorite spot of everyone is the deck. The deck is meticulously built around a tree that has enjoyed a view of the lake longer than any of the town residents. The modern building codes of today would dictate cutting that tree down to make room for the deck, but the presence of this tree preserved with the deck built around it speaks of a time when people coexisted with the land differently than they do today; a way that is often lost now to newer rules and regulations.

I realize that I am not only a witness to my friends' loss of a monetary asset, but their loss and separation of a family from its legacy.

Moving out to the dock to dip my toes in the water I try to collect thoughts of gratitude; my mostly good health, my understanding wife at home, even as I hit the road for weeks at a time, my kids; and the fact that I have a home to go back to. I close my eyes and breathe thinking about how nothing is permanent in life. How everything, good or bad, can be gone from our lives in an instant, and often is. Of course we all wish for anything bad to pass us by quickly and we rarely think about the good things in life being limited as well.

My current ride is a bit of a spirit quest for me. I have been surrounded by so much loss lately. In addition to my friends'

Unfortunately, one of the other part owners had some financial difficulties and cabin was at risk of being acquired by the bank as part of an unrelated bankruptcy. My friends' only option to save their portion was to sell the house, to cash out and bail out their other family member. They are now

losing their cabin, there have been several people close to me that have recently left this earth and it seems like it was too soon.

I know that people, things, feelings, and even the glorious turns in the road all eventually pass. The good often seems to pass like a fast moving highway, while the bad seems to crawl through our lives slowly—like sitting in 105-degree heat with single lane construction stopping us every few miles to wait. I know that time is not actually any longer or shorter, but it sure can feel like it sometimes.

If we didn't pass through the turns in the road, or in life, we would all be standing still and that would soon leave us bored and unsatisfied. The scenery must change for us to feel alive. But it can be certainly be painful when we are not in control of the changes.

A positive person can recognize that there are always new curves in the road ahead with new experiences, new places and sites to see. But it can sometimes be difficult in the moment to see negatives in a positive light—even when the negatives can result in positives down the line as we take turns we would never experience, if we didn't keep riding through both the positive and negatives we find in this world. I try hard to be a positive person, to see the positive in the unknown turns ahead and not solely focus on the rear view mirror, no matter how great the road behind may have been. It is not always easy, but I logically know I that change is inevitable; my kids will grow up. My pants will fit on some days and not on others. At times, I will be kind to friends and strangers and at other times I will come up short. I will forever be moving forward and trying to make the best of all situations without blindly clinging to the current state of things or the past, no matter how great things may appear in that rearview mirror. As riders, we all know to look ahead to where you want to go and the bike will follow. Of course, if you stare at a rock or the edge of cliff you may crash!

To me sad times represent the rocks and cliffs on the road. They can be beautiful, but if we stare at them too long we can lose our way. If we look confidently towards the next curve and stay focused on the possibilities of what is coming next on the road, our lives be exposed to unlimited adventures.

For on the saddest day and the greatest day we must all remember, that all things must pass; however, in the case of underpowered vehicles pulling large trailers up steep hills, well, they simply must be passed!

Dedicated to everyone who is trying to see the positive in the turns ahead . . .

Joe Trey (Adventure Hermit)

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