



RON MONTECALVO

A Remembrance

1938 – 2017

Ron Montecalvo started fly fishing in 1960. He was one of the early Rhody members from the gang of the 1960's, and was a stalwart for Rhody Fly Rodders ever since, holding every office in the club at least once. Lately he acted as our chief advisor and the link to the club's past history as its archivist. Ron fished in every kind of water: fresh, salt, brackish and was a big fan of fishing for American Shad. He fished in the Caribbean for Bonefish & Tarpon, and in Canada & Newfoundland for Atlantic Salmon.

For several years Ron was a consultant on coatings for fly lines at Ashway and Berkley/Sioux Valley, which is now Shakespeare. He was always tinkering with fly lines, and shooting heads, often building his own. Ron loved flytying and used only natural materials in his fly patterns. He said, "Any fly that's not made with feathers, hair and fur, is a 'lure!'" He tied all the patterns, but loved to tie the fun and the obscure ones.

Ron was an expert fly caster and fly tyer, teaching his craft to women, children, disabled veterans, and anyone else who wanted to learn about fly fishing. Ron was a 'giver.' Always the first to volunteer, and give advice or help out where needed. If you were fishing and you lost a fly, he would give you one. If he was catching more fish than you, he just might cut the fly from his line and give it to you. That's who he was!

Ron Montecalvo spent his last day doing what he has enjoyed his whole life – fly fishing, this time at his favorite spot, the Narrow River in Narragansett, Rhode Island. Needless to say, he will be sadly missed by all who's lives he touched.



Writing our newsletter for a number of years, I'm always asking our members for articles and stories to publish. Well, Ron was always sending me things to fill my needs. First I must say, Ron had a vivid imagination, as he sent me all sorts of wild and crazy stories, poems and verse. Most of time it was so long in length I had to have him cut it down or revise it. Well, 4 or 5 months ago he sent me this story below and told me to publish it in the newsletter in the Fall. Well, just a week or two after his passing, I found this on the computer and read it again. Wow, this story by Ron just blew me away. When you read this you will know why! Premonition? Message from above? It definitely makes me wonder about things beyond our comprehension.

— Peter Nilsen

EDDIE'S WAKE

By Ron Montecalvo

The local coffee stop had four regulars with only one thing in common, an obsession with all things to do with fishing. The four represented the dictionary definition of diversity. No one was the leader, but all four had definite opinions about anything regarding fishing. This day, Friday to be exact, two of them were sitting discussing the week's fishing. When George, the "Quiet One" came rushing through the door.

"Hey guys, have you seen today's newspaper?" as he rapidly approached the table. Quint the "Curmudgeon" looking up and answered, "Ain't got time to bother with that. Besides nothing but bad news anyway." "Well, this time it's real bad." He responded. "Eddie's dead!"

Well, Eddie was the best fisherman of the four, as well as being the rock of the group. He was always level headed and was usually the one who calmed things when the opinions of the other three got too hot. Though they were slow to admit it, Eddie's knowledge brought many of their fish to the hook.

The "Old Timer", Al, took the paper from George asking how and when did it happen. Al was probably older than the rest, but within the group George was closest to Eddie. "It says suddenly" Al read and continued, "The paper gives the time of a memorial service tomorrow. It will be held at the old chapel about two miles from the river."

"We have to go to the service tomorrow, but it'll kill our Saturday fishing," muttered Quint. "But wait," said George, "the service is in the afternoon, so we can fish in the morning, then say goodbye to Eddie afterwards."

Growling Quint shook his head. "Does this mean I've got to go to church? I ain't been to church since I got married and you know how that turned out. Two words that should not be uttered with the same breath are, marriage and fishing. You know how I feel about religion and preachers. "Al replied, "It's not like a church and there won't be a preacher. People will just get up and say nice things about him."

NEXT DAY AT THE RIVER

"What time is the service?" Al asked Quint. "We should be getting ready to leave now," Quint replied.

When they were at the car, the question of what to do after the service came up. "You know fishing has been good today," said Al.

George said, "Maybe we should keep our waders on and come back to fish after the service. How long can it last, a half hour?" At this point the discussion about wearing waders at a funeral became animated. Quint didn't think it was inappropriate because the dead person loved to fish.

After several minutes George broke in. "I can't think of a better way to honor Eddie's memory than to just keep on fishing here. You know, he loved this river." "I agree," perked up Al. "Yah, I said prayers for him last night," Quint added, "so let's go!" And so, with the rectitude of the just, the three returned to the river in honor of their deceased friend.

Ninety minutes later they spotted flowers floating on the river. Turning upstream they noted a commotion coming from the bridge. People were against the bridge rail with clear, colorful little bags dumping the contents into the water. Al commented first, "That must be Eddie's funeral and they're dumping his ashes into the river."

As the water flowed past, each kept to his thoughts:

Al said, – "How's it going Eddie?"

Quint said, – "As you go by Eddie, shoo the fish over to my line."

George said, – "Goodbye Eddie, old pal."

THE END