

Jonny Hoesch

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Narrating an Event

It was the summer before my freshman year of college, and my dad and I decided to go backpacking in the outdoors as a final trip before I head off. I expected it to be an adventure with amazing sights and wonders to behold, with no problems to be near. My expectations were never farther from the truth. It started like any other hike would. It was a nice day, but I cannot say that it was an easy trail, there were rivers and hills and rocky terrain that we had to overcome. The view though was amazing, the spectacle of God's creation was a blessing to behold. The problem was that our day hiking into our camping spot was going to be the nicest day of the trip. That night, I was awoken by what sounded like gunfire, but it was strange because I was getting wet. I tried to yell to my father what was going on, and in the faintest voice I heard him say, "this hail is crazy." So for that whole night, the hail was attacking me and my dad's tents, as if they didn't want us to have a good night's rest. Unfortunately the hail succeeded and my dad and I were exhausted the next day.

As we started the day, we ate breakfast while I was swatting every mosquito insight with my hat, running around as if my pants were on fire. I can honestly say that day was the most peaceful day I've had in a long time. The sun was shining, I was fishing each crystal blue lake in these majestic mountains as my dad and I would hike to each lake. As the day winded down, the hail was afraid that we forgot about them, so they wanted to join us again that night. We also got word from other campers that there would be a snow storm the next day. So we decided the day before we were going to brave the treacherous outdoor weather and get out of these miserable, beautiful, painful mountains. When we went on our descent back to our car, it was

In sight

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raining and, if you could imagine, hailing on us. All we had for energy was the few hours of sleep from both nights and the will to get out of this vengeful terrain.

The hike back to our car was completely different than the hike to the campsite. It was cold and wet and the challenges were overwhelming. Each time we passed an obstacle, the Lord would throw another one, just so we knew not to get too comfortable. My dad and I knew we could handle pretty much all of them, but there were two that were the scariest of them all. You could call them two rivers, but at the time they were more like the Nile and the Amazon. When the first river crossing came, we safely survived because there were two giant rocks that provided safe passage across. The only casualty was my dad falling in because I accidentally bumped him in as we were squished together on one rock (whoops). The next river was the true giant we had to slay. As we approached the great beast, we saw other hikers trying to prepare. They were all putting their valuables into plastic bags so they wouldn't get ruined, but my theory is that they were just making excuses so they could watch us get slaughtered by this monstrosity, and then they would know what to do and what not to do. But my dad and I were not afraid (or at least not visibly afraid), and we knew that the best way to cross was to do it together. We locked arms, and step-by-step we were slowly conquering this mammoth. We were nearing the finish line, but my dad took a bad step and he was floating away. I had a case for my fishing rod, and using it as a pole, I stuck it in the ground and grabbed hold of my dad. I wasn't going to let this giant devour him whole, but luckily my dad knew what to do, so I let him go and he floated with the river and slowly guided himself to the other side. I then finished my walk through the great river and made it to the other side, and from there my dad and I eventually came to the end. So even though I can't say it was the adventure I expected, it's definitely the one that I'll never forget.

I'm confused are these animals or rivers?

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