



Larry Hobbs knew the story of the stones -- through decades of footfalls and through years of geological study. Larry knew the story of this great wide earth, written in melting caps, rising seas, changing currents, changing times. He knew the human story, at least parts of it -- broken and whole and breaking again. A story of imbalance leading the way towards unthinkable horizons. A bleak story, but with room enough for healing, with faith enough for mystery, with at least a backward glance towards hope. It had to be that way, despite the facts (or because of them), because Larry knew healing in his own story -- knew about the grace of 'just enough' and 'right on time'. Larry could speak to you when you were at the bottom of the well because he'd been there, all the way down. He never tried to fix. He never tried to be what he was not -- he would meet you where he could, and love you anyway where he couldn't. I loved him for his fallibility and imperfection and flaws. I loved him for his great mind, his hearty laugh, his wideness of heart, his dedication to his work. Larry kept his finger on the pulse of our collective future in a way few I know have. He loved this world just like he loved us all -- in spite of the brokenness. Or maybe because of it... even if it broke his heart to do so. I was not done learning from and with Dr. Hobbs. I miss the windows into the universe that only he could provide.

Will Scott



Larry was an awesome human being who was so easy to love and respect. He was brought to us by Wally Herbert who was an Arctic explorer and artist of renown, who fasted with S and I and who told us to wait for the gift he was sending to us.

One couldn't help but recognize a seriously intelligent and passionate man in Larry, and he quickly became a friend as well as a trainee. For several years he lived at 3 Creeks with us and often kept Steven company on our little porch.

He was there for Steven in so many ways those last years of Steven's life.

I miss Larry and the important voice that he brought to the School.

And I have a little smile imagining him, Steven, and Wally having some passionate conversations, and creating a little chaos together, if there ever is the possibility of a reunion.

Meredith



All the Stories- An ode to Larry Hobbs by Roo and Pedro

*His life was full
of all the stories
told everywhere even
in a zodiac dingy
on the shore
of the Antarctic peninsula
to a crowd of eco travelers,
a story of the impending ecological collapse
of everything
or told in his old red truck
with all you needed
in the drawers under the bed,
stories of river dolphins and
ocean crossings, stories
of chasing whales and chasing
arctic ice or of the wilderness
of Washington DC not to mention
the story he told of Pedro*

*at our wedding or the hundreds
or thousands of stories told to Roo
over two decades in the quiet
of basecamps at Horsethief
in the Eureka where talk of
alien butt probes
was normal while
dancing to laser lights
and spot-iffy or as some
call it Spotify
on those exquisite desert nights with the valley filled
with spirit lights.*

*And then there were all the stories
he heard and reflected with his fragile and
loving heart
to all the people who came
and filled a longing to be seen and loved,
he would hold
up the mirror and love
and laugh and cry for
the love of the story
all the stories.*

*We see you now dear friend
among those spirit lights
feel you etched
into our hearts like
the desert trilobites
while savoring
memories of long friendship
ended too soon. It helps
to know that love finally
found you in the end
and held you so
you could simply let go
of all the stories and rest
knowing how truly lovable you are.*



At the Wilderness Guides Council gathering, held on Bainbridge Island near Seattle, WA, just three weeks after Larry's passing, conversations about and tributes to Larry were frequent during our six days together. We had all expected to see him there this year, so his absence was especially acute.

Eight veterans from Veteran Rites were at the Gathering and honored Larry and the enormous role he had in co-creating Veteran Rites and his influence on their lives through being in ceremony with him and to the extraordinary power of the vision fast ceremony to heal and make whole what has been wounded or fractured by not only war trauma but also by collective and familial trauma for the vets, for all of us.

Thus, and this is not surprising, on the last night when netkeeper Christi played a recording of an interview with Larry, all the vets stood as one at the sound of Larry's voice. He sang a lullaby that he had taught them. They joined in. We all wept.

With Larry's voice, suddenly, he was there in the room!

He had made it to the WGC after all.

We heard his chuckle, could imagine his smile, felt his presence, and took home a sweet lullaby of farewell.

Nancy



"I miss you something fierce Larry Hobbs. You leave a hole, Larry, of the most beautiful kind - of a life well risked for love - and the only way to fill it is by doing the same while we are still here.

This is not goodbye. Just until we meet again."

Petra

