

Magical Rock Run - The BEST!!!

Growing up and living in upstate New York, I had the opportunity to explore, through camping, hiking and fishing, both the Catskill and Adirondack Mountains for well over 50 years. An avid trout fisherman, I was always looking for that special remote pond or stream where beautiful Brook Trout would be waiting for whatever offering I tossed to them. Brook trout require the most pristine, cold water that is found only in settings that make the outdoors lover smile with appreciation of nature's beauty.

When I retired several years ago, my wife and I looked for a quiet, rural area to settle where our love of the outdoors could continue, as well as my pursuit of new hiking and fishing opportunities. We found North Central Pennsylvania, which at the time seemed perfect. Our new house was only about 20 minutes from Pine Creek, the Loyalsock Creek and Lycoming Creek. These creeks and their tributaries and the hiking available within their watersheds had me salivating.

Then something strange happened. I discovered this invasive industry called natural gas hydrofracking had crept into my retirement dreams. My trips up Route 44 to Pine Creek or up Route 87 to the "Sock" or up Route 14 to upper Lycoming Creek were no longer so enjoyable with all the noisy heavy truck traffic. To get educated on the good, the bad and the ugly about the gas industry I joined the Responsible Drilling Alliance. Fortunately, an RDA member insisted I go see Rock Run. I was immediately taken as we watched trout scurrying around in the clear water some 15 to 20 feet below the ledge we were on. I had to return and do some fishing.

I did return to Rock Run and began fishing on the lower end. A pretty stream - and I even hooked, but missed, a couple of trout. Then a wonderful thing happened. This avid trout fisherman suddenly discovered he had been walking upstream through numerous pools without doing any fishing. I had entered a part of Rock Run that ran through a gorge with high moss-covered rock walls that had many beautiful rivulets of water cascading down into crystal clear pools. I was standing there with a huge dumb smile on my face, feeling totally at peace with the world and holding my fishing pole like it was nothing more than a walking stick. Nor was it important. The beauty of this place transcended any I had seen before in my many years of enjoying nature.

Rock Run had cast its magic spell on me and I love her for it!

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