

Fishing at Barrytown

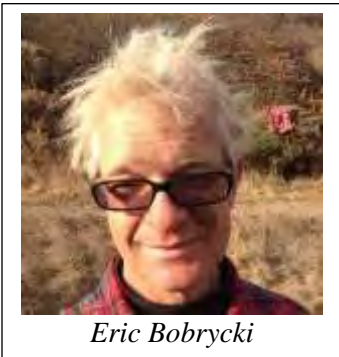
Eric Bobrycki
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Craig Dahl and I had the distinct privilege and joy of taking care of Father when he came to fish at the Seminary. We were known around school as Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. The Hudson River is wondrous and magical and we spent every moment we could on it or near it. Father provided a great excuse — I say he was a co-conspirator at having us get on the river. We would fish for striped bass. A great fighting fish that Father, Craig and I love to eat. Father would usually get the fish and then give them as gifts to people who visited Tarrytown.

Father had been fishing the week before. We never knew he was coming until about an hour beforehand. So when Dr. Seuk would tell us, we dropped everything (usually our classes) and went for fresh bait and the boat. We were determined to have everything go smoothly for his next visit. He had scolded us for not having any new fishing spots. We took this scolding as a mission — more reasons to stay on the river.

We were in our favorite bait store and I found two new lures — they were Shad Raps and quite expensive — \$10 each. My first thought had been that Father would like these lures. I spent my own money on them and carefully put them in Father's tackle box.



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He came the next day and we were ready. Craig had found this little creek with this nice waterfall. We definitely shocked the fisherman on that creek — coming down it with a 28 ft. Good Go. I saw Father's eyes light up as we maneuvered around the big boulders — I was literally hanging off the bow preventing our meeting with the rocks — Craig was masterful at motoring the boat. Father was excited. We moored the boat away from the shore fisherman and handed a baited pole to Father.

I then remembered the Shad Raps. I showed them to Father and he told me to put one on. First cast — striped bass. Second cast — striped bass. Third cast, Father had got it snagged. He started pulling hard and I said, "No, don't pull," and snap — we lost the lure. He turned to me and said, "Another" — I was so glad I had another. First cast — striped bass. Second cast — snag — I yelled "No" — and snap. Lost the lure. Father turned to me and said, "Another" — I said there weren't any more.

Father was quite emphatic about those lures. He said that I should have President David Kim purchase 1,000 lures. I did the math and got the message: get \$10,000 from David Kim for fishing lures. It was only seconds later that I burst out in laughter. I believe that it may have been what Sara felt when she got the news. Father had immediately turned around so that I could not see his face. I could sense his reaction from Colonel Han's face who was sitting on the side of the boat and facing me — he was all smiles.

I laughed at the Messiah and did not die. My intimacy with Father changed that day. The Hudson continues to be a magical river.