



DragonBoat Beaufort members get back as much as they give.

By Joy Craig

The first time I set foot in Beaufort was when I took my place on those famous Yellow Footprints over on Parris Island. Suffice to say that for the next thirteen weeks I looked forward to putting Beaufort far in the rear view mirror. My Drill Instructors called it, “The land that God forgot” and boy did I agree.

When I returned ten years later as a Drill Instructor myself I was finally able to take a good look around. My family rented a little trailer on the marsh with a million dollar view. A mature oak tree loomed overhead, its branches laden with Spanish moss while our lawn edged a wide marsh with ribbons of Spartina grass cut by webs of tidal creeks in flux with the tides. When the water was at its lowest the smell of the exposed mud was something I grew to love like a good, stinky cheese. Our favorite part of watching the tides was at the peak of the high tide, when the river crested and took a glassy, respiratory pause between its inhale and exhale.

These little gems, unique to the Lowcountry, are what hook people to stick around. It’s a safe bet that the natural beauty surrounding Beaufort County had a part in why you’re here now. Whether you’re a native who can’t imagine living anywhere else or you came here on a day trip and never left, Beaufort is home.

Community & Good Karma

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