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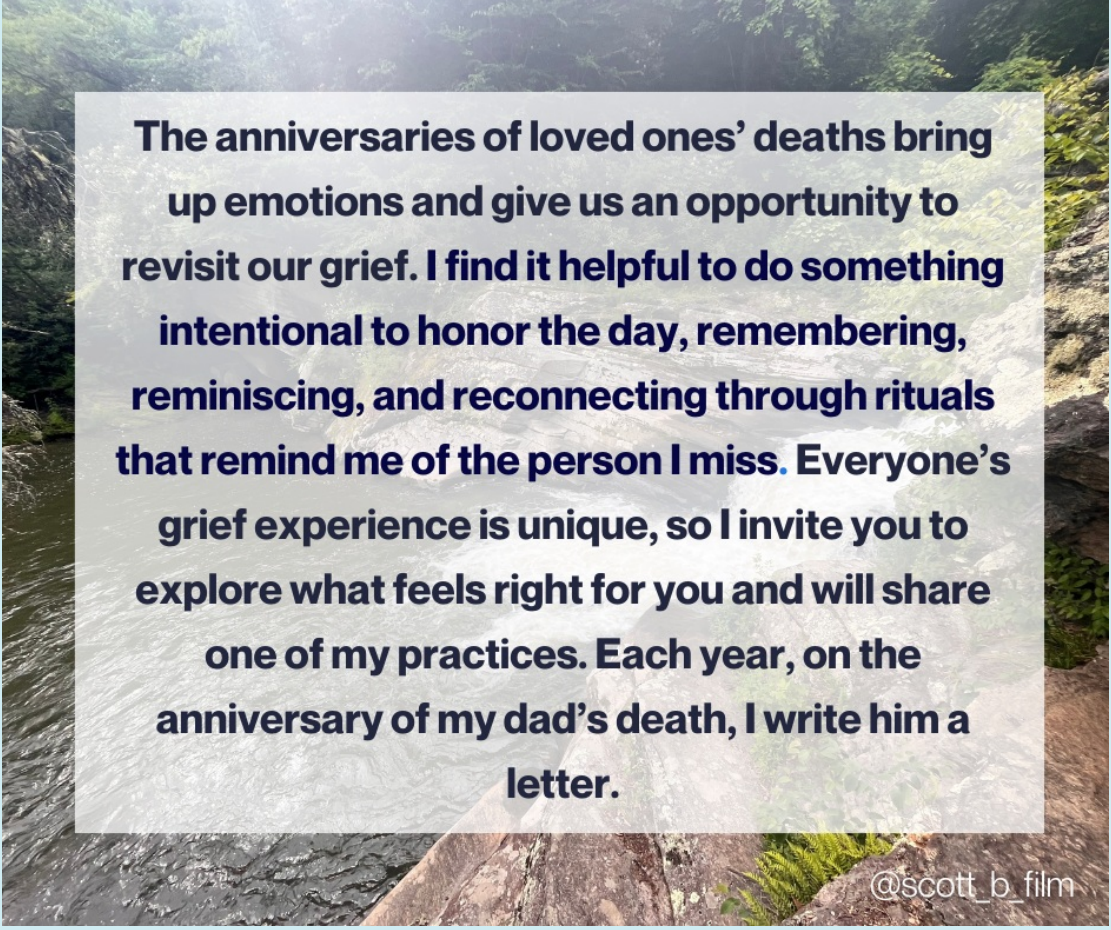
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# Exciting News!



We are thrilled to announce the film is going to the **Angel Film Awards 2023 Monaco International Film Festival** in November! The festival is a worldwide community celebration of peace, love, the art of making movies, and a unique collaboration of multi-talented writers, film score composers, filmmakers, producers, and musicians. The Angel Film Awards mission is to entertain, inform, inspire, encourage, and educate. They honor artists who, through their creative work, actively increase awareness, provide multiple viewpoints, address complex social issues, and strengthen ties between international audiences and the Angel Film Awards. Betsy, her fiance Sonny, and her mom Audrey will be attending the festival. Follow us on Instagram **@scott\_b\_film** to experience the Monaco adventure!

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**The anniversaries of loved ones' deaths bring up emotions and give us an opportunity to revisit our grief. I find it helpful to do something intentional to honor the day, remembering, reminiscing, and reconnecting through rituals that remind me of the person I miss. Everyone's grief experience is unique, so I invite you to explore what feels right for you and will share one of my practices. Each year, on the anniversary of my dad's death, I write him a letter.**

@scott\_b\_film

I wrote this letter in Linville Gorge on July 28th of this year:

**Dear Dad,**

Six years ago today, I tenderly laid your body in the rough-hewn coffin built by your own hands. Today, Sonny and I honor you by hiking in Linville Gorge, one of your favorite places. Bob Dylan fills the car, not as loud as you would have it but just right for imagining you singing along.

The dark roast Sonny brewed reminds me of our coffee ritual. Morning time was always sacred with you. We continue to practice your rituals: hot drinks, music, journaling, breakfast. On the gravel road we go slowly. You always instructed me to enjoy the journey. Too often we rush toward the destination. The gravel road keeps Linville wild and rugged - the very elements you loved most about this wilderness. Rhododendrons, one of your favorite mountain blooms, line the rough road. Mossy boulders hug the mountainside. Oaks, Maples and Tulip Poplars reach for one another across the road. Dappled light delights us as we drive. Thank you for teaching me the art of appreciating, the nuance of noticing.

Though you died young, I feel you in the natural world you immersed me in and connected me to from my birth until the day you took your last breath at sunrise as the pink-seeped sky welcomed you to the spirit realm. You promised me you'd send me someone, and a year and one month after you died, you fulfilled that vow when I met Sonny in English 112. His name obliterated any doubt. I could hear you proclaiming: "It's Betsy Bee and Sonny skies ahead."

I know you would love Sonny and our boys. Bumpo was the grandad name you



chose, the name of the gregarious monkey in stories you told me and Ella before bed as you rubbed our heads. Even your stories took us into the wild, exploring untamed jungles with Mr. Gorilla and many other creatures. I continue to share these jungle tales, passing on the power of story and the imperative need for creative expression to my children.

Long before it was trendy, you coined the term “Art of Life,” showing me how everything is a creative act, from meals to conversations to gardening to journaling. You even managed to make cleaning into art by wearing your round, flat top hat with our pet rat Tippy Tappy perched on top with the backpack vacuum on and the PA system blasting The Rolling Stones as you danced across the hardwood floors. Even the most mundane of tasks you transformed into fantastic fun. Play was your way. You knew wonder and awe keep us in a childlike state of curiosity, a mindset you cultivated even in your final days bedridden on the screen porch.

"Buckets of Rain," one of your favorite Dylan songs, comes on as we near the top of Table Rock. Though the buckets of tears have dissipated in the 6 years since the day you transitioned, the sadness persists. Simultaneously, my connection to you strengthens as I live my life more and more in the Scott B Way. I feel your presence, your potent energy, and your perspective guiding me.

I feel you with us as we climb Table Rock to the summit with a spectacular view of the Gorge. I feel you as we hike the steep, rocky terrain along the trail to The Chimneys. You sweeten the journey with wild blackberries and blueberries that we stop to savor, a tart trail treat. I hear your voice beckon me to boulders beautified by moss and lichens.

On the hike out, you cool us down with dark clouds and a refreshing breeze that smells of rain. Thunder booms. Our dog Wilson shudders and shakes, his pointy ears pinned back. I am grateful you taught me to love lightning and thunder. Storms are sacred, another sign of you saying hello. You wait to let loose just as we get into the car after devouring ice cold cantaloupe and watermelon straight from the rind. Rain pelts and pounds the car as we bump over the gravel roads.

I remember dancing in the rain barefoot and brokenhearted with Hannah hours after you took your last breath. I knew it was you crying with me, unstoppable emotion. Today I experience the rain as your tears of joy welling up from witnessing me and Sonny honoring your legacy. We live each day with death as our advisor, with eyes wide open, seeing you in all the synchronicities that bring us closer to source.

Love always,  
Bee Bubbles

# The Grief Digest



## Podcast Feature

In each edition of the newsletter, I will feature media related to topics from the film - loss, grief, gratitude, healing and nature. Our first podcast feature is **Great Grief by Nnenna Freelon**. Available wherever you listen to podcasts!

When I discovered Great Grief, I found myself completely captivated by Nnenna Freelon's moving, award-winning podcast. This gorgeous, simultaneously heartbreaking, and heartwarming story of loss is a must-listen. [WUNC](#) describes each episode as "a meditative and uplifting journey of story and song, exploring loss, love, and how to move forward with grief as a constant companion." The vulnerable, open-hearted way in which Nnenna shares about losing her husband to ALS brings the listener inside her experience and reminds us all that we do not ever get over but rather learn to live with great grief.

## Things I am loving right now

- The show **Shrinking** (add link)
- Really delicious morning matcha with homemade cashew milk
- **Thousand Petal Yoga classes** (especially the Mellow Yellow series)
- Sunset walks to the water
- Peaches we froze from the summer

My dad's only regret was that he didn't eat enough peaches the year he died so I make a point of enjoying them while they are in season. Hope you are soaking up the last days of summer.

With love and gratitude,  
Betsy

## Book a Screening

Captain Scott B and the Great Adventure's universal message around grief, loss and resilience brings people together in a collective, healing experience that reminds us to seek the wonder in the present moment. Bring the film to your community or organization for an in-person or virtual viewing experience through one of our screening



packages customized to your audience. Explore our unique screening packages [here.](#)

Book Now

Have you seen the film yet?

Yes

No

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[www.captainscottb.com](http://www.captainscottb.com)

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