

RV-n-AMERICA 2019



RV-n AMERICA

2019

**Arthur: Paul Grenier
& Co-Photographer**

PAUL GRENIER

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ISBN:

DEDICATION

Dedicated to my wife, Carla, for her love, patience and navigational skills which guaranteed our safe passage all year.



I Love You...

Happiness, is to have everything; you need.

Not, the need to have everything.

pjgrenier

Co-photographer: Carla Grenier

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PREFACE

I would like to take a few minutes here to introduce you to my wife Carla and myself, Paul. We're both working on our second marriages and we're both retired. During Carla's working years she worked for an Orthopedic Group as a Radiologic Technologist. As for myself, I've worn a couple of hats. I graduated college and worked as a pharmacist for around twenty-five-years. At fifty, give or take a year, we both decided to officially retire from our professions. While in Connecticut we enjoyed square dancing and long weekends on our boat. In order to help us find our next work opportunity, at the tender year of fifty, we travelled the east coast through Florida and back up again. Within a year we sold everything and moved to Florida eventually purchasing a Child Care Center in Greenacres, FL. About ten-years later we sold it and bought another in Titusville, FL. That facility ended up not being one of our better choices. By this time the square dancing was over and also the boat. I spent a few years as a Commercial Realtor, selling and listing, what else, but Day Care Centers. Carla, at this time, was retired. For myself I was challenged with thoughts of how to fill the years I have left; Until a vacation we took enlightened me.

Our lives would never be the same again.

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INTRODUCTION

Thank you for joining Carla and I for our fourth year travelling America in 2019.

This year we will be exploring Utah, Oregon, a battleship, Space center, National parks in Utah and Oregon, an observatory, touch a rock from the moon and the second tallest waterfall. On top of that we'll be visiting over 30 campgrounds as well as fending off a tornado.

, This dissertation is not a regular literary piece or novel like "Betrayal" or "War and Peace." On top of that, right from the onset I wish to make clear, I am no James Patterson, as you will soon discover. The resource material for this composition is from our Travel Blogs. A Blog is a mishmash of occasional entries. In order for you, the reader, to remain continually abreast of the timeline of the story, I am entering the day and month for your convenience. As we travelled in our motorhome, we would go on field trips to different venues in the area and then, quite often, do very little for a couple of days or even a week, which necessitates a date, from time to time, to avoid your feeling lost in time. I've tried to include as many photos as possible to make up for my lack of verbal expertise. Over the last eight-years we have travelled over fifty-thousand miles viewing so many places of interest and, often times, just plain unusual points of interest.

Carla and I hope you will enjoy the overall scope of the story and hopefully give you and your family ideas for a travel destination of your own.

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Dennis, my brother, has been spending a little more time with us as well. It's our hope that he'll embrace this lifestyle, at least on a part-time basis, and possibly spend less time in Boca.



I think everyone reaches a stage in their lives when they realize that it's time to try something a little different for the few years we might still have. Dennis, on the right, is now trying to map out his future. Our travels this year will include canyons, mountains and a slew of National Parks. Often times, we merely follow the sun and find ourselves discovering churches and cathedrals that awe the eye

In the first book we mentioned that it's not our goal to visit only the well visited venues in America, but rather, to discover some lesser-known attractions that could be equally interesting.

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JANUARY 2019

1st. New Year's Day

Carla and I wish friends, family and everyone we know, a Very Happy and Healthy New Year.



Yesterday we traveled from the Riverside RV Park in Arcadia, FL. Currently we're back in Clermont, FL at the Orlando Thousand Trails RVP. We'll be here for fourteen nights. It will be from this campground we will jump start our travels for 2019. On another note, my brother Dennis has been looking for new home. If all goes well in the next week or so he might actually close on a condo in Boynton Beach, FL. More to follow on this topic. On a dumb note, yesterday, on our trip back here, we saw a Carvana Vending Machine. We had plenty of quarters with us, but I doubt we had enough to purchase any of those cars.

Indiana's first Carvana opened here Thursday, with the motto: "Because car buying shouldn't suck." Carvana's process— buying, selling and financing cars — happens mostly online. Buyers shop more than

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10,000 cars and can schedule to pick it up at the vending machine or have the car delivered to their house, possibly as soon as the next day. The seven-story Carvana car vending machine opens Thursday at 8130 Summit Hill Drive on the north side. If they choose the vending machine, they'll meet a Carvana employee, who'll hand them an oversized novelty coin to place into a slot. The action symbolically "vends" a car, which the customer can immediately drive away. The intention is to cut down on the time it takes to haggle with a salesperson and then go through a dealer's financing department. Each car is certified through Carvana's own inspection process, with no reported accidents or frame damage. Buyers can try out the car for seven days to make sure they want it. Carvana, which opened six years ago, offers a money-back guarantee, with some limitations. (From USA Today)

A little after noon today we heard a knock on our door. It was the Russell Family, Scott, Vanessa and Kora, their daughter. They'll be here for a short stay, I'm sure we'll be getting together with them again. They will also be heading up to the Oregon area as well. We ended the evening with dinner at the Road House restaurant, what an awesome meal. We each had the Dallas Filet with different sides. Will definitely have this meal again. Tomorrow will be Wednesday and a washday. On our way to the laundromat, we thought we'd try to find Randy and Pat Hill. We had a good idea of where they would be staying, we just had to find them. We haven't seen them in over two years so we were anxious to catch up. They now have a 2017 Holiday Rambler. It took us a couple of tries to find them, then there it was, but they were gone. By the time we'd taken the clothes out of the dryer and folded them they had returned to their

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coach. We had a very nice visit with both of them; so much to talk about. Just after we had finished dinner, we had a knock on our door; it was Pat and Randy! It was a little cramped since we had not extended the Driver's side slide in anticipation of a repair to the slide, but even with the limited space we enjoyed a great evening of talk and rehashing our travel experiences. There's just no substitute for good friends. You, most likely, remember my talking about them in a previous old blog. Randy Hill is a published author. He was nice enough to drop off his latest novel; *The Vigilante* by W. R. Hill. I'll talk about it just as soon as I read it myself. Our home has a booboo. Most times when the slide came in or went out, we would hear a very loud bang; this noise made us think there might be a problem. We had our carpet man from "Recarpet Your RV" business drop by and evaluate the situation. He came back and made a small repair for which he was nice enough not to charge us for. This fix did not take care of our problem; however, it did make the slide work nicer.



He recommended "Bob's Welding." I know, what would Bob's Welding have to do with an RV slide? Thing is this is a three-generation family of RV repair specialists. The founding patriarch of the business was just that, a welder.

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He fixated his welding skills on RVs that need some welding services from time to time in his day. His son spent fourteen years working for an RV dealership, Alliance I think, gave him his RV education. This business, thankfully, does not market itself at \$150 an hour. The fix on our RV came as a result of our replacing the carpet and adding vinyl planking in place of carpet in many places. The fix, for us, mandated that they had to retool a twenty-foot floor-plate by the edge of our carpet. They counter-sunk the screws that were tearing up our underpad and creating our problem. When the under pad failed the slide would be snapping the screws that secured the plate to the coach floor, thereby creating that loud bang. After three and one-half hours in which we had as many as four workers on this job, the slide was fixed. I hate to think how much Alliance or LaMesa would have charged us for this job! The price averaged less than \$100 an hour, *a bargain for us!* We will visit Dennis' new condo on the 6th, in ' Boynton Beach FL. So, we got on the road at 7:30 and did not get home that evening till about 5 pm, which included a 30-minutes for a McDonald's lunch and then spending about 45-minutes with Dennis at the condo. View from the back of his condo.

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Above is his kitchen. Marble counter tops, about 2.5 inches thick; awesome! Even the back splash is covered top to bottom with marble. The condo is not as big as what he had previously but this is plenty big enough for him. It has two bedrooms.



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Pictures up and down are the views from his balcony looking North and South at the Intracoastal Waterway. I'm sure you'll agree Dennis is really going to enjoy his new lifestyle. I might be wrong but I'm certain his caregiver, Camille, will enjoy the location as well. On the 10th we visited Ann Cunningham's new home. We last spoke of Ann way back in October of 2018. She has never been a full-timer as we are, but she would travel for six months in general. Her daughter and other family members have expressed concerns of her RVing life. This is not, in general, a dangerous way of life, but I can understand their concern. Her answer to their concerns will be her ending her travel plans and settling down at the Three Flags RV Campground in one of their camp-model homes. She will now be enjoying a considerably larger living area while, at the same time, still enjoying many of the RV lifestyle of RVers and friends. Her best friend, MO, her cat, should enjoy the new lifestyle as well. We enjoyed a very delightful afternoon with her, not to mention an excellent dinner she hosted for us, and the new direction her life will be going in. We make Three Flags RVP a regular stop in our travels so we will be keeping tabs on her on a regular basis. We wish Ann every happiness in the decision she's making.

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The good and bad to this lifestyle is that we are continually saying hello to new friends and good bye to others. It's not as emotional as when I was twelve and just spent a week at Camp Squanto with many of my scouting friends, but similar. Reminds me of that 8 by 8-foot army tent that, prior to my arriving, was inhabited with mosquitoes the size of silver dollars! But it is, once again, the last couple of days of a very relaxing stay here in Orlando.



Today we began our so-longs by revisiting the Russell's. One of the nicest families we know; Vanessa, Scott and Kora. That's a close-up picture of Kora to the right. She's a little gabber-box but her communication skills are awesome; definitely a product of home schooling. They were also planning to leave Orlando just after us but their plans got messed up a bit and they'll be remaining here for a little longer. Then we drifted over to revisit Randy and Pat Hill. What we did not know is that Randy and Pat had left the park but were not that far away, thank you Walmart. We met up with them at our local Olive Garden and had a very enjoyable evening. As Carla mentioned earlier this evening, "it's refreshing to be apart from friends for months at a

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time, and then once your back together again, it just like old times again.



Lastly would be my brother Dennis. Turns out the Christmas-Boat-Parade will be parading directly in front of his new condo. Guess who plans to be in Boynton Beach next Christmas? I've prayed every day that his everyday experiences might someday take a new course, and for the first time in months, I'm optimistic that HE may have answered these prayers finally. All in all, it's been a fun stay; we even had a chance to wax the HHR, first time in two years.

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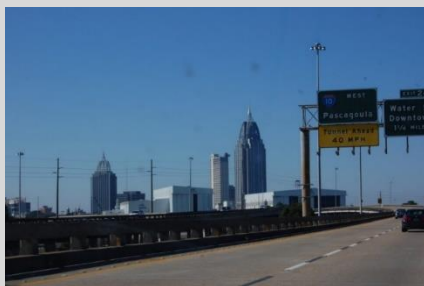
14th Lake City, FL.

We got a 9:15 start this morning and drove 150 miles to Cracker Barrel in Lake City. It's filling up with motor coaches. We'll take ourselves out to dinner this evening; it's called a guilt response for a free stay. Nothing is really free these days. Finding a spot that could fit us was time consuming but with patience and careful maneuvering we got a good spot. Right now, I think there are more coaches in the parking lot than cars, the place inside must be empty. Trouble is that 4 pm is too early for dinner. Ah! We did decide to eat early, only to be turned back due to a power outage in the area. Everyone previously turned away were now returning, the parking lot was full. As always, we had a very nice meal.

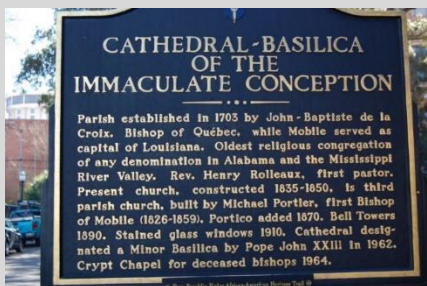
16th Immaculate Conception Cathedral

Currently we're in **Robertsdale RVP** for 2-nights was not much to talk about, except that the staff was very friendly and helpful. Our site had everything. Spent the 16th viewing the Immaculate Conception Cathedral and the 17th. viewing the Battleship Alabama. This awesome church is located in Mobile, AL.

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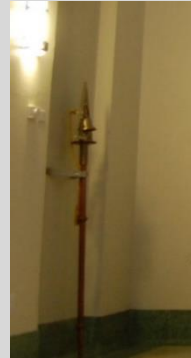


Above is a bridge typical of what Boston has over the Charles, I believe. Below is a picture of the Mobile, AL skyline. This is "Cathedral Square" directly across the street from the Cathedral. Below is the front of the Cathedral.



This parish was established in 1702 and the first church was built in a location not far from this spot. The picture above and many below are views inside the Cathedral.

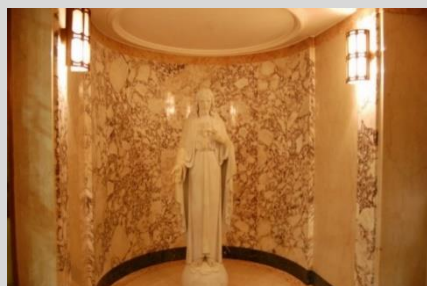
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The Ornate Umbrella called the *Ombrellino*, is one of the two special symbols is tradition in a Cathedral to be used when the Holy Father visits the Cathedral. The other is the bell. And you're saying what bell! On the left side of the picture in the middle is the bell. The picture to the right is a blow-up of that item. This bell is another traditional Roman symbol called a *Tintinnabulum*. The Ombrellino and

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Tintinnabulum are used to both announce to the parishioners that the Holy Father is approaching the Cathedral and the Ombrellino is used to protect the Holy Father from inclement weather.

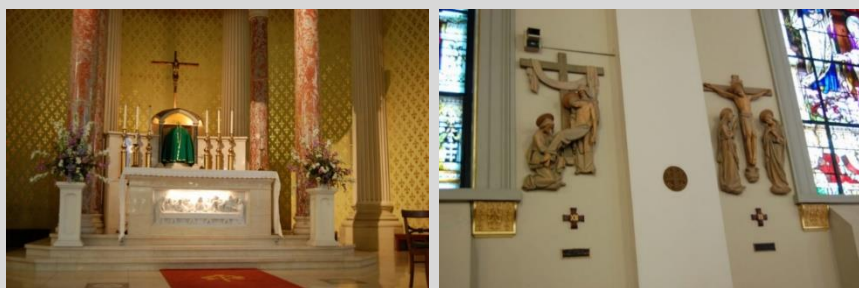


Above you can see a close-up picture of the sanctuary. There are 67 minor Basilicas in the US and 4 in Rome. Each Basilica has the two important Roman Symbols, the Ombrellino and Tintinnabulum. *The Cathedral Basilica has been graced with fine organs almost since its dedication in 1850. George Jardine, a well-known New York organ builder, completed the*

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first instrument in 1858; it served admirably for nearly a century, until it was severely damaged by a fire in 1954. (Notes taken from the history of the Cathedral).

We are now in the lower portion of the church called the Crypt. This was added to the facility a few years ago. It is not fully available to the public, thanks to a metal gate. It is here that the remains of the bishops that serve the diocese are Encrypted.



Above is the Coat of Arms for the Cathedral. This very impressive piece of furniture is solely to be used by either an Archbishop and or Bishop only. This chair has a special name. It's called the "*Cathedra*." This leads to the reason why the church is called a Cathedral.

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Just a close-up picture of a couple of the Stations of the Cross. Below is for my brother. He mentions often that the confessionals are, many times, difficult to find.



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16th Battleship Alabama



The Alabama from its humble beginnings on February 1, 1940 as the keel was laid at the Norfolk Navy Yard in Portsmouth, Virginia, Battleship USS ALABAMA (BB-60) has had a remarkable career.



She began her World War II adventures in the North Atlantic in 1943, then later that year, went to the South Pacific seas. She ended up in Mobile, Alabama as a National Historic Landmark and memorial to millions.

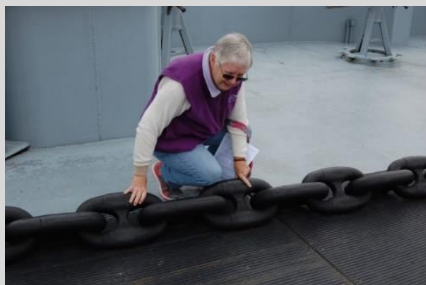
Captains' quarters below:

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Home to a crew of 2,500 courageous Americans, this 45,000-ton gentle giant's WWII adventure culminated with BB-60 leading the American Fleet into Tokyo Bay on September 5, 1945. Nine Battle Stars for meritorious service were awarded the "Mighty A" during her brief three-year tenure as the "Heroine of the Pacific".

Most American warships end their useful life after wartime, but ALABAMA was destined to live another day. In May 1962, the Federal Government announced that BB-60 and others would be scrapped, but a forward-looking group of Mobilians and other Alabamians saw a bright future in the aging warship.



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They envisioned the ALABAMA as the anchor attraction of a Veterans Memorial Park to be located in Mobile. That impossible dream came true on January 9, 1965 when USS ALABAMA Battleship Memorial Park opened to the public.

More than fifteen million visitors later and a statewide economic impact approaching one billion dollars, the Park is easily the most recognizable symbol of the State of Alabama. Dedicated to all Alabama Citizens who have worn the uniform of all branches of the United

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States Armed Forces, the Park's numerous artifacts, exhibits, and displays all point to the fact that the Park is America's most unique military attraction. Come see for yourself. (Utilized text courtesy of the USAAlabama.com website)



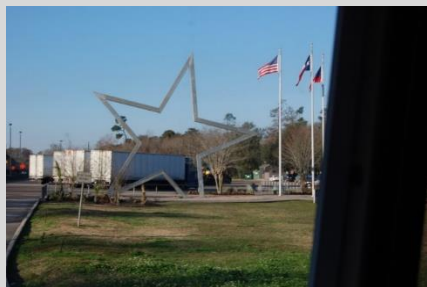
The small crane you see in the left picture is there to on and off load sea planes. In a couple of days, the 16th. **We will travel to Sulfur, LA.**



We are traveling above the protected bayous and swamp lands. This above the water road way went on for dozens of miles. We left Lafayette and headed for Lake Charles, LA, to stay overnight at a local Walmart. Shortly before going to church, we dropped into Walmart to ask permission to stay overnight. It is, we know, merely a formality, since

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we were told it would be Okay, to our dismay, we were told NO! Boondocking at a Walmart is a privilege, need to go to plan B. We would head out to Sulfur, LA to a Cracker Barrel. It was a delightful stay and ultimately put us ten miles closer to our destination for tomorrow. After resting for 3 or 4 days are plan for the 20th. is to travel to Willis, TX. Very seldom do we endure a trip that continues to offer up challenges to, what should easily be, a boring two-hundred-mile commute. Even the campground would not cut us a break. We left at 9:30 and arrived just before 1 pm, just about what it should have taken should we not have had the challenges. Temperatures last night dipped to 32-degrees with a feels like of around 24-degrees. What was nice is that we can now let our new inverter supply the power to run the electric heat for the evening. The challenges we incurred were mostly self-inflicted. I have a tendency to just get up and do what I think is the next thing to do, you can't do that with this lifestyle, procrastination is not tolerated. I've worked hard trying to remember this axiom and in general I do abide by this rule, but I do slip up occasionally. No repercussions resulted thankfully; just have to think for a second before taking action.



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From the pictures above and below, we did make it to Texas. Finding the campground directions, we're proving to be elusive. Our GPS, map book and map info were not complementing each other. This was adding to the several other problems we had to deal with today. The breakdown-lane in the picture can also be used for evacuations.



Let's take a walk through the campground. Below is our site. It's on two small hills. One site goes left to right, and the other goes from the front to rear of the coach.



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Above are rental cabins, and can be seen all over the grounds. Play areas can be found easily as well as more cabins.



A basketball court can be seen here as well as a far look of the lake area. Office and sales offices below. At the far end is a group gathering area. No picture yet since the camp was having a child appropriate movie at the time we were there.

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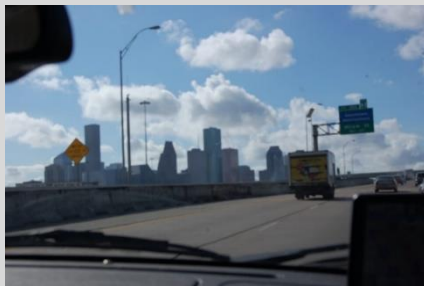
The following day was chilly, to say the least. This will be a day to try to get chores done. Tanks are emptied and wash has to be done. I'm going to work on my blogs over the next three days. Rain is coming for the next two days. So, I have three days to catch up on my partial, unfinished blogs. The next day was a red-letter day. Our Deerwood East property has sold! This came about as a result of another one of my impetuous moments many years ago, we acquired a property in Deerwood East, Waller County, Texas. Someone else now has the property. One less item in our Trust. This will definitely let us sleep a bit better in the future. This property was definitely the agenda item that warranted our stay in Willis, Texas. Now we can enjoy the balance of our twelve-night stay in **Lake Conroe RVP**. We

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hope to visit the Bush Library in College Station and, if open, the Johnson Space Center.

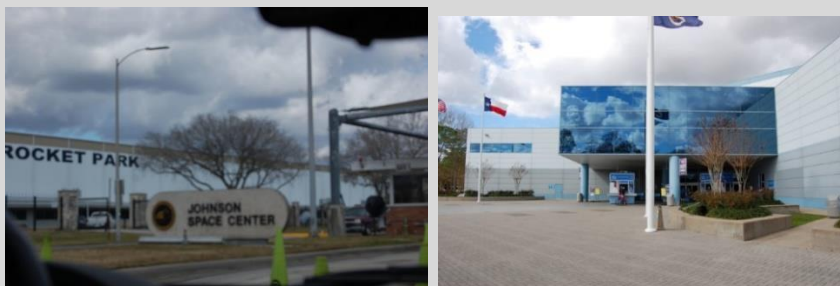
Currently, the 24th, Carla is under the weather. We awoke this morning with outdoor temperature of 27-degrees. Despite that temp we slept very nicely last night. We haven't had to use the propane for heat, at least not yet. We had hopes of visiting the Bush Library and Johnson Space Center. The gal at the Texas Visitors Center informed us that the library would be closed because of the Government Shutdown; there loss! We're here for until the first of February, so we still have plenty of time to see the space center. Our hopes to visit the Johnson Space Center was realized a few days later on the 28th. We awoke around 7 am anxious for this day for visiting the Johnson Space Center. Carla is feeling a little better but still sneezing from time to time. After a light breakfast and the proper clothing to counter the 37-degree weather we were on our way. Traveling through Houston was a white-knuckle experience.

28th Johnson Space Center: Houston, TX



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This group of fly-overs wasn't even the biggest, I felt bad we missed that shot that was. It had a series of 5-levels-high. Below is the Houston skyline.

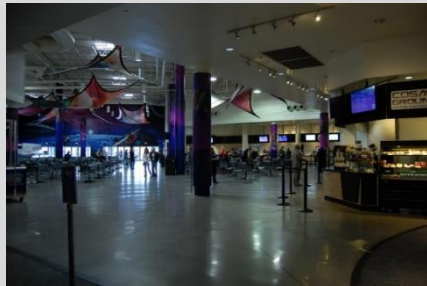


Yea, we made it. The drive here was definitely an "E" ticket experience. Carla, and I were fortunate enough to experience a 747 carrying a Shuttle back to Kennedy many years ago. The event was so rare that many times, the 747 pilot would do his own creative flight plan before landing. Many times, flying north and south along the eastern coastline of Florida to be just a little boastful. This would be our first of several venues today, buying tickets and viewing the Space Center Museum. Below are a few shots of the inside of this venue.

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I like this picture below; This is a roadmap to the galaxy. Then another shot of the complex.



Below this guy is explaining the technique of going to the bathroom, you know #2, in space. It involves the use of suction. I won't go into details on this but will let you use your own imagination. Below this same guy tried to get this volunteer to drink Space Station generated water. Must I go into detail as to where the Space Station gets this primary source of water. The volunteer did not oblige the host in trying this highly purified water. *Did you really think he would?*

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Above is an animation showing a candle (on the left) as it would glow on earth and the same candle, on the right and how it would glow on the space Station, (not shown). The question here is why! We next took a tour of the complex by tram.



Yes, we can thank Disney for creating "waiting stalls" even at JSC, but the line was short. Below are long horn Texas steers grazing on the JSC property. I did not hear the entire

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story but I think they had to be permitted as part of the buy-out or lease deal on the property. Below some of the many research buildings on the property, forgot their particulars.

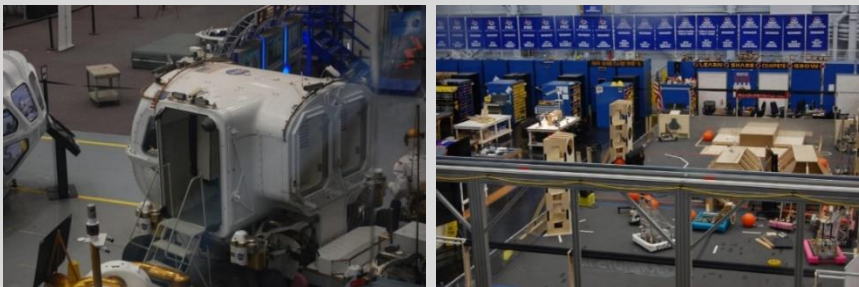


We're in the last building shown above where they build stuff and the train on it. The big white drums are actually, I think, living modules for the astronauts for our next moon or Mars expedition.



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Pictures above and below are about the "Orion" capsule. This is the new phase of our space program. Almost feels like we're going backwards, especially after experiencing the Shuttles. These are very much like the Mercury capsules except with more windows, but yet no bathrooms or exercise room. Once again, these are "living quarters modules" that will someday go back to the moon or Mars.



Above at the top of the picture are the many awards students have won as they worked on actual space projects at this NASA center. Some of their achievements can be seen on the floor, mostly in the realm of robotics. Below, I know, nobody here looks very busy, I agree.



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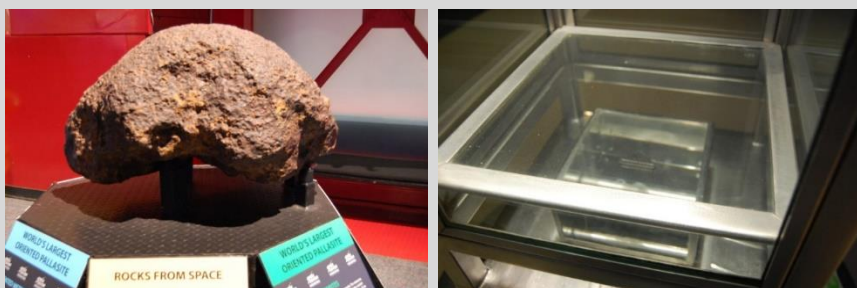
We're off again to see what's in the next building, the Saturn Rocket building. Below see the bikes. These are the original bikes dating from the beginnings of the Space Center. Schwinn comes in once a year and refurbishes them for the year to come. On this plot of soil trees have been planted with placards in commemoration of those that have contributed greatly to the program. Some information on the Saturn Rocket. Your computer can enlarge the information. The Saturn Rocket, is the heaviest, biggest and most powerful rocket to ever be built. There's so much information on this rocket I'll let you Google it. One particular item, it's 360-feet in length. Just a few pictures on this beast.



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This is the actual rocket, not a mock-up. There are only three left; Cape Kennedy, Atlanta and here in Houston.

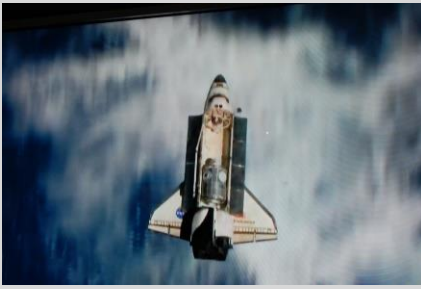


Above: there was no sign that said Do Not Touch the Space Rock, so I touched it. Below the sign read touch the rock from the moon, why not, so we did. It was in a heavily fortified case of glass and steel with an opening barely big enough for a hand to fit inside. No chance of taking this artifact. This was a very small sample of a moon rock. Some pictures from the space Shuttle:

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Now off to the 747-transport plane:

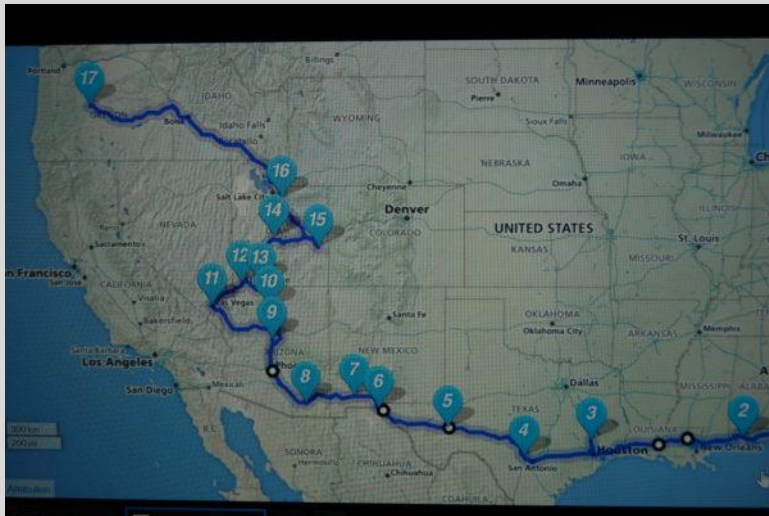
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NASA owned and operated two of these 747's. The plane above made nine of these piggy-back trips. On the 30th we were fortunate enough to visit the **Bush Library**. Got an early start to visit the Bush Library. Temp is only 37 with a possible high of 41 degrees, BRRRRR! It takes a vista of this type to recall all the national incidents that were so important in those earlier days, that are inconsequential today. Hopefully what we are experiencing in this day will also be a distant memory someday. We must take time to relax so tomorrow we will do just that. We prepare to leave tomorrow for overnight **in Sequin, TX**

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FEBRUARY 2019



This month's Travel Plans:

3. Jan. 20th Seguin, TX -Overnight (156m)
4. Feb. 2nd Lakehills, TX at Medina Lake RVR (71m)
5. Feb. 15th Fort Stockton, TX overnight
6. Feb. 16th El Paso, TX - overnight
7. Feb. 17th Deming, NM overnight
8. Feb. 18th Benson, AZ at Valley Vista RVR

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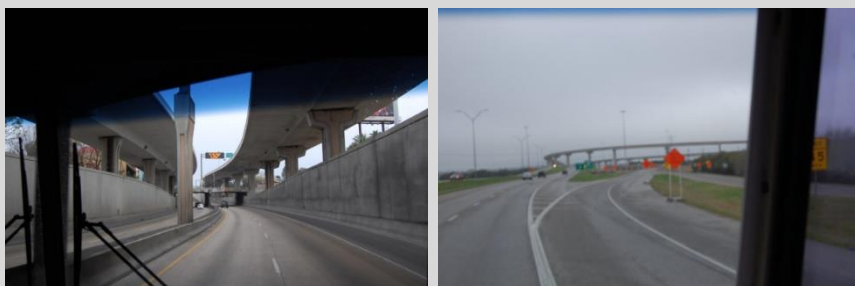
1st Travel to Sequin, TX

We got off to a 9 am start this morning on a trip that was to be 155 miles but ended up being 200. Good news was that we did get off the road before 2 pm. Found a great spot to park at Walmart, got a haircut and did some shopping at Walmart as well. We begin the month in Willis, TX and as you can see from the map above, we'll end the month in Benson, AZ. This time tomorrow we should be in Lakehills, TX staying at Medina Lake RV Resort. Today is the 2nd. And also, Groundhog Day. We awoke to a very thick fog, white knuckle travelling through San Antonio and finally arriving at Medina Lake RVP in Lakehills, TX. We have an excellent site with 30-amp electric, sewer, a corner lot with a view of the lake.



Our visibility for this trip was less than 1/10th mile so we began this trip slowly. GPS informed us that work was being done on I-10 and traffic was at a standstill, so it gave us an alternate route to follow.

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Eventually we arrived in San Antonio with just a little fog to contend with but with so much traffic I was glad to have Carla riding shotgun for us. Just like being in a gauntlet. Bye big city, hello country.

2nd Sat- St. Stanislaus Church

This church is located in Bandera, TX. This is about a thirty-minute ride from the campground were staying at. A little history of the Church. This text is taken from the St. Stanislaus Web Site in the History section. Everything italicized is part of that text. Below a little history of the Church.

St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Parish had its beginning in 1855 when immigrant families from Poland landed at Indianola, Texas and proceeded to Bandera to settle. This was only six weeks after the settling of the first Polish Parish in the United States at Panna Maria, Texas. In 1859 they began in a 20' x 30' log structure, which served as their first church. The entire block on which the church is located was purchased for only \$1.00 from the James de Montel Company.

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This is also, we were told by a lovely parishioner Molly, that it's the second oldest Catholic Church in the Country, not just Texas. The oldest Church in the USA is in a small town just south of San Antonio, TX, which we will never see because I have no intention of driving through San Antonio again. Being fortunate enough to have attended Mass would normally have been a perfect evening for us, but then came Molly. She gave us the nickel version on the history of the church and then asked if we were coming next week. We said yes to next Saturday night. But you must come on Sunday as well and enjoy our annual dinner, she added.



It would be an extensive selection of Polish meals and recipes. I insisted that we would be there. This turned out to be a very special venue for us, and I'm sure we'll remember all

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these events for years to come. June, July and August are the three hottest and most humid months. Jan, Feb and March rarely go below freezing and it seldom ever snows. This just might be a nice hide-away for us next year after the Christmas season is over with family and friends.



This is of the Church. Father Frank Kurza, Pastor

In her Centennial Year, 1976, the church was adorned with gothic lights, and she was given a complete interior makeover. Six additional stained-glass windows were installed in 1990, and in 1996 the statues and Stations of the Cross were repainted, and the altars all re-marbleized. In 2000, the small room off of the sanctuary was transformed into a chapel for the purpose of Perpetual Adoration. Two additional stained-glass windows were installed in the Adoration Chapel and two more in the Sacristy. In 2002, work began on the outside of the church. The limestone rock was cleaned and the old mortar between the limestone was chipped out and replaced. This work was completed at the beginning of 2003.

The church in which we worship today was built in 1876. It was constructed of native limestone. Originally, the sacristy and rectory were located above the rear of the building, the church bell being hung in a small cupola placed on the roof of same area. In 1906 the steeple was

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completed. The baptistry and confessionals were added in later years, as was a larger bell, and in the 1940's parish families donated stained glass windows. An all-steel steeple with a stainless-steel cross was erected in 1988.

Sunday, 3rd, would be a day of rest. Medina Lake RVResort is a Thousand Trails property. As I've mentioned before it's part of the Equity Lifestyle Properties family. We're staying only thirteen nights, but if we had opted to, we could have stayed for twenty-one nights at no charge. The no charge is the eye catcher. You can't live at home, a stick and mortar place, at no charge. Below is a schematic of the campground. In the nine o'clock position is a black marker on site 141 section F, that's us.



The Texas sand here sticks to everything. Both the coach and the HHR are encased in sand and dust. We both decided that the car required saving. So, we attacked the retched vehicle. It took an hour but we did rediscover the red luster that had temporary gone away. The coach was next. What I haven't done over the last two years was the roof to the coach. So, for a couple of hours I attacked the dirty dusty roof and rediscovered the original white luster. It still needs a little detail work but it does look great. White

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tail deer that inhabit the park, come to visit us. Scoots wants to go out and join them. Deer, deer everywhere.



San Antonio Texas is only about a thirty-minute ride from this campground but the terrain is so vastly different from that big city. We've got the windows and door open letting the outdoor 74-degree temperatures make our day. Later today we'll be attending St. Stanislaus Catholic church in Bandera, TX about a 30-minute drive from here.



We've never sat on so much Real Estate. Yes, the HHR took a beating on the way down as you can see. We have an excellent site with 30-amp electric, sewer, a corner lot with a view of the lake.

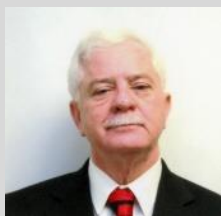
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This is a first for us. We have dozens and dozens of deer meandering all over the campgrounds. The campground actually encourages the residents to feed the deer. The weekend went by faster than I expected. The beginning of another week. The roof now looks great, but today, 4th, it's time to, at least, hose off the dirt on the coach. Texas dirt and dust has a sticky nature to itself. The coach has been hosed down and rain is expected within the hour. Hopefully I'll be able to scrub the coach down better after the rain stops. If you have read a couple of my precious blogs of years past, I would have mentioned Paul Kourtz. Paul and I had been life-long friends, but in today's fast-paced life style, I haven't been as conscientious in keeping in touch with him and his wife, Sharon s I should have. As a result, things happen and our friends leave us forever. Paul passed away 2-years ago on this date.

4th Remembering Paul Kourtz

As I have mentioned in the past, this is both a travel blog and a personal blog of memories. It is for this reason that I will take space in this book to recap Paul and his life. Paul left this world on this day a couple of years ago. Personally, I did not know of this event for a few months after his passing.



We were in Florida, as we almost always are during that time of the year, sitting out the snow season. In Florida it was a typical day; cool with no humidity. I'm sure it was a very normal day; the ground did not quake, nor did the clouds darken, in testimony of an awesome soul no longer tethered to this world.

I have always called him my best friend. We first met in our freshman year at Cardinal Spellman HS in Brockton, MA. Little did I know that this friendship would only get closer over our four-year internship. I personally was always in a constant state of panic over grades while Paul continued taking on more difficult courses year after year. I would wonder why someone so intelligent would be hanging around with me, but

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he did and was always surrounded with others in his class as well. For me school and learning were in the same category as eating all your vegetables. When I was panicking the most, he picked up on it and would calmly say, don't worry, you'll be okay; and I was.

Even in our College years we still kept in touch from time to time. The time came when Paul would Graduate from BC from his four-year program while I had just completed my fourth year with one year to go. I feared my QPA would come in a bit light to qualify me for my fifth year; so, once again, I was in panic mode. Paul called one night and said he'd pick me up Friday morning early in his vintage VW and we'd take a few days and vacation in New Hampshire, Hampton Beach to be specific. We did and had a great time. When we finally got back home and I had a message waiting from Mass College of Pharmacy, I would be okay. Once again, Paul's words; "don't worry you'll be okay," resounded in my head.

We were now finally faced with having to grow up. We both faced marriages, families and divorce. We got together a few times but once when I was just opening my own pharmacy and he mentioned how lucky I was, and how he was locked in at his low pay range set by the government, CIA in particular, ranked by years of service and accomplishments. I remember looking at him after his saying that and telling don't despair, I bet you're going to really go places and accomplish

more than you can imagine. And so, he did. I remember talking with him and asking him how was he doing. He humbly replied "just saving the world and staying out of trouble." I'll never know for sure exactly what he meant but I knew enough to take him and his words seriously.

Why did I not work harder to keep in touch? I had been living a rather non-descript life whereas he had been so successful. Once, when we first began this full-time RV lifestyle, we were on I-95 South and traveling through Virginia; so much traffic. We had our 5th-wheel RV at the time but I can still see and hear myself telling Carla "Alexandria- this exit might be Paul's exit" to his home, but we were in the wrong lane and towing a 5th was not a walk in the park in heavy traffic. I let it go by and said we'd try to make it "next year." Next year or next time are words we dread to remember once we realize there will be no more options for tomorrows.

Paul will live on in my thoughts and prayers and I only hope that when my day finally comes and I meet St. Peter, Paul will also be there saying " don't worry, you'll be okay." Then maybe, we'll have time to catch up

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6th Wed. Three venues to visit today.

To tell you the truth, I was not very anxious to find myself travelling through San Antonio, TX again but the traffic was not that bad. Our first stop would be the Alamo. We took quite a few pictures of the outside but were not permitted to take pictures inside the Alamo itself, but that was OK since most of it was going through repairs. This is a very solemn place to visit. Did it have the feeling of a graveyard? Yes! Our next stop was to walk to the San Fernando Cathedral about six blocks away. It took us about fifteen minutes to get there but thirty minutes to get back, but, that's another story. On our way home to the Medina Lake RVP, a little out of our way to view the Medina Dam.

6th The Alamo



Above right are the garrisons, but at the time of the battle this area was used to store ammunition. To the left is the Alamo gift Shop. And, below is a monument dedicated to

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the heroes of the Alamo, over two-hundred in number. Below to the right is a picture of the Oak Tree planted at the Alamo in commemoration of the fallen.



Above is a blow-up of the list of names on the monument. Bowie and Crockett were the only two I knew. Above Carla is talking to a Texas Ranger asking him for directions to the San Fernando Cathedral.

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6th San Fernando Cathedral

This is the San Fernando Cathedral located in San Antonio, Texas. Right after we had visited the Alamo Carla spoke to a Texas Ranger and he explained that this cathedral was only six blocks away or about a fifteen-minute walk.



The bold and italicized text is courtesy of Wikipedia-The original church of San Fernando was built between 1738 and 1750. The walls of that church today form the sanctuary of the cathedral, which gives rise to its claim as the oldest cathedral in the State of Texas. The church was named for Ferdinand III of Castile, who ruled in the 13th century. The baptismal font, believed to be a gift from Charles III, who became King of Spain from 1759, is the oldest piece of liturgical furnishing in the cathedral. The cathedral was built by settlers from the Canary Islands, for this reason the interior is an image of the Virgin of Candelaria, the patroness of the Canary Islands.^[2]

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This crypt carries the remains of many of the fighters and heroes of the Alamo.

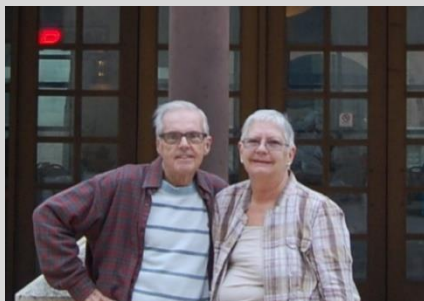
In 1831, Jim Bowie married Ursula de Veramendi in San Fernando.

In 1836, the cathedral, still a parish church, played a role in the Battle of the Alamo when Mexican General Antonio López de Santa Anna hoisted a flag of "no quarter" from the church's tower, marking the beginning of the siege.^[3]



The Stations of the Cross are very intense and beautiful.

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In 1868, under the director of architect Francois P. Giraud, the cathedral was considerably enlarged in the Gothic style, the addition forming the existing nave. The carved stone Stations of the Cross were added in 1874. The striking stained glass windows were added in 1920.^[3]

On September 13, 1987, Pope John Paul II visited the cathedral during the only papal visit to Texas. A marker commemorates the event.

6th. The Medina Dam was on the docket for today if we can squeeze it in. As you can see there's not too much to say about this venue. We came, we saw and we left!



The history of the Medina Dam below is from the:© 2019 Medina Lake Preservation Society. got Medina Dam History

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The historic Medina Dam was completed in 1912 and Medina Lake was filled by 1913. The dam is a historical landmark, registered by the Texas Historical Commission and the American Society of Civil Engineers. The lake is approximately 18 miles long and three miles wide at its widest. The surrounding hills are composed of mostly fractured karst limestone covered in ash juniper, oak, persimmon, black walnut and (occasionally) madrona trees. Towering cypress grows near the Medina River and its tributaries. Medina Lake, combined with the Diversion Lake below the main dam, create the single largest recharge source for the entire Edwards Aquifer.

The Medina Lake Dam was designated a state historical landmark in 1976 by the Texas Historical Commission and was entered into The National Register of Historic Places at that time. The dam was also recognized as a civil engineering landmark in 1991 by the American Civil Engineering Society and a plaque with that designation sits on the dam, alongside the Historical Commission plaque. Today, the area that is known as Mormon's Bluff was the site of one of the first Mormon colonies in Texas. A third plaque sits on the dam recognizing this settlement.

Three books have been written specifically about the history of Medina Lake, the first by the Reverend Cyril Matthew Kuebne, originally published by St. Mary's University in San Antonio, entitled "Ripples From Medina Lake". This book is currently being reprinted by the Castro Colonies Historical Society in Castroville. It is available at the Castroville Chamber of Commerce.

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9th St. Victor Catholic Church/ Chapel

The bold italic text in this blog is from the Web Site of St. Victor Catholic Church/ Chapel...Who was St Victor?

St. Victor was a native of Africa and succeeded St. Eleutherius as Pope, about the year 189. He opposed the heresies of that time and ex-communicated those who taught that Jesus Christ was only a man and not God. He was involved in the controversy regarding the date of Easter and confirmed the decree of Pope Pius 1, which ordered the Feast of Easter to be celebrated on a Sunday. He ruled the Church for ten years. While we know little about him, we may reflect that it was through such people as St. Victor, that Christianity took root and has survived to be cherished by us some eighteen centuries later.



The weekend comes, yet again and we attended St. Victor Church.

THE HISTORY OF OUR PARISH...St. Victor

Parish was founded in 1961 by the Rev. Prendeville. Its territory was originally part of St. Patrick Church, St. John Vianney Church (both in San Jose)

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and St. John the Baptist Church in Milpitas. The first Mass was celebrated on October 29, 1961.

In June of 1996, a decision was made to construct another wing to take care of the needs of the growing population. Located on the south-east corner of the present school building, the new wing houses meeting rooms and additional space for St. Victor School.

We rested this weekend but on Monday we decided the coach had a small repair that needed to be tended to so today was projected to be an excellent work day, coming in around the mid-sixties. Around 11 am I got my act together and took myself to the roof of the coach. Last week I had a great day and washed it as clean as possible but had many fungus/mold spots all over the beautiful white roof. After three hours of carefully and gently scrubbing the spots with Great Value Mold and Mildew remover the job was done. It did a nice job; the top of the coach is spotless. Hopefully in a week or two I hope to have time to wax it down as well. The dear continue to come to be fed. So, today, 13th. Carla continues to feed a family of over two dozen dear. Right now, she's explaining to our new neighbor that it will be their responsibility to continue the feeding after we leave on Friday. I do remember that tomorrow is Valentine's Day. Yesterday we also expanded our travel schedule to several more stops. After St. George we're planning to visit Kanab, Salina, Moab, Heber, UT and ending in Bend, OR. This brings us up to end of May. We hope to enjoy some quality rest time in Oregon.

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A Happy Valentine's Day to most except last night, just before bed, Carla and I were talking and she mentioned that the couple whose dog got lose and ran away from them had not returned home on its own yet. I'm still not really an animal lover but we do get attached to our pets. Last week, when the incident happened, the parents of the runaway dog approached us to keep our eyes peeled just in case we might spot the animal, that was about a week ago. For people like us and them, if we we're living a normal lifestyle, we could just say, not to worry he'll come back some day, but we're transients. Almost all of us must pick up and leave, then all you can hope for is a phone call sometime in the future that your animal has come home. Those who know me know I have infinite faith in St. Jude, as he's been there for me on numerous occasions, when I felt all hope was gone, imploring his help ALWAYS brought a positive result. Feeling bad for these folks with the lost dog I began the 9-day novena to St. Jude in hopes he might resolve this situation, that was two nights ago and the dog had been missing for 5-6 days. Today Carla mentioned that the dog had returned home but I was in day two of the novena, but I still finished the novena, this time to give thanks. I have beseeched St. Jude's assistance so many times over the course of my life I've lost count. Would the dog have come home on its own, maybe-maybe not. The anguish these folks were feeling was terrible. The positive result was all that matters. For those not familiar with the novena I will print it out FYI.

O Holy St Jude!

*Apostle and Martyr, great in virtue and rich in miracles,
near kinsman of Jesus Christ,*

faithful intercessor for all who invoke you,

*special patron in time of need; to you I have recourse from the depth of
my heart, and humbly beg you, to whom God has given such great
power,*

*to come to my assistance; help me now in my urgent need and grant my
earnest petition. (Present your petition) I will never forget thy graces
and favors you obtain for me and I will do my utmost to spread devo-
tion to you. Amen.*

St. Jude, pray for us and all who honor thee and invoke thy aid.

(Say 3 Our Father's, 3 Hail Mary's, and 3 Glory Be's after this.)

This novena has never failed me, except once, but that's another story, my petition was answered, not so much as what I was requesting, but for what was what I really needed. The novena, from what I've been told, will always be answered if your petition is for what is right and good for you. Don't even think of asking to be a lottery winner, that request won't even get a hearing. And do not expect answers right away, Jude is not FedEx. On at least two occasions my petitions were answered months after the novena was finished. Read more about me and St. Jude in my publication **“Miracles of St. Jude.”** (eBook on Amazon Kindle)

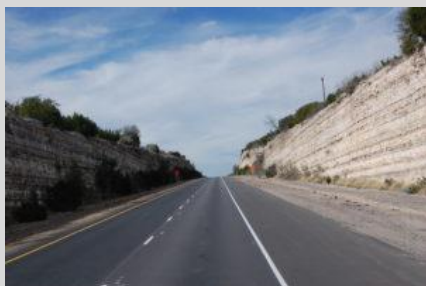
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I will now get off and away from my digital pulpit, but it is my blog, so items of interest to me will most likely always find a spot for me to rant on about as I have today.

Just outside of Tallahassee FL we decided to opt out of Marianna for Crestview. This added about eighty miles to today's trip to try to avoid Hurricane Michael, but we were still able to get off the road by 2 pm; which works for me!



Our next stop after Lakeville would be **Fort Stockton, TX**. We got a very early start on this trip, about 320-miles. Yes above, this is a Camel farm or habitat area. I'm not sure what you would raise camels for?



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So many beautiful vistas we got to enjoy on this long sojourn. In the rest area on our Fort Stockton trip, Carla started a conversation with an older gentleman traveling with wife#2, and their three Huskies and a black pup, traveling in a van. This gentleman gave Carla some very good tips for our trip forward. He also imparted some general information we were not knowledgeable of. A Mesa (below) is a raised parcel of land that has a very flat top. A butte (no shown) is a pyramid shaped hilly area that comes to a point.



We also experienced a massive amount of wind turbines; I mean hundreds of them. We ended the day watching the video Hunter Killer, a flick we recommend.

It's the 16th and were on the western side of Fort Stockton on our **way to El Paso** when we came across another Rest Stop area that really deserved a picture or two.

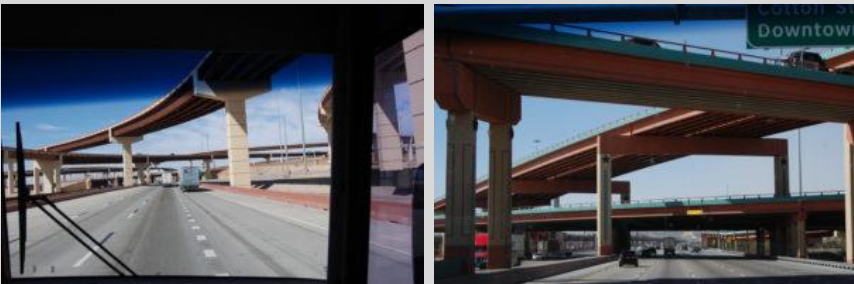


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Today we continue with day two of our **trip to Benson, AZ**. The road to El Paso may not be I-95 type but more than adequate for the traffic on these roads. The 16-wheeler trucks still give me concern when they're passing us. Once again Texas will impress us with another distinguishing rest area.

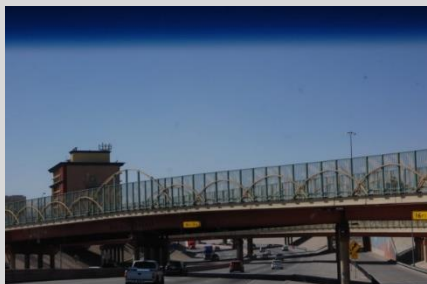


Above is another example of how El Paso keeps its highways very clean cut, especially in the road signs and the arched pole holding them. We are continually warned about what and how to handle a sand storm. Between route info on the pavement ad signs, it's hard to make any mistakes.



The road infrastructure in this city is awesome.

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Every fence of every overpass displays different and distinctive; works of art. This day being Saturday Mass was on the schedule.



We were fortunate to experience the St. Patrick Cathedral. After Mass we treated ourselves to a steak and ham meal at Cracker Barrel. We will leave Fort Stockton shortly and **travel on to El Paso, TX.**

The majority of the italicized texts below has been taken from Wikipedia.

El Paso (/ɛlˈpɑːsoʊ/; from Spanish, "the pass") is a city in and the seat of El Paso County, situated in the far western corner of the U.S. state of Texas. As of July 1, 2017, the population estimate for the city from the U.S. Census was 683,577. Its U.S. metropolitan area

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covers all of El Paso and Hudspeth counties in Texas, and has a population of 844,818. The El Paso metropolitan area forms part of the larger El Paso–Las Cruces CSA, with a population of 1,053,267.



El Paso stands on the Rio Grande across the Mexico–United States border from Ciudad Juárez, the most populous city in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. The two cities, along with Las Cruces in the neighboring U.S. state of New Mexico, form a combined international metropolitan area sometimes referred to as the Paso del Norte or El Paso–Juárez–Las Cruces. The region of over 2.7 million people constitutes the largest bilingual and binational work force in the Western Hemisphere.



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The infrastructure in this city is so beautiful. Bridges and fly-overs are all painted. The colors and architecture reflect the Adobe lifestyle. This is not a town, it's a major city. Traffic is heavy but all signs are clear and very easily understood.

The El Paso region has had human settlement for thousands of years, as evidenced by Folsom points from hunter-gatherers found at Hueco Tanks. The evidence suggests 10,000 to 12,000 years of human habitation. The earliest known cultures in the region were maize farmers. When the Spanish arrived, the Manso, Suma, and Jumano tribes populated the area. These were subsequently incorporated into the Mestizo culture, along with immigrants from central Mexico, captives from Comanchería, and genízaros of various ethnic groups. The Mescalero Apache were also present.



Please read the special blog on St. Patrick Cathedral.

St. Patrick Cathedral is the seat of the Roman Catholic Diocese of El Paso, Texas.^[1] The cathedral is located at 1118 N. Mesa Street, north of the downtown area. It is the mother church for 668,000

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Catholics in the diocese (as of the 2006 survey).^[2] The cathedral parish operates one of El Paso's Catholic high schools, Cathedral High School, and St. Patrick Elementary School adjacent to the church.

El Paso was barely an overnight and on the 17th. we'll move on to Deming, NM. As we **travelled to Deming**, we came across another great rest area, the Pecos County Safety Rest Area. This venue was so nice we're going to try to make a simple blog on this location; they even have an actual footprint of a T- Rex sometime in the really distant past. With Cracker Barrel only a short distance from here we could not pass up a good breakfast. Just like last night the weather was cold, about 32 with a strong wind. We rounded off the day with the movie Speed Kills with our Saturday night pizza.



This rest stop area gave the history of this part of the country.

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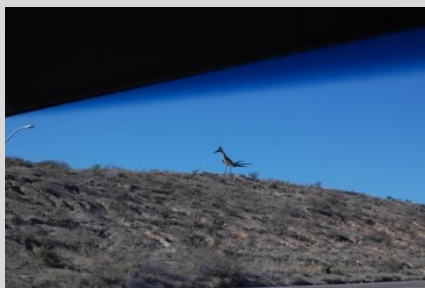


Wind turbines seem to be a second industry here. These turbine blades seem much smaller than the ones we experienced in Vermont, but nonetheless, still very big. Above the sign we've been looking for.



The cattle industry is huge here. For the next 15-miles venues like this, on both sides of the road, never stop appearing. I'm talking about thousands of head of cattle. Below another overpass decked out in beautiful environmentally friendly and minimal maintenance stone landscaping. Florida should take their lead.

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Another highway art piece. The Roadrunner appears to be the New Mexican Mascot, not sure though?



Ah! Only a few mere miles to go.



Yesterday when we arrived in Benson, our driver's side slide got stuck in the half-in/half-out position. Wayne, a Lazy Days technician, came in and added hydraulic fluid

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and all was well. We've made an appointment with Lazy-days on April 4th. to have them look and see if the hydraulic line needs repair or replacing. Another fine rest stop! Each rest area is beautiful, clean with covered outdoor eating areas. Not to mention a work of art of their own.



Below a centennial marker from only a few years ago for Arizona. As with New Mexico, Arizona also takes pride in their highways. The fence work depicting cattle crossing is unique. The natural landscape of the area is equally eye pleasing. Below has nothing to do with Arizona, it's a Casita trailer. Only a few days ago we met and spoke to an older lady who RVs eight months of the year in her Casita. For so small it has it all, besides being very light weight for towing, just what our Accountant is looking for.



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We finally make it to **Valley Vista, in Arizona**, or are we in Wisconsin? Second day here we woke up to two inches of snow and very cold temperatures.



We're now in Valley Vista Campground in Benson, AZ. Benson is about forty miles south of Tucson, AZ. Valley Vista, thankfully, is another Thousand Trails, Equity Lifestyle Property. In short, we get to stay here for two weeks at no charge. There was a two dollar per day surcharge for a 50-amp site, which is well worth the expense.



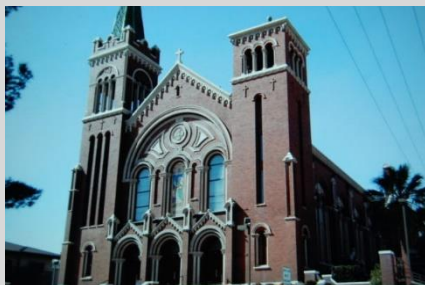
As you have read on our first day our driver's side slide was stuck half in-half out. It was fixed the next day, just needed

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some hydraulic fluid. Our second day was not what we were expecting-SNOW!



This campground is also an Encore Property. We will explore St. Patrick Cathedral in El Paso, TX.



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The text on this venue in bold and italicized has been taken from the St. Patrick Cathedral web Site.

Located downtown, the Cathedral is a work of art and it is one of El Paso's historical landmarks. The construction began when the first stone was laid and blessed by Father Edward Barry S.J. and Father Francis Roy, S.J. on July 31, 1914, the feast day of Saint Ignatius Loyola and was dedicated Thanksgiving Day November 29, 1917.

The goal was to raise \$150,000 to begin the church building. Fr. Barry had raised \$12,000, but needed an equal amount to begin construction. He distributed hundreds of cards with a picture of the proposed new church with an announcement that anyone who donates the sum of \$10,000 will have the privilege of selecting the saint in whose honor the new church will be named.

The beautiful painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe located in a niche on the west side of the church is over 300-years old. It is from Zacatecas, Mexico, given by an anonymous donor to the Cathedral in 2002. On May 17, 1988, during a thunderstorm, a lightning bolt struck the steeple and set it on fire causing considerable damage. The damaged steeple was removed and a new one erected. The organ was completely destroyed due to extensive water damage as well as part of the interior of the church. This forced the decision to move ahead on the plans to renovate the Cathedral, bringing it in accordance with the requirements of the Second Vatican Council. The total cost of the renovation was \$660,000.

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Whether you have come to pray or simply to view the beauty, we hope you are nourished in spirit and will return again to the Cathedral of Saint Patrick.

On the 20th. we discovered the Mission San Xavier del Bac.

The text below in bold and italic was taken from Wikipedia. Mission San Xavier del Bac (Spanish: Misión de San Xavier del Bac) is a historic Spanish Catholic mission located about 10 miles (16 km) south of downtown Tucson, Arizona, on the Tobono O'odham Nation San Xavier Indian Reservation.



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Fr. Francis Xavier was the founder of the Mission and co-founder of the Society of Jesus

At the end of this tour, you'll find vendors, local parishioners, cooking and selling fried bread to us, the tourists. The bread was delicious. After sampling the bread Sue and Tom, friends of ours that live in the area, drove us to a Mexican restaurant in Tucson where we enjoyed an excellent Mexican meal. We went to the Mi Nidito Restaurant, Bill Clinton, as well as, many other celebrities and athletes as well, have been known to enjoy this eatery. The food is great but the parking leaves much to be desired.



Above- Sue Ward listens to our tour guide.

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This mural is high above the left side of the church. You will only see it in this church. It is a mural of Mary, Mother of Jesus, diapering the infant Jesus. This may not be that clear but at the same time it's over one-hundred years old. Not one thing I've ever done will be around 100-years from now.

20th Pima County Boneyard.

(The bold/italicized text below has been taken from Wikipedia)

A large number of the museum's aircraft are displayed outside with the remainder located in one of the museum's four display hangars.^[1] In addition to the display hangars, the museum has a restoration hangar.^[2]



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Opened to the public in May 1976 with 48 aircraft then on display, the Museum's main hangar houses an SR-71A Blackbird, an A-10 Warthog, a United States Air Force Through the Years exhibit, and a mock-up of a control tower.

I believe this is a C-130. Tom Ward used to pilot a plane like this when he was deployed.

The museum is adjacent to Davis-Monthan Air Force Base. The 309th Aerospace Maintenance and Regeneration Group (AMARG), affiliated with the base, also known as the "Graveyard of Planes" or "The Boneyard", is the largest aircraft storage and preservation facility in the world. Bus tours of the boneyard leave from the museum several times a day from Monday to Friday, except Federal holidays.

The nearby Titan Missile Museum is located about 20 miles south of Tucson in Green Valley off of Interstate 19 and features a Titan II intercontinental ballistic missile still in its silo. Tours of the above-ground and underground installations around the missile are conducted daily. More extensive "top-to-bottom" tours take up to five hours and are conducted several times each month. Reservations are required for a top-to-bottom tour.



During 2015, Boeing donated to the museum the second 787 aircraft to be built. It is exhibited in the colors of the 787 customer. In November 2016, Orbis International donated their first McDonnell-Douglas DC-10 Flying Eye Hospital to the museum, after receiving a second DC-10 from FedEx. The DC-10, which was the oldest flying example of its type at the time of its donation, is being restored for display at Davis–Monthan Air Force Base.^[8]

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25th Tombstone, AZ Boothill



Our **trip to Boothill in Tombstone, AZ** was very pleasant. Our Experience at Boothill proved to be more than we expected. Boothill, in Tombstone, is another Arizona town that tells of its history in murals.

Italicized text-From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Originally called Boothill Cemetery, the graveyard was founded in 1878.^[4] After a new city cemetery was built elsewhere, the old cemetery stopped accepting new burials in about 1883 (save for very few exceptions) and fell into disrepair until the 1940s, when the city began to restore and preserve it.

A gift shop and the place you purchase your entry ticket.

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In order to attract tourists, some of the Boot Hill grave sites are falsely marked, and fictitious claims of burials have been made by the cemetery's various operators over the years.

- *Lester Moore, with the famous epitaph "Here lies Lester Moore, Four slugs from a .44, No Les No more." Lester Moore was purportedly a Wells, Fargo & Co. station agent in the border town of Naco who died in a shootout with Hank Dunstan over a mangled package.^[4] There was never anyone named Lester Moore who was killed in Arizona Territory, ^[citation needed] and there is no evidence to indicate where Dunstan (who also died in the purported shootout) was buried.*



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- *George Johnson, with epitaph "Here lies George Johnson, hanged by mistake 1882. He was right we were wrong. But we strung him up and now he's gone." John Heath, accused of organizing the robbery that led to the 1883 Bisbee massacre, has a grave marker near the grave of the five perpetrators of the massacre. John Heath was arrested and convicted, and was later removed by a mob from the Tombstone jail and lynched on February 22, 1884.^[7] However, he was not buried in Boothill Cemetery; his body was returned to his estranged wife in Terrell, Texas, and was buried there in Oakland Cemetery.*
- *Thomas Harper is another badman supposedly buried in Boothill Cemetery. He was a friend of Curly Bill Brocius and was hanged for murder by Sheriff Bob Paul in Tucson on July 8, 1881.^[8] Harper was buried in Tucson, not in Tombstone.*
- *Federico Duran, spelled as "Fiderico Doran" on the grave marker, who was claimed to have been killed by Sheriff John Slaughter after the Agua Zarca train robbery in 1888. In fact, Duran and train robber Jack Taylor were executed by firing squad in Guaymas, Mexico in December 1889.^[9] Slaughter had nothing to do with their deaths and Duran was not buried in Tombstone.*

Below the graves of the bad guys at the OK Corral.

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Visiting Tombstone, AZ



Life size murals dot the landscape depicting life in Arizona. Tombstone, as well as our campground, is surrounded by mountains on 3 sides... Awesome!

(Text on the Scheffelin Hall taken from Wikipedia)

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The Cochise County Courthouse, opened in 1882 and was built in 1882. Cost of construction about \$43-thousand, and still stands today. These four dudes are the actors that will portray the Shootout at the OK Corral in a few minutes. They are representing Doc Holliday, Morgan, Virgil and Wyatt Earp. As you all know all four will survive the shootout, not so good for the bad guys. They would be Tom and Frank McLaury and Billy and Ike Canton; you can find them on Boothill. As you might already know, the police chief of Tombstone, at the time, was Virgil Earp, not Wyatt. Wyatt and brother Morgan were sworn in at the last minute by brother Virgil, to fend off the Clanton's and McLaury's.



Shielfellin Hall: *When the hall opened on the corner of Fremont and Fourth Streets in June 8, 1881,^[2] it seated 450 on the floor and 125*

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more in the gallery. The stage drop curtain was painted with a scene from Colorado and was considered a work of art. The building was the center for city entertainment and social events in Tombstone with formal balls and theatrical performances. When it opened, it was "the largest, most elaborate theater between El Paso, Texas and San Francisco, California." The first play, Tom Taylor's five-act drama, The Ticket-of-Leave Man, was staged on September 15, 1881.^[2] The Hall was scorched by a large fire that burned many blocks in 1882.

Schieffelin, his brother Ed, and their mining engineer partner Richard Gird formed a partnership, shaking hands on a three-way deal that was never put down on paper. The company they formed, the Tombstone Gold and Silver Mining Company, held title to the claims and worked the mines.^[3] They brought in two big strikes, the Lucky Cuss and the Tough Nut. The company produced millions of dollars of wealth for the three owners.

Some original artifacts from the 1880s, not sure about the skeleton!



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The Tombstone Epitaph was the only newspaper in the 1880's. The Epitaph reported the Gunfight which made news around the country and further. Above is an Historical Building of the town. I read that Morgan Earp was shot dead, in the back, playing pool in the saloon above, I'm pretty sure.

28th Our Lady of Lourdes in Tombstone



"Our Lady of Lourdes was founded by Father Felix Emile Joseph Dilly in late 1894. Church construction began immediately on the site of the today's church. The church building was built by the parishioners of the day out of adobe bricks and wood. The church could seat about 80 worshippers on 12-pews when completed. The parish community thrived as Benson continued to grow over the next 50 years as the ranching industry grew up, the railroad was constructed and the explosives industry was formed to support the growth in mining around southern Arizona. In 1966, Our Lady of Lourdes became a separate parish of its own.

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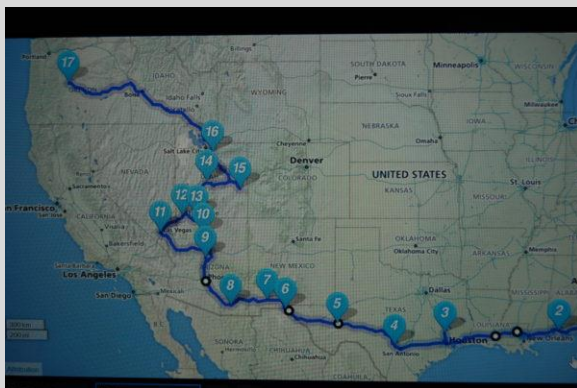
The groundbreaking for the new church was on June first 1948. The footers for the foundation were 5x5 feet to add strength for the poor soil conditions. Fifteen men and boys worked all night to lay the foundation. The church was constructed of clay blocks. The architecture of modified Spanish style with exposed beams represented the stable of Bethlehem. The builders in charge were Shorty Martinez, Vern Bell and the architect Terry Atkinson. Dedication ceremonies were set for May 22, 1949. After construction of the new church, the old church deteriorated quickly, even though it was being used a parish hall. Fr. Norm Whalen made plans to build new classrooms and a new parish hall. In April of 1967 the bell tolled for the old church when it was demolished. It stood for 72-years in service to the Lord and the people of Benson. After the old church was torn down, nothing was left in the spot but vacant ground, as so a lawn was planted. In early 1973 Msgr. Rosettie and Abe Samuels came up with a plan for a grotto to be located in the empty area left by the old church. Construction began in February. All the work was done by hand with the rock

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being hauled from a quarry in Dragoon and from the Whetstone mountains. The shrine was completed March 13, 1976 and it was dedicated the following day.

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MARCH 2019



Travel Plans up to end of June:

March 22nd Las Vegas at Las Vegas TT Campground

April 5th St. George, UT (119m)

April 19th Kanab, UT at Crazy Horse RVP (80m)

April 26th Salina, UT at RPI RVP (163m)

May 2nd Moab, UT at KOA Campground (159m)

May 6th Heber, UT Mountain Valley RVR 234m

May 16th Bend, OR TT (654m)

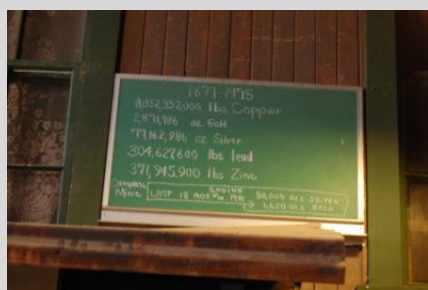
June 5th Whaler's Rest in Newport, OR.

June 26th leave Whaler's Rest

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And we begin another month. Not counting the five-hour trip to Cottonwood, the rest of the month should be very relaxing, since we're only having three location changes. Not sure about field trips scheduled for March, more on that later. Tomorrow we'll take in the Queen Mine Tour. Very soon Tom and sue Ward will be coming to pick us up to experience the Queen Mine Tour in Bisbee, AZ. Bisbee, Tombstone and Benson are towns that have been around since and before the 1880's.

Later I'll be dumping tanks and storing outside sewer equipment in preparation of our moving to site 171 tomorrow. This is in preparation for our trip to Lazy Days, in Tucson, AZ for a quick repair at Lazy Days an RV Dealership. We are very thankful that they could squeeze us in for this repair. Our slides are big, at almost twenty feet long. There are bigger slides but we can't afford that type of coach. Now we just have to keep ourselves from being tempted with coaches they have for sale.



History of the Mine Bisbee's Queen Mine was one of the richest copper mines in history. The mine opened in 1877 and eventually closed when Phelps Dodge discontinued mining operations in Bisbee in the

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mid-1970's. The Queen Mine opened once again as a tour for visitors in 1976, nearly 100 years after the mine originally opened.

Tourism

Today approximately 50,000 people a year visit the Queen Mine Tour to commemorate Bisbee's prosperous mining heritage and experience what it was like working underground where temperatures are 47 degrees year-round.



Visit the Mine

To take the tour, enter the changing house, pick up your mine token, and get outfitted with your slicker, helmet and miner's headlamp. Board the mine train and descend into the mine. Tours are conducted by miners who worked in the mines and tell their own stories from personal experiences.

I did take pictures in the mine itself, but the lighting wasn't sufficient enough to give a decent picture. Our tour guide was an actual miner back when the mine was open, which gave way for many short stories about life working in a mine.

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Carla was really ready to go digging. Above was a mockup of how a mine would be worked. Many of the workers, even our guide, was responsible for growing the mine and building the support structures to ensure safety. We will rest tomorrow then travel to Cottonwood, AZ. Hopefully Lazy Days will look at the hydraulic line and determine whether it needs replacing. Once the fix is done, we'll be facing a five-hour drive to Verde Valley RVP in Cottonwood, AZ. Only in a perfect world could this repair be done expeditiously. The repair can be done but it would take ten to twelve days to ship the parts needed from HWH in Moscow, IA. We didn't have two weeks to sit around but we were given the name of a Winnebago service center in Vegas, NV. As we get closer to our stay in Las Vegas we'll call ahead and hopefully they'll order the part so it'll be there when we arrive. the fix should take two days. After the Lazy Days repair is complete it would be a five-hour drive to Cottonwood. We arrived in Cottonwood at around 8 pm.

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5th Verde Valley in Cottonwood

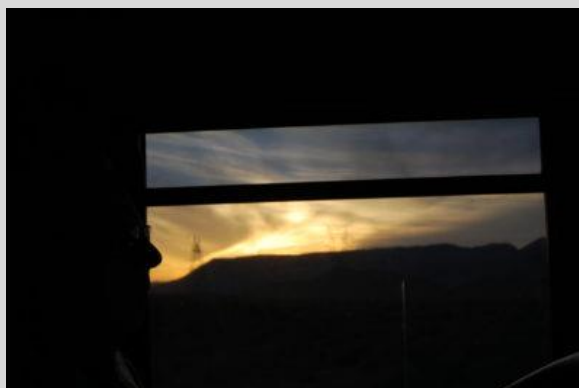
We got a very early start, about 8 am to go one-hour to Lazy Days in Tucson, AZ. About 3 pm we were on our way again getting no satisfaction from Lazydays except a prognosis on the repairs needed. Cottonwood was over 200-miles from here which is 4 hours travel time in a coach.

We arrived in Tucson to find good phone and satellite but no-Wi-Fi. On our first day we were off by car, of course, to visit with Cindy and husband Paul. She held several positions at our Greenacres Child Care Center



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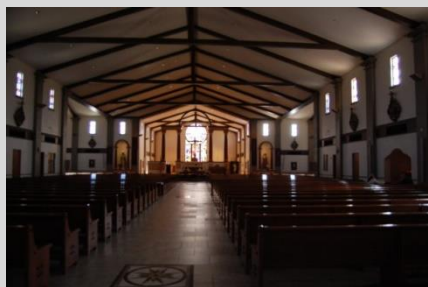
Our trip to Cottonwood, AZ was as usual, uneventful. The roads, US 40 and US 17 were excellent. The item that impressed us the most was the extreme detail Arizona goes through to make they're overpasses so esthetically pleasing. Some, I would dare say, were close to works of art. Our goal is to reach Verde Valley RVP. We don't anticipate any challenges on that.



Once again, love these sunsets. Taken from the journal of the day: Carla and I began this sojourn six years ago. Our primary purpose was, as we've told all, to see America. Our secondary purpose was to find a location that offered 3 and one-half seasons. This has been a very elusive location. Cottonwood, AZ has met or surpassed almost all our objectives. They do get heat, but little humidity. It does snow but only occasionally and it goes away quickly. It does have cooler temperatures but not cold. It does rain, but only occasionally. Verde Valley RVResort is not the nicest, nor is it one of the biggest, park we'd seen. It is growing and growing nicely. It offers everything we wanted except for Wi-Fi

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in the location we currently have. The church, Immaculate Conception RCC was a very strong selling point. Between the pastor and a couple of the parishioners they sure made us feel at home. Our friends Tom and Sue are over 200-miles away but Cindy and Family are about one-hour from here. On the long side would be our dear friends in Iowa, Don and Joyce. Cedar Rapids is 1200-miles from here, closer than from Florida. Boynton Beach, where Dennis lives, is also 1200-miles away. JUST RAMBLING!



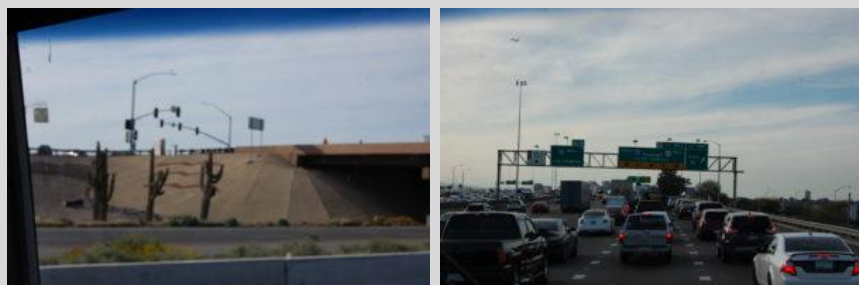
We will experience Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, which we will grow to like very much. Shortly in the visit with decided to grab a bite to eat at Ore-gano's in Falstaff. The food was very good and the company even better. To add to an already perfect afternoon was Katie, her daughter. She was also a guest at our center probably around five years of age or so. She's just as pretty at twenty-five as she was cute at five. Needless to say, we all spoiled her a bit, especially me, but you could not help it. She was cute, very polite and always anxious to assist anyone at any time.

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Now back to the fix the coach needs. We got a very early start, about 8 am to go one-hour to Lazydays in Tucson, AZ. By 3 pm we were on our way again, getting no satisfaction from Lazydays except a prognosis on the repairs needed.

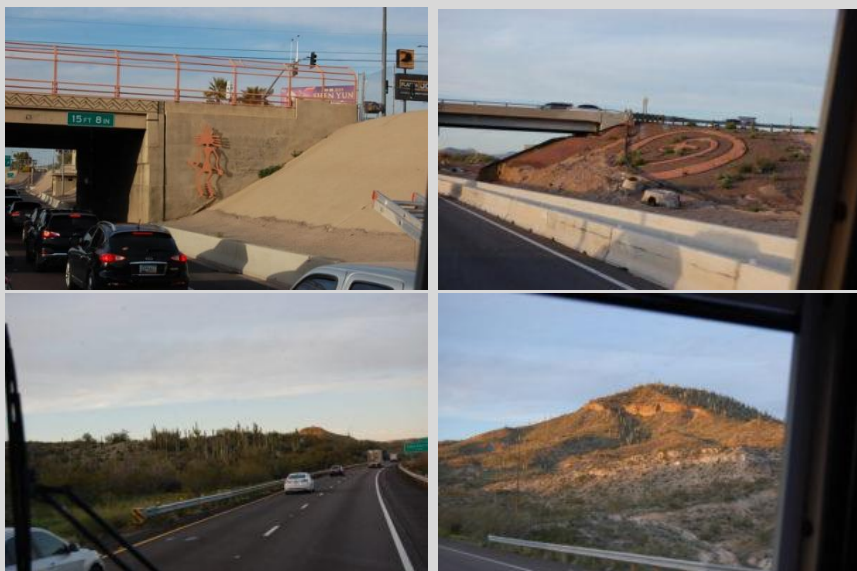
We had no options but to head to Cottonwood which was over 200-miles from here, which is 4 hours travel time in a coach. What we did not expect was taking almost one hour to travel through Phoenix. It's always been my intention to never travel at night.



Sunset came at 6:30, still very good driving except for the awesome sunset skies. At 7 pm the sun had gone, and the only hint of its existence was the dark blue glow on the evening sky, but that blue glow separated the road and mountain ranges from the sky. By 7:30 pm we were totally

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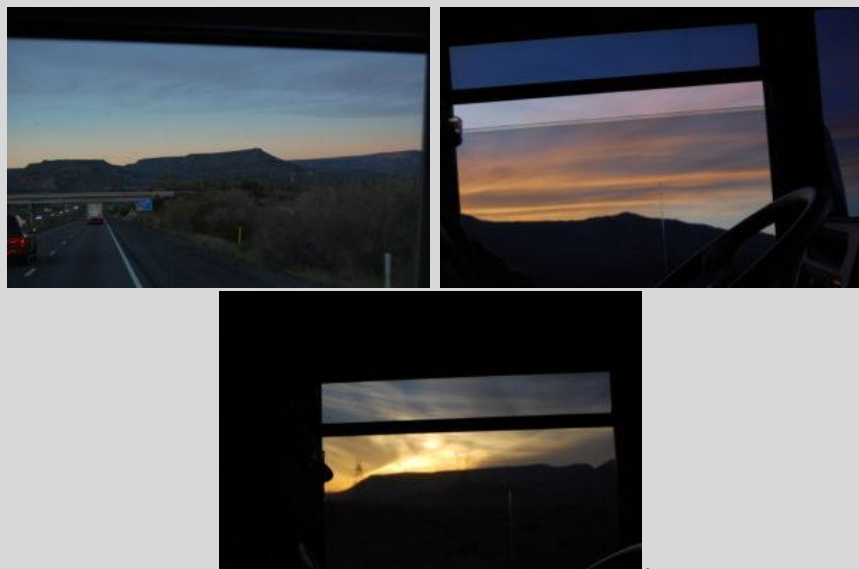
in the dark except for the light from the headlights and we reduced our forward speed to a very safe 40 miles per hour. It was white knuckle driving then things went south.



The 4-lane divided highway, after the seventh roundabout turned into a 2-lane country dirt road. We were on the Thousand Trails Road but with no idea where the campground was. It was so dark I had trouble seeing what was or was not on the left side of this road. Carla quickly got on the cell phone and out of no-where a distant pickup truck was approaching the coach in the opposite direction to us; I flagged him down. Is 'TT' on this road I asked? At the same time Carla was getting instructions from the camp ranger on duty at the campground. As the trucker was telling me, "It's the only thing on this street, at the end of the road", Carla was getting collaborating information as well.

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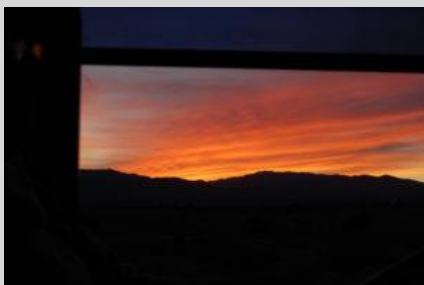
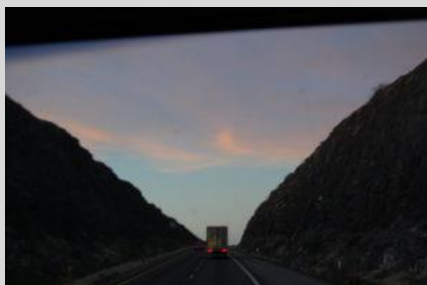
We continued to creep along even slower until we spotted the 'T' flags...Home!



The ranger station was just where it was supposed to be with tons of parking to the right of the station. She welcomed us to Verde Valley and gave us all the paperwork we needed to begin our stay. She gave us two suggestions on good sites. We were exhausted and asked her if there was a BIG parking lot we could easily find in the pitch-black of the park, and she said yes. "Take your first right and follow the road to the ADM building; *Sure!* The first right took us onto a construction site for I don't know how many feet, but she was right, and there it was, barely visible in the heavy darkness. After we parked safely, we departed the coach and WOW! You should have seen all the stars...*Awesome!* Needless to say, we slept well that night. it

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only took us a few minutes to find a site that met our needs.



Construction equipment I everywhere.



Imagine trying to navigate this in pitch-black darkness!

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This campground should be awesome when finished. They've told us by the end of April much of it will be completed. Wi-Fi is skimpy. They're installing a Wi-Fi for all for a price, we'll probably have to pay should we pick up one of these sites as a permanent site.



Today, the 6th, is Ash Wednesday the day before the beginning of Lent. Chris and Jen such a young couple, possibly in the 30's and enjoying this full-time lifestyle at such a young age. She's an attorney and Chris is promoting a phone recharger he developed.

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7th Immaculate Conception Roman CC

In 2002 Cottonwood, AZ was mushrooming into the most prominent town in this part of Arizona. That year a temporary church was built in Cottonwood that could accommodate up to 400-parishioners. It did not take very long before each Mass service was at 90% capacity. In 2006 a committee was set up for the construction of a new church. Ground breaking for the new building took place on 12/8/2009.



The front of the church has three sets of doors. Only the Bishop may enter through the “Center” set of doors but anyone and everyone may use the center doors to exit the church. The Bell Tower has three bells. They are dedicated to Archangels Gabriel, Rafael and Michael.

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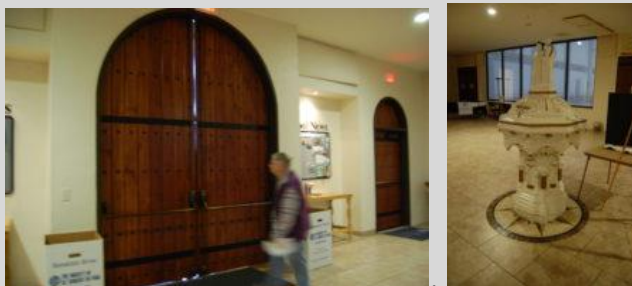


The Confessional in this picture comes from the National Church of North Benton, Minnesota. The large “Configuration Window” measures 15 x 25 feet in size. It has 36-smaller windows in it. It is considered “irreplaceable.” It was created for the Transfiguration Church in Philadelphia, PA. The “Rose Window” was created in 1856 for the Immaculate Church in Buffalo, NY. The church was built in 1856 and closed in 2005. The stain glass windows on the left side of the church are based on the Corporal Works of Mercy. The seven stain glass windows on the right side of the church reflect the Spiritual Works of Mercy. The stations of the Cross around the church were made for the Immaculate Conception Church in Prescott Valley. Each is five feet tall. Father David Kelash is the Pastor and is adamant on keeping this parish moving forward. Soon the town expects the building of over 5000 new homes. The Immaculate Conception Church offers both English and Spanish Masses with a splash of Latin just to remind all the Church’s roots. Confession is offered on Thursday, Friday and Saturdays.

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Mario and a husband-and-wife team were in the gift shop and were very generous with their time and background information on this church. Both this parish and Cottonwood are growing. On our way home we spent a few dollars at Walmart.



This picture shows only two of the three doors into the church. The center door, (top left) may be used by all when exiting the church, but only the bishop may enter the church through these doors. The Baptismal Font came from Holy family Church in Jerome. It was made in 1887. It is located just as you enter the church is symbolic that Baptism is needed before we can join the Catholic Family of the Church.

The text to follow courtesy of the Catholic News Agency

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Our Lady of Czestochowa as Queen of Poland-History on the painting...



The image dates back to the time of the Twelve Apostles, and was painted by the hand of St. Luke the Evangelist, who is believed to have used a tabletop from a table built by Jesus during his time as a carpenter. According to the legend, it was while Luke was painting Mary that she recounted to him the events in the life of Jesus that would eventually be used in his Gospel.

The same legend states that when St. Helen came to Jerusalem in 326 AD to look for the true Cross, she also happened to find this image of Our Lady. She then gave it as a gift to her son Constantine, who built a shrine to venerate it. The painting was placed inside a small church, and the prince later had a Pauline monastery and church built at the location to ensure the painting's safety. However, in 1430 the Hussites overran the monastery, attempting to take the image. In the process one of the looters took the painting and put it into a wagon and tried to drive away. But when the horses refused to move, he struck the painting twice with his sword. As he raised his hand to

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strike it again, he suddenly fell over writhing in pain and died. Despite previous attempts to repair the scars from the arrow and the blows from the sword, restorers had trouble in covering them up since the painting was done with tempera infused with diluted wax. The marks remain visible to this day.

The image of Our Lady of Czestochowa gets its nickname "Black Madonna" from the soot residue which discolors the painting as a result of centuries of votive lights and candles burned in front of it.

A replica of this painting is found in the Immaculate Conception Church, Cottonwood, AZ

Today, 8th, reaffirms that we are no longer in Florida. It's cold and windy outside. Not much to add, we just basically sat by the fireplace and tried to keep warm. We did take a little ride around the campground taking a few pictures on the construction going on around here. We spent a little time at the community center reading and working on the blog. A little later we made our way to Immaculate Conception Church for Stations. On our trip home we were, once again, treated to a spectacular sunset. As you can see there's not a heck of a lot to do here so tomorrow, 9th, we will go searching for the Verde River. Temperature for today would span low 30's to mid-50s'. This is not going to change for at least the next four days.

Carla wants to go out today and look for the Verde River. It should be less than a quarter mile walk except the ground cover will be small cliffs and river rocks. Just a few more pictures so you can appreciate our journey. We will end the day as always with Mass and pizza.

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All this trail does is go downhill. Next time I'll remember to bring my walking stick. It does not look like it, since my camera cannot do 3-D, but this is a very steep downhill trail. For a guy who trips walking on the grass, I'm holding my breath right now. Well, this is what we risked life and limb to see, not really worth it. Like they said in the movie "Guilt Trip" We've seen it, let's go. Yes, it does have a mucky brown look to it. The coach in the picture is not ours but we're in there somewhere. Tomorrow will end our stay at Verde. We will be tripping off to Jerome, AZ. Once we had breakfast out of the way we found ourselves with nothing to do the rest of the day. Jerome, AZ, and 1880's mining town, was about ten miles from here and was on our list to visit, and visit we did. We got back home about 3 pm. Today was a red-letter day for Carla. Carla is hooked on "WordScapes." It's a game of anagrams. I do have to admit it, it is fun to solve the individual puzzles. It's not unusual for her to take 1st of 2nd place during the week but this day she took first place and won over twenty dollars in credit coins to assist her skills for the week to come. Enjoyed an awesome pork dinner in the evening.

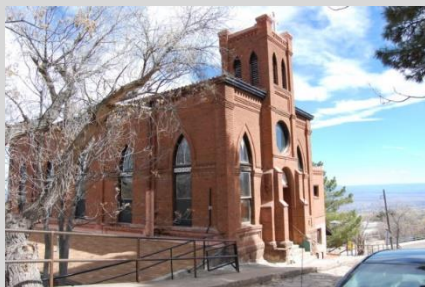
10th Holy Family Catholic Church, Jerome

Posted on November 26, 2014 by Diane Rapport-November 26, 2014

Scott Kola, wasn't always Catholic. He was a renegade from growing up in a family of conservative Orthodox Jews with a Rabbi father and

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converted to Catholicism eleven years ago. Today, he lives in the Holy Family Catholic Church's convent, where he can monitor day-to-day restoration. Image courtesy Wikimedia. A year and a half ago, Scott outlined the structural problems of the church and his dreams for renovation to Father David Kalesh, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church in Cottonwood. The three-story brick and stone back wall facing Main Street is bowed, its foundation crumbling, mortar for its brick and stone façade in need of repointing. Not surprising for a building that was built in 1896, burned in the fire of 1898, and was rebuilt as a brick and stone structure in 1899-1900. It was known as the 'miner's church.



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Father David and Scott Kolu became strong allies. Together they are bringing Jerome's Holy Family Catholic Church back to life. Father David conducts Mass on the third Saturday of each month at 8:30 a.m. When long-time and much-loved Jerome resident Don Walsh died in late September, a funeral service was held to a packed church of family and friends. "The church has immense historic value," Father David told me. "Most important are the memories the church holds for former parishioners and their families who visit Jerome.

The Pipe Organ

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The organ, designed especially for smaller churches, was built by the prestigious Kilgen and Sons Pipe Organ Company in St. Louis in the early nineteenth century. Only two others of the same compact design still remain in the United States. (Perhaps the most well-known Kilgen church pipe organ is housed in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan.)

“We are ecstatic that Mr. Charles Kegg, President and Artistic Director of Kegg Pipe Organ Builders (www.keggorgan.com) is willing to take on the restoration project,” Scott said. I sent an email to Mr. Kegg and asked him why. “I would like to restore it to its original condition so that it can remain an example of this almost extinct style of American pipe organ,” he said. “The pipe organ in Jerome is rather unusual. It was being sent to a place where electricity probably didn't exist at all at the time, so this organ was built using methods from the mid-19th century and with the intention that it must play under difficult circumstances with little or no maintenance. This was not uncommon at all for remote locations. Jerome must have been an outpost much more remote than other locations that would want a pipe organ. Another thing that makes it unusual is that it

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has survived, virtually intact.” The article was first published in the Verde Independent newspaper in Cottonwood, AZ on November 18.



Our trip to Jerome was just as inspiring as all our trips in this beautiful state. Every road we took looked like it had been there no more than five-years awesome! At this location we can see Jerome in the distance. These rusting machines of the past are symbolic of the mining tools that grew Jerome in the past.

The Italicized text to follow courtesy of the Jerome Historical Society History of Jerome, Arizona

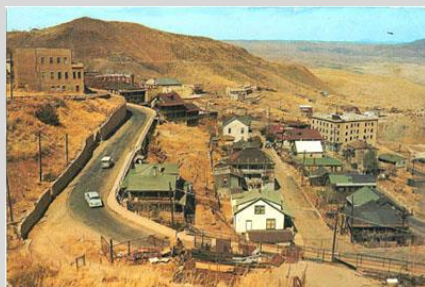


4686-Jerome was built on Cleopatra Hill above a vast deposit of copper. Prehistoric Native Americans were the first miners, seeking colored stones. The Spanish followed, seeking gold but finding copper.

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Anglos staked the first claims in the area in 1876, and United Verde mining operations began in 1883, followed by the Little Daisy claim. Jerome grew rapidly from tent city to prosperous company town as it followed the swing of the mine's fortunes.

The mines, the workers, and those who sought its wealth, formed Jerome's colorful history. Americans, Mexicans, Croatians, Irish, Spaniards, Italians, and Chinese made the mining camp a cosmopolitan mix that added to its rich life and excitement.



Jerome was the talk of the Territory, a boom town of its time, the darling of promoters and investors. The mines were nourished and exploited by financiers who brought billions of dollars in copper, gold, and silver from its depths. Changing times in the Territory saw pack burros, mule drawn freight wagons, and horses replaced by steam engines, autos, and trucks.

Fires ravaged the clapboard town and landslides destroyed whole sections. Jerome was always rebuilt. At the mercy of the ups and downs of copper prices, labor unrest, depressions and wars, Jerome's mines finally closed in 1953.

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This is the miner created cross of nails and hammers. Above is another example of Arizona's creative road décor. The next three days were laced with rain, morning noon and night.

14th Thurs.-Montezuma Well

No fees involved to view Montezuma Well, just a few rules to obey. What's involved here is to ascend about 300 feet to see the Well. The well is in an area where a source of water is scarce. People were living here from the 1100's. This Well was considered by them to be sacred. This climb is much steeper than the picture indicates.

The text italicized has been taken from Wikipedia

Archaeological evidence suggests that humans have lived in the Verde Valley for at least 10,000 years. The earliest signs of permanent settlement in the area appear quite a bit later, however, around 600

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CE. The ruins of several prehistoric dwellings are scattered in and around the rim of the Well.

. The Sinagua people, and possibly earlier cultures, intensively farmed the land surrounding the Well using its constant outflow as a reliable source of irrigation. Beginning about 700 CE, the Well's natural drainage into the immediately adjacent Wet Beaver Creek was diverted into a man-made canal running parallel to the creek, segments of which still conduct the outflow today.

The route of the modern canal is partly original, especially close to the outlet, but large portions have been re-routed over time as irrigation needs have changed.



This picture is really all about the cacti plants.

Much of the abandoned original route is still visible within the park, however, as the warm water emerging from the Well contains a high concentration of lime, which over many centuries was deposited along the canal walls as the water cooled downstream; the accumulated lime has since hardened into a cement-like coating, preserving the canal's shape. Since hardened into a cement-like coating, preserving the canal's shape.

The existence of the Well was almost unknown to European Americans before the publishing of Handbook to Arizona by Richard J.

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Hinton in 1878. In 1968, Montezuma Well was the subject of the first ever underwater archaeological survey to take place in a federally managed park, led by archaeologist George R Fischer.

The Yavapai people consider the Well a deeply sacred site, as they believe it is the place through which they emerged into the world.

This is what the climb was all about. We were told that the water has always been arsenic laced. The trip was nice and the knowledge acquired was extremely interesting. Not sure if I would make the trip again, however. Finally, the rain has left and the sun is shining, yes! There is a God.

We've been here and have enjoyed our stay but we have not had one great day till today. Tomorrow, Sunday, promises to be equally as nice. Today was 68 with no humidity, so I got the car washed and scrubbed all that Texas dirt off its skin. Tomorrow, I hope to give the coach a quick wash as well. We leave on Monday, so Sunday is a pack-away for tanks and hoses. I am so tired of not having Wi-Fi at my beck and call. Last week, I forgot to mention, we added to our trip calendar. I haven't had time to redo the map but it will go like this. We'll go from Vegas to St. George, Utah, Kanda, UT, Salina, UT, Moab, UT, Heber, then Bend, OR. In Oregon we hope to enjoy a short vacation there, about 3 weeks. Lastly will be Eugene, OR at Whalers' Edge RVR. Whalers' will take us to the end of June. Our next big jump will be Iowa, to visit family in Cedar rapids, IO, our route has yet to be determined. Today, 17th, Sun. St. Patty's Day Yes, we always celebrate St. Pats day. Great meal day for us.

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18th. The Blue Route Grand Canyon. Bright Angel. We departed Cottonwood by 9:30 am for the Grand Canyon, simple 150-mile trek. The trip went, as hoped, uneventfully. Grand Canyon was expecting us and gave us a decent site with all that we could wish for, even adequate Wi-Fi. Within a couple of hours, we were en route to revisit the "Blue Route." This would be the east side of the GC.

18th The East Rim of the Grand Canyon



Day 1. Our site is located in the Bright Angel area. Yup, that's us. Sitting on a wall with an 1800-foot drop behind us. But it made for a good picture. I won't go into detail but I'll let you imagine what we might be expecting at this elevation!



In the picture above are the San Francisco Peaks. At this point there still about twenty miles from us. Yes, the answer to the question posed above: snow, sleet and cold temps.

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This is our campground and a herd of deer just came over to visit. DO NOT FEED THE WILDLIFE, is what all the signs are telling us. At Cottonwood, just the opposite was true. They even provided the food. We'll be visiting the Kolb studio shortly. It's a story of two early 1900's photographers that made a reputation for themselves as daredevil photographers.



This is what we came here to see. Below of course is us again. And, of course, the happy couple. Once again, it's what we came here to see! No, I don't know this young girl, but she's sitting on the edge of an 1800-foot cliff to the bottom for the canyon, I just don't understand her thinking. Looking back on to the Bright Angel Inn and restaurant.

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The Kolb Museum and gift store.



More awesome views. Below is a view of a natural bridge on the mountain path to the canyon bottom. Carla, and I walked this path about nine years ago. We passed on it this

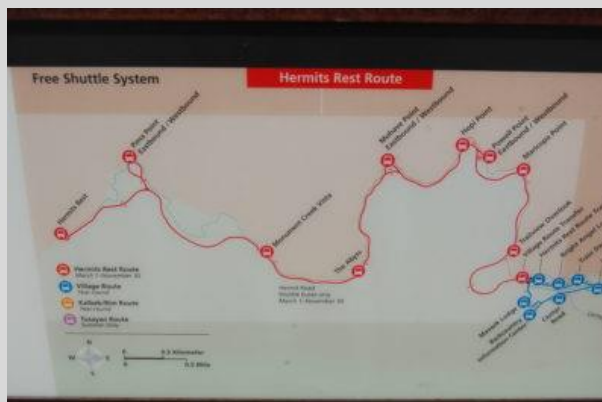
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time. Above is a canoe of that period of time in a glass case and the blocks you see is a primitive life jacket made from chunks of cork.



Walking to the transfer Station. This is where you get off our bus and board a GC city bus to our location. The transfer station. It took us over 30-minutes before we caught a ride.

19th Red Tour-Grand Canyon-West Rim



Red Route encompasses the West portion of the GC. Toward the end of this route, we got a glimpse of the North Rim. More on this venture in the Blog, soon, I hope. Later Carla managed to apply just a little too much Polish Pressure on our fireplace and the blower decided to quit. I plan to definitely behave in the future after seeing this. The chart above shows us the designated viewing locations that the bus will stop at. One bus will drop off and 15-minutes later another bus will do a pick up and go to the next stop. View from our first stop below.



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As you know there are two tours currently being offered; The East Rim and the West Rim. There's also the North Rim, but the North Rim is closed until May. The bus stops at certain designated areas, viewing spots, and another bus comes by every fifteen minutes for visitors to board and go to the next viewing spot. Below you see the view from this location. in the center of the picture is the Colorado River (brown water).



Now we go wait for the next bus. There is an option, you could walk to each of these stops but were too old for such

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a diversion. The person in the above picture is much younger and has more years than we do, she's walking.



Another awesome view from our bus on our way to the next stop. Below, time to leave this venue and wait for another bus.



I think the dude above is looking over the edge saying it's not that scary. He's also outside of the safety rails. A person falls at 200 feet per second which might give him nine seconds to contemplate how stupid it was if he lost his footing and started falling.



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About the above pictures. Geologists have determined that about three-thousand years ago the picture on the left looked very much like the picture on the right. That damming up of the Colorado river was caused by a slow oozing of lava from the bottom of the canyon. This too can be Googled.



Just a two-minute break to rest our feet. This sojourn may not look that taxing, but were both getting a little tired. The more we see the more it all looks the same.



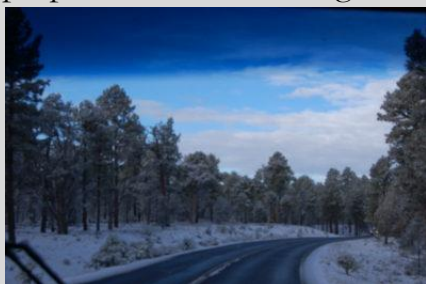
Here's where we cheated, *and you did not even notice*. We're tired! Because of our sudden lack of energy made the decision to skip the last two venues. Instead, we opted to proceed to the end of the Red Tour which is Hermit's Rest. There's a nice story behind the name but too much for this blog... Google it!

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It took a forty-five-minute drive to get us from Hermit's Rest to the transfer station and it will take another twenty minutes to reach our destination; our campground! Enough for today, I need a nap. Above, we wait for our city bus. To keep us company we see another deer or two show up and show off. Above right, finally, our campground. It's about a ten-minute walk from where the city bus drops us off and we made it. Nice to be home again. I think we're going to do nothing tomorrow...

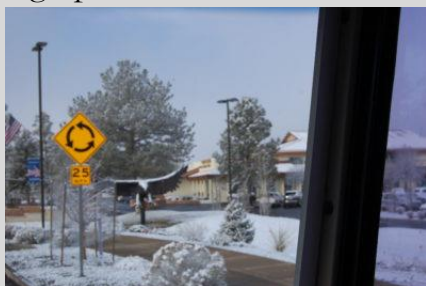
Today 21st. we plan to have dinner at Yavapai Tavern. Day 4 GC- We depart for Vegas for 4-nights. Dump tanks and prepare to leave for Vegas.



First item, Happy Birthday Mom and also Cindy Lango in Flagstaff, AZ. I awoke this morning around 5:30, much earlier than normal, but we're looking at a 260-mile trip to Vegas. Yes, a snow plow! It is impossible for anyone to feel the cold in a picture, but this is what 35-degrees looks like

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in the GC. We went to bed last night hoping for no new snow, well, it wasn't that much. The coach roof was covered. The toppers (pieces of canvas that cover the slides when they are extended) had about 4-inches of snow on them, the windshield of the car was covered in ice and the car had over six inches of snow. We will definitely be picking up a snow brush.



No story behind this picture except that Carla liked the Eagle (above left). Now we're regressing. temp now is 25-degrees. The road is wet with water, ice and slush. We're moving along at a very moderate 50-mph.



Above are two separate accidents about ten miles apart. This is the reason we're moving along well below the speed limit.

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One hour or about fifty miles into our trip this is what we have. temp is now in the high 30's and I'm loving it. The scenery we've seen along this trip has been just short of awesome. The roads are excellent and the bridge art deco is beyond description.

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A quick glimpse of Lake Mead of the Boulder Dam. We were not in a position to photograph the dam itself, but we all know what it looks like. Highway bridge décor, is beautiful. Instead of plantings before and after the overpasses they make extensive use of stone of all kinds and colors. The trip was uneventful but interesting. Take time to read the blog on the trip to Vegas. Our destination would be the Thousand Trails RVResort in Las Vegas. This is our first day at the Las Vegas Resort. It's the 22nd. Strangely this RV Park is a plain Thousand Trails Park. It has the looks and feel of an Encore Property, lucky for us.



We're on site #59. As I have mentioned in the past, Equity Lifestyle Properties has a big family of RVParks by other names, like Thousand Trails, Encore, Trails Collection and Resorts Parks International. Equity does not own all of

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them but all these parks are affiliated with Equity and we get to enjoy any one we want at just a small fraction of the nightly fees they normally charge.



It doesn't look like it in the picture but the coach needs a bath, and a bath it gets. The coach is now clean, car also. The campground is basically blacktop, stone and, of course, a wall.



What an awesome drive-into the office to the right. Plenty of room for everyone.

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It wouldn't be a campground without horseshoes and a pool. Got to have a wall. Trump would approve of this wall. Concrete, stone and barb wire.

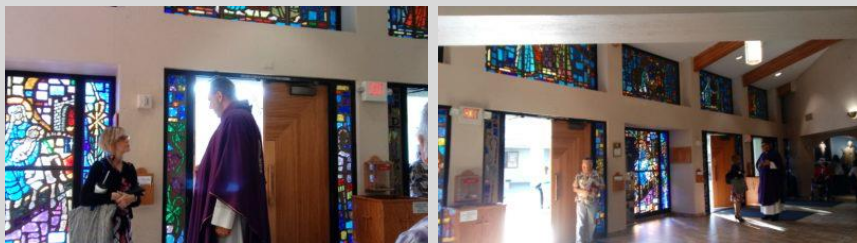


I must lookup this Web Site. Had a chance to meet this guy. A full-timer and he's only about 30. He says he's a writer and has published seven books. Below, we're still waiting for the man to come give the coach a bath.

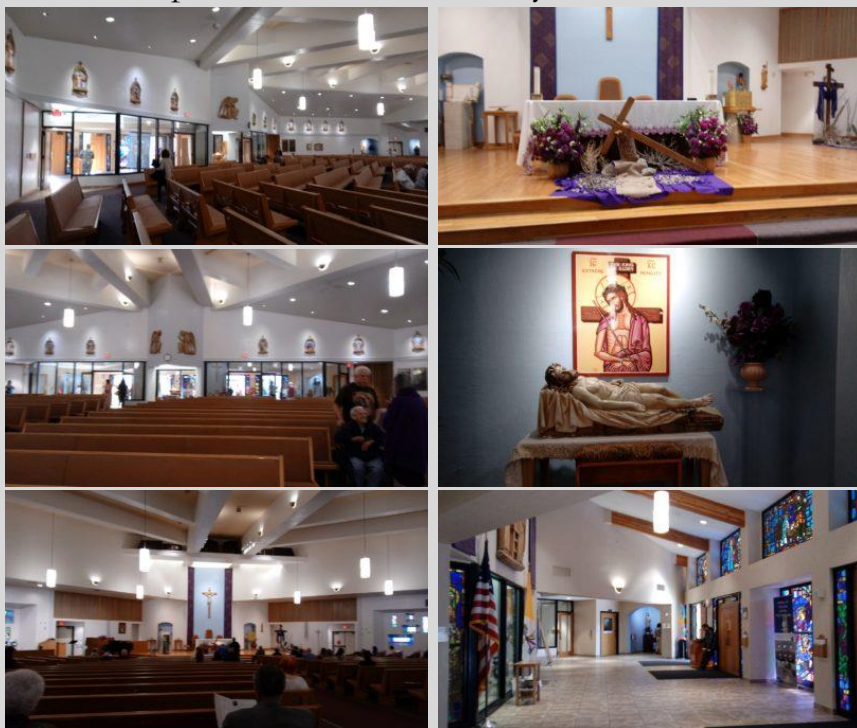


A beautiful statuary at the front of the church of the Holy Family.

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Above, the pastor of the church. As you enter the church.



Church foyer.

Pizza beer and movie tonight because it's Saturday night.

Since this is basically my personal blog, I take this liberty to remember my mom's birthday would have been yesterday and remember my dad today, the date of his passing; we miss them both very much still.

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Did I sleep well last night, *awesome!* I was exhausted. Later today or Sunday both the car and coach will get a wash. I had a chance to take a couple of pictures of the campgrounds here in Las Vegas., see the blog soon. We arrived on Friday, had the vehicles cleaned on Saturday, and went to a charming church, "the Holy Family" CC. Sunday did wash and Monday, 24th., we went grocery shopping at one of the biggest Walmart I've ever seen. Not only big but clean and organized, as well. Tomorrow we were supposed to bring the coach in for some fixes. I know, we've deviated from the "fix" for the last few pages, but the fix must be completed, but the parts are not in yet, so now we go in on Wed am. Tomorrow, Tuesday, will now be haircuts and Sam's shopping Bright and early this morning, the 27th., we were on the road going to Findlay RV about 1.5-miles from here. The folks we're entrusting to fix the slide problem. No time for breakfast so we thought we'd eat out. We were given several suggestions for breakfast and then, just as an afterthought, Sam's Town Casino was also recommended. Like all casinos in Vegas, this is an all-inclusive venue. Bowling, gambling, movies, breakfast, lunch, dinner are provided and lodging. Stay here and you can spend all your days and nights in your slippers. We enjoyed an awesome breakfast buffet, so much to pick from. The price was right also. Not including the tip, we ate scrumptiously for just a few dollars more than at McDonald's. After breakfast we walked through the casino. At first, I thought this might be a Sam's Club operation but our waitress informed us other-

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wise. This was a Sam Boyd Family business. Not to mention they have over a dozen other locations throughout the US. After breakfast it was a short drive back to Findlay RV. Good and bad news awaited us. The hydraulic lines that were ordered prior to order arrival were incorrect. Good news; they, Findlay, could fabricate what we needed in house. Next the stairs were acting up; they needed a new motor. The propane tank needed a new pressure regulator, but that's a no can do. We have to have Suburban do that job. Lastly two of the storage bin doors needed new latches, done! Today's bill would be just under four figures and we pay again about the same amount for the motor for the stairs. No biggy. It's still much cheaper than owning a brick-and-mortar home. We rested the rest of the day. Pictures to follow.

28th Atomic Testing Museum.

This would be a reproduction of what a bunker would have looked like back in the early Nevada atomic bomb experiments. The bomb experiments would eventually be carried out below ground. I've read that a large amount of the fallout from the above ground explosions actually went North to Utah, our next big venue.

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All the display rooms in this museum are fairly small. Not sure if that was on purpose or not. Almost gives a person the feeling of being underground. Displays and miniaturization abound everywhere. There's a great deal of information to digest here. All this reminds me, very much, of the infomercials Dennis and I would have to sit through when we went off to the movies on those Saturday mornings in the 50's. Below: This piece of equipment went underground to measure the force of the explosions. Much too much detail for this blog.



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We actually spent a couple of hours at this museum. On our way home we noticed the Eye, located on the strip. I think we and the museum were east of the strip.

Today and tomorrow, 30th, I spent washing and waxing the coach. It was a terrific day. Temps in the low 70s and a beautiful breeze. Perfect type of day for waxing. very strong breeze today almost as nice as yesterday. Coach is 3/4 done, should be able to complete the wax job tomorrow. Later, as always, church, pizza and beer.

On December 31, 2011, President Barack Obama signed a military spending bill which included designating the museum as a national museum affiliated with the Smithsonian Institution. The National Atomic Testing Museum is one of 37 national museums in the U.S.



B53 nuclear bomb on display

The museum covers the period from the first test at NTS on January 27, 1951, to the present. Among its exhibits covering American nuclear history is a "Ground Zero Theater" which simulates the experience of observing an atmospheric nuclear test.

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Other exhibits include Geiger counters, radio badges and radiation testing devices, Native American artifacts from around the test area, pop culture memorabilia related to the atomic age, equipment used in testing the devices. Other displays focus on important figures at the facility, videos and interactive exhibits about radiation.^[3]

In 2012 the museum added an exhibit about Area 51, and expanded the exhibit two years later.^[4]

Another great day (Sun. 30th.) in this beautiful part of the nation. The last three day I've been working feverishly to finish waxing the coach. The job will take about eight hours. All is done except the actual front of the coach, will do that tomorrow. I'm still five blogs behind but will work diligently to get them published. Hard to believe it's the end of the month. in four days, we'll be leaving this really nice campground and heading North to St. George, UT. I wouldn't mind staying here but I've been told the summer is dry but very hot. More tomorrow, happy April Fool's Day...

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APRIL 2019

1st-April Fool's Day: I was very pleased to finish the waxing of the coach. In total it's a ten-hour job including short breaks. The nose of the coach took about two hours alone, due to the many nooks and grannies it has.

My Surface Tablets is in a coma and needs help. Yes, there is a Microsoft store in the Fashion Mall. This place was huge. Possibly a little smaller than the city of Titusville, FL. Hundreds of shops and kiosks. We needed to find a schematic on where everything is located. And there is an information kiosk. This venue was about eight feet tall and two feet wide and totally interactive. We'd never experienced anything so easy to operate. [goto-Fashion Show Mall](#) OH! We did find the Microsoft store and the young staff girl was able to resuscitate the surface back to life again.



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The longer we stay here the more this town is growing on us. Another venue popped up on our way a Cathedral. This was so awesome, except in a vain attempt to find our way to its location we failed. We will have to put this venue off to the next time we visit Vegas. After getting the coach back home we brought the car to Walmart to have the front tires re-balanced. After that we picked up a red box DVD called Green Book; an excellent movie, well worth \$1.75.

Today the 4th, we're going to bring the coach back to Findlay, this is for a small re-fix. I noticed a few drops of oil on the ground and then much more oil. We kept the slide closed fearing the worse. Findlay looked at our situation and said don't worry. As it turns out, the top of the reservoir that contains the hydraulic fluid, is held with 4 very tiny metal screws, one of which disintegrated and caused the release of the fluid. We had all four screws replaced. We're sitting at Findlay right now. Nothing planned after Findlay. Hard to believe we're on the road again Friday AM. We did have breakfast again at Sam's Town. Carla had a healthy omelet, pineapple and strawberries. I, on the other hand, had the heart-attack special. Eggs, bacon, sausage and ham, it was good enough to die for. Nothing planned for the rest of the day. Tomorrow's trip to St. George is about 120 miles. I expect we'll be there in about three hours.

The **trip to St. George** was a good trip. I screwed up by mistaking a residential neighborhood for the KOA camp,

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but got out without a scratch. We're expecting excellent weather for the next few days. We'll start exploring on Monday. We finally arrive at the KOA at St. George on the 5th. Our new site is located in the SW portion of Utah.



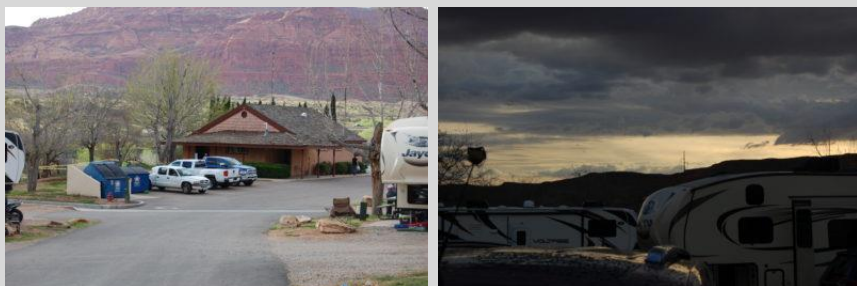
The beginning of another sunset. In season this campground is full to capacity.



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The roadways in the campground are all paved. The campsites themselves are of crushed stone. Carla makes friends with a single camper from Alberta, CA. The view from our coach is awesome, to say the least. Below one of many bathhouses in the campground.



Entrance to the campground is very well engineered. Plenty of space to maneuver in. Above nightfall.



6th Sat. Another Sam's breakfast.

Everything gets replaced eventually. My D40 Nikon has taken over 50,000 pictures over the last ten years. Lately the auto-focus is not in focus and trying to do manual focus, as you have seen the last few weeks, just does not do the trick. I think we'll be off to Best-Buy to see what's available. Really thought the D40 would see me through to the end of my days, but it is what it is. The DL3500 looked very impressive but I do feel very attached to the old D40. A little later it will be Mass, Pizza, beer and movie, like almost every Sat. night.

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Sam's Town Casino



After having an absolutely delicious breakfast we just had to take a walk. Getting not this place was the hard part. There are places we can't get to and they require a special "key."



Through this doorway is a member only perk. We did have one person that offered to let us in on her card, but we opted to play by the rules.



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There is literally no need to leave this building. This garden alone is a great place to sit and meditate on the moneys you may have lost in the casino. Insider the garden area are an assortment of small businesses and franchises; ice cream, subway and a slew of others. I forgot to mention there's a bowling alley and a multi-screen theater as well. OH! there's, of course, a casino. And more casino! We enjoyed are stay and came back a few days later to enjoy another breakfast. You're right, we did lose some money here, about \$42.00. I think we got away cheap

6th St. George Catholic Church.

A Brief History of the Establishment of St. George, Utah

courtesy of utahsdixie.com



In 1854, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (also known as the LDS Church, or Mormon Church) established an Indian mission in Santa Clara, two miles northwest of present-day St. George. The church set up experimental farms in the St. George Val-

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ley in 1857-1858. In October 1861, church leaders called 309 families to establish the Cotton Mission. After the outbreak of the Civil War that same year, LDS Church President Brigham Young felt it necessary to grow cotton, if possible. Many of these families assigned to settle the area hailed from the South and possessed the necessary skills to grow cotton and establish a community. Paying homage to the nickname of their former home, these settlers called the region “Utah’s Dixie.”



St. George, Utah was named in honor of Mormon apostle George A. Smith, also known as the “Potato Saint” because he urged early settlers to eat raw, unpeeled potatoes to cure scurvy. Smith did not participate in the town’s settlement, but personally selected many of the pioneers that originally settled the area. The first years in St. George proved difficult for early residents due to challenges such as flooding, lack of culinary water and scorching summer heat. Other early pioneer endeavors included the production of molasses, dried fruit and even wine.

St. George became the county seat of Washington County in 1863. That same year, construction began on the St. George LDS Tabernacle, which was finished in 1875. In 1871, work began on the St. George LDS Temple, which became a cooperative effort uniting many

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Southern Utah communities. Mormon Apostle Daniel H. Wells dedicated the temple on April 6, 1877. It was the first temple constructed west of the Mississippi River. Undergoing significant renovations in the late 1930s and mid-1970s, the structure is the longest continuously operated Mormon Temple in the world.



Today St. George is the largest city in Washington County and the eighth-largest city in Utah. Its metropolitan area is home to nearly 120,000 residents. It has consistently ranked as one of the fastest growing areas in the nation for the last two decades, even surpassing Las Vegas in per capita growth. St. George has become a popular retirement destination as well a respite for those seeking a second home in a more moderate climate.

St. George is a city, not as big as El Paso but still big. It has everything. We'll be going out to eat later today at Texas Roadhouse. Hopefully I'll have a picture or two of the city later. In general, it was a quiet day. Worked on blogs, uploading pictures, which is a test of patience with the slow Internet available here and a slightly longer conversation with my brother Dennis today. A little later today, the 7th, possibly mid-afternoon we took ourselves to Texas Road-

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house. Carla had Sirloin and I had meals Rib Eye both enjoyed. Tomorrow, Monday, we hope to explore Zion National Park, or at least a small portion of it.

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8th Zion National Park.

3- Venues Grotto, Weeping rock and temple of Sinawava



This is Quail Lake. As you can see from the wall that confines it, it's man-made. For an area that does not boast of many lakes, natural or man-made, this one is huge. Just a few scenic views of the area and the road to Zion. Our first stop will be Zion Lodge. We are approaching Zion National Park.

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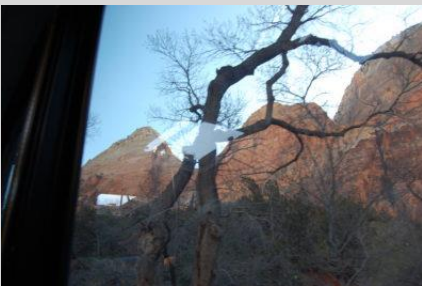


Zion Lodge and check in center. It takes us about thirty minutes to get here from St. George. We'll check in with this ranger, who vacations in Orlando, FL, using Carla's park pass, and make our way to the Visitor's center. The National Park Service is working diligently to create a venue very similar to what we saw in the Grand Canyon. It's work in progress but so much has already been accomplished, especially the roads, walking areas and parking venues.

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Work construction is going on in preparation for the summer crowds. The roadways are very well marked as well as walkways and trail ways. We're in a double-car shuttle here taking us to our first stop.



Just a small number of views we experienced on our trip to our first stop. The Grotto will be our first walking tour. Yes, we will do a lot walking today. It's a 5-mile trip on the Timber creek Overlook trail.

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The Grotto.



The text below courtesy of The Catholic Diocese of Utah

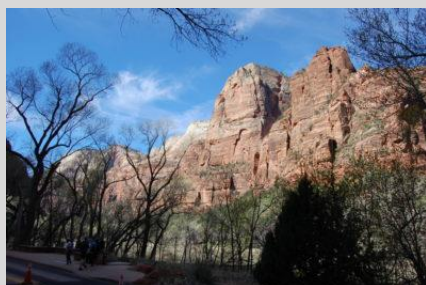
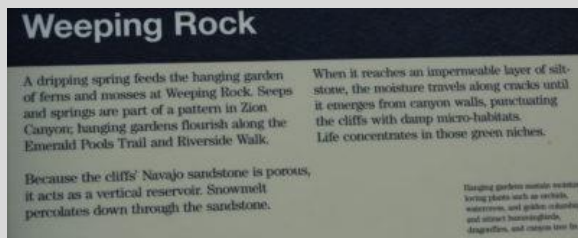
Over 200 years ago, the first Catholic priests traveled from New Mexico through Utah looking for an overland route to the Pacific Ocean. Today, Catholics in Utah number well over 300,000 (10% of the state population), and are served by over 41 priests in 81 parishes, missions, stations and 17 Catholic schools. An area of nearly 85,000 square miles comprises the Diocese of Salt Lake City. It was in 1776 that Franciscan friars Francisco Dominguez and Silvestre de Escalante crossed this territory with the help of local Native American guides. Six months later, diminishing supplies and threatening weather forced their expedition to return to New Mexico. It would be nearly 100 years before Catholic priests would formally establish their first foundation in Utah Territory.

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As the nineteenth century came to a close, it was clear that the Catholic community in Salt Lake City was rapidly outgrowing the small church of St. Mary Magdalene. The time had come for the Catholics. In the 1990's, the inside of the Cathedral was renovated and restored over a three-year period, costing 9.7 million dollars. It stands today as a beautiful monument to the early Catholic Church in Utah, and is listed on the Utah State Register of Historic Sites as well as the National Register of Historic Places.

First: Weeping Rock Trailhead



In the distance (above) you can see our destination, Weeping Rock. It's about a quarter-mile away and, as always, it will be an uphill climb.

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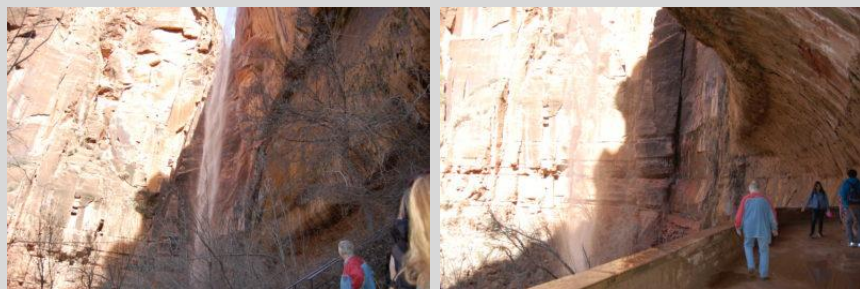


The National Park Service does such. Great job of making these venues accessible. Not much anyone can do about the uphill climbs. The paths are passable but not always paved. Everyone must pay attention to where they place their feet and a walking stick is always helpful (ours are in the car). Above you can see primitive steps and below a state-of-the-art people bridge, to move the millions of visitors along.



The trail, in sections, is very passable and as you can see below, we do get to our destination.

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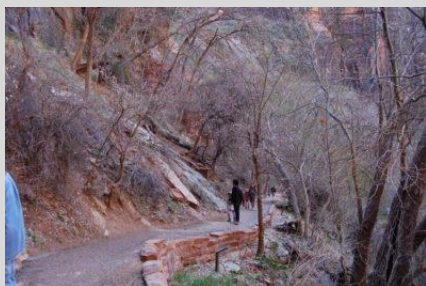
Looking away from the falls you can appreciate the effort the NPS has gone through to allow large groups of people enjoy these beautiful destinations. Below, however, it's time for us to turn our attention to going back and catching another shuttle to take us to our car.



The best part of leaving a particular venue, in most cases, is that it is usually a downhill walk. Be mindful, however,

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walking a steep grade downhill produces its own set of precautions.

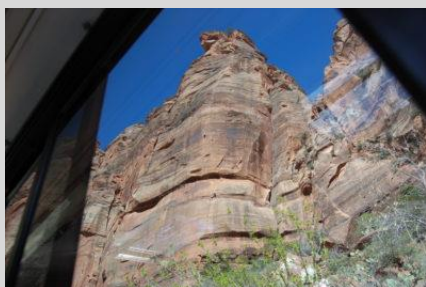


Finally, we get to that beautiful bridge again and those primitive steps.



We take one last look at Weeping Rock and say good-bye. It's time to try to find the trail to the **Temple of Sinawava.**

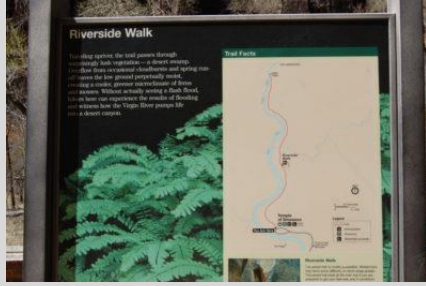
Second: Temple of Sinawava.



Above (bottom left), if you squint mightily, you'll see two climbers, climbing the rock mountain shown below. If you look closely, you might see two very small speck at the dead center of the picture; that's them. Every hike begins with our trying to find the trail to hike. It's not generally

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that difficult but I just wanted the text to fit the picture. Below is Sinawava. it looks closer than it is. It's a very slow quarter-mile hike.



Yes, we found our path. Carla takes the first steps. Below is Sinawava also.

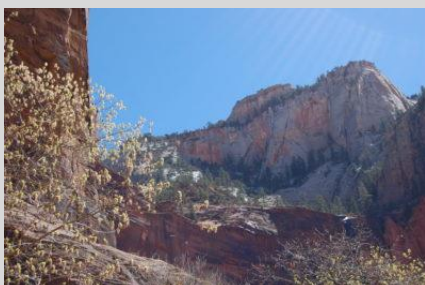
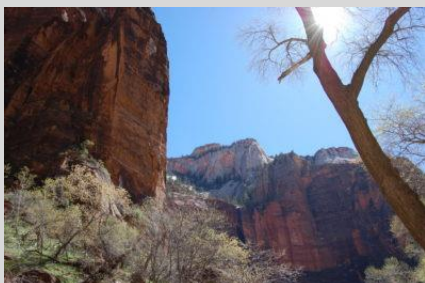


This trail begins with the Riverside Walk. We'll be walking along the Virgin River.

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We cross the Virgin River and yes, Carla is looking a little tired. A great deal of walking today, and we're feeling it. In the next few pictures are scenes of the mountains we'll be seeing on our walk.



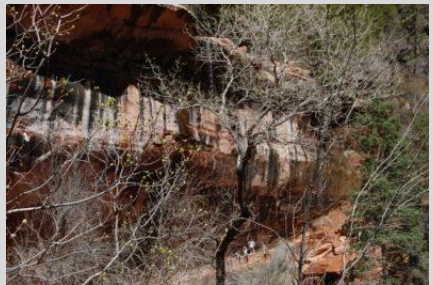
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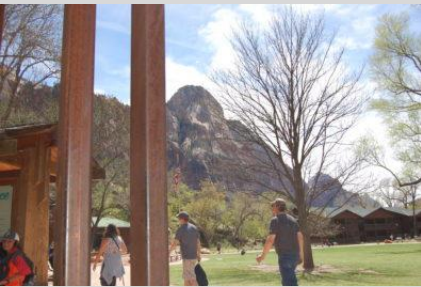
Third: The Lower Emerald Pool



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11th Thurs.-Experience Kolob Canyon

Late Summer Storm in Kolob Canyons- This text is courtesy of the National Park Service



Awesome scenery, right?

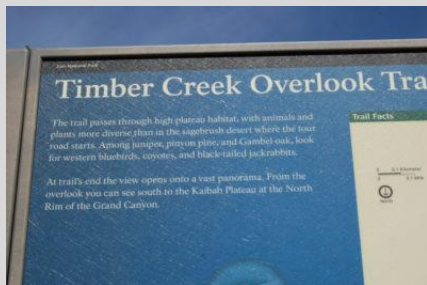


Welcome to Kolob Canyons. The Kolob Canyons section of Zion National Park is located at Exit 40 on Interstate 15, 40 miles north of Zion Canyon and 17 miles south of Cedar City.

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A five-mile scenic drive along the Kolob Canyons Road allows visitors to view the crimson canyons and gain access to various trails and scenic viewpoints.



Even this kind of path isn't that bad, if only it were not always going uphill.

Here in the northwest corner of the park, narrow parallel box canyons are cut into the western edge of the Colorado Plateau, forming majestic peaks and 2,000-foot cliff walls.

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The sign says one-half mile but it honestly felt like two miles. Below, Yea, we have walking sticks also, in the car.



Whether you come to view the panoramic landscape from our scenic drive, hike into one of our majestic canyons, or begin a multi-day adventure into the Zion Wilderness, Kolob Canyons has something special for everyone to experience.

I'm coming!!! The NPS evidently found its nice walkways being drowned out by heavy downpours. To try to eliminate the problem they set up the path in square block allowing a space in between each square block for water to pass through... ingenious!

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Kolob Canyons Visitor Center-All guests are required to stop at the Kolob Canyons Visitor Center to show an Interagency Park Pass or pay the Zion National Park entrance fee.



If Carla looks a little tired right now, you're right, I think we both are.

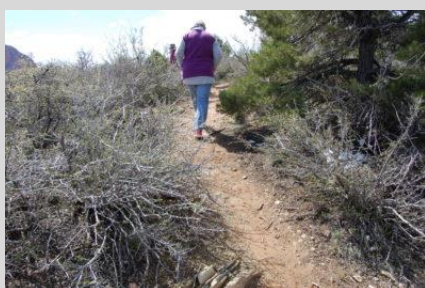


Did you notice we're still going uphill!

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The views are so awesome it takes your attention off the job at hand, walking without tripping. This is the reason we opted not to walk the Bright-Angel path to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. I can think of one or two other reasons as well.



These are the paths I don't get excited about. A couple of years ago I would not have thought twice about this type of challenge, but not anymore. Now I live with a fear of tripping over something or even my own two feet.

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Did I mention we're both getting a little tired of going uphill!!



Yup, still going uphill. On the bright side, we've been told we're almost there.



Carla finally reaches the top; I follow right after her. There is another peak and observation point but we're just going to take their word on the views from there.

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As you can see, we've begun our final leg of this venture, the walk back. It's been an awesome experience, but we're both anxiously looking for our car.



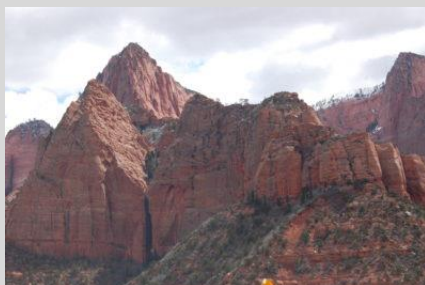
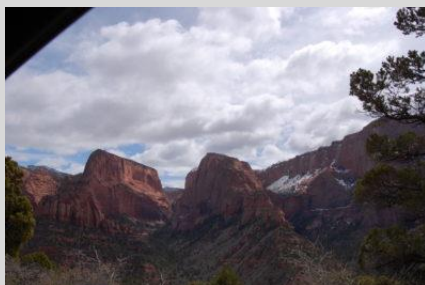
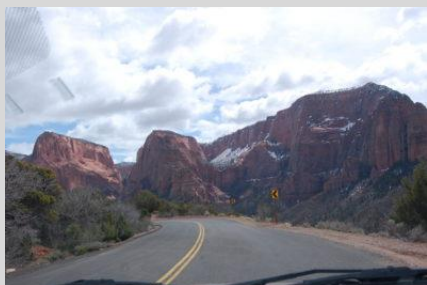
The trip down is steep and carries its own trepidations, once again, tripping and falling.



Remember these guys? I won't say any more. In a few

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minutes the car comes into view. Ah! The ride home, heavenly!



You'll have to blow it up on your computer to read the captions in the picture, but in short, it says that everything up on these hills might and someday will fall down to the ground. The left side of the picture is about a 900-ton rock that came down and fell on a truck. Nether the truck nor the driver did well that day.



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Up and down this five-mile stretch of road you'll find road crews creating observation points and laying down new pavement for generations to come to enjoy this venue.

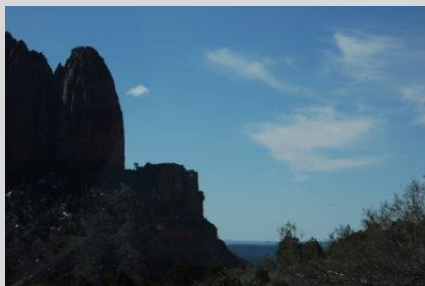


Home is only a thirty-minute ride but we enjoyed every mile of it.

Spoke to my son Michael today, 13th. I know, you're saying, so what! Mike and I have always had a rough relationship. By no means am I blaming him. He and his sister, Cheryl, got stuck with a guy who was far from mature enough to assume the responsibilities as a husband and, especially, a father. But, unfortunately, that's all water under the dam. The past cannot be fixed. It doesn't remove, however, the regrets I have to deal with each and every night and morning. I wish, after every conversation, I could be of more

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help to him now that he's grown and hopefully, I've matured substantially in the last thirty years. Both he and my daughter have a very good relationship with their stepfather, so I have to be thankful for that. Mike has a beautiful home in Quincy MA by the ocean. I've never seen it in person, but he's trying to extend his property by rebuilding a retention wall by the water. Sounds like he's taking on a very big job. He, unlike me, has matured into an awesome personality. More on this topic as it develops



Awesome scenery, don't you think?



14th Palm Sunday

Saturday, 13th Eve of Palm Sunday tomorrow, was one of those days that the priest has a captive audience for more than 55-minutes. Actually, our mass lasted just over 90-minutes. On top of a very long gospel, which everyone expected, we got an equally as long homily. Everyone lived, not complaining! On the lighter side, Carla began speaking, in church-a no-no, their names I don't remember, like so many other pieces of information. They had just moved to St. George from another town, something else we've forgotten. Guess they had a little mission church in their other home, this church is considerably bigger. I joined a bunch of parishioners and marched outside to be handed blessed palms. On the way out I met a younger parishioner who used to live in St. George. She explained to me that she still gets confused when she comes to St. George CC. It seems that a couple of decades ago the Altar used to be at the back of the church, not where it is now.

"Kalob Canyon"

Just like living a regular life, some days go by and we do nothing. Today, the 17th. I've been concentrating most of my time to condensing my old blogs, making them shorter and eliminating a substantial number of images. So, in a nutshell, nothing memorable has happen the last three days.

Today, 18th., we get an early start and had a good breakfast in preparation for our **trip to Kanab, UT**. The coach is humming, the roads were excellent and the directions and

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traffic was all you could ask for. Crazy Horse is the RVPark we're staying at. It's a private campground so we pay for to stay for a change, but it looks like it will be worth it. Internet and Wi-Fi are both very good and Carla has 2-3 venues selected for this stay.

18th Crazy Horse RVP in Kanab, UT

Crazy Horse is a private campground. The owners have three dozen other resorts besides this one. Not being a Thousand Trails property means we have to pay, but it is worth every penny. We've been told they're asking \$550 a month for annuals.



This RVPark has been newly acquired and renovations are going on seven days a week. For a change we have an excellent site.

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Notice our neighbors, they're very quiet. Very few drawbacks most notably would be very poor Wi-Fi. That's a problem in many campgrounds in this neck of the woods. The solution turns out to be expensive; just purchase time on the campground Wi-Fi.



This is the check-in station. As you can see the parking outside is extremely spacious. Below is the signature signage of the resort. Very hard to drive by this monument.



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Excellent signage and awesome views can be found in every corner of this park.



There's always a pool. This one has been totally refurbished. Carla has rediscovered lilacs. Something that grows everywhere in New England, but nowhere down south.



Above and below are pictures from inside the Check-In center



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Brand new pool table and a media center. Books abound here. At the other end of this building are hundreds of DVDs.



Roy Rogers and Dale Evans were customers of the previous owners, in days gone by.

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19th Tripping to Kanab, UT

We got up fairly early on this morning, I don't know why. The coach was all prepped and ready to go, so we took our time and enjoyed a simple breakfast and then by 9:30 we hit the road to Kanab. The picture below exemplifies the beauty of the road we were traveling, let alone the traffic density.



The views as you can see from the pictures above and below were just short of breathtaking.



Our sojourn east and a little north was completed in a little over ninety minutes.

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Above is the view we have from our coach. Yes, for a change we have a corner lot. It's not really a big deal but it is nice to have the extra real estate. The site was an easy pull-thru but we did have a problem with our surge-protector on this site. The campground has relatively new owners and they're redoing quite a bit of it. Our surge-protector was telling us the source was not grounded, the manager showed us that it was. Then he realized that the junction box itself was not grounded. About a half hour later we were enjoying MSNBC for the first time in two weeks.

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19th Red Canyon, Dixie Forrest, Utah



We've been on the road, in our car, for about thirty minutes and are now approaching Red Canyon, which is part of the Dixie National Forrest and Zion National Park.

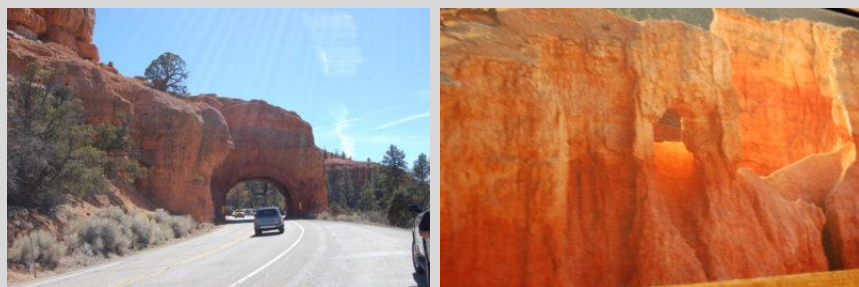


This area has had inhabitants for thousands of years. As in all areas like this water is at a premium if found at all. For them each day was a challenge for survival.



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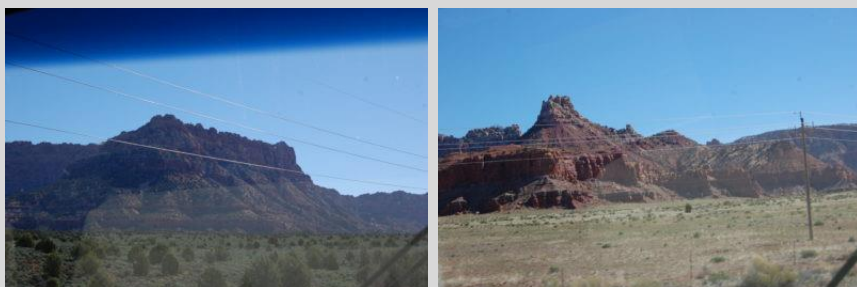
In the above picture the tall sentinel formations are called Hoodoos. Eventually Mother Nature will wear away the sand-stone rock substance at their bottom and in-between the two hoodoos, and they will fall. This is not a Natural Bridge, definitely man-made. Same for the tunnel you will see in a couple of images.



Man-made, but it sure looks cool! Hard to believe the rock formation below. Good Friday, 19th., is a day of fast and abstinence. The last few days we've done so much "hanging around" spending another day doing nothing wasn't that appealing. It is a special day and TV is usually at a minimum or nothing until at least 3 pm. We decided to experience His majestic wonders by viewing **the Kanab Canyons**. What a beautiful day, Easter Eve. No Mass today since Easter is tomorrow. It doesn't mean we have to bypass the pizza, beer and movie. Carla picked up the movie Vice from Red Box. To our surprise we also met a very nice family just across the street from us..

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20th. **Tripping to Red Canyon** The road-side views on our way to Red Canyon were awesome.



This area was first settled in 1864 and the town was founded in 1870 when ten Latter-Day Saint families moved into the area.^[5] The population was 4,312 at the 2010 census. (Wikipedia)



We even had the opportunity to drive through two sand-rock tunnels to find ourselves here. The name "Red Canyon" comes from the heavy concentration of iron minerals in the sand-rock itself.

20th Bryce Canyon Area:

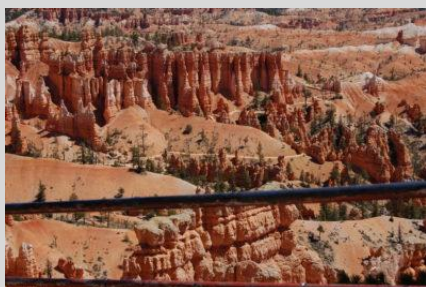


The Bryce Canyon tour encompassed several stops in different locations. Each location offered a unique canyon character from the previous location, please read the blogs on these.

Other nearby attractions include Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument, Coral Pink Sand Dunes State Park, the privately owned Moqui Cave, and the largest animal sanctuary in the United States, Best Friends Animal Society.



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Locals refer to Kanab as "Little Hollywood" due to its history as a filming location for many movies and television series, prominently western, such as Stagecoach (1939), The Lone Ranger, Death Valley Days, Gunsmoke, Daniel Boone, El Dorado (1966), Planet of the Apes (1968), Mackenna's Gold, Sergeants 3, WindRunner: A Spirited Journey, Western Union (1941), The Desperadoes (1943),

In Old Oklahoma (1943), Buffalo Bill (1944), Westward the Women (1952), Tomahawk Trail (1957), Fort Bowie (1958), Sergeants Three (1962), Duel at Diablo (1966), Ride in the Whirlwind (1965), The Shooting (1966), and The Outlaw Josey Wales (1976).^{[6][7]}

Courtesy of Wikipedia-Bryce Canyon National Park lies on the eastern edge of the Paunsaugunt Plateau in south central Utah. Bryce Canyon National Monument (administered by the U.S. Forest Service) was originally established on June 8, 1923 to preserve the “unusual scenic beauty, scientific interest, and importance.” On June 7, 1924, the monument’s name was changed to Utah National Park and it was transferred to the National Park Service. On February 25, 1928 Utah National Park was changed to Bryce Canyon National Park. Subsequent legislation enlarged the park to its current size of 35,835 acres.

Bryce is famous for its unique geology, consisting of a series of horse-shoe-shaped amphitheaters carved from the eastern edge of the Paunsaugunt Plateau in southern Utah. The erosional force of frost-wedging and the dissolving power of rainwater have shaped the colorful calcium-rich mudstone of the Claron Formation into bizarre shapes including slot canyons, windows, fins, and spires called “hoodoos.” Tinted with colors too numerous and subtle to name, these whimsically arranged rocks create a wondrous landscape of mazes, offering some of the most exciting and memorable walks and hikes imaginable.

Ponderosa pines, high elevation meadows, and fir-spruce forests border the rim of the plateau and abound with wildlife. This area boasts some of the world's best air quality, offering panoramic views of three

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states and approaching 200 miles of visibility. This, coupled with the lack of nearby large light sources, creates unparalleled opportunities for stargazing.

To our surprise we also met a very nice family just across the street from us.



Earlier this afternoon Carla and I were on the phone talking to Don and Joyce, family in Iowa, when Carla noticed this little toddler across the way helping her father wash his truck. We don't often mix in much with the locals in a campground, since we know we're only temporary, but this little girl was so intriguing. Once we got off the phone, I could not keep myself from taking a walk and complementing them on being such an awesome little family. They're so young, probably in the late twenties or early thirties. Mom was out playing ball with her little girl. Later mom and Michelle came over and she and Scoots became good friends, Scoots has few good friends so we have to encourage this whenever possible. This family is lucky, the father has a reliable profession that will always have a strong demand for it. It's always reassuring to know you can fall back on it if need be. I haven't had a chance to meet the dad yet.

They're planning to be here for a few more days. At their age this life style is not that easy. We are fortunate with some savings and, of course, social security to help. I'm still a firm believer that owning a home is no longer the beginnings of the American dream. It's not easy to shoulder the responsibilities and expenses of home ownership not to mention all the other expenses a young family has to bear. It would be nice if the youth today would accept a new attitude that smaller is better. It's so sad that so many in my generation have so little saved up should life hand you a bad hand in the future. I have some beautiful pictures of them from this afternoon and hope they'll permit me to use them this week. As you can see, they did. Oh, how I envy many of our friends who have grandchildren!

21st St. Christopher's Cath. Church.

We're here in Kanab. Originally called Offero, Saint Christopher, began as a pagan. He was born during the third century at Canaan, a region encompassing modern-day Israel. Did you know that he was a well-built, strong man and so tall that he was sometimes referred to as a giant? One day he met a holy hermit who guided travelers to the safe points where they could cross a dangerous river. Then the hermit inside him would often carry them across the river. He paid close attention to helping any small children.

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Saint Christopher converted to Christianity through the teachings of the holy hermit. He was baptized as “Christoffero” which eventually led to the name Christopher. In AD250 the Roman Emperor Decius issued an edict for the suppression of Christianity. Christopher was one of many arrested and executed during these persecutions. He is represented in Christian Art, usually shown with his emblems, the Christ Child, a tree in bloom and a torrent. Saint Christopher is loved and honored in the churches both of the East and the West. In addition to being the patron and protector of all travelers, he is also invoked against storms and sudden death. July 25th is his feast day. To honor Saint Christopher, there is a very welcoming church in Kane County Utah. Saint Christopher’s Catholic Church is located in Kanab, known locally as "Little Hollywood" due to its history as a filming location for mostly western movies and television series, just north of the Arizona state line. Kanab was first settled in 1864 and the town was founded in 1870.



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They are very hospitable and welcome you from the time you enter the door. There is a guest book to sign and give you a bulletin, a welcome smile and handshake. This is one of the churches, that during tourist season, greets people from all over the world, so I suppose they have plenty of experience.

(Back in the 1950's This Church consisted of a trailer with two rows of seating, it was all this community had. At present the Church is maintained and supported by only twenty-five families. The percentage of Catholics in Utah is only 6%.)

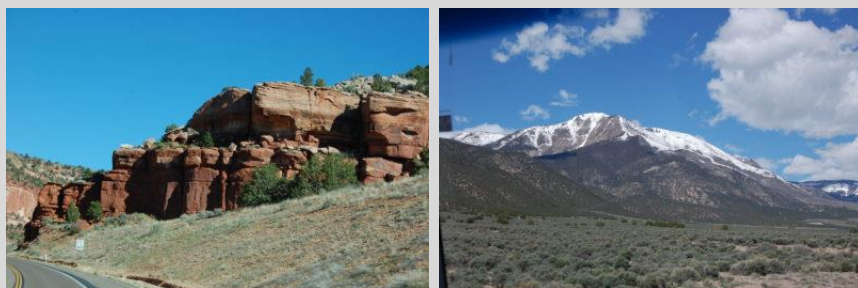
23rd Tuesday, Michelle's birthday

I know, you're going to say you don't really know this little girl that much or even that long, but she was so enjoyable we could have given even more gifts than we did without a second thought. Mom, Nellie, was nice enough to scoot into their RV and gave Carla and I a huge piece of birthday cake, yummy! Other than that, we spent the day like yesterday and tomorrow killing time waiting till departure day on Thursday.

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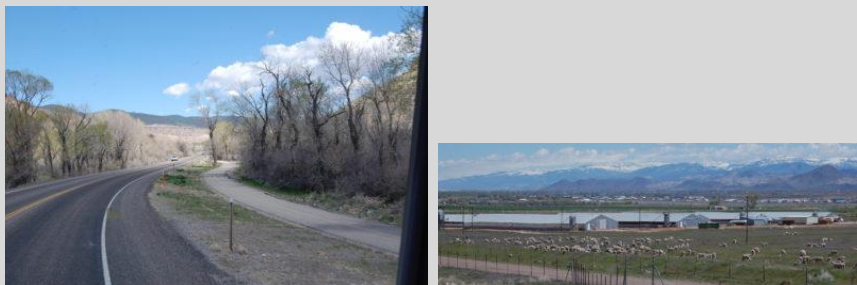
We were told today, 24th., from Little's Diesel they would show up around 3 pm to determine what trouble the slide was having again. Once again it had to do with the hydraulic fluid levels. This time I realized I had to be more involved, so I got under the coach with McCray, Little's service man, to learn how to resolve this problem in the future. The reservoir for the hydraulics lies directly behind the circuitry and control box for the levelling system. Not really very accessible, actually quite inaccessible, but is doable. We're making an appointment in Bend, OR to have this problem diagnosed by a big Winnebago Dealership. We also must have them replace the connector of the electrical transfer cable as well.

By 7:30 this morning, the 25th., we were up and about. We're looking at a 163-mile **jaunt to Salina, Utah**. By 9 am all the utilities were appropriately packed away and even the mirrors and windshield got a once over to insure a most enjoyable ride.



On our ride up here, we saw some of the most beautiful scenery you could ask for, not to mention mountains and mountain ranges that rose over eleven-thousand feet.

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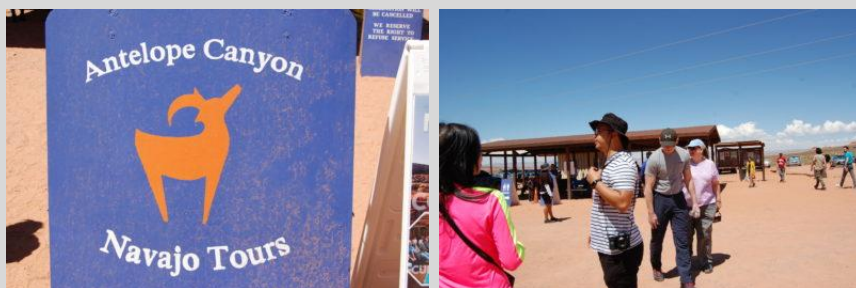
Something unique was an ATV/Walking and/or biking trail. This trail ran parallel to the highway; we were on (89). It even has a center line running down the middle of it. It must get plenty of use, so many, here at this RVPark have an ATV. Eventually it did end or it deviated from the road enough that we could not see it any longer. Something else which was very prominent on the way here were these farms having these very long buildings, not much higher than 8-10 feet tall with absolutely no windows just a couple of huge fans at either end. We're assuming they harbored either chickens or pigs, wish I knew. If anyone knows the use for the buildings in the picture above, please comment on it.



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We finally did **arrive at the Butch Cassidy RVPark in Salina, UT**. This is an RPI, which means we will pay but only \$10.00 per night. You cannot live at home at that price. We're here for seven nights. Yes, Butch Cassidy is part of the Sundance Kid twosome. Yea, the house Butch had was small, but most likely, paid for. It probably sat on forty-acres and with a little bit of luck the roof did not leak. But NO! Butch wanted more. You know the story; he and Sundance began robbing banks in the late 1800s. Not being that successful they migrated to Bolivia, where their luck did not improve. After a short stay there they were hunted down and met their end. He could have stayed in Utah, run the farm, raised chickens, pigs, children and grandchildren, who knows! Never bite off more than you can chew...

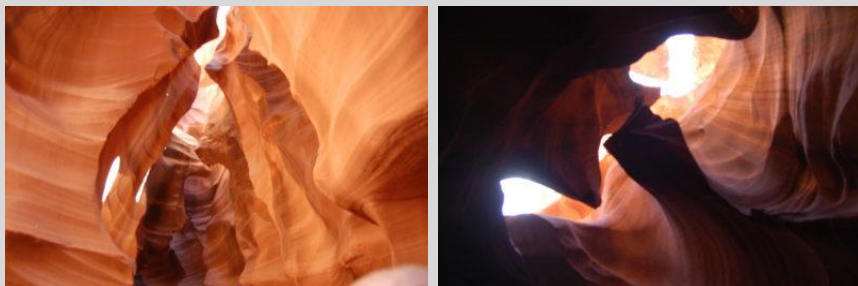
25th Antelope Canyon Tour



Courtesy of WikiLeaks- Upper Antelope Canyon is called Tsé bighánilíni, 'the place where water runs through rocks' by the Navajo. It is the most frequently visited by tourists for two reasons. First, its entrance and entire length are at ground level, requiring no climbing.

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Second, beams or shafts of direct sunlight radiating down from openings at the top of the canyon are much more common in Upper than in Lower.



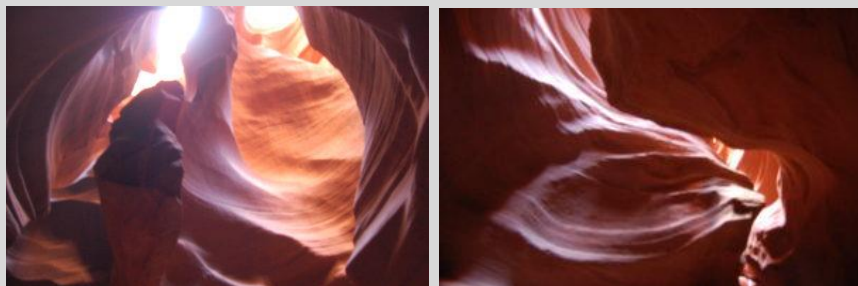
Beams occur most often in the summer months, as they require the sun to be high in the sky. Winter colors are more muted. Summer months provide two types of lighting. Light beams start to peek into the canyon March 20 and disappear October 7 each year.



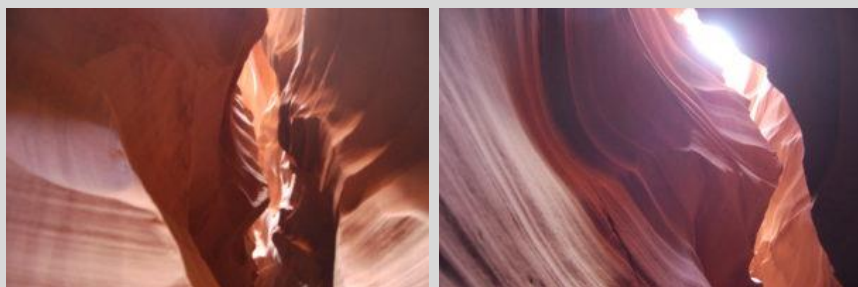
Antelope Canyon is visited exclusively through guided tours, in part because rains during monsoon season can quickly flood the canyon. Rain does not have to fall on or near the Antelope Canyon slots for flash floods to whip through, as rain falling dozens of miles away upstream of the canyons can funnel into them with little prior notice. On August 12, 1997, eleven tourists, including seven from France, one from the United Kingdom, one from Sweden and two from the United

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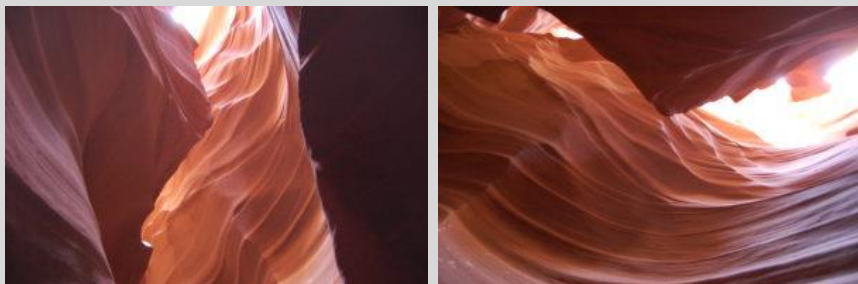
States, were killed in Lower Antelope Canyon by a flash flood. Very little rain fell at the site that day, but an earlier thunderstorm had dumped a large amount of water into the canyon basin, 7 miles (11 km) upstream.



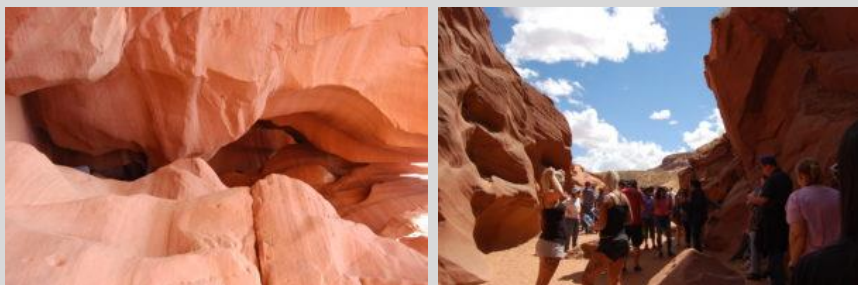
The lone survivor of the flood was tour guide Francisco "Pancho" Quintana, who had prior swift-water training. At the time, the ladder system consisted of amateur-built wood ladders that were swept away by the flash flood. Today, ladder systems have been bolted in place, and deployable cargo nets are installed at the top of the canyon. At the fee booth, a NOAA Weather Radio from the National Weather Service and an alarm horn are stationed.



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Despite improved warning and safety systems, the risks of injuries from flash floods still exist. On July 30, 2010, several tourists were stranded on a ledge when two flash floods occurred at Upper Antelope Canyon. Some of them were rescued and some had to wait for the flood waters to recede. There were reports that a woman and her nine-year-old son were injured as they were washed away downstream, but no fatalities were reported.



The Butch Cassidy RVPark is located in Salina, UT. It's

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also part of the Equity Properties family as an RPI Member (Resorts Park International). It's not a freebee but it's only a \$10/night which is a cheap stay. It's basically only worth that much as well. It's the 26th., Not much here, just an open dirt campground. We do have 50-Amp service which is nice. Verizon and Wi-Fi are here but marginally. Basically, this RV Park doesn't look like much, offers even less. They have a nice pool table, so we just left to play a game or two, it's a pay to play table. How cheap can you get. Wi-Fi sucks, satellite is about the same but there's plenty of blowing sand, and weeds to go around.



You're right, chickens and a peacock. More to come, hopefully.



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Yes, there's even a duck or two. The duck below is sitting on thirty eggs, wow!



This small petting zoo also has a resident goat.



One looks like parrot the other an owl. But am not sure. Below are just some of the animal pens housing all these animals. Carla busies herself with her word-game and I do a little clean-up on some older blogs. This weekend we will go to Mass on Sunday, Mercy Sunday. Pizza, beer and a movie is still scheduled for the end of the day. Spoke to Dennis today, this morning, and he recommended a movie he watched, ABOUT TIME, and honestly great family film.

The 28th. Mercy Sunday. This would be another new church for us to experience. This church, **St. Elizabeth's**, actually had two addresses and we went to the wrong one first.

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Our GPS did get us to the second address with no difficulty. Utah has a Catholic population of only six-percent. The smaller towns seem to have even fewer Catholics. This is just a Mission Church, and holds about three-hundred parishioners.



This church is in Richfield, UT. Not exactly next door about twenty-miles from where we are staying in, Salina, UT. The views in Utah never ends. Around here mountain scenes can be seen from almost any direction.



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This Mercy Sunday, Carla and I found ourselves in the minority. We were surrounded by a much younger generation and mostly Hispanic. Many bringing their families of three or four kids with them. The young are so hard to find at most Masses, unless we're going at the wrong times. I would not know what I would have done if it were not for the Mass and prayer, especially in my forties. The priest saying the Mass was very partial to both groups. The first reading was in English, I felt good about that. The second reading was in Spanish, so those of us not bilingual followed along in our pew missals or personal missaletteles. Thought for sure English would win out but not so, a Spanish homily was presented only to be repeated in English for us minority individuals in attendance...*Awesome!* The priest went even further by making this a tri-lingual presentation by bringing in Latin for the Kyrie. In general, this was a Mass that will be hard to forget. Our travel schedule has been set and goes to June 26th. The coach, as always, needs a patch or two. So, on the 29th. of May we have an appt. at Big Country RV in Redmond, OR. This should be a quick and inexpensive fix to our coach outlet for our transfer cable.

MAY 2019

2nd Tripping to Green River, UT

It isn't very clear in the picture below, since I'm utilizing the poor-man's telephoto lens by cropping the original picture. This is a "serious" cattle round-up of several hundred head of cattle. The purpose for the picture was the munchkin on the center horse. Boy or girl, I'm not sure I was driving, but he/she could not have been older the ten...pretty awesome way to spend a day and possibly bonding with a parent. We were still passing cattle two miles from here. Sure, beats watching grass grow.

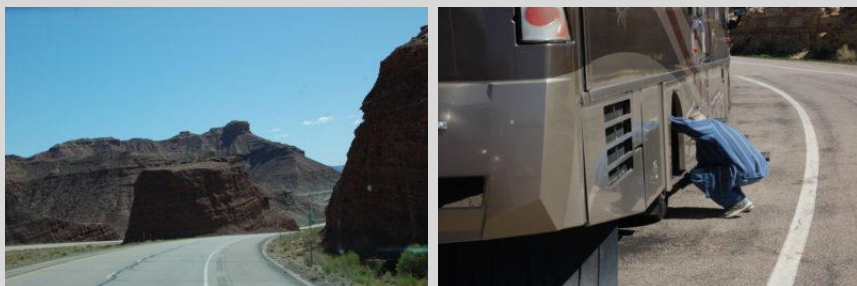


This was on a plaque by, I think, the National Park Service (NPS), posted at the scenic area stop. "Humans have lived among these rocks and cliffs for longer than you can imagine. Archeological investigations conducted as part of the Interstate construction across the Swell during the 1970s and 1980s located over a hundred prehistoric sites.

The sites show that hundreds of generations of Native American peo-

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ples inhabited this rugged land for thousands of years and in all seasons. Archeologists explored sites from the early Archaic Period of hunting and gathering about 9,500 years ago, up to historic ranching sites of the early 20th Century. People survived by hunting and gathering until about the time of Christ., when small-scale agriculture, dependent on corn, beans, and squash, was adopted.



We're at a Rest Area for a few minutes and I had the chilling moment that the coach quietly began rolling down this steep road. Just popping in the tire blocks to assure that "moment" never happens.

Archeological remains of these farmers, whom we call Fremonts, include small settlements of pit dwellings, granaries, outdoor shaded work areas, hearths, storage pits, and trash mounds. the earliest evidence of farming on the Swell dates to about A.D. 500 at the Confluence Site.

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Scenes from the Rest Stop. Above was a father/daughter team viewing also. He was visiting from Tokyo...Awesome! Just checked, coach has not moved!



Remember the name of these guys in the center of the picture? Yes! Hoodoos.



Scenic views like this one above and below appear every couple of miles. Below, I'm sure you're saying, snow again!

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NO! That's salt. I hope to have a separate blog on "salt" soon.



It was a little over two-hours to get here but the scenery was well worth it. We're staying at the **Shady Acres RVP in Green River**. Green River, as far as I'm concerned, is an oxymoron. The river is a muddy brown color.

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3rd Dennis' Birthday and Arches Canyon, .

No! We did not forget. He did receive our presents in time and enjoyed both cake and pie during his special day. For us we got an early start and travelled an hour to experience **Arches Canyon**. We were so impressed by the experience.



By 9:30, after congratulating Dennis, it was off to Arches. The full purpose of the picture below is for the reader to appreciate the awesome height of these mountainous size in relation to the car in the picture as well.



In the picture above is a view of the half-mile roadway to get to the entrance to the park. This is the Park Avenue Trail. As we have seen this year and years past the National

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Park Service does a super job of making so many of these monuments so accessible.



I have over three-hundred pictures of mountainous structures we've experienced on this visit.



Below is our first "arch" structure. (Center of picture).



The forces of erosion are sculpting more than just arches. Balanced Rock clearly shows the various layers responsible for this amazing defiance of gravity.

The caprock of the hard Slick Rock Member of the Entrada Sandstone is perched upon a pedestal of mudstone. This softer Dewey Bridge Member of the Carmel Formation weathers more quickly than the resistant rock above. Eventually, the faster-eroding Dewey Bridge will cause the collapse of Balanced Rock.

Balanced Rock coming up.

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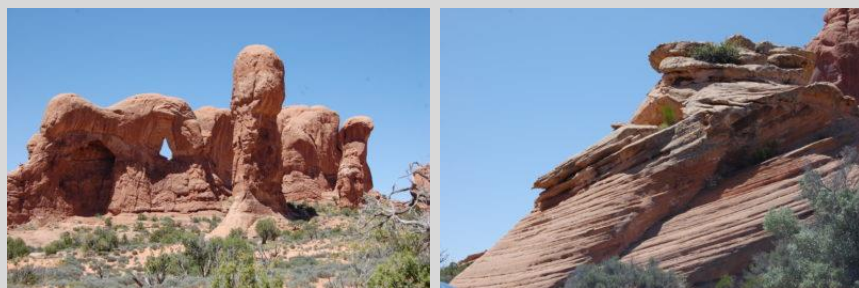
Below another arch, in the center of picture. This blog is basically a pictorial on Arches, so they will get redundant eventually.



Both up and down are more arches. Can you find the arch in the picture below?



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Arches, Arches everywhere. It was a good walk but the sight was well worth it, not to mention the beautiful parkway, thanks to the NPS. Three-hundred-million years ago this area, as well as most of the country, was covered with over ten-thousand feet of water, snow, ice and when it all began to melt, a million years later the friction of the water flowing past the sandstone structures took on very beautiful designs. Over the course of the last three-hundred-million years the deep waters and ice came back many, many times...



Below Delicate Arch coming up...Delicate Arch was just too long a hike so we chose to present a picture in place of the real thing.

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Carved in Entrada Sandstone, this free-standing arch is composed mostly of the Slick Rock Member. The top is a five-foot thick layer of Moab Tongue. A remnant of an ancient fin, the arch today has an opening 45 feet (13.7 meters) high and 33 feet (10 meters) wide.

Water and time have sculpted Delicate Arch, and erosion continues to slowly wear away the features of this mature span. Although it will eventually succumb to the same forces that created it, this majestic arch now stands as an iconic feature of the American West.



Once again, I must rely on the poor-man's telephoto lens, the cropping option. Below, we've reached the end of the Arch parade, at least for us. One more awesome site coming up....



Fiery Furnace coming up! This is going to be a pretty good size walk, only hope the vision is worth it. You noticed the walk begins by negotiating a series of stone steps leading to an original walkway, not the kind the NPS provides.

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Contrary to its name, the Fiery Furnace is not a hot place. Named for the warm glow seen on the rocks in late afternoon, the Fiery Furnace is actually a maze of cool, shady canyons between towering sandstone walls. The chaos of fins, spires and canyons has been called "void, silent and almost uncanny in its solitude."

The tall narrow rock structures are called "fins."

The many vertical rock walls – or fins – you see here and in the Devils Garden are the result of movement, eons ago, far beneath the earth's surface. Over time erosion has been shaping the Fiery Furnace. Rain, snow and ice have deepened and widened the cracks, creating these towering fins.



Devil's Garden coming up next:

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Above is a small section of the Devil's Garden. These are rocks and cliffs that are saturated with iron.

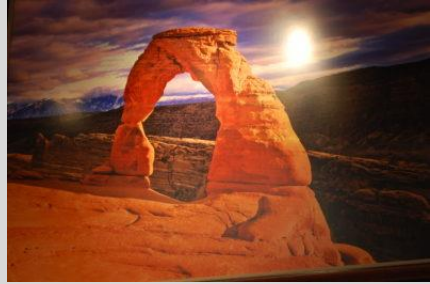


Right now, we're about half way back to our final stop and we have a look at the arrival road.



As always, there's always a gift store. Yes, we made a purchase. Below a Ranger explains to Carla the cause of the heavy coloring in the rock formations.

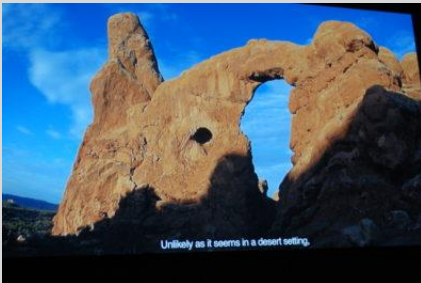
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The next few pictures are from a movie at the Visitor's Center. The arch below was just too long a walk to see in person.



Above is another look of Hoodoos in the Winter time.



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Above and below are from the movie and are Winter scenes. Our visit to the Arches National Park was awesome. Accessibility was another big plus as well, as one who trips over himself walking in a parking lot.

6th Tripping to Mountain Valley Resort

Today, 6th., we arrive at the **Mountain Valley RV Resort** in Heber, UT. This is truly a "Resort." Not too often you can rate a campground at a 10, this is one well qualified to be a 10.

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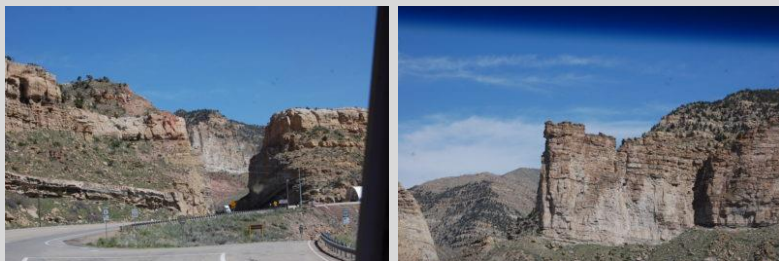


What a beautiful day for taking a trip. The coach is humming away so nicely. We're still plague with a problem with our two slides, but hopefully that will be resolved in a few weeks.

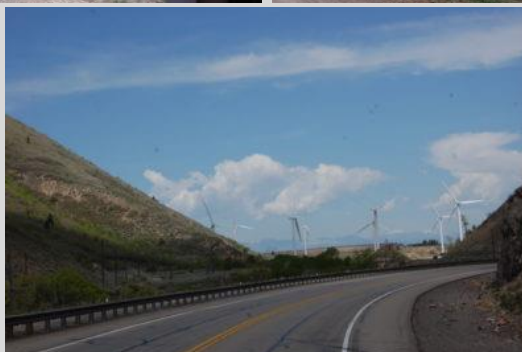
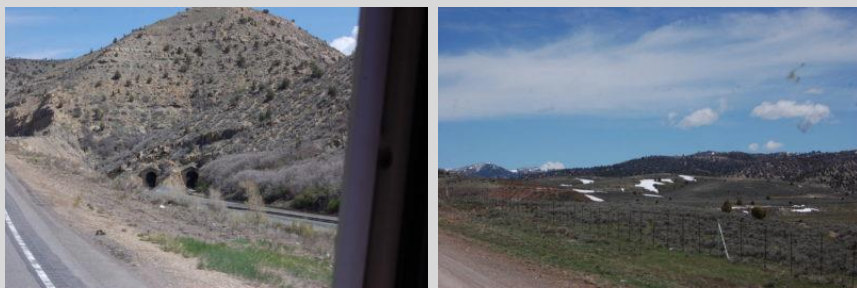


The purpose for this picture is two-fold. One for the beauty of these huge hills and mountains and second for the reader to visualize the height of these structures by viewing the car on the road in the above center portion of the picture, both above and below.

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I cannot imagine the millions of yeas it too to create the rock structure above. Below are twin tunnels for the rail-road to get from one side of the mountain to the other. We will see these tunnels in several locations. In a few pictures you'll see twin tunnels for the cars.



We're currently at the seven-thousand-foot elevation, and therefore we find snow venues. The mountains well covered in snow are at the 12,000-foot elevation. Nice try for the wind-turbines but they're not going around very fast.

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They do come with brakes to prevent them from moving too fast, but the turbines here are barely moving. They're brakes should never wear out at this speed. We're just entering the town of Provo.

7th Bingham Young University

This is also the home of Brigham Young University. We're about thirty-miles from Heber. This is one very awesome town very similar to El Paso, TX. Every franchise is represented here. Heber is not nearly this big, but it is growing fast.



I believe this is the Bingham Young University stadium. Below is the Bald Knoll Mountain range elevation over ten-thousand feet. This mountain range can be seen from everywhere.



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Above is the Bridal Vail Waterfalls just outside of the town of Provo. This is an attraction we would normally take time to visit but now, having seen it from the road, we can just take credit for it. Below are the twin auto-tunnels I mentioned earlier.



I believe this is the Provo Lake Reservoir, a really huge lake.

Today, the 9th., just a little about the Family History Library, Salt Lake City, UT. The Mormon Temple and Genealogy building. We're not Mormon Adventist so we would not be able to experience the Temple, unless we converted. We we're so impressed all the youngsters and young adults who volunteer their time for eighteen months, as required by their faith, to assist the tourist and visitors. We ended up spending over two hours in the Genealogy Building. Neither of our families were in their database, but they are now. The Cathedral of the Madeleine. Prominently standing out at the Cathedral had to be the great Rose Window above the Organ balcony. We stayed in Salt Lake City for almost six hours and felt liked we had walked over six-miles, mostly uphill, hard to believe.

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To find ourselves in this building was the main purpose for the trip. Basically, we came here to uncover some additional information on my father Leo Grenier as it related to his military service. Below is a picture of him in his younger days. Sadly, isn't it, that we finally get the urge to learn more at such a late date. Handsome dude, not sure what happened to me. It did not take long to get hooked.



He looks so much like my brothers Richard and Dennis. Guess I took after my mother's side of the family. This is the only really good younger image of my father I have. Lots of family pictures, but he was almost always on the wrong side of the lens.

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Above this beautiful artwork of Jesus preaching to the multitudes. All the people, both young and old, were so thoughtful, polite and helpful. As part of their religious obligations, they are asked to volunteer eighteen months to the cause of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church. None of them, young or old, hesitate to graciously speak about their religion and its teachings. It's very nice and comforting to see so many so strongly rooted in their religion. I could never be converted, but if I were not committed to Catholicism this might get some attention from me. Below Sister, I forgot her name, begins to help us dig into my father's past, and teach us how to work their program.



We're on the fourth-floor. Each floor is designated for different areas of data search. The floors below us and one above all look like this. Sister leaves us after about 45-

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minutes and a twenty something stepped in to help. He worked feverishly trying to collect the data we were looking for on my father, and finally putting it all together. Data entry should be an exacting field, but don't kid yourself. I'd always seen my father refer to himself as Leo Grenier, when in actuality we discovered that the Canadians have a tendency, at least in the past, to give the name Joseph to all the boys and Mary to the girls. So, his official name, as far as data searching goes turned out to be "Joseph Leo Oscar Grenier." *Who would have known!*



Above, not seen to clearly, are older men in many locations on the floor, unabashedly talking and explaining the Adventist Religion. I could never be converted but I only wish I had the same grasp on my Catholic faith as I see in these individuals. Maybe I'm just not hanging out in the right places.

This 11th. day we find even our Mass routine has been altered. This week, just like last week, we'll be attending Mass on Sunday, tomorrow. Mass time is a generous 11 am. As

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for today we'll do the pizza routine and tomorrow we will prepare for our departure this coming Monday. Our next jump will cover 654-miles and we'll do it with two layovers along the way, the first at a Walmart and the last at a Cracker Barrel. Our final resting spot **will be in Bend, Oregon**. During our stay in Bend, we'll be having the coach's slides looked at on the 29th. We leave Bend on June 5th. Today, May 12th., we attend the 11 am Mass at St. Lawrence CC. This would be another Mission Church. We got a very good start to the day, the 13th., starting at 8:30 for a change. Carla took some very nice pictures along the way.



We did get to the Walmart and had an excellent evening.



We did a drive by on this beautiful lake, man-made as you can see from the man-made dam.

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Awesome road-views never end from our canyon views



Today our snow-covered mountains are slowly getting fewer by the mile.



We enjoyed the shadows made by the clouds over these hills. After 230-miles we finally reach Idaho.

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Arrived in Vale, OR on the 14th, after a very uneventful, almost boring ride here. We were originally going to trip to Nampa, ID but the trip tomorrow would be 300-plus-miles so we opted to extend this trip a little longer. Tomorrow's trip will still be long at 260-miles plus but it's better than what it was going to be. I'm trying to update the blog but the Internet service is really bad for uploading pictures so they will wait till tomorrow.



We thought this was a lake but it's more like a reservoir for this town, a big reservoir. Above right, it's a difficult view but this is hundreds of acres of solar panels.

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Another long day of the road but we did get off before 2 pm. We added about 30-miles to today's trip to reduce the 300-mile trip scheduled for tomorrow. The sign for Oregon (pronounced here as "Or-gan). Below we see how Oregon is reducing eye fatigue by enhancing its bridges and overpasses with a creative look.

Tripping to Bend, OR on this day # 3 the 15th. We were up a little earlier than usual to attack this 260-mile trip to Bend, Oregon. Usually, we're on the road by 9:30, but today, we were on the go at 8:15. We left Vale, ID and had a very non-descript trip to Bend. We viewed a number of murals, all depicting cowboys and Indians. The views from the road on our trip were just short of awesome, far more interesting than yesterday.

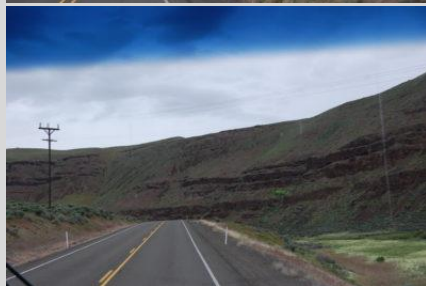
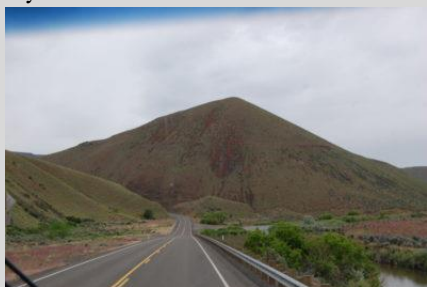


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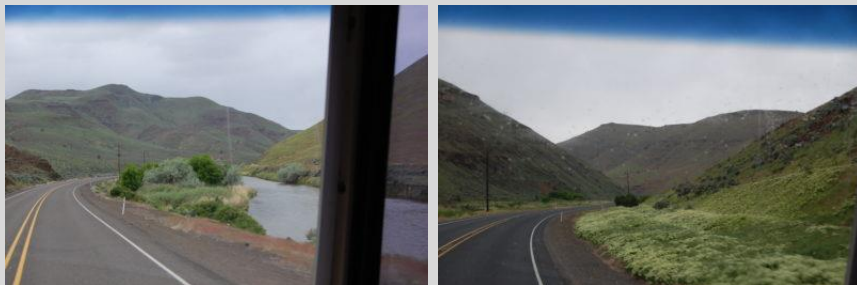
We continue to view so many beautiful lakes. Just past this lake was another solar farm that was so big I could not even guess at the size.



Below are a few images of the many picturesque views from the road. The farms we see here are the industries that this country is so proud of. From the road they look so pristine it almost teases the viewer to be part of this industry.



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If you've noticed from the pictures above and below, there is very little traffic either coming or going. We did the trip on a 2-lane non-divided highway, as seen above.

Carla and I are enjoying our stay in Bend, OR this 17th. of May. The **RVResort is Sunriver RVPark**. Our campsite is nestled tightly in a wooded venue but we have a break in the trees that allows us a satellite line of contact which is deeply appreciated. We have gotten used to having Morning Joe with our breakfast. This morning I was so pleased; a call from my daughter, Cheryl. Had an exceptional talk today. Maybe because I've finally grown up or something, just wish I could go back and rethink some of the decisions I'd made in my early twenties. She and Paul (her husband) are doing well.

On the 18th, we attend-St. Francis of Assisi Church. What a beautiful church. This is actually their third church. The second one is still up and active.

Today, 22nd., I've changed out my eating habits. I will eliminate all the foods I enjoy eating, pepperoni, sausage, bacon and everything else that enhances my meals in hopes this change will remedy many of the problems I've been dealing with the last twelve months. (Looking back, it did not help). The last few days we've spent just trying to keep

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warm. The slides are still retracted, so our living space has been minimized. Hopeful this will be remedied on the 29th when we bring the coach to **Big Country RV** to have them look at it. Tomorrow, Thursday, we hope to **trip to Crater Lake** about a seventy-mile road trip but should be well worth the effort. Reporting on my change in diet so far has been very positive and hopefully will continue to benefit me. Our scheduling; We were able to schedule Mt. Hood. Now we had two days to fill in. The Cracker Barrel there was too small for us and the Walmart did not permit overnight stays so it was off to a campground for two nights. The remedy would be found in **Portland, OR at the Columbia River RVP**. This is a privately owned campground and does not take us out of our way very much. At this point were committed until August 2nd. I'm not sure if I'm that happy with Pacific Time. We've eaten dinner, dishes washed, watched a movie and played three hands of Kings-Corner and it's only 7:30 in the evening. Everyone we know is either in bed or close to it. Guess I'll just wait out the clock.

The high for today, the 23rd., is supposed to be 66 degrees, perfect travelling day. **Crater Lake** is seventy-miles from here but we're told it's worth the trip. As it turned out the trip was actually 120-miles. We began the Crater Lake trek at 9 am this morning and did not get home till after 5 pm. Yesterday was thoroughly exhausting but so enjoyable and today, 24th., we relax and rest up. Temp is around sixty degrees which makes it a perfect day to spend a couple of

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hours washing the coach. It wasn't a perfect wash so tomorrow I'll go out and touch up the spots I missed today and it should look perfect-from a distance.

24th Must view the Lava lands

Observatory, Lava River Caves, Crater Lake, Mount Bachelor and Newbury Lakes. Venues to be experienced. Sunriver is another one of those Equity Lifestyle Properties. One of the big perks of staying here, as you probably know, is that it is a free stay. If we did not belong to this program our stay here, for twenty-one nights, would be close to one-thousand dollars.



This is by every measure a huge RV Park. Our site is at the top of the site map above in I-26.



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As you can see, we are cradled in a bouquet of evergreens. Not sure but they do look as though they reach about sixty feet tall.



What is not seen yet is the river that runs along the parameter of the campground, the Oxbow River. More on this later.



All the roadways connecting the many sections, are all extremely roomy. Enough space to have two coaches pass each other on any connecting road. I will expand on this blog a little later, since we'll be here for 2 more weeks. Below I often mention that this "will be nothing day." This is and Carla enjoying her nothing day. We did Crater Lake yesterday and that went from 9 am to 5 pm and we're a little tired today.

PAUL GRENIER



Looking down the street at from our site. Each site has about a sixteen-foot buffer from the next site...awesome! Yurts can be found just around the corner from us.



Above is a community Meeting Hall very suitable for a large group of people. This venue is also located in the recreational section of the campground-two pools, two hot tubs, tennis and pickleball.



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The porches of the large Meeting Hall room both front and back. Off the back porch has a large fire pit venue.



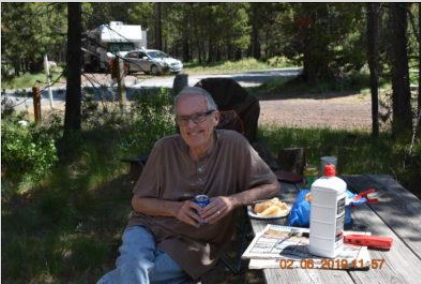
Sitting on the back porch or enjoying the fire ring you can enjoy the views of the Oxbow River. Pictures below are from the new camera. One nice option of the D3500 is the option to have the date and time stamped onto the front of the picture. In some cases, this might be a little distracting but for me it should prove to be very helpful. Below I'm trying to talk Scoots into trying corn.



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And then we have days like this. Not even Scoots wants to do anything. Temperatures is upper seventies. and no humidity. *If only I had a hammock!*



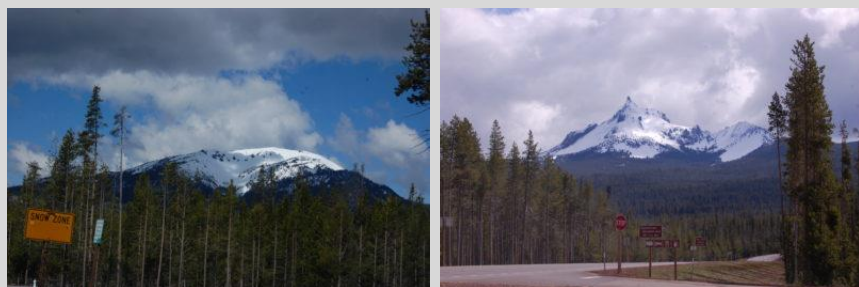
We haven't had a fire for a long time, most campgrounds forbid them, especially in the dry season. This area is anything but dry. Carla likes her flower pictures. Below we're not cooking up much, just a dog on a roll. This weekend we'll be attending a very pretty little church. Much smaller than St Francis of Assisi but much bigger than many of the smaller "Mission Churches" we've attended. We we're lucky enough to attend a service which included a Baptism. Keep

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forgetting how small infants are. After mass it was, as usual, pizza, beer and a movie. I have a short blog on this church, of course. We'll spend tomorrow, the 26th. just getting the blogs caught up and killing more time.

25th Crater Lake was awesome.

Our trip can be organized into three divisions. This is almost June! Tripping to the Lake-Experiencing the lake and the Fossilized Steam venue.



Just one of the many mountain views we experienced on our trip to Crater Lake. This is a picture of Mount Thielsen.

A Cherished History

Crater Lake National Park is a place where you can experience diverse wilderness in a setting of breathtaking beauty. More than 7,000 years ago, a fierce eruption shook the 12,000-foot-tall Mount Mazama, triggering the mountain's collapse. The area's Klamath tribes witnessed the volcano's eruption, and their histories include many stories about how Crater Lake and its features were created.

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If you were standing at this spot 7,700 years ago when Mt. Mazama exploded, you would have been vaporized. A 2000° F fiery avalanche of incandescent rock fragments and gases hit this site at over 200 miles per hour. After the initial blast, a river of pumice ash traveled toward the Rogue River Valley, burying everything in its path.

When the "Dust" Settled

The fallout from Mount Mazama's eruption created some of the world's deepest deposits of pumice soil. Airfall deposits east of Diamond Lake are more than 70 feet deep. Ash-flow rivers of pumice in the Rogue River Valley are up to 300 feet deep. The pumice soil beneath your feet here at Crater Rim Viewpoint is estimated to be 100 feet deep.

Mt. St. Helens
0.1 cubic mi

FROM PUMICE TO PINE

The lodgepole pine (*Pinus contorta*) forests found in south central Oregon are a result of the deep pumice layers deposited by Mount Mazama. These forests flourish on volcanic ash and pumice soils that are well drained, coarse-textured, and receive low summer rainfall during a short growing season.



In the hundreds of years after the eruption, rainfall and snowfall filled the crater and formed the lake. No streams run into or out of the lake – its levels depend entirely on precipitation, evaporation, and seepage. At nearly 2,000 feet, Crater Lake is the deepest lake in the United States. That depth, combined with the water's purity, gives the lake its remarkable deep blue color.

This is now what the top of Mount Mazama looks like today.

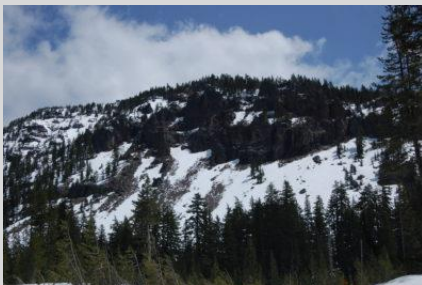
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Above is the Welcoming Sign to Crater Lake National Park. Below is an Information Kiosk and, more importantly, behind it an outhouse. As you can see snow is beginning to show itself on both sides of the road.



The entrance to **Crater Lake National Park**.



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Above and below is the Administration Building. I wonder if they ever call a no-work day because the snow has buried the entrance?



The Visitor Information Center and, of course, Gift Shop. In this building we bought a couple of items and waited patiently for twenty-five minutes for the next showing of a movie on Crater Lake.



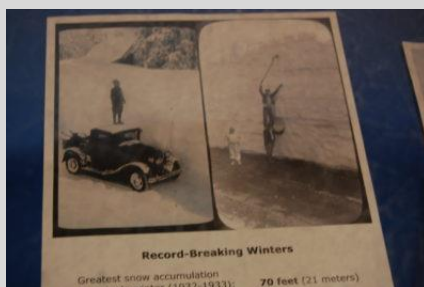
This is what the top of Mount Mazama looks like today. We're now at over 12,000 feet ASL

On May 22, 1902, President Theodore Roosevelt signed the legislation that created the sixth national park in the United States, Crater Lake National Park. When you visit today, you can explore the fascinating volcanic features that date back to the lake's formation.

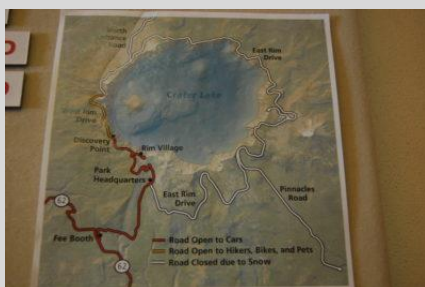
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This text was taken from the Crater Lake Website, courtesy of the National Park Service.

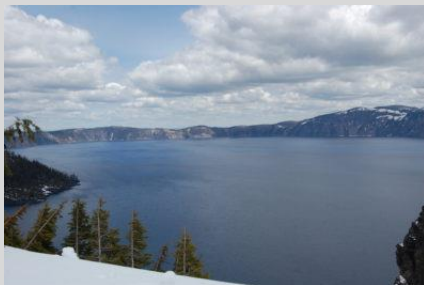
At 1,943 feet (592 meters) deep, Crater Lake is the deepest lake in the United States and 9th deepest in the world. The lake is also one of the cleanest and clearest bodies of water in the world because it is fed only by snow and rain. On sunny days, the lake's great depth and clear water combine to create its famous brilliant blue color.



In the early 1930's the Crater Lake region received over seventy feet of snow. On average it usually gets around forty-four feet of snow.



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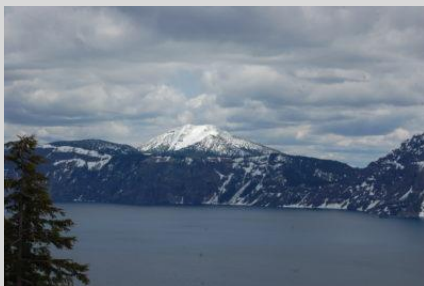
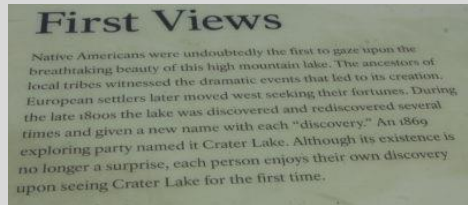
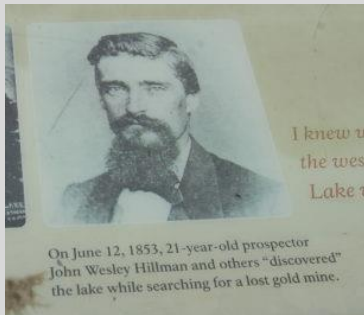


Yup, I dared myself to stand upon a short stone wall to take this picture. To my right and left are signs stating "Stay-back." On the lake side of the stone wall is snow, very slippery snow on a steep hill going into the lake. If you survived you might be in trouble with the law since no one is permitted to take a swim in this lake. Do you really think anyone would be thinking of that as they were sliding down into the lake.



Yes! Here's that wall that no one is supposed to breach.

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In the center is Wizard Island. Elevation of the volcano, yes volcano. is 6940-feet ASL. This is a volcano within a volcano. As you have read the entirety of Crater Lake sits in a volcano. Below is a nothing picture of a car with Massachusetts plates carrying two bikes and a snow shovel, just in case.



Above behind the sign saying "road closed" are some very

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tiny people in relation to the height of the snow bank. Now, we've left the proximity of the Lake and traveled a short distance to the Rim Village Café and Gift Shop. For a change we had a bite to eat this time. Carla enjoyed a bowl of Minestrone soup and I a hot dog. Hindsight being I should have gone with the soup. Below are some of the pictures from this two-story building.



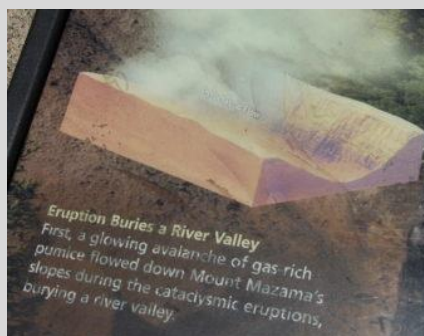
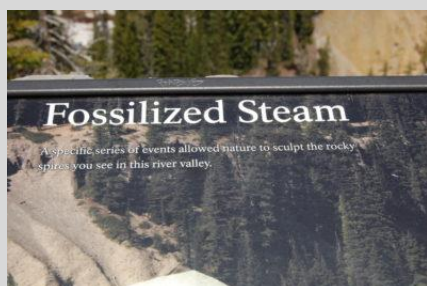
Two ways to look at this! Either Carla is really short or that

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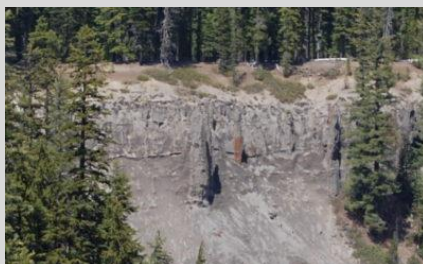
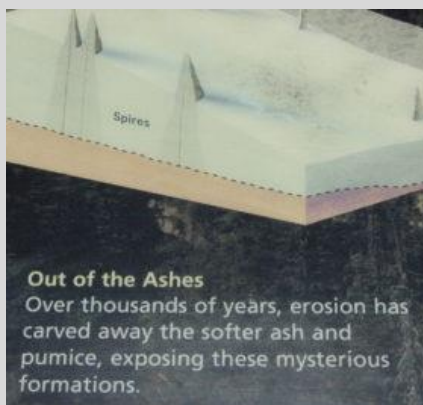
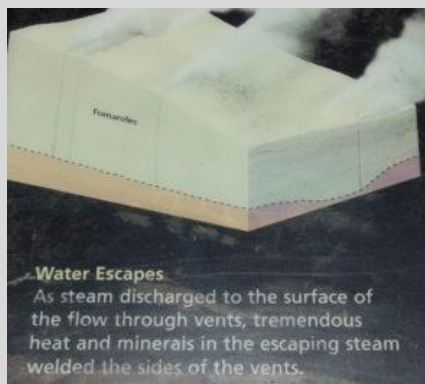
there's a heck of a lot of snow behind her. Below we met an awesome couple Berry and Roberta Mullin. Not full-timers but they do travel in a Vestibule Teardrop Trailer. Below their picture is a picture of the Vestibule Trailer they have.



We're both a little tired and it's about 3 pm, Scoots will be looking for her 5 pm feeding shortly. We were not that far away from the lake when we happened across the Fossilized Steam Venue.



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Who needs a telephoto lens when you can crop! Center of picture above is a thousand-year-old fossilized steam structure.

We continue to bide our time here at Sun River, which is not a hardship this Sunday the 26th. It would have been a tad bit more comfortable if the slides were extended, but that day will come. Hard to believe we'll be leaving in just ten days. An intermediate layover will be on the 29th. of May when we have the coach looked at in Redmond, OR. Once fixed, or at least looked at, we'll come back and officially leave on the 5th. of June for Whaler's rest, a campground we visited last just prior to my brother's stroke. In the interim we continue to battle cool temps in

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the mid-40's to mid-50's and rain. Our family in Florida might be a little envious of the cooler temps.

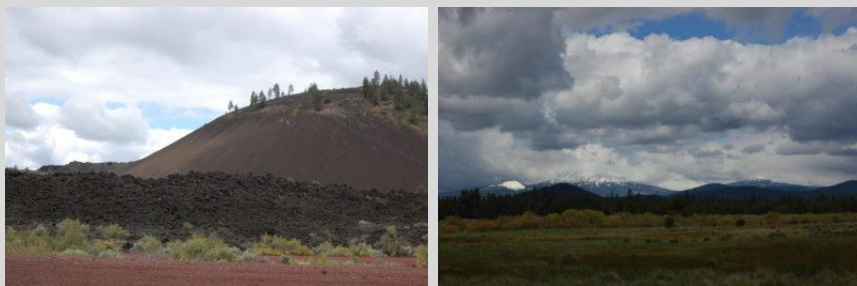
27th The town of Bend, OR

There was no thought of an eventual town or a city at the present Bend locale in those pioneer days. But on a spring day in 1900, there arrived on the present site the covered wagon of Alexander M. Drake, a Midwest capitalist, who heard of irrigation possibilities in the upper Deschutes country.



He founded the Pilot Butte Development Company, and the nucleus of Bend began with the construction of a lodge. Bend became incorporated by a vote of the people in 1904, with officers taking over their duties in January, 1905. A.H. Goodwillie was the first mayor.

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The town of Bend, OR is really not just a town, more like a small city. Not as big as Orlando yet, but more like a Sanford or Melbourne, FL. You can find anything you want in Bend, the bigger cities rarely have more than one of everything. Actually, Bend has four Ace Hardware Stores...Awesome! So, to take pictures of Bend is what you'd find in almost any town so you have to go to the outskirts of this town, namely Sunriver. In this town, just outside of Bend you'll find Lava Land. I believe I read that this county has four-hundred volcanoes of various sizes. Above is one of the bigger ones. I read that this entire county is built over lava rock, hundreds of feet thick.

A Name for the Town Earlier, when Bend's future was still uncertain, there was a controversy over a name for the new hamlet. In the late 1870's, William H. Staats filed a claim on the Deschutes near the "Farewell Bend" Ranch (which had been obtained by John Sisemore from John Todd) and made a rival bid for travelers. Each maintained a stopping place and each for a time had a post office.

Staats platted his town as "Deschutes." Some called the community "Staats." Drake favored the name "Pilot Butte" and a bid was

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made for "Farewell Bend." But officials in the Post Office Department in Washington, DC, decided Farewell Bend was too long and they finally approved the name "Bend." After Bend's incorporation, it gradually absorbed Deschutes.

This is Mount Bachelor (*I hope to have a better picture should it ever stop raining.*). It too is just about ten miles out of Bend also in Sunrise, OR. The official address of the Mountain is in Bend, OR. Just a little info on this awesome mountain. The overall height of the mountain is just over 9,000-feet. The volcano lies at the northern end of the 15-mile-long Mount Bachelor Volcanic Chain, which underwent four major eruptive episodes during the PIE. Era. (PIE, the Paleo Indian Era roughly about ten-thousand -years BC.) So, it's been dormant for quite a while. Being about twenty miles west of Bend gives it its popularity as a major ski slope. It offers over four-thousand acres of skiable terrain. It is also the highest skiable lift at over eight-thousand feet ASL in both Oregon and Washington states. It is also known for its light fluffy dry snow. It has a reputation of being one of the largest ski resorts in the US. It also boasts of its long ski season beginning at Thanksgiving and lasting well into May. Lastly, it's a beautiful, majestic Mountain to just look at and is visible from some of parts of this campground.

Source: All About Bend, Oregon Compiled, edited and published by the League of Women Voters of Bend, Oregon May, 1967

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28th Lava Land

Tuesday, finally no rain, a beautiful day around 65 degrees. We leave the coach about 9:30 and were on our way to Lava Land. It was both educational and informative. Take time to read the blog on Lava Land. We enjoyed a great visit here and got are cardio workout at the same time by walking possibly about 3 miles.



When we arrived and I saw this mound of lava residue, I was awed at the idea of being so close to a volcano. Wrong! This was not a volcano, this was one of over 400 "vents" that were created some 10,000 years ago, more or less by the Newberry Volcano some, believe it or not, twenty-five miles from here. This entire area makes up the Newberry Northwest Rift Zone. This entire area within the 25-mile range of the Newberry Volcano became very active about seven-thousand years ago. Vents were created by this volcano for the purpose of releasing gases, steam and lave from below the earth. This particular vent here in Sunriver, OR is about five-hundred feet in height. When it was first formed it was pointy (a lava dome) but after many active years the top of the vent caved in as you can see in the picture above.

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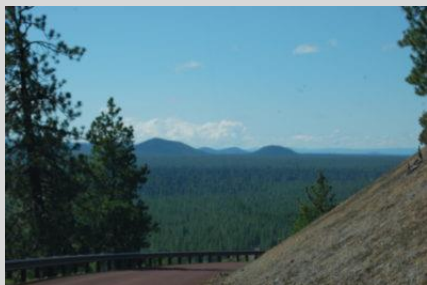
The Newberry Volcano is not actually visible in the picture above but if you can locate the two patches of snow and/ice, in the pictures above Newberry is in the center of these two patches of white. Once again, it's over thirty miles from here. The Newberry Volcano is Oregon's largest volcano and hopefully we'll have close-up pictures of it in a few days when we visit. Back 7000-years ago it's lava flow and vents, as I mentioned earlier, extended as far out as forty miles, possibly as big as the state of Rhode Island, I've read. The creation of Newberry did not happen overnight. Over the course of 400,000-years through many eruptions, it continued growing taller and bigger. Eventually, after the eruptions stopped some 7000-years ago the top of the volcano did collapse within itself forming a "Caldera." This Caldera now covers over seventeen square miles and has two lakes which we hope to visit in the future. These lakes are Paulina Lake and East Lake. Below is a view from the top of this vent mound looking down. All that black stuff is volcanic ash from 7000-years ago.

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Above we decide to set out and walk the rim of the vent depression you saw in picture below. The depression at the top of this butte is 17-square-miles and to walk around it is over a quarter mile in distance. The area is just too vast and big for a regular lens. *Picture above is courtesy of Wikipedia.org.*

This picture is about all you can capture with a 55 mm lens. The cavity in the center drops over 150-feet.



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Above, once again, they are not volcanoes, just buttes or vents courtesy of the Newberry Volcano. For the most part they are all dormant except Newberry. It still exerts vents with steam coming from it and warm water lakes. Below is the view from the road of the volcanic rock/lava from Newberry from 7000-years ago. it looks as pristine as if it were only a few days old.



In the picture above is a topographical rendering in the Visitors Center of Newberry Volcano with its two lakes, Paulina and East Lake. Carla has her finger on the spot that were currently at, Sunriver, some 30-plus-miles away. All the green stuff in this picture is how the lava spread out those 7000 years ago and the area it covered. The thickness of the lava buildup goes from a few dozen feet to more the 500 feet in some locations.

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Winds carried ash from the enormous eruption clouds over Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia, and Alberta. The massive eruption had catastrophic effects on surrounding areas. Forests were incinerated or flattened, and human communities and habitats were destroyed. One to ten feet of pumice and ash buried areas of central Oregon, suffocating plant life and creating a desert landscape.

After thousands of years, the ash has mixed and partially developed into soil. Most soils in central Oregon originated from volcanic ash. Today, plants, animals, and people depend in many ways on the nutrients and minerals supplied by Mazama's ash.



Mazama ash provides an important stratigraphic marker in central Oregon. Two-feet of ash and pumice from the Mazama eruption fell on and around Newberry Volcano. The ash layer is easy to identify. Geologists can determine the age of other deposits by relating them to the Mazama ash deposit. Archaeologists use this marker when dating artifacts. Those recovered below the ash layer provide strong evidence that people inhabited a site before the major eruption 7,700 years ago.

Mazama refers to "Crater Lake" from a previous blog the end of May. To the left is a refresher picture of Crater Lake. Crater Lake is a dormant volcano which is why the water in the lake is a constant 45-degrees.

80,000 YEARS AGO AND 300,000 YEARS AGO

Newberry Volcano has erupted explosively many times, but two of these eruptions stand out among the rest. A major eruption can quickly empty a large magma chamber under a volcano summit, causing the overlying rock to collapse into the void, forming a large depression called a caldera.

About 300,000 years ago, the top of Newberry Volcano sank during a major, violent eruption. This was Newberry's first caldera. Newberry then rebuilt itself with hundreds of lava flows. By 80,000 years ago, another large magma chamber had formed and explosively erupted, causing Newberry's top to sink again. This collapse resulted in the 4.5-mile-diameter caldera we see today.

Ancient Sea

70 MILLION YEARS AGO

Until about 70 million years ago, most of what is now Oregon was covered by warm seas that supported a rich variety of sea life including brachiopods, corals, sponges, and ammonites. On low-lying land, ferns, cycads, ginkgoes, and conifers grew in a warm, temperate climate. Fossils of these and many other plants and animals have been found in the older rocks of Oregon.

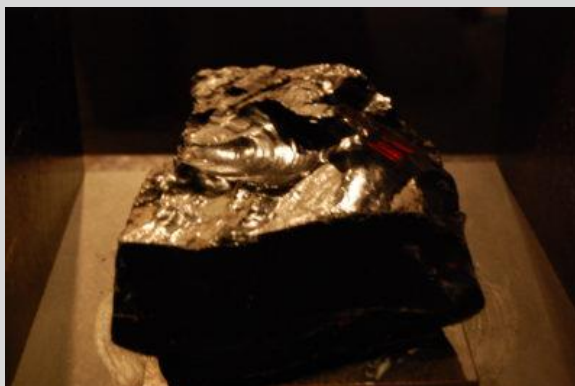
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The battle between fire and ice has been raging for millions of years.

During worldwide Ice Ages, glaciers advanced and retreated in the Cascade Range, while volcanoes erupted, building new mountain peaks. With each advance, glaciers cut deep into the Cascade Mountains leaving canyons and hollowed-out volcanoes such as Broken Top.

Glaciers are massive rivers of solid ice, moving downhill. They represent the largest form of fresh water on Earth and are found on every continent except Australia. As glaciers slide, they polish, scrape, and erode underlying mountain rocks.

Over millions of years, Cascade Mountain glaciers have gradually rubbed down volcanic peaks and slopes. The most recent major advance 22,000 years ago, reached within 7 miles of what is now the city of Bend. Several of Oregon's Cascade volcanoes still support glaciers including Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, Three Fingered Jack, all Three Sisters, and Broken Top.



This is a volcanic rock from this area and the description is below.

Obsidian

Obsidian is a naturally occurring glass formed from rhyodacite lava, rich in silica. The lava is sticky like taffy and cools before its atoms have time to organize into orderly structures typical of crystals. Surgical blades made from obsidian are sharper than those of steel.



Carla is talking to one of the rangers at the Visitors' Center.

28th Lava River Cave

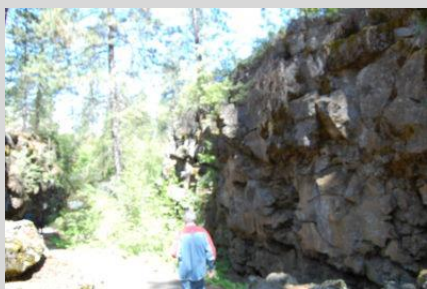
The Lava River Cave is only a few miles from Lava Land.

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We really enjoy caves and caverns and this one should be one-of-kind and it was. I'll have a blog on this as well.



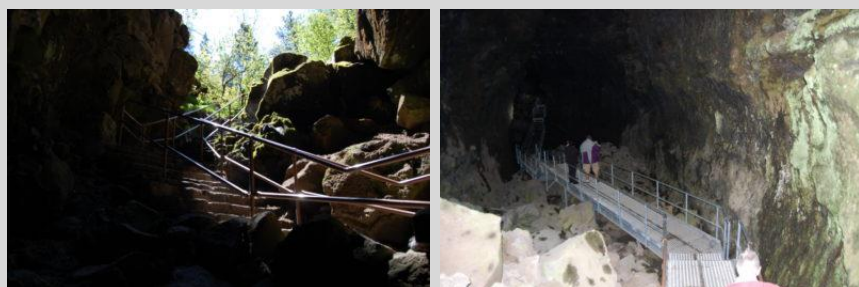
Only a few minutes ago we were at the Lava Lands venue. Now we're going underground; a lava river cave. Above we arrive and we're properly dressed, we thought. Below our next experience always begin with our first steps. We begin by walking down probably fifty to sixty feet to the opening of the cave.



This section leading to the cave entrance was also part of this enclosed cave structure however the upper portion of this section collapsed into itself. This should be an awesome experience. We've been told this cave and former canal is a mile in length. They've told us to allow about two hours for this trip. Below the opening to the river cave. Did

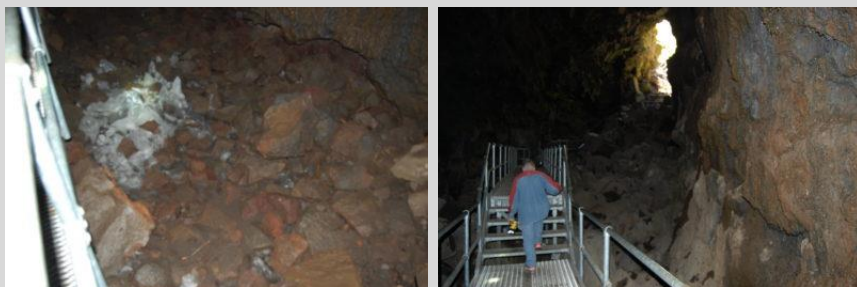
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you know that back one-hundred-thousand years ago, more or less, the lava flowing through this cave would have reached over 2000-degrees F. Ah! The entrance. Yes, we just entered the river cave. To get to the cave bottom we'll have to walk down 150 steps in total then we get to walk the cave. It's getting very cold.



Above is a metal walkway. This made me happy, I'm not very fond of walking over a rocky floor. The metal is ice-cold but the metal path is great. Below that's ice on the rocky floor of the cave. From here we walk cautiously over the rocky floor, yes, the fancy metal walkway left us about one-hundred feet ago and we're left with only a very cold metal rail for safety and balance, but that will soon change. Within a few minutes even this would leave us not to mention it is so dark in here you cannot see your hand even if it was touching your nose, and did I mention, it's freezing.

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Above is what we'll be walking over, the rocky floor of the cave. Ah, you say the metal walkway...NO! Once we passed the ice patch in the last picture, we also lost the assistance of the metal rail. This is now getting seriously dangerous so in the picture above you see us departing this venue. If it looks fairly bright in the picture above it's because of a family of eight each with a light. We did about one-tenth of a mile but not much more, the walking was just too dangerous. Below, just as seeing the entrance in the beginning, seeing the entrance now gave us assurance that we would survive this ordeal. We would not recommend this outing to anyone especially a family with young children. If you should attempt this cave, bring a very BIG and powerful light. One light for two individuals will not cut it. I was extremely disappointed with this experience.



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Time to travel East

29th Smith Rock in Redmond, OR

By 7 am we were on our way to Redmond, OR to have Big Country RV try to fix our slide problem. We arrived at 8 am sharp and dropped off the coach to be fixed. In the interim we took ourselves out to breakfast to the Original Pancake House in Redmond. We both ordered Bacon and Eggs. We were served two scrambled eggs with four slices of "thick bacon." The meals were great.



Now it's off to Smith Rock. The trip was truly inspiring. We got back to Big Country RV around 1 pm and got the news. Slides can be fixed but parts must be ordered. It will take seven days for the parts to come in and they cannot get to the coach until the 13th. of June. We're supposed to leave here on the 5th. of June. Through Thousand Trails we can extend our stay here at Sunriver for 2-weeks, but we only need one week and we took the one week. We will now leave Sun River on the 13th. and have the coach fixed on the 13th. as well. Instead of spending three weeks at

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Whales' Rest in Newport, OR we'll spend fourteen nights there instead. Thousand Trails membership is so awesome!

The park covers over 650-acres and hovers around 3000-feet in elevation. The major rock faces are welded tuff, or compressed volcanic ash formed 30-million years ago. (From Smith Rock Web Site)



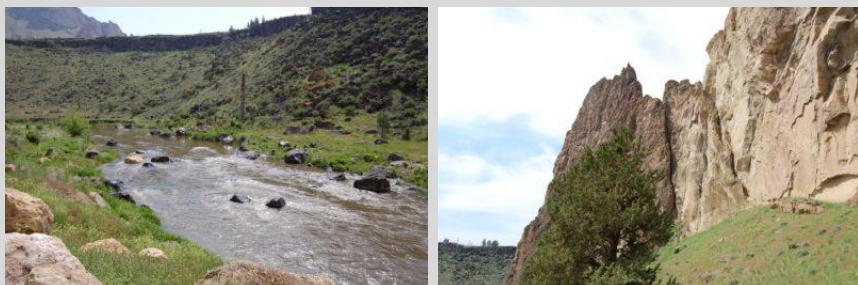
About thirty-million years ago, a volcanic eruption occurred, pouring volcanic ash over hundreds of acres in the area nearly one-half mile deep. Below is the bridge we must cross then decide either to go right or left, we chose right.



After the eruption the sides of the volcano (a caldera) was formed when the debris in the volcano collapsed into the lava chamber. The result of this collapse and the eventual caldera sides turning into rock gives us what we see today.

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Guess you could say this a natural cave or at least a temporary shelter. This shelter borders the Crooked River. We only walk another five-hundred feet then decide to go back.



In time a river was formed called the Crooked River. Just like we've seen at the Grand Canyon, it eventually ate away any and all loose sand and gravel which gives us the six-hundred feet cliffs overlooking the Crooked River.

Up to this point we crossed the bridge and took a right but only went about a quarter mile before we turned back to see what we could, if we went left from the bridge. From here on in we're on the left side of the bridge.



The temps today are great, low seventies, but this dog just had to cool off a bit more. It eventually came back to its

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master. On the left side of bridge looking back.



In the picture above you see the big black line, that's the road where we parked. We had two routes to take to get down to the river bed; the black line or the redline. We chose black to go down. Coming back, we decided on red since it was a much less steep hill than the black route. We must choose one of these two routes for going back- we decided to go to the right.



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Can you find the hiker in the picture above, look just below center and to the left. I tried to crop it but just could not do it, but he is there on the path below the cliff. Below is a crop from the picture above. Once you cross the bridge you can also go straight, instead of following the river. That's the squiggly zig-zag trail going to the cliff. That trail will take you behind the cliff and eventually to the top of the cliff. It is called the "Heart Attack Trail" I believe I was told.



As I mentioned before we walked the left side for about one-thousand feet over to about the left side of the picture, then decided it was time to go home. Back to this picture again. You notice the left side literally goes straight the way we want to go but it's a brutal uphill climb so we'll go to the right.



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The path up is very wide and smooth. the other path was laden with rocks. Below, NO! this is not the top, still another two-hundred feet to go. Just a universal resting spot especially for all those with kids. Another picture of the trail to the right after the bridge. We did walk all the trail you can see and possibly another five-hundred feet beyond still following the Crooked River.

30th. Shopping, Camera and Mueller Report

We had nothing on schedule as must-do items so we did the miscellaneous shopping. The big item I've been struggling with the last three months is my camera the Nikon D40. Back many, many years ago I purchased, what I believe might have been, the last one on the shelf from Amazon, and for my faith in it she's given me so much history to look back on. As you've seen in so many of my pictures a very slight amount of fuzziness. The camera would decide not to take pictures using the auto-focus. Simple enough to turn on the manual-focus, and you see how that went. So, it was off to Best Buy to purchase a new D3500 Nikon and hope we can get sixty-thousand pictures from this camera as we did the old. Next just a couple of small purchases

then off to Barnes and Noble to purchase the Mueller Report. This is our government and we paid thirty-five-million dollars for this investigation. Although tonight I've heard that the government has probably garnished almost twice that much from two or three of the Trump Associates as they pled guilty and went off to jail so the Mueller Investigation actually made money for the government. It's up to every American to pick up a copy of this report and read it for themselves.

"The Motorhome lifestyle is where you spend a small fortune, to live like a homeless person."

PAUL GRENIER

Updated 2019 JOURNALS

Jan. 14th Lake City, FL - Overnight (147m)
Jan. 15th Crestview, FL Overnight (169m)
Jan. 16th Robertsedale, AL - Wilderness RVP (RPI) x 2n (165m)
Jan. 18th Lafayette, LA Overnight (122m)
Jan. 19th Lake Charles, LA Overnight (172m)
Jan. 20th Willis, TX at Lake Conroe (TT) RVP x 12 nights (188m)
Feb. 1st Seguin, TX -Overnight (156m)
Feb. 2nd Lakehills, TX at Medina Lake RVR (TT) x13n (182m)
Feb. 15th Fort Stockton, TX overnight (300m) W/M
Feb. 16th El Paso, TX - overnight(224m) C/B.
Feb. 17th Deming, NM overnight (122m) W/M
Feb. 18th Benson, AZ at Valley Vista RVR(T3) x13 nights(73m)
March 3rd Phoenix, AZ overnight (.)
March 4th Cottonwood, AZ at Verde Valley RVP (TT) x14n
March 18th Grand Canyon Village at GC Campground for 4 nights
March 22nd Las Vegas at Las Vegas TT Campground for 14 nights
April 5th St. George, Utah (119m) x13 nights (119m)
April 19th Kanab, UT at Crazy Horse RVP (80m)x7 nights (80m)
April 26th Salina, UT at RPI RVP(163m) x7 nights (163m)
May 2nd Moab, UT at KOA Campground (159m)x4 nights (159m)
May 6th Heber, UT Mountain Valley RVR (2 overnights) x7n 234m
May 16th Bend, OR (2 Overnights (654m)(x7n)
June 13th Whaler's Rest in Newport, OR.
June 26th Pacific City, OR @ Cloverdale RVP (T3 x14n)
July 16th Portland, OR @ Columbia River RVP (PPx2n)
July 18th Welch's, OR @ Mt Hood (T3 x12n)
Aug. 7th Butte, MT
Aug 10th Billings, MT
Aug.12th Wyoming somewhere find RVP
Aug 14th Rapid City, SD
Aug 29th Forest City, IA

JUNE 2019

1st. Mass, Pizza, beer and hopefully a good movie. So far, we've enjoyed 26 unique locations from Florida to Oregon. In addition to that we've experienced 64 venues not including the states and cities they are in. Our traveling has been awesome. We've enjoyed three full seasons and are now experiencing the fourth and possibly the hottest. Today, Sunday, we don't have the opportunity these days to have a fire in the fire ring due to the campgrounds being so dry. Today would be different. It began with just enjoying this great day then I decided to join others in the area and light up the fire ring. We've been carrying around logs from a long time ago and they're getting to be in the way so burning them up seems like the right thing to do. We ended the day with a Scrabble game and tonight it will be shrimp. Tomorrow will be a special day, at least just for me. It was a year ago that I finished my chemo and radiation. I cannot say that this trip through time was exactly pleasant, but with Carla's patience, help from those dang fluid pills and carefully constructed schedules we did get through it. I'm not home free yet, each day, one-way or the other, offers challenges, but it's getting better. Not taking these little fluid pills so I have about 200 left over, maybe someone in Iowa will take them off my hands. We still must visit the local Observatory possibly tomorrow.

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5th. This day began cool and got slightly cooler. A few days ago, we dropped by the observatory and were greatly impressed. We will go back to the **Oregon Observatory** this evening, and it will be cold. The temp will not go above 55 degrees. Tomorrow we will be celebrating another birthday.

6th Oregon Observatory



This small building was not what I was expecting. I thought we'd have to drive up to the top of a mountain then look into a many ton telescope, but no, not here. It's personal. Workers and volunteers abound everywhere. Below, a view of the sun in mid-day, is exactly what you see in the "white telescope" you see a couple of pictures down.

The following text is from the Oregon Observatory Website. The Oregon Observatory. Billions and billions of sights to see. When our roofs disappear, we have the largest collection of telescopes for public viewing in the United States. Feast your eyes on faraway galaxies.

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Brian, seen above talking to Carla, and an older gentleman Bill were so helpful in tutoring us on the use of their telescopes.

Witness a meteor shower. Get a glimpse of globular clusters, nebulae and deep space binary stars, as well as our closest star, the Sun. There's no better place than the Oregon Observatory at Sunriver.

The white telescope below is not outrageously expensive; around a couple of thousand dollars and the computer that locates the individual stars will cost you about six-hundred dollars.

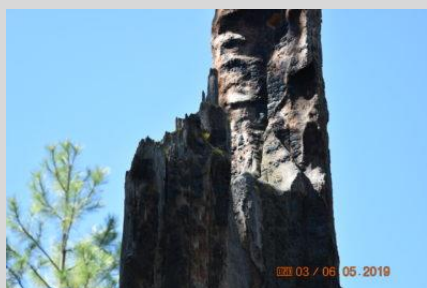


All these telescopes plus another dozen in the back of the building are in use on Wednesday and Saturday evening for as many as two-hundred to as many as four-hundred guests

PAUL GRENIER

to use. We visited during the day and returned in the evening to experience the telescopes. The roof on the building actually slides to the back exposing all these scopes to the open skies. If it wasn't for the extreme cooler temperatures, around 55, it would have been a perfect day.

Sunriver's elevation, pitch-dark surroundings, and crystal-clear air make it perfect for stargazing. At the Oregon Observatory, you won't be lining up just for one quick peek. We have many of our telescopes set up for your enjoyment, from Tele Vue refractors to our 30-inch Newtonian. So, if you really want to see the sights of Bend and Central Oregon, then we want to see you at the Oregon Observatory. Astronomy and rocketry conveniently located in Oregon's most popular destination resort, adjacent to the Sunriver Nature Center.



Above is the dead trunk of a "dead tree," but it's only dead if it does not contribute to the environment. The, so-called dead tree trunk is called a "snag." Wood-peckers and a variety of other birds will adopt this tree for their sustenance. They will knock themselves out pecking away on the wood and even find foods in the form of bugs and insects to eat. In other words, it's either this tree trunk or the wood siding of your home.

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All of this made possible by our supporters and friends. All telescopes, equipment and buildings made possible by generous donations. (The italics texts is courtesy of the Oregon Observatory Web Site.)



The amphitheater above is used to instruct audiences of all ages on the many constellations of our universe.

6th. Thank goodness my birthday only comes around once a year. I heard from so many of the Ozdarski family and got a text or two from my kids. The height of the day would be the excellent dinner Carla created. To say the least it was an Iowa feast.



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Earlier in the day we were greeted by these two inhabitants of the surrounding woods. Very few can boast of enjoying scenes like this. Stuff, as I've mentioned in the past, is not part of our lives. But there's no reason why we can't enjoy an afternoon together, read a funny card or two and definitely enjoy an unusual meal. Even if I had to cook it myself these two Rib-Eye Steaks were going to make both of us very happy.



I call this an Iowa meal from years past. We have very close friends in Iowa, they're really like family, and this is the way they eat more often than I could ever imagine. Steak, fries and great corn, from I don't know where, rounded off this beautiful day.

7th Yellowstone Valley Inn RVPark

We were getting itchy feet and needed to get out and get a little more use from the new camera, so we took a couple of pictures. The Rodeo and the Paulina Lakes are still on the to-do list. Tomorrow, Friday, we'll take a walk around the campground.

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The roadways here are, unfortunately, laden with crushed stone that looks like it gets replenished often unlike the roadways in front of the individual sites. The sites are left with dusty gravel.



9th. What a beautiful day. Temps around 80 degrees. I only hope I can sort out the important and entertaining pictures on the **Sisters Rodeo experience**. Strangely it was exactly three-years ago to the weekend that we attended our first rodeo, the Cody Rodeo in Wyoming.

*The italicized text is from the Sisters Website
What a beautiful day. Temps around 80 degrees. I only hope I can
sort out the important and entertaining pictures on the Rodeo experi-
ence. Strangely it was exactly three-years ago to the weekend that we
attended our first rodeo, the Cody Rodeo in Wyoming.*

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Announcers: Curt Robinson & Wayne Brooks

Bullfighters: Danny Newman, Ryan Manning & Logan Blasdell

Rodeo Clown: J.J. Harrison

Specialty Act: One-Armed Bandit

A rodeo is about fun, as it should be. Excitement and, of course, the kids make it perfect.



Many attending were father/daughter and father/son days together. The Darlings of the Rodeo opened the event.

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In the era when life still moved slowly enough for daydreams, and neighbors visited each other on front porches, cowboys competed in the first Sisters Rodeo. These cowboys, both amateurs and professionals, wore cloth squares hand painted with numbers pinned to their backs and waited for their events. Because the small-town rodeo offered purses of \$500, equal to Pendleton and Cheyenne, the cowboys tagged Sisters Rodeo "The Biggest Little Show in the World." The year was 1940. Local couples had pooled \$10,000 to produce the rodeo east of town on land next to the site that became Sisters Airport. Two years later, they purchased land on the west end of town and held rodeos there for the next thirty-four years.

Except for the announcer and the stock suppliers, the rodeo was an all-volunteer production, a tradition that has not changed.

The afternoon began with the "cowboy having to saddle a Wild Horse." None of the cowboys made it. Final score Horse 1 cowboys 0.

The Hitchcock Mill, north of Sisters, donated timber that was milled by rodeo volunteers and used to build the arena and a few stands. Ellis Edgington's Buckaroo Breakfast was initiated, with pan-fried

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bread and wild buffalo meat. Twelve years later, wild buffalo herds were so diminished that this part of the tradition ended in 1953.

The rodeo attracted the best in the business from the beginning. Mel Lambert, one of the first inductees in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, announced at Sisters for nine years. World Champion cowboys competed every year, and the rodeo's reputation grew. The stock came from local ranches, the McCoin Ranch in Terrebonne and Henry Durfee's cattle ranch in Redmond.



And once again, it's about the kids. Here they participate in a dance routine with the Rodeo Clowns.

Rodeo Queens in the first years were chosen from a selected group of princesses who competed for the prize by selling raffle tickets for a steer. The young woman who sold the most tickets was declared the queen. Mary Saxon of Terrebonne held that first title. Over many years and a few hazardous escapes of steers, this selection evolved to a competition of horsemanship, speaking ability and presentation. From 1956 through 1960, Sisters Rodeo was an amateur event sponsored by Veterans of Foreign Wars. Their profit built a small theater in the night-life-starved town, but dwindling interest in amateur rodeo led the

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VFW to step aside after five years. It appeared that Sisters Rodeo had sent its last cowboy out of the bucking chute.



A legendary pick-up rider and competitor, Pat Fisk, produced the rodeo at a loss the next year because he “hated to see the rodeo die.”

Salvation came in the form of Mert Hunking, a cowboy “born with rodeo in his blood.” Hunking and a one-year partner ramrodded the rodeo in 1962. Then the Hunkings produced the show on their own: Mert as arena director and organizer, and his wife, Martha, in charge of tickets, concessions and the Buckaroo Breakfast.

In 1963, the rodeo reorganized with Hunking, Clifford Ray, Fred Ferrian and Homer Shaw as the officers of the new association. The stock was supplied by Son Bain of Redmond and Christianson Brothers Rodeo Stock Company. With this quality of rodeo stock, the best of national rodeo cowboys made Sisters part of their circuit to compete with local amateur cowboys.

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In Pink, one of the contesters. His uncle, upper pic. in sunglasses, attends for his father.

Hunking, Richard Rollins and Jerry Kosh formed Sombrero Stock Company in 1971, which supplied consistently fine rodeo stock until 1988, setting a pattern of excellence which fans came to expect.

Still, the rodeo had problems, especially with new government regulations. Outhouses were in need of replacement. The fire marshal wanted overhead sprinklers installed. The weather was always unpredictable, often reducing spectator numbers. The inventive rodeo board responded to the challenges as well as they could: they brought hundreds of feet of hoses from their homes for fire safety, revamped the outhouses and even had to pump the grounds through the night to continue rodeo the next day after a flood in one of those year.



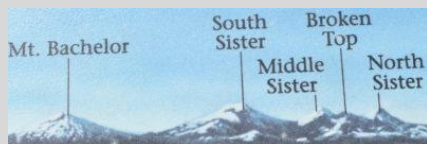
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The dude in the red shirt in both pictures is unique; he's called a One-Armed Bandit. He was once in the Rodeo but now trains horses, even with only one arm.

By the mid-1970's, the obstacles seemed too great and the income too low. The rodeo grounds were sold, yet; local citizens did not want to see their rodeo disappear. They held a meeting for "anybody who has a horse or interest in the rodeo," resulting in another reorganization with Homer Shaw as president. In 1977, the rodeo was held on Hunking land east of town (behind the elementary school) with borrowed bleachers and temporary fences. For the next two years, it was on the Topping Ranch on Harrington Loop (west of the current site). The structures (fences and bleachers) continued to be borrowed or rented and were hauled by members from as far away as the Willamette Valley, only to be returned after that year's rodeo. The events included, bull and bronco riding, calf roping, bulldogging, wild cow milking and wild horse races. Tomorrow we will experience Mount Newberry.

10th. Mount Newberry is about thirty-miles down the road. I thought it would be a one-topic venue but discovered that we enjoyed the Paulina Lakes, the East Lake, Paulina Falls and finally Obsidian Peak. **Now for Paulina Lake.**

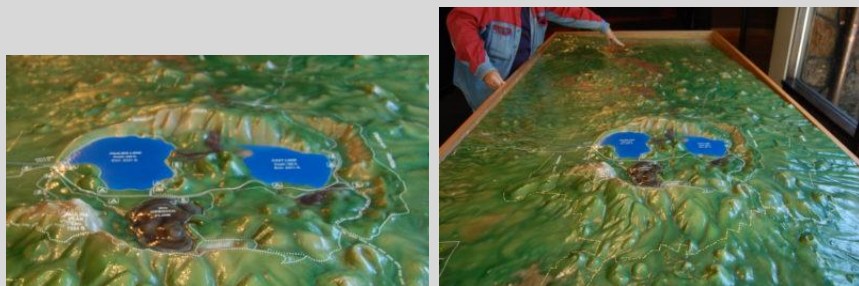
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Once again, we see the specter of this mountain range. This time were at a roadside viewing point. For the first time we

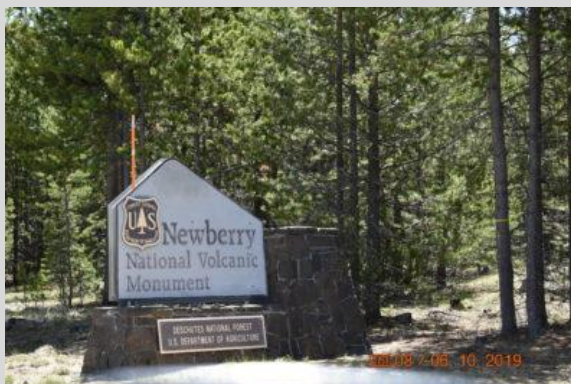
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also have the names of these mountains. The Sister Mountains, back in the 1800's were once known as Faith, Hope and Charity. Bachelor, extreme left, appears to tower over the others, but in actuality it's only just over nine-thousand feet. Two of the sister's mountains are over eleven thousand feet. The area on the topographical rendering is about the size of Rhode Island. This entire area was covered with lava rock from twelve to five-hundred feet deep.

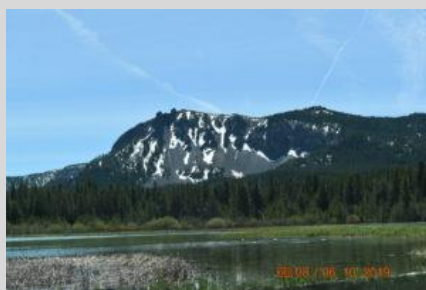


In the center of the picture above is the result of the mountain blowing its top. Center of picture is Mount Newberry. When the incident happened, it spread lava all over up to thirty miles away. Where Carla's finger is, at the top of the picture is Sunriver, the town we are camping in. Once again, Center picture are those two blue areas. Right now, we're visiting the pool of water on the left, Paulina Lake. Below are pictures of this area. Above is a blow-up of the top of Mount Newberry. It took thousands of years but after the initial blow-up the insides of the volcano actually fell into itself. This formed a "Caldera." This is very similar to what happened to the Volcano involved with Crater Lake. In the case of Newberry, we got two lakes, one a little higher than the other.

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The mountains above have no relation to what were to see today. Mount Newberry is our challenge for today. It was back about 30,000-years ago that Newberry began to grow. And grow it did, reaching over 12,000-feet at one time. Then around 10,000-years ago, as one youngster put it, it blew its top.



Above is Obsidian Peak. You cannot drive to the top but there is a trail you can hike to it. Below is the Paulina Lake Lodge, closed at this time.

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Below another picture of the Lodge and above you find a Telephone Booth. When did you ever see one of these.



Now we're off to **experience East Lake**, the blue body of water in the picture at the top of the blog.



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Now were off to **Obsidian Rock:**



This is a special type of lava flow. Below the path isn't great but I have a feeling it won't last.

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This is a section of the flow. The depth here is about 200-feet. (Below) This is what I was afraid of. Not only is it very rough and laden with outcroppings of rocks, it's going up, I mean very high up.



Need I say we're still going up and I see no smooth super highway ahead. Below is a BIG example of Obsidian Rock. This type of rock, if you look closely is almost "glass-like." In fact, it is glass. Commercial glass is 99.7% pure silica (sand). The rock in the picture below is 77% silica but still qualifies it as being glass.

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I'm tired and ready to leave but we have one more stop. Above we saw a picture of Obsidian Rock. Below is a picture of the mountain we were walking around and it is a solid piece of Obsidian Rock about thirty-thousand years old. **Now off to Paulina Falls.**



We decided to put off viewing the lower point of the Paulina Falls until just before we leave. Here goes the National Park Service enticing us with this wide flat walk-way, I wonder what really lies ahead.

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A tremendous, destructive flood once gnawed its way down Paulina Creek. Geologists speculate that about 2000 years ago Paulina Falls was 200 feet down-stream. Not very far except moving those tons and tons of solid rock—probably took just a few hours.

Right now water tumbles over the falls at 20 cu ft/sec (0.57 cu m/sec) But water flow rocketed to 10,000 cu ft/sec (280 cu m/sec) during the flood. That's 500 times more water and enough power to erode solid rock, snap trees off their roots and toss elephant-sized boulders miles downstream.

The walkway did not disappoint, it actually got better and above is what we saw all the way up to the falls. Yes, I said UP! Below are the falls and it was well worth the uphill climb.

Will Paulina Falls wear out?
Probably not. This volcano erupts about every one thousand years. Depending upon the size and location of the next eruption—we'll just have to wait until the smoke clears to see if Paulina Falls endures.

08 / 06 / 10

Will Paulina Falls wear out?
Probably not. This volcano erupts about every one thousand years. Depending upon the size and location of the next eruption—we'll just have to wait until the smoke clears to see if Paulina Falls endures.

08 / 06 / 2010

Remember what a Caldera is? This is when a volcano goes dormant and in ten or twenty thousand years the sides of the top of the volcano slowly begin to fall into itself forming a "bowl" or in the official language a "Caldera." Remember this is the volcano that spilled lava over an area of Oregon the size of Rhode Island.

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Some of the beautiful natural views in this National Park.



Now we're working are way down from the falls to view them from below, like they'll look that much more different.

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Above we're looking DOWN the rough rocky barely visible trail and stopped to decide will it really be worth traversing this path. Below we decide not to pursue the journey and take everybody's word on the fact that it's a beautiful site. We're older, NOT OLD, and we know it. No need to take chances, we do enough of that on a regular basis. Ah! the parking lot. I could go for a beer. A very nice day for sure.

11th. I should not even bother. It's been almost a week without rain and all the roadways are as dry as can be. First, I washed the car and by the time I finished washing the coach the car had a least one layer of dusty sand over it already; just can't win. Watched a terrible movie last night about a couple that decided to go camping in the deep woods for a long weekend. It was based on a true story which made it so difficult. Two went into the woods but only one came out. Tomorrow will be our last full day at Sunriver RVP. This is the first time in several years that we've stayed 28-days at one campground. To say the least it was very relaxing. Sewer and 50-amp would have made it perfect but in this lifestyle, you take what comes your way, and make it work for you. I met the folks next door to us, forgot their names, however. Not full-timers yet but very

close to making the jump I feel. I'm the first to admit that this is a lifestyle in which some days are tougher than others but the rewards are well worth the inconveniences.

13th Coach goes to Big Country RV for fix.

Today will be a day from H--L. Like every morning we got up with a very positive attitude. Today will be part one of a 2-part trip to Newport. We have reservations in Albany but getting to Albany, OR is a whole other story.

The coach needs to be serviced. Several weeks ago, we were here and our problem was diagnosed. The needed solenoids and Winnebago Relay board were ordered and delivered as promised. Today was the first day Big Country RV had an opening and Kim slid us into the 8 am time slot. We were told to expect they repair to take five-hours but Randy, our technician for the repair, had the job completed by around noon. On top of that he had heard us tell Kim that we were told to check the hydraulic fluid at least once a month. He took it on his own to do a very specific check to see, if indeed, we had leaks and he determined we did not. What's more important here is the time he spent with me on one occasion and both of us after the repair was completed to explain to us the mechanisms and how they worked and why our slides were not working properly. He went into detail to explain to us that the Hydraulic Fluid is under an extreme amount of pressure and if there were any leaks, they would be very noticeable; he could not find any leaks to speak of. We were all set to take the keys and leave the premises when I asked him if he had a chance to take care of the window stripping? He immediately went back to check the work order. This was a last-minute item that I've

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been unable to fix and not really that important but he insisted that it would only take a few minutes and he would take care of it while we paid and double checked the operation of the newly fixed slides. The slides operated so nicely and quietly and we went outside to tell Randy how pleased we were on the job he completed. At the same time, he had taken care of the rubber window stripping. What we did not realize was that not only was the right-side stripping loose but the left side was also beginning to break away from the groove it rested in, he fixed that as well. We truly appreciated his taking that initiative.

It was a very pleasant experience. We've had work done by so many so called "top of the field" RV service departments and have been disappointed many of them. Big Country RV did not disappoint and made me wish I were living in the area so they could watch over our coach all the time, but were not that lucky. It is nice to know where coach owners can bring their coaches, our home in our case, and know someone reliable would be there when we call in, like Kim, and know that that person also has the wisdom to designate the right person to first diagnose the problem properly and then to assign the right person, Randy this time, to be knowledgeable enough to fix the problem the first time.

Our thanks to the management and especially the staff of Big Country RV in Redmond, OR.

Paul and Carla Grenier

PAUL GRENIER

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Unlike most RV Parks we stay at, this one is special It's one of the select few with paved roadways. In fact, each site has a concrete pad. It does not get much better than this. For us this will be only a sleep-over on our way to Newport, OR.



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It's nice to think of possibly taking on this park as our home site but I'm pretty sure we could not afford one of these pads as our "home site," but the area is very addictive.



This is a true pull-through. We never bothered to detach the tow-car.



We actually arrived at Whaler's Rest, here yesterday, the 14th. It was a very short uneventful ride of less than one-hundred miles. Nothing any bigger than a two-lane undivided highway and, at times, a country road. This is a pretty good size campground, not so much as number of sites but how big it is. The big attraction here is across the street; the Pacific Ocean. You can see it in the picture below. Below is

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also the town of Newport. It's a typical small coastal town, like Mystic or New London, CT.



Without any exaggeration the one question we are always asked is; which state or location would be your favorite? The simple answer is -there are so many. I do have to admit that Newport, OR is at the top of my list, to say the least.

Another look at the ocean. We're just now crossing over the bridge that will bring us into Newport. As a person who still has a love for boating this marina is awesome. Below, once again, crossing the bridge.



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This is another Thousand Trails RV Campground and it's a first come- first serve basis as far as choosing a site.

They've gotten very organized. Our primary objective is Wi-Fi and Satellite for Dish, we got both. They actually gave us a print-out of each site designating which had line of sight satellite with either carry-out or roof-mount availability; awesome! Why can't they all offer that convenience. The last time we were here Wi-Fi was a zero except for directly inside the camp buildings. Verizon, on the other hand, does not exist here, at least not at this time. No phone service at all. If you catch a break, it's very broken up and not worth the effort. Today the 15th. and yes, Father's Day, and I won't go any further on that. We were getting antsy and needed some exercise so I suggested taking a walk to the ocean. It's not far, about a half mile, half of it on a small windy trail to the ocean, but we did it.



Today is very cool and breezy around 53 degrees, unlike Boca at 85, and Greenfield, MA t 64. The wind is very strong but it does feel good. Once again, unlike New London, CT you just don't get that strong mist of "salt-air," I miss that sensation. We hung out at the ocean for about

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twenty minutes and decided we'd had enough so it's time to go back to the camp.



Above is the camp game-rooms. Today, being Father's Day, all the dads were being treated to a free hot dog. It's free so we stayed and each had a dog. Just prior to the dog we chose a DVD for this evening viewing, since we have no Verizon connection, and chose Skyscraper. Haven't seen it before, most likely a B movie. About half way home I noticed I had my camera and soda but no DVD. Went back and looked around. I distinctly remember putting it on the table when we ate, but got the table mixed up with the table we went to, to get our dogs. Must give RVers a little credit. Thirty minutes after leaving it on the wrong table, it was still there, and Carla retrieved it, Thank-You Lord!

13th Thursday-Traveling to Albany, OR

We were comfortably cruising through the countryside admiring the beauty and size of the evergreens banking each side of this road.

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Then out of no-where came the Detroit River, if I recall correctly. We are traveling through the town of Detroit, OR. Now it's a serious babbling brook.



And before we realized it, the babbling brook turned into the Detroit Reservoir. It's kept in check with a dam in the foreground.



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A few miles down the road we continue to enjoy the Detroit River. In the picture below the river, once again, is kept under control by another man-made dam.



14th. Last night was so relaxing. We had the full coach. Our slides are operating just as they should be. Carla actually mentioned, a couple of times, "this place feels like a dance floor." For almost eight-weeks we've been living in the coach with the slides retracted. The space was very limited

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but did not affect us even an iota. Today it still feels like we have much too much room. **Our trip to Albany** took us about two-hours and was delightful. The campground last night was strictly 5-star. **Blue Ox in Albany** will be a campground we will remember for when that time comes for us to hang up our keys. Mass at Sacred Heart Church at 5 pm followed, of course, with pizza, beer and the movie Skyscraper. The movie was as good as the pizza and beer.

16th South Beach

South Beach is just down the road a few miles heading towards Newport. This is one of those pictorial blogs. It's a beach. We came, we saw and it was very windy and chilly.



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It was so windy and chilly that we left after a very short visit. **16th**. Never happened before but this year Cheryl called on my birthday and Mike texted me. And today Father's Day Cheryl texted and got a call from Mike.

A little later in the day we were traveling to the town of Newport and decided to visit South Beach recreational area. This area has some beautiful beach front locations. Finished the day with an awesome dinner of Tilapia, fresh corn, potato and the movie 13-Hours based on the Benghazi attack in 2012. After washing the dishes ere washed I tried calling Dennis to no avail, his message still remains full. I am behind on three blogs and hope to get caught up this week, but it's easier said than done.

21st Newport OR



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Newport is the largest city on the Central Oregon Coast with its remarkable history and rich cultural heritage.



Newport was originally inhabited by the Yacona Indians who had lived in the region for at least three thousand years before the arrival of the first Euro-American settlers. During the establishment of the Siletz Reservation in 1855, Yacona Indians were relocated.



Many of these pictures have been posted to give Abby some additional food for thought.

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This Historic Downtown is so comfortable. For me it takes first place for us to settle down to when the time comes for us getting off the road.

The 19th-century is a period when people who migrated from the different parts of the world discovered that Newport was a great destination for their businesses and prosperity.



The picture upper right is about a slightly curved piece of glass with a slit in the upper portion to insert a picture for viewing. Does anyone print out pictures anymore? Maybe that's why these have been discounted 50% from \$60 to around \$30 each.

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This is a resident kitten that's a rescue cat. It took a lot for me to not bring it home with us. Although I don't think the person holding the kitten would let it go.

In 1852, the schooner Juliet was stranded by storms on the Central Oregon Coast. Its captain and crew explored the bay and river and discovered oyster beds in Yaquina Bay. This great discovery and demand for oysters brought entrepreneurs and new settlers to the region. In 1863, two oyster companies were opened.



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Above left are a string of glass blowing kilns. They hold classes for those who might want to learn the trade.

In 1866, a former soldier, Sam Case built the first hotel in Newport at the northwest of the Yaquina Bay to help accommodate the greater number of tourists. The building was named Ocean House after one of the best hotels in Newport in Rhode Island.

(The bold and italics' text has been taken from: PDX History-The Oregon Encyclopedia)



Had a chance to speak to the fisherman on this boat. Turns out the only reason the fishes is to keep his cat fed every day. He was fishing with no bait, and surprisingly, before we left him, he had caught a baby salmon.

If someone were to ask me about my goals for the few years I have left, I would answer- Joining this man as he fishes each day for his cats.

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Sam Case continued with his mission of building houses and cottages. Later, on July 1868, he established the first post office where he became the first Newport postmaster. In 1868, the town was named Newport after a town in Rhode Island.



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The picture below right of the bridge leading into the historic district was, once again, for Abby to appreciate. Her art is centered around geometric shapes and patterns and I thought she'd get something from it.



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The person in the picture lower right is weaving scarfs. She was nice enough to spend time with me explaining that she took a ten-week course in college to learn how to do this trade with many types of materials. Carla then came along and she had questions for her as well. So talented. These scarfs sell for sixty dollars each. Below left is a picture for the MacDougall's our extended family. It's a trade he's been very involved with for several years now.



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More pictures and items for 's's sale. I would bet Abby and Michael would fit in just fine in Newport.



The pictures below are those taken on our way into Newport.



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Upper right; Carla is starting to get pretty corky on her picture taking abilities.



22nd. I've been doing this journal since 2014 and you would think I would have it down pat by now, but I continue to learn. We were told by our Iowa family that they could not leave a comment. Could not figure out why no one left comments. So, I did a blog on "Comments."

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23rd South Beach Market

Sundays 23rd. are very much like Saturdays. The script has been reenacted on so many Sundays in our past, very much like many other families. A little shopping at Walmart then munching our way through the day with a nice but simple dinner to end the evening. Today was very much like all the Sundays of our past with a little twist at the end of the day. As I've mentioned a few times the last couple of weeks, we're not exactly in the heart of Newport. In Newport is where you can easily find Wi-Fi and, most of all, cell phone availability. No, we're about eight miles south of Newport over where many of the well know beaches can be found, like South Beach and Nye Beach. Today, however, we're facing a count-down to Wednesday morning when we will depart this area and go to Pacific City. We've mentioned in the past we adhere, as much as possible, to a very simple and inexpensive lifestyle, but occasionally you have to do something different. On each trip into town, we travel past the South Beach Fish Market, I actually thought the name of the place was the Crab House but that's not what the outdoor billboards say. So today we decided to experience this roadside fish eatery. There are people waiting to enter all day long, so after a couple of games of Kings Corner we left the coach around 4 pm to go eat. We no sooner got to the Ocean Highway didn't the car begin to handle funny; something was wrong. I got out and sure enough we had another flat. This was the second flat in two weeks. My brother Dennis, as he does each year, renews his and our membership to AAA. We hadn't had the last flat fixed so

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now we had to rely on the donut tire. AAA estimated a one-hour wait and as promised he arrived in one hour. He had us up and going in twenty minutes. The next stop would be the Fish Market. This is one of those eateries visible to everyone but whose reputation is best known to only the locals. It's not very impressive, but what a menu. All the fish is fresh. Halibut, Shrimp, Chinook King Salmon, Prawns, Scallops, Tuna and Wild Fish, served in so many combinations you must allow an extra twenty minutes time to study the menu. Carla enjoyed Halibut and Scallops, which I helped her eat and I partook of Calamari and Onion Rings. Our meals were awesome. Thirty minutes later we were slowly driving our crippled car back to the campground. Needless to say, tires will be our primary objective tomorrow morning especially since we're leaving on Wednesday.

21st. Well, hopefully we've lifted ourselves out of the flat-tire syndrome. We took ourselves to **Ocean Tire**, as recommended by our AAA guy, we asked for four Michelin tires for the HHR. We were told he could order them and have them come in the day we leave the area. He reminded us that they are very expensive. He had a recommendation and we listened. We ended up with four tires with sixty-thousand miles possible life-span. The price was much better than Michelins. The best part of the situation was yet to happen. The HHR has been pulling to the left for some time, so I assumed alignment, right! That's what I thought. When we asked for an alignment, he told us it would be a waste of money because the tire-rim on the right-side rear

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tire had sustained very slight dent and was not perfectly round and for that reason it would not allow a good alignment process. We asked him to use this rim for our spare and put the four new tires on the other rims. I was concerned that the damage to the rim would cause early wear to the tire on that rim, and he agreed. What I did not expect was that we had absolutely no pulling to the left as before and the car was driving in a perfectly straight line on its own. The damaged rim now sitting in the trunk must have been causing the car to feel as though it was out of alignment for months now. It was then back to the coach and enjoy the rest of our day. Only one more full day before we leave Newport but I am seriously in love with the area. I'm certain that we'll be back again.

28th. Today we had to touch base with several people to secure future travels and, more importantly, to call one of Dennis' insurance companies and received nothing but good news. If I took myself to the West side of the Clubhouse, overlooking the ocean, I did connect with some Verizon Cell service. This was so convenient. In the past we were taking ourselves to the edge of town, about a 20-minute ride, to obtain cell service. 29th. Today we'll be doing things a little differently. Pizza will be at noon. We'll be meeting up with Sharon and Dick Totino after Mass at the Clubhouse. The campground says that "cowboy Buck" will be entertaining us; I can hardly wait. I've been surprised at times in the past. Sometimes the local talent is pretty good.

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30th. Well, we got here, Pacific Coast RVP, on the 26th, how time flies, feels like thirty days. We continue to enjoy the amenities of the campground; limited cell service, no Wi-Fi, precarious satellite reception, 30-amp power which is not that inconvenient except when cooking and more importantly no sewer service, at least not at the site. Other than all that, life is great. Just sounding off. All these inconveniences we've weathered at other parks, except not all at once. We'll talk again, in July.

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JULY 2019

1st. We continue to enjoy the company of Dick and Sharon Totino whenever we drop into the Welcome Center. They've been here six-months, working as Membership specialists for Thousand Trails, and are hankering to get back on the road. They leave on the 15th and we leave the 16th. They, like us, will be heading East, like can you really can't go any further West when you're in Pacific City, OR. We'll be heading to Colorado then nudging South to Texas for the Winter months. It's our genuine hope we'll cross paths in the future. Really nice folks.

2nd. The beach here, across the street, is called **McPhillip's Beach**. The walk to the beach is a long one from our site. Going to the beach is basically a downhill walk, I only dread the walk back. We do make it both ways. Hopefully I'll have a short blog on this someday when we get to civilization. 3rd. Well, we're not actually sitting still and gathering dust, but not doing much more. A couple of nights ago we were both meeting with campers in the park. Carla was talking to a gal, Erin, while I was speaking to an older couple staying right in our area. Eventually the older couple left, and I rejoined Carla. She, Erin, and her husband Nate were in between homes and she was about to accept a job in Sacramento, CA. They have a son Colton about 11 years old. They are the Tobias family. We met up with them this morning luckily, since they were packing up to leave the park today. Their next stop will be at Thousand Trails in Canada. The park continues to be a challenge. If there was

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a way to fenagle it, I'd be thinking of leaving this park also.
On a personal note,

I also honor, this day, the 3rd, the anniversary of my mom's passing.

I know the importance of this great day, it's the 4th of July eve. It's also the fourth anniversary of my mom's passing. After four years it should only be a foot note in this journal, but I haven't gotten there yet. As everyone knows only one person can be the driver of a car and there's only one captain of a ship, in my mother's case the responsibilities of her care and well-being fell on the shoulders of my brother Dennis. I know that Carla and I could have stopped gallivanting around the country and tried to help him and her but that would have been too many cooks in the kitchen. Dennis was the person, due to his proximity to where they both lived, to devote himself to her care, along with her caregivers. For that I will always be most appreciative for.

On a relevant note, I still wish to have had another hour with her, and for that matter, my father as well. Another hour to share tea and toast in the morning or just a chat on the porch. An hour to thank them and, most importantly, apologize for my shortcomings and ask for forgiveness. But as life would have it, we always feel there'll be time the next time I visit. Why this train of thought; just a word to any of my readers to take time, once or twice a year, and touch base with someone close to you. Don't let time rob you of the luxury of mending a fence or two. It doesn't have to be a parent, per se. We all have someone we've let slip through the cracks, someone we used to be close to and even someone you might have had a difference of opinion with. Don't procrastinate, pick up the phone, or better still, pick up a pen

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and touch base the old-fashioned way; snail mail, and for heaven's sake, don't e-mail or text. If this personal dissertation reaches only one person to re-connect with someone in their past, then this posting has served its purpose. Mom and Dad, I Love you!

We celebrated the special day, the 4th of July, with a delicious steak dinner cook on a new fire-ring provided to us, upon our request. Hopefully, someday, I'll have a short blog on this day. Tomorrow, we get to enjoy the local **Campground Dog Parade**, can hardly wait. This is just how restless I'm feeling. As usual it's Mass, pizza and beer, but earlier today we attended the campground dog parade. We only saw the dog gathering and that's about it. We took ourselves to the Visitor's Center and picked up a few DVDs and spent some time with Dick and Sharon. We also decided to walk to the Campground Lodge. It's a big and very nice-looking edifice. Hopefully I'll have a picture or two of it in the Pacific City RVP blog. This would be a half-mile walk, all uphill, not to mention several dozen steps to reach the upper level to gain cell-phone access.

8th Tillamook Creamery in Tillamook, OR



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This is the **Tillamook Creamery**. It is located in, where else but, Tillamook, OR. Every year this museum/creamery is viewed by over 1.3-million people.



Everyone touring this complex will go home with a great admiration on the Tillamook attitude towards farming and cattle in particular. For us city folks we'll learn how intense caring for cattle is on a daily basis. I lost the picture I had of a mechanical scratching wheel designed for the pleasure of the cattle they care for.

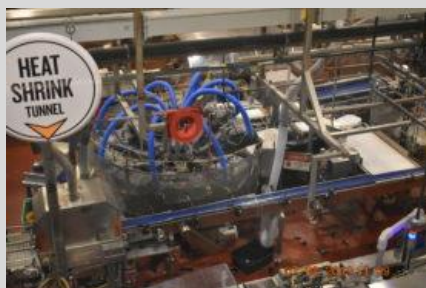


As you walk through this self-guided tour you will be taught the process of making cheese. This learning process is presented in pictures, kiosks and videos.

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In our travels what we see, more than anything else, are farms. We both have a great deal of admiration for all those farmers who take so much pride in the areas where their cattle feed and live each day. Sadly, so many times we see cattle meandering around in twelve inches of mud. It probably makes no difference in the milk they produce but, in all fairness, with all the land most cattle farmers have, they should have more consideration for their animals.



The Tillamook Factory produces more than 170,000 pounds of cheese each day. It also produces and makes available over one-million pounds of cheese to be sold to the public each week.

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Above is the Octopus. Tillamook cheese is aged in forty-pound-cubes for periods of 60-days to, as many as, five-years. Up to fifty-million pounds of cheese is stored and aged at this location on average. Above is the tasting bar. Several flavors and types of Tillamook Cheese are available for consumer consumption in hopes you'll not go home empty handed. At every venue you'll almost always find an eatery and a gift shop. This eatery is huge offering items from burgers to ice cream to its guests. Our trip here was very exciting and educational. If you're in the area take time to visit this location. You're right! Unless you're a local you're saying, what's a Tillamook? Tillamook is a good size TOWN about twenty-five miles from here. It is famous for its cheese and dairy facility. There's much to say about this facility so I will designate it to a blog in the next couple of weeks. We got back home around 4 pm, put away the groceries and just veg'd out. Tomorrow 11th., we suffer through another day of rain.

12th Cape Kiwanda or Haystack Rock



This is the **beach in Pacific City**. It's known as Cape Kiwanda.



What the beach is really known for is the rock that sits within site of the beach area. This looks like just another rock sitting in the water but this rock is over one mile off the coast. On top of that it's well over three-hundred feet in height. This is a view of this beach town from the road approaching the beach. So much like Cape Cod.

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Above, thanks to cropping, is a sand surfer. this is a very big mound of sand and must be steep enough to use it as a surfing venue. Below is a boat. More specifically it's a "Dory." The Dory is configured in such a way to make it conducive to putting out to sea.



We're in Pacific City, OR. The biggest store in town was Chester's, about the size of a Walgreen Drug Store. I'm not knocking it. With what they're charging the Chester's are doing quite well. Corn at Walmart 5-for \$2,00. Chester's was having a special, 80-cents an ear down this week from \$1.25 an ear last week. Doesn't that inspire you to buy a 5-acre mini-farm and supply Chester's every week! Below are pictures of the Pacific City Beach Area.

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The following text comes from the church bulletin. It's a religious thing well worth reading, but has nothing to do with this venue.

Bear with me as I, once again, climb into my digital pulpit;

The Brown Scapular: *(The following text taken from the Carmelite Web Site and the Sunday Bulletin of St. Joseph's Church on Cloverdale, OR.) One day, a long time ago, walking the streets of Rome, three outstanding men of God bumped into one another. Friar Dominic of Guzman was recruiting members for the Order of Preachers, later known as the "Dominicans," which he had founded. Brother Francis of Assisi, the Poverello, had just brought together some men to serve what he called Lady Poverty. The third, Friar Angel, had come from Mount Carmel in Palestine, and was called to Rome because he was a great preacher. Illuminated by the Holy Spirit, the three recognized one another, and during the conversation made many prophesies. Saint Angel, for example, predicted God*

would give Saint Francis the stigmata, And Saint Dominic prophesied, “One day, Brother Angel, the Blessed Mother will give your Carmelite Order a devotion that will be known as the Brown Scapular, and to my Order of Preachers a devotion that will be called the Rosary. And one day she will save the world through the Rosary and the Scapular.” On the spot where that meeting took place, a chapel was built which exist in Rome to this day. In addition to the special grace of eternal salvation, connected with the Scapular, Our Lady gave another, which became known as the Sabbatine Privilege. The following century, on March 3, 1322 she appeared to Pope John XXII, communicating to those who wear her scapular, “As a tender mother, I will descend into Purgatory on the Saturday after their death and will deliver them and bring them to the holy mountain, into the happy sojourn of life everlasting.” What are, then the specific promises of Our Lady?

1. *Whoever dies clothed with the Scapular, will not suffer the fire of Hell. What did Our Lady mean with these words? First, on making this promise, Mary does not mean that a person who dies in mortal sin will be saved. Death in mortal sin and condemnation are the same thing. Mary’s promise undoubtedly translates into these words, “Whoever dies clothed in this scapular will not die in mortal sin. “To make that clear, the Church often adds the word “piously” to the pledge, “he who dies piously will not suffer the fire of Hell.”*
- *Our Lady will free from Purgatory the person wearing her scapular on the first Saturday after his or her death. Although this privileges often interpreted literally, that is, the*

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person will be freed from Purgatory on the first Saturday after his or her death, "everything that the Church has officially stated on several occasions to explain these words, is that those who fulfill the conditions of the Sabbatine Privilege, through the intercession of Our Lady, will be freed from Purgatory shortly after death, and especially on Saturday. The Blessed Virgin assigned certain conditions which must be fulfilled:

- *Wear the Brown Scapular continuously.*
- *Observe chastity according to one's state in life (married/ single).*
- *Recite daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin (STILL WORKING ON THIS)*

or observe the feasts of the Church together with abstaining from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays

or with permission of a priest, substitute some other good work.

OR With permission of a priest, say five decades of Our Lady's Most Holy Rosary"

14th Anniversary Dinner 29 Years



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Yes, I remembered! Unlike those that are encased in a stick and stone building, we cannot indulge in frivolous, but relevant, gifts. We settle for a better than average dinner and the, all important, anniversary cards. We decided to try the Riverhouse Diner in Pacific City. You must remember Pacific City is a village, actually a fishing village. We both indulged in a Calamari meal in an excellent sauce. Carla had a pannacotta desert and I played it safe with a Cheesecake dish. The restaurant was small, but once again Pacific City is small.



I counted tables and chairs and could only come up with seating for twenty-four, but that's alright, I like small. In this picture what you see is about half the dining room. From the exterior it isn't that impressive but the food was very good. The calamari were just a little on the salty side but good nonetheless.

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This is the river it borders. Throughout the meal we saw this young family kayaking up and down in front of the restaurant, very relaxing.

16th Travel to Portland, OR

Wow! to quote that famous movie line; "We're Back!" It's been three arduous weeks hibernating in Pacific City.



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We endured no Verizon phone service, no Wi-Fi, no sewer and no in-house bathroom conveniences for our last three days. The bathroom thing arose from the limitations on our black-water holding tank. When full, or almost full, you must forgo using it. It's usually good for 5-6-days and it did last 5-days then we were delegated to the campground facilities. It wasn't a big hardship since the facilities were about a one-minute walk from the coach, but it did rain a lot and then there's always those 3 am emergencies, but we survived. Our newest rant is an old one; our driver's-side slide-out. It's acting up a bit. It does work properly. It's just that the bottom of the slide, on one occasion, dislodged mostly because of the terrible campground roads at Pacific City, so I didn't want to chance an incident on our travel to Portland. Just a quick picture on this beautiful city of tall glistening building and multi-level over-passes.



I almost forgot to mention Scooty's new-found friend. We've seen this fella several times, it suffers from a very damaged ear. Scoots never gave it a name, but since we had

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a bunch of left-over cat food that Scoots refused to eat, so we fed it to, let's call him "Peter." Peter ate a full-bowel within ten minutes. So, we put out a much fuller bowl and when we woke the next morning, our travel-day, it was just about cleaned up. Before we left, we put out another bowl and can only hope the future inhabitants of this site will take pity on him as well. How did the saying go; "feed the hungry and less fortunate." *The author probably didn't have Peter in mind, but it worked for us.* Tomorrow will trip to:

19th Mt. Hood Village RVP, Portland, OR.



19th. In the above picture is typical of the last few miles of our drive here from Portland, OR. Once we left Portland it was one small town and another, mostly on 4-lane divided highways. Navigating small towns in a big bus does not make for a relaxing day but we made it without a scratch. I definitely have nothing to complain about concerning this campground. The trip was only around fifty miles but we ended up taking almost two-hours to get here. They call it a village, rightfully so. This is also a Thousand Trails Encore Property; which means it's a free stay. Our site is embedded in trees so tall they're almost immeasurable. Just to recap Thousand Trails (TT). By joining TT, you are a member in Equity LifeStyle Properties, offering all forms of camping, vacation get-aways and rentals overseas. This campground is the best we've seen from TT. There are nicer properties but we enjoy the more rustic, back to nature venues.

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This is our site and yes, the coach is back there in the shadows. We also have a corner lot which means we possess real-estate. Even on the driver's side of the coach we have and almost unobstructed view. This campground, unlike the Pacific City Encore, looks like heaven. In this Village we have Wi-Fi, Verizon cell service, sewer, no satellite but we do have cable TV; Awesome! Everything you hoped Pacific would offer but did not get. Nothing much planned for today. Shortly after breakfast we began a walk to discover the Salmon River, adjacent to the park. Then try to find our way back from the river and finally relax at the coach.



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And now we have dinner on our picnic table and cook a steak on the fire. We Topped the evening off watching a documentary on understanding the Mueller Report. 20th. St. Michaels Catholic Church. This was such a pleasant experience. Fr. Greg gave such a great sermon you could ask for. 21st. Sunday-River Walk and Fire

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Nothing much planned for today. Shortly after breakfast we began a walk to discover the Salmon River, adjacent to the park. Then try to find our way back from the river relax at the coach, have dinner on our picnic table and cook a steak on the fire. We Topped the evening off watching a documentary on understanding the Mueller Report.

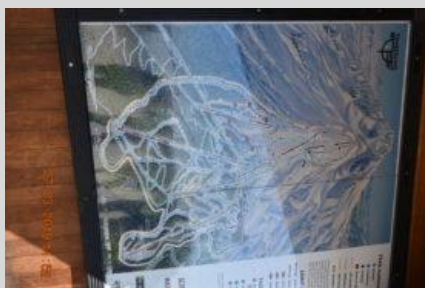
23rd Tuesday-Mt. Hood

We awoke to a grey and very overcast morning. Having nothing else to do we decided to make the best of the day and check out **Mount Hood**; Excellent idea. The Mount Hood Ski Resort is called Timberline. Its elevation is at 8000-feet ASL whereas the mountain itself is at 11,235-feet ASL. It is categorized as a stratovolcano; in other words, it's not a solid rock or a big pile of dirt. It's formed through layers of ash and lava.



This picture of Carla and old Smokey was taken at the Zig Zag Ranger station, right Zig Zag, I don't know why. As we were traveling to Mount Hood, there it was, in the middle of the road.

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Mount Hood is a potentially "Active" volcano. It has erupted only three times in the last 1800 years and the chances of a substantial eruption in the next thirty years is negligible, but not ruled out. For all purposes it is considered to be potentially dormant. The last eruption took place about 200 years ago. Above is a picture of just a small portion of the parking for this lodge. To the right is a picture of the many ski slopes the mountain offers. Timberline is the only lodge that offers "year-round" skiing in America. The highest and longest ski trail would start at the 8000-foot elevation.



Indoor pictures of the lodge. Not shown in the pictures are hundreds of really healthy skiers both young and older carrying skis, sleds and snow boards. It's enough for me to feel even older than I am.

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Timberline is populated with apartments and condos all over the grounds. It's a playground for the rich. As we were checking out our purchases a group of youngsters were paying cash for their items and they had more hundreds and fifties in their wallets than I could count.



From this elevation you can see forever almost. We missed the first set of waterfalls but caught the second group. Below are just a couple of shots of how beautiful this area is.

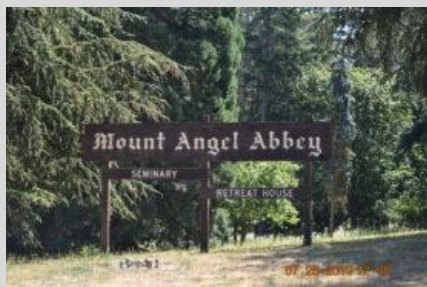
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Not sure when we'll be back, but for sure we will return for a longer stay next time.

24th. As many Americans we got up a 5:15 am to experience the Mueller explanations on the Mueller Report. Mr. Mueller, like many of us over seventy, aren't as sharp as we were just ten years ago. It might not have been as exhilarating we were hoping for but, more importantly, was his message. Trump and many of his family have a hard time with the truth. The Nixon days are back again. Tomorrow, about an hour's drive from here is Mount Angel Abbey Seminary for the Benedictine monks. We enjoyed viewing the grounds and their chapel. To top off the day we visited their "Tap Room." The snack we ordered was delicious and their home-made beer was delightful.

25th Mount Angel Abbey



Thursday-We're off today to experience Mount Angel Abbey. The property that it sits on is mostly a butte. As we have discussed in the past; a butte is a hill, both small and tall, made up of dirt, stone and in this area, a combination of volcanic ash and/or magma from thousands of years ago. We begin our tour at the first building on the property, the Press. It is here that the monks legally print documents or reprint books or booklets of interest to the seminary. Below Carla is asking the best way to view all the buildings. to the right is a shot of inside the Press Building.



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In the pictures above are two dormitory buildings. There is an option to attend, for a while, either on or off campus. The grounds look awesome, almost as perfect as you would see at Disney, it's probably through the assistance of the seminary students, the beer they brew and sell, the Coffee House of course and the tuition they charge to attend the seminary. Annual tuition, including room and board, runs a little over \$36,000 per year. So, a four-year stay could be as high as \$150,000. That's much cheaper than going to Pharmacy School. At Mass. College of Pharmacy tuition, without room and board, is running over \$50,000/year.



Below are two more dorm buildings.

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Above left, I believe, is the Chapel, on the left and school building on the right. Our next stop for those buildings we can enter is the College Museum. If this is all we saw it would have been well worth the one-hour ride here. Below right is a replica of the "Crown of Thorns" that Jesus had to endure. I said replica. The Crucifixion was over 2000-years ago but the bramble bushes having these thorns thrive in the area of Mount Golgotha in Jerusalem, where Our Lord was crucified.



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Above left, once again, the museum. to the right is the Seminary Chapel. The architecture of the chapel is Romanesque. Below right is the chapel organ. It's a Martin Ott Pipe Organ in the choir loft featuring 2478-pipes. Below left is the entrance to the chapel.



In the foreground just to the left of the altar is another smaller organ. Also noteworthy is the seating configuration

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in the church. Very similar to what you might find in many of the English Churches and especially Cathedrals. I believe these are Choir Pews. Above right is the seminary library; awesome in size and décor. These buildings were about all we were permitted to experience.



Above right is the walkway to the Coffee-house, brewery and hundreds of acres of farmlands used to grow hops and almost all the other herbs needed for their beer.



It would take several pictures to show off the many acres and variety of products grown on this property. Above right is the Coffee-House. They offer many unique beers, produced on the property and a short, simple menu to nibble on while enjoying your brew. Below is the inside of the Coffee-House and an Historic picture of the devastating

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fire that destroyed every building on the campus. It took over eighteen-months before classes would once again begin to be held on the school grounds. I think this took place in 1926 or there about.



Below left is a peek of the distillery. The staff here were so awesome. Very informative and many once lived in the vicinity from where we came from.

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The ride home over the Oregon roads, is always a pleasant experience. 26th.-Friday-Walk and view tiny homes. We took a nice walk today with our campground map and saw

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some of the permanent residences on this property. Two were for sale and they spanned \$75K to \$115,000 dollars.

27th. We enjoyed our last visit to St. Michaels CC. Fr. Gregg was very gracious with his good-byes. I can see us coming back to this area again. 29th. **HHR is fixed**-I drove over a speed bump little faster than I should have, and the HHR is acting sluggish. Should not be a big fix. Our temps continue to impress us. Lows during the evening hover in the high 40's and low 50's. Daytime is awesome averaging 72 to 79 degrees with no humidity; got to love this! This month has gone by slowly. Difficult to believe it's coming to an end. These days few campgrounds permit washing cars and/or coaches. **Hood Village** permits both of these so now we have a fairly clean car and very clean coach.

30th Tuesday-The Multnomah Falls



Multnomah is pronounced-Malt-no-ma. Regardless of how you pronounce it over two-million people visit this venue annually. Above, to the right, is the Columbia River. Below

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is the visitor center, restaurant and gift shop and more importantly restrooms



Also below is a far-away shot of the falls.



Above is a beautiful shot of the grounds leading up to the falls. Below on the left is the new bridge that spans the falls. The left is the original bridge made of logs; not sure when it was replaced.

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It is very difficult to see, you might have to enlarge the photo, but half way up the hill you can see individuals climbing to the top of the falls. This waterfall is the second tallest in North America at 620-feet. Number one is in the Mount Rainier area and is a two-day hike to visit this fall, so very few have seen it.

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TRAVEL PLANS TO THE END OF THE YEAR

Aug 14th Rapid City, SD (PPx14n)

Aug 29th Forest City, IA (Winnebago x5n)

Sept 3rd Cedar Rapids, IA (171m)

Sept. 17th Peoria, IL (177m)

Sept. 16th Batesville, IN (62m)

Sept. 25th Park City, KY (366m)

Oct 9th Knoxville, TN (224m)

Oct. 10th Lenoir, NC (186m)

Oct. 25th Yemassee, SC (269m)

Nov 1st Port Orange, FL (277m)

Nov. 5th Wildwood, FL (82m)

Nov. 26th Pompano, FL

Dec. 10th Christmas, FL

Dec. 16th Pompano, FL

Dec. 30th Wildwood, FL

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1st. Preparing to travel once again. Can you believe, the end of another month. At the same time, we're preparing for our next move. I've pulled the tanks and filled the fresh water tank so we're 90% ready to go. Our next destination is about 450-miles from here so we'll be doing a Walmart overnight in **Island City, OR** our last time to experience this gorgeous state. We'll leave Island City on Saturday and arrive in **Mountain Home, ID** for a 5-day stay. All I know about this location is that it is an RPI resort and will cost us ten-dollars a night and they are warning us ahead of time that it's dusty there, still cheap enough. We will leave Mountain Home on the 8th. of August. During our stay we plan on experiencing more petroglyphs from the past. As hard as I've worked, I'm still one-blog behind, but will make it happen soon. We said good-bye to Dawn and Dick, a very young couple possibly in their early forties, in their Zephyr motorhome. It made our couch look like a classic from the past, but it's home to us.

2nd. Friday-**Travel to Island City, OR**-Beautiful day temp around 60, great day to travel. It's going to be a long trip so we'd hoped to leave by 8 am. Everything done, time to retract the slides, OOPs! Our slides are out and they are pretending to be dead. After a half hour we gave up and made three calls for help, only one called back. Be there by 2 pm. Not what we wanted to hear. I sat in the driver's seat and was just depressed with all the problems we've had with the slides and how well they've been treating us the last four-

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months. For no reason my eyes happened upon the bright yellow parking brake, and a light went off in my head (*comes with old age!*). I checked it and yes, I hadn't set the parking brke when we had arrived. Took only a second to pull it out and set it. Then all-of-a-sudden the slides came alive and all was well. After such a trying morning the ride ended up being more stressful than usual. but we made it. 3rd. Sat.- Arrive Mountain Home. Last night was comfortable but since our generator is still on the blitz it was more uncomfortable than usual but the ceiling fans did well. Overnight at a Walmart in Island City, OR. This day did begin early, around 8 am, and we got to the campground, Mountain Home RVP, around 2 pm (Mountain Time). We attended a great church, Our Lady of Good Counsel, presiding was Fr. German Osorio. As usual we finished the evening with pizza, beer and the movie The Mummy Starring Tom Cruise, a nail biter.

4th. Sunday-Would be wash day. The washers and dryers here come in at \$1.00 and \$1.25 per load cheapest we've seen in months if ever. The fact that it says it is a dryer does not ensure that the clothes will be fully dry, as we've seen in the past, but it's cheap. I relocated some of my winter clothing to a closet chest below and found my bathing suit. Yes, swimming might be on tap later today. High 90's today but the coach is almost cold inside. I really thought today was going to be one of those do-nothing days but out of thin air Carla asked if we could goto the pool here at Mountain Home RVPark. So off we went, expecting to merely waddle around and talk to each other but what a

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surprise. We had the pleasure to meet the Thorne family. So awesome to be as young as they were. Not only that but their son Chase visited this Web Site, something neither of my kids ever do, and left a comment. It will be a long time before we forget the pleasant visit we had with this family. When we got back to the coach who shows up but Chase and a family member. Chase had our Web Site on his tablet, something I did not have until I was 70. They all enjoyed Scoots and Scoots was nice enough, this time, not to run and hide from them. Thanks to this visit we now have a few more ideas on venues to visit while we work our way East and eventually back to Florida. For now, it's back to my Sudoku.

5th Petroglyphs of Celebration Park



The Petroglyphs in these pictures are from **Melba, ID**. They can be found all over the country. The boulders found in this area date back over 15,000-years. The Petroglyph images go back to the 1300's. Most pictures are primitive for the people living in this area at the time.

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We expect a beautiful day today and plan to leave by around 9 am or so. This was not just a simple field trip. It would be a 200-mile round-trip. It took us 2-hours to get there and return and we spent 2-hours at Celebration Park.



Exactly what these images portray no one is sure. The inhabitants of this area most likely, had no knowledge of the Gregorian Calendar. Rocks exemplifying dots might have been the primitives trying to keep track of days, seasons or even marks indication each new arrival for that year. Below left is a star image and the mark in the 9 o'clock position is 0.06 degrees of true north, believe it or not. When the professionals calculated for shifts in the world crust the 9 o'clock marking is exactly focused on true north.

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It is also aligned to the North Star called Polaris; the star you find at the tip of the Big Dipper that stays in the same position at all times.



Above is a picture of Henry a Park Service Person. If it were not for him, we would have gone home with a big feeling of disappointment concerning this trip. A quick look of the Snake River in this area. The inhabitants inhabiting this area centuries ago were not annual inhabitants. They would arrive in the late fall and leave the area in early spring. With no air conditioning yet, they had no incentive to endure the heat. Below left was a possible image of a sheep. The dots may be explained as their way to show shading on the animal, or possibly, a primitive method of keeping track of time.

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You cannot tell from the pictures above but this is a very dry area, with the great option of utilizing the resources of the Snake River for irrigation. The road picture is just a depiction of how desolate and even boring traveling some of these Idaho roads are. On a positive note, for Idaho, their roads are in excellent condition. In our stay here I've seen only one major pothole. Below is the 8000 Series Precision irrigation system. It delivers water to very dry land masses. It will pivot at the beginning and send water through the piping at the top of the unit to a distance of 2800 feet, over a one-half mile in length. It then pivots in a semi-arch very slowly covering hundreds of acres of land.

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5th. Carla's Birthday: We did finally get home a little after 4 pm. We both needed some time to unwind. For dinner we had the usual, a salad, followed by a 4-ounce cheesecake, in place of a small birthday cake and finally one of Carla's favorite movies; *SAVING MR. BANKS*. This was a movie on the origins of Mary Poppins. No pictures this year, maybe next year. We will go for a nice dinner once we find ourselves in a bigger city with more restaurants to choose from.

6th. Today is my day to try to tie up some loose ends. Hard to believe we'll be pulling the tanks tomorrow and leaving on Thursday. Our next **destination will be Hardin, MT**. This is about 500-miles away. To get there will require two-overnights; one at Idaho Falls and the second at Butte, MT. It always amazes me when I get a comment from someone in my past. I sincerely mean it when I tell friends I only have one or two readers. Actually, according to the computer software at BlueHost, I get an average of thirty plus readers every day or about 400-reads per month. When I do get a comment it's a thrill. Today I heard from a very close friend of ours, Elaine, in Colchester, CT. Did not

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know she even had our site name. It was very nice hearing from her.

8th. First stop-**Idaho Falls, ID**. Last thing I saw last night was a caution light on the dash saying "Oil level low-Check!" It would have to wait until tomorrow morning, to dark right now. Windows open, Scooty slept through the night, Carla is sleeping like a log and here I am at 4 am thinking about the oil level in the coach. Just like earlier this evening it's still too dark to do anything else but think about the situation. To make a long story short I did find the 5W30 motor oil and we did make it to Idaho Falls, safely.



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The sky, as you can see, was always a little threatening, but nothing came of it, at least not today. In the next picture you can see what it looks like to be homeless, as we and many others enjoy the lifestyle of free stays at a Walmart. 9th. Next stop -now **Bozeman, MT**. What an early start, around 8 am, which rarely happens. Then we checked out the GPS and it projected we'd be in Butte around noon, give or take.



With a 300-mile trip on Saturday. So, we decided to extend the travel today 85-miles to **Bozeman, MT**.

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It was all highway with, once again, some very awesome sights. As we travelled West, we caught a glimpse of the Rocky Mountains to our south, not to mention thousands of acres of corn, wheat and potatoes. Below, I thought, might have been a plant to convert corn to the oil for possibly fuel, but no! It was an oil distillery. They get their oil on trains from Canada to make fuel to be distributed throughout this region. Below, is what we often see, are these huge water falls. This picture does not do it justice.



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As you can see from the picture above, the rain did finally come. Not a heavy downpour, just a constant heavy drizzle. For some reason the coach seems to love this type of weather. It moves us along with just a slight hum from the engine. It could almost put you to sleep; *not good for the driver, however!* We did arrive in Bozeman just minutes before 2 pm, could not ask for anything better, considering the distance.

10th Travelling to Hardin, MT

This trip should last 4-days.

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It was a very easy ride, almost boring, if it had not been for the awesome views along the way. It is so hard to believe that our farmers manage such big farms, and, by the way, who eats all this corn and wheat they produce.



We've seen farms that must have been over one-thousand acres of just corn alone. Wheat and hay were produced as far as Bozeman, MT with the assistance of vast irrigation systems. As we pushed forward, closer to Billings, MT we saw farms producing hay and wheat with no irrigation systems at all. I believe we were told that these acres were producing "dry-wheat."

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All they do is let it grow then cut, bail, stack and watch the next generation of wheat to come out of the ground. **Livingston, MT was just before Billings.** The rolling hills were awesome. Tom Brokaw has a farm here, and we think it might be for sale. We arrived in Billings at the Petroglyphs cave.



We were induced to take this walk which was paved. *This walkway, would soon change.*

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We did make it to the first of the three caves. I don't think either of us were that impressed with the pictographs; we've seen better. In the picture below is a cropped version of a cave painting.



Above possibly a gator or crocodile. I'll let you decide what the picture in the upper right might depict. I see a fish in one spot. Like I said we've seen better drawings from the ancients that were much better. Definitely not his or her calling.

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Upper left just right of center you'll notice three black spots. Those were added in the last fifty years to indicate the level of the floor before the archeologists began tearing things apart. Many artifacts were discovered in this cave. But we have two more caves yet to investigate.



The pathway has become either gravel or crushed stone, still not bad to walk on. Upper left is our new destination. cave #2. Dead center in the picture below is where we saw the first cave. The second unimpressive cave is below right.

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To make this long story short the walkway got worse and we decided to pass on cave #3 and start back to the coach. You can barely make out the coach in upper right picture but it's there, we just have to walk back on this gravel path join up with it shortly. This was the first time we'd taken the coach to a venue, usually we get to the campground and drive back but the campground in Hardin is forty-five miles from here and we were going right by it so we coached it to this venue, possibly never again. From here we were going **to travel to the Grandview Camp and RVPark**. Not much to brag about here.

10th. **Grandview Camp & RV Park**. Welcome to Grandview. The view is not really that grand. This is one of those private parks. It's also a Good Sam Park. These four

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days we pay the full price but we needed a resting place for four days before we can move on to Rapid City, SD.



This is not a very big park actually kind of small. I bet it's a great little business. Upper left is the site plan for the park, we're in #36. Below is what we always hope for, a wide entrance to the office. We're also greeted by Smokey the Bear.



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Upper right is the office; it's in a state of renovation inside, as you can see in the lower left picture. What is nice about this rv park is a major fuel station on the other side of the road entrance to the park; how convenient.



In its defense we do have cable, 50-amp, satellite, sewer and very good Verizon phone reception. Everything we are always hoping for.

11th EF #1 Tornado Big Horn County

It was around 7:30 pm and we were watching a Tornado movie. The scene, at this moment, was the father being sucked up by a horrendous tornado.



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Fast forward to 8:30 pm the wind was picking up, the extended awning on the coach was moving radically, our door is locked in the open position and the screen interior door is rattling violently. Carla instinctively told me to get the awning in and after I would try to close our door for almost five-minutes. The awning retracted with difficulty but the door would be a different story.



I stepped down our steps and unlatched our door and then it happened. The wind came up so violently I could barely retrace my steps back into the coach. The unlatched door would not break away from the side of the coach because of the force of the wind. I tried again to close the fixated door by leaning out the door opening desperately holding to an inside boarding bar in the coach.



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Within seconds after leaning out to try to close our door my body felt as though it was in the clutches of an invisible force. This force was desperately trying to pry my body out the open doorway and away from the coach, and the door continued to affix itself to the coach. Finally, after about 2-3 minutes the wind suddenly died in force for about 15 seconds. I took advantage of the break to close the coach door. Within seconds we had all the windows in the motorhome closed and we immediately retreated to the presumed safety of our bedroom. Instinctively we positioned ourselves at the foot of the bed and pulled our foot-thick Denver mattress over our heads.



It did not take a person with a PhD in weather anomalies to know we were in trouble. In the minutes it took me to retrieve the door I could not remember seeing a funnel cloud, but the clouds were so dark and ominous they could only have come straight from hell. The wind began again with seconds of our closing the door and we were spell-bound, lying perpendicular to our bed on the floor. The sounds of the wind outside beating up the coach in every direction with a horrendous roar. Did it sound like a train I

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did not have a chance to think of that. The coach was shaking left to right endlessly in motion. Lying on the floor with our mattress as our make-shift ceiling cover was frightening. For fifteen minutes or more the floor shook, it never ceased bouncing up and down from just an inch to much more, over and over again.



The heat under the mattress was almost unbearable. We both had difficulty in breathing but we felt relatively safe. Was it a tornado, yes; but not directly over our location. Were we afraid? I'd say yes, we've experienced many challenges in the past, even a brush with hurricane Irma from a few years ago, but this was life threatening. Not having seen any funnel cloud in the direction of the wind, minutes ago, I felt fairly certain we would not be sucked up into the upper atmosphere, but I felt strongly the chances were very good this might just be a Microburst. The type of weather phenomenon that could easily crush and flatten our coach, hopefully our mattress might cushion us from severe injuries with this possibility. Another possibility is a chance that a high-enough wind could topple our motorhome to its side or that another RV, with a strong enough wind, being jammed into us.

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For 15 to 20 minutes, we huddled in place frightened, praying and feared life's worst scenario. The tornado, an EF-1, (the meekest tornado measurement) was located mostly in the Billings, MT area, not far from here, but we were experiencing the outer winds of this very heavy wind. By 8:50 the heavy winds subsided and we extricated ourselves from our shelter. The pictures of the clouds were after the weather phenomenon had ended. The clouds just twenty minutes ago were so black I doubt I would have been able to take a decent picture. We and many of the other RVers here began to go out and ask if everyone was okay. Never want to experience something like this ever again!

Courtesy of the Northern Wyoming News:

WORLAND - The National Weather Service completed their site investigation to a storm that hit Powder River Pass on June 19 and has categorized the storm that caused damage to trees and snow fences as an EF-1 tornado.

According to a release from the NWS Riverton office, on Wednesday, June 19, a thunderstorm began to develop on the border of Park and Big Horn counties around 5 p.m. As this storm moved east it

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strengthened and reached its peak intensity in extreme southeastern Big Horn County. The storm crossed into Johnson County and produced a tornado on Powder River Pass in the Bighorn Mountains just before 7 p.m.

Considerable tree damage occurred along and near US Highway 16 as the tornado moved east along its 3.7-mile path. Hundreds of conifer trees were uprooted or snapped at their trunks. Additionally, several large wooden snow fences were torn apart, with fencing debris thrown in all directions. This tornado was unusual in that it occurred at a high elevation of just under 10,000 feet along its western path.

The damage produced by this storm was consistent with an EF-1 tornado, with estimated peak winds of 110 mph. The time of the tornado was estimated by comparing the location of the damage with radar imagery, according to the NWS release. The maximum width of the storm path was 250 yards.

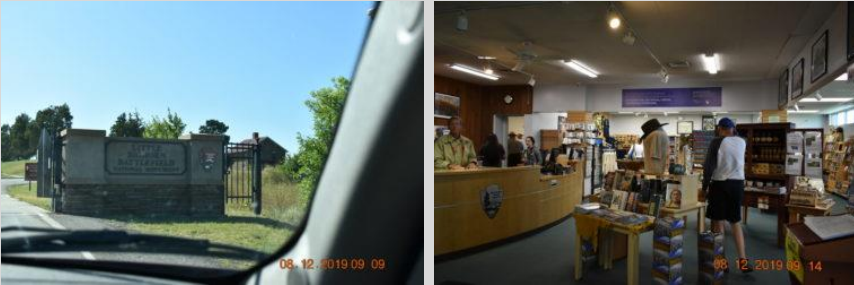
12th Battle of Little Big Horn.

It was just a very short ride to the battlefield of Col Custer and Sitting Bull. This was a battle where Lt. Col George Custer was greatly outnumbered. The grounds here commemorate the valor of those involved in this battle. Today we visited Little Bighorn Battlefield. The experience was awesome. Our host was exceptional in the manner in which he presented the history of this battle in real day terms not to mention the real meaning of the battle itself. He used to be a history teacher, and from what we experienced today,

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he must have been very good. It was just a very short ride to the battlefield of Col Custer and Sitting Bull.

Custer State Park



Our visit to this battlefield, to me, was not as moving as, let's say, Gettysburg, however. As always there's always a gift shop.



I'm not even going to try to sum up this battle, most know of it, I'm sure. A great site to visit.

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As you know Custer was very much outnumbered, possibly 10:1. Above was our host, a former history teacher, who gave us an awesome recount of all the events that took place and several locations on June 25, 1876. Below is the spot that Custer's bother, Boston Custer, fell.



The grave marker with black facing is the spot that Custer was found after the battle. Directly in front of him would be his other brother Captain T. W. Custer who also fell during the battle.

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A memorial to all who fought and died, at the battle of Little Bighorn. Below was our starting point for this experience and the spot we were educated by our history host and teacher, now a Ranger. This would be his next to last presentation prior to his retirement from the National Park Rangers.



14th Hart Ranch – Rapid City

We were up a 6 am in hopes of having a 7 am time for departure. Our timing was right-on. This would be a 350-mile trek. If all goes as planned, I was hoping to get off the road by 2 pm, as always. And so, I did. Just a few minutes after two and we were at Hart Ranch. We've come across this signature rest area a few years ago. This Teepee is iconic for SD rest stops. As you can imagine from the picture it's not

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small. I'd say about seventy feet in height. Rapid City is a town of around 75,000 population and back in 1972 experienced a flood that caused billions of dollars in damage and a loss of over two-hundred lives.

Hart Ranch history-from their Web Site-*This write-up courtesy of the Hart Ranch Website. His name was John Harrison Hart, and he settled the ranch in the 1880s. It is only fitting that this land bears his name today*



Hart was straight from the pages of Old West history, and he carved out his ranching empire while Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane roamed the streets of Lead and Deadwood. There is much about him which is legend, but far more which is fact. This bull driver, Civil War fighter, scout, pioneer, and frontiersman blazed a reputation remembered even today by those who live around the ranch. The legend says he arrived in the Black Hills with only \$15 in his pocket and survived the first winter by chopping wood for 75¢ a cord. The facts show his hard work, entrepreneurial skill, and innovative mind parlayed what little he had into a successful freight line from Pierre to Rapid City and Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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The legend says he never learned to drive a car, even though he lived to see World War II. The fact is that you still can find people who remember driving him around his ranch when – too old to ride a horse or wagon anymore – he just couldn't stand being away from the land he loved.

The final chapter of our story is the purchase of the 13,000-acre Hart Ranch in 1983 and the construction of the Camping Resort. In 1984 the membership was deeded the 195-acre resort. There are several companies associated with the Hart Ranch name – Hart Ranch Arena, Hart Ranch Golf Course, and Hart Ranch Development Company. The Hart Ranch Camping Resort Club is an independent and separate corporation.



John Harrison Hart came to the emerald forests and creek-carved canyons of the Black Hills during the gold rush days of the 1880s with

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\$15 in his pocket. Tapping his entrepreneurial skills, Hart soon bought a 13,000-acre ranch for himself. But he didn't let success get to his head. Hart was a true cowboy, driving cattle by horseback on his ranch until his death.



The Western life was all he knew, for though Hart lived to see World War II, he never learned to drive a car. Today, Hart Ranch is South Dakota's premier recreational resort, but like John Hart, we haven't let success give us a big head.



We may have swimming pools, hot tubs, and tennis courts, to name a few, but our greatest amenity is the simple Western lifestyle Hart Ranch has represented for over a century.

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Just a short post-note to this blog. All campgrounds offer storage areas. This is a parking-lot for RVs, campers, coaches and 5th wheels. Hart Ranch has this tractor trailer truck that works all week bringing the RVs from the parking area that belong to families who decide to visit for a weekend or much longer. These owners notify the camp director as to when they will be arriving and the camp puts the tractor trailer to work fetching the RV from the storage lot and delivering it to a site ready for the campers for when they arrive. I guess all campgrounds do this, it's just that with over 500 sites, the retrieval ritual is repeated all day long some days. Shortly after the campers leave to go back home or somewhere, here comes the truck to take the RV from the site and store it once again. The cost for storage of an RV is relatively cheap especially when you consider the delivery and removal services.

15th. Coach needs another fix. We were up early for our 8 am appointment at Dakota Truck and Auto. It basically needs an oil change and generator fix. The oil change is basic along with all the other fine points the technician will check. The generator has been acting funny. Once we turn it on it goes well for about thirty minutes then goes off.

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The goes off part is what has concerned us. The oil filter in the engine, which fuels the generator, needed replacing. It also needed a thorough cleaning. Item #2 was a new item. When we were bringing in the slide this morning the hydraulic fluid came gushing out. I could only imagine the worse. Dakota Truck recommended Adams, ISC, across the street. I was anticipating having to rebuild the hydraulic line gain or worse. Long story short it was a 2-bit "O-ring" atop the hydraulic fluid reservoir had disintegrated. We were out of there in sixty minutes. We finished off the day with church, at the beautiful Our Lady of Perpetual Help Cathedral. 17th. Daughter's birthday. Today was my daughter's birthday. I won't give her age, but to me she's still a preteen in my mind. Was nice to talk to her once again. Saturday, is going to be a nothing day. Still a little concerned about the driver's side slide, but will have to get over it, all is probably Okay. Tomorrow, Sunday, is going to be a nothing day also. Monday we might try to discover Custer's State Park. Everyone tells us it's a must see.

19th Custer State Park.

This was a unique venue, not for just the park itself but what we experienced on our trip to the park. This is going to be mostly a car-tour of the Custer State Park. In all it will take us three hours to completely experience only two of the many routes of this park. As usual we begin with a visit to the Visitors Center.

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This little guy is far from family. We see no other members of his herd anywhere around, *but that's somebody else's problem.* Upper right is the first of two tunnels we travel through. Absolutely no place for the coach. Rock formations abound at every turn.



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Tunnel number two. This tunnel, unlike the first one, will bring us to one of the parks famous rock structures, Needle Rock, as seen below.



Being Seniors, especially seniors from Florida, we have a hard time passing up an eatery, especially one with such an awesome reputation. We've been told by several folks not to pass up the Purple Pie Place in the town of Custer. At

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this point we have not yet reached our destination, but the food was great. We enjoyed apple pie and ice cream and Carla enjoyed strawberry Rhubarb Pie.



From a distance we spotted a large group of dots on a hillside. We could only hope we would find wildlife. Yes! A herd of bison were far up on the side of the road with dozens of cars and onlookers viewing them. As we were pulling up to the herd, they all decided it was time to come down from the hillside and cross the road we were on. It could not have gotten much better than this.

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As if the Bison were not enough, about a mile later we came across a small group of mules enjoying the company to the visitors. Must give credit to the people who saw the bison herd, all remained either in or by their cars. As always, the day does come to an end and we have a 66-mile drive back to the coach.

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NEW Travel Updates to the end of 2019

Sept 3rd Cedar Rapids, IA (171m)

Sept. 17th Peoria, IL (177m)

Sept. 16th Batesville, IL (62m)

Sept. 25th Park City, KY (366m)

Oct 9th Knoxville, TN (224m)

Oct. 10th Lenoir, NC (186m)

Oct. 25th Yemassee, SC (269m)

Nov 1st Port Orange, FL (277m)

Nov. 5th Wildwood, FL (82m)

Nov. 26th Pompano, FL

Dec. 10th Christmas, FL

Dec. 16th Pompano, FL

Dec. 30th Wildwood, FL

21st Ellsworth Air Force Base



This venue was interesting and the option of viewing a Minuteman Missile at home in its silo was unforgettable. The air museum had about two-dozen different planes, jets and rockets on display, not to mention an excellent explanation on each item. Above right is the first powerhouse rocket, Titan. Below is a B-1 Bomber. This plane can fly to and deliver a full load of armaments anywhere in the world, with perfect accuracy.

There's also a gift shop, as always.



We are now inside the missile silo. This rocker is big! If and when this missile is ever implemented the force of the

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rocket will ultimately destroy this silo. The truth is the government will never activate just one missile. Should one missile be needed all 153-missiles will be activated because the use of this nuclear bomb will constitute an almost end of days scenario.



Behind Carla is a stage-like structure. Should a new rocket be needed, this enclosure will be opened to allow placement of a new rocket. Behind the truck-like unit behind Carla is the cover protecting the rocket inside. This cover weighs over one-hundred tons. It is totally pneumatic if needed to be open. The purpose of this is to guarantee that no computer or mechanical glitches could interfere in the opening of the silo tube. We were told it would only take fifteen seconds to remove this cover. Top right and bottom are some views of this small city with a city. Everything any

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military personnel would need or want to do is on this property.

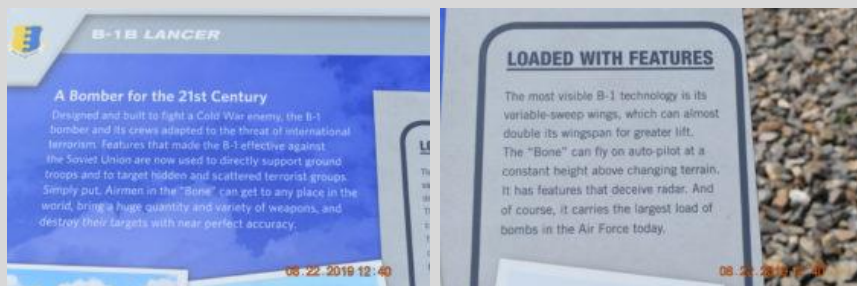


Pictures above are of the control centers for this silo. Military personnel here work 24-hour shifts. Below is the plane that was used to fly a candy-drop to build public relations in the '40s.



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Left is a B-1B Bomber. My question was what happened to the B-1A bomber. The "A" bomber was built by another contractor than the "B" version. It was twice as fast, going well over mark-2 and was twice as expensive. It had other problems also.



The "B" version flies at mark 1.2 (about 1200 mph) but was only half as expensive, so the decision was made for the, I think, Boeing product. This plane has the ability to adjust its wing formation to increase both its speed and stealth abilities. Just as a side note for air-products that have been awesome is the B-52 Bomber, a product of the 50's. This plane is no longer being built but the Air Force will be leaving

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this product in service until 2030 or longer, only because it has been such a perfect plane. It continues to be updated and upgraded as new technology presents itself.

This text is courtesy of AirplaneMuseums.com

In January of 1942, the U.S. War Department established Rapid City Army Air Base as a training location for B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bomber units. In July of 1945 Rapid City AAB was placed on standby status as the Army Air Forces began to demobilize with the pending end of World War ii. Rapid City AAB was again reactivated in October of 1945, and designated a permanent facility by the Army Air Force. The base briefly trained weather reconnaissance and combat squadrons using P-61 Black Widow, P-38 Lightning, P-51 Mustang, and B-25 Mitchell aircraft. The airfield was again temporarily closed from September 1946 – March 1947 for a major construction program to upgrade the temporary wartime facilities to that of a permanent base. When operations resumed in 1947 the base was a new United States Air Force asset. The primary unit assigned to the base was the new 28th Bombardment Wing (28 BMW) flying the B-29 Superfortress. Today, Ellsworth AFB continues to be a major active military facility and a major contributor to the economy of the Rapid City area. The host unit at Ellsworth is the 28th Bomb Wing (28 BW) assigned to the Air Combat Command's Twelfth Air Force. The 28 BW is one of only two B-1B Lancer strategic bomber wings in the United States Air Force, the other being the 7th Bomb Wing at Dyess AFB, Texas. The base is named in honor of Brigadier General Richard E. Ellsworth (1911–1953), who was killed when his RB-36 Peacemaker aircraft crashed near Nut Cove, Newfoundland during a training flight.

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27th. Tuesday-Travel Day **We travel this day to Mitchell, SD**, about 250+-miles. Well Mitchell was scheduled for a lay-over but we decided to go another 150-miles to **Worthington, SD**. Purpose for this is to make tomorrows' trip shorter, which was good. It was a good trip but eventful, something we never look forward too. As we tripped eastward toward Iowa we were being shoved from side to side by very high winds. We experienced the same conditions a couple of years ago. All-of-a -sudden what sounded like a jack-hammer on the coach roof. Only one-way to find out what was happening-must go up, battle the strong winds and try not to get blown of the coach-roof. Sure enough; both hoods for our roof vents were partially lose. The cotter pins that attach them to the roof were not fully engaged. Last challenge was how to remove myself from the roof accident free. Lastly another hurdle.

28th. Forrest City, IA-Winnebago. In the LED window on the odometer area, were two messages: #1. no J1850 activity and #2. no J1939 activity. We made a couple of calls and decided to temp faith and hope nothing more happens on our next to the last leg on our trip to Iowa. We did good, no new surprises. We sit presently in Forrest City, IA at Winnebago Industries. Hopefully they'll find the answer to the messages. Just what we were hoping for; at 8:30 this morning we got call from Winnebago saying "come on down." By 8:50 the coach was on its way into the workplace. By 3:30 pm they had finished all they could do this day, they will finish up on Friday. The TV has been re-centered, the fireplace is working on demand, paint touch-ups

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done and the LED warning messages have been fixed. The electrical receptacle and ceiling tile will be addressed tomorrow. We are hoping they'll let us stay here till Monday or Tuesday morning of next week. In general, it's been a good day. Tomorrow will be Labor Day and in general, it's been a very uneventful last couple of days. We got a call Thursday am that repairs had been started. awesome! Not everything was accomplished this day and most were left for Friday. We were expected on Friday at 7 am to complete the repairs. What we did not expect to see at end of day Thursday was a half inch separation of the front passenger side panel of the coach. They told us it did not happen on their watch, and I don't recall ever seeing it, but nonetheless it had to be addressed and fixed. Three hours later at 150 dollars an hour it was fixed. The fireplace was half fixed. the ceiling tile could not be addressed for lack of time and the rear tow receptacle was replaced. That LED warning message was also remedied. All in all, it was a very fruitful visit. We have next year booked to arrive a week before Labor Day weekend. And you're saying, that very pessimistic, what if you don't have repairs? **With a motorhome something is always in need of a repair!**

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September. Travel Directory

Aug 14th Rapid City, SD (PPx14n) (TC)

Aug 29th Forest City, IA (5nights)(525m)

Sept 3rd Cedar Rapids, IA (PP-10 nights)(171m) Sept. 18th
Batesville, ID (239m) Indian Lakes RVP (TT)

Sept. 25th Park City, KY(381m) Diamond Caverns RVP

Oct. 10th Lenoir, NC (410m) Green Mountain RVP (TT)

Oct. 25th Yemassee, SC (269m) The Oaks of Point South

Nov 1st Port Orange, FL (277m) Rose Bay RVP (TC)

Nov. 5th Wildwood, FL (82m) Three Flags RVP (TT)

Nov. 26th Pompano, FL Breezy Hill RVP (TC)

Dec. 10th Christmas, FL Christmas RVP (Private)

Dec. 16th Pompano, FL Breezy Hill (TC)

Dec. 30th Wildwood, FL Three Flags RVP (TT)

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SEPTEMBER 2019

1st Sunday- St. James Catholic Church is located here in Forest City, just a few miles from the Winnebago Industries plant where we are staying for two more days. It's very much like coming home again. Very little changes, except the town, Forest City, does have the look and feel like it's going out of business. Many of the downtown storefronts have been vacated. Even the church has undergone some changes, like a new floor. 3rd. Travel to Cedar Rapids, IA., we awoke around 6 am to prepare ourselves for an 8 am departure. Needless to say, the 175-mile journey went flawlessly. Our stay at Winnebago was fruitful but not everything was repaired.



The paint touch-ups were good, the TV was remounted is now sits perfectly lines up better than the old set and the rear electrical receptacle was replaced. The fireplace was checked but would have to be serviced by a Dimplex service center, which we'll try to do on this coming Wednesday. The ceiling fabric would be unchecked for lack of

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time. We have an idea or two on that as well. All in all, it was a very fruitful visit. Another problem we'd been experiencing was the TV. We arrived in Cedar Rapids around noon, traveled through Cedar Rapids to the town of Marion, IA to Squaw Creek State Campground just off root 100. We're in Loop A site 14. We have everything except sewer; it's doable for two-weeks. Don and Joyce invited us to dinner that evening which was bountiful and delicious. After replacing the Dish receiver, we deduced it was the TV, so we purchased a 43 in Samsung.



After buying a new receiver we discovered that its malfunctioning was probably a result of it being stuck in the cabinet above where the heat does go to extremes. Hanging it from the cabinet may not look that good but, it's a motorhome. We have to make accommodations occasionally, a problem those in real homes may not have to contend with. It's on Carla's side of the cabin but she doesn't seem to even notice it any longer.

4th. Wed. at **Squaw Creek**. Our main concern moving forward is the fact that it is, most likely, to get colder rather

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than warmer, especially at 2 am in the morning. Our fireplace would be our first line of defense against the cold. We went online and found Colony AC in Cedar Rapids, IA. Henry, from Colony, came to diagnose the condition of the fireplace. A new part will be ordered and, hopefully, early next year it will be back in business again. We enjoyed a delightful afternoon and evening with Don and Joyce.

5th. We had everyday chores to complete and then we spent the rest of the afternoon with the MacDougall's but had to leave in order to feed Scoots. We completed our visit with **Dinner at Noodle's**. The food, as always, was delicious.



6th. Had a chance to **wish Mike a Happy Birthday**. Still find it difficult to hear him speak of home ownership and work challenges. We hope to drop in at Don and Joyce's to do laundry. They will be wining and dining us for the next two weeks. Visiting here is as close to visiting home as we could ask for. Below is just a small part of the MacDougall clan; Paul, Ivy and Little Paul. Below right is Duncan and Malcolm.

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Above and below, we enjoy a night out at Noodles and Company. This is getting to be almost a tradition to visit this restaurant.



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The MacDougall residence. Their home may appear to be a little small but this home has a heart as big as you can imagine. Yes, if the light pole in the picture above left appears to be leaning, the answer is yes. Not sure if the leaning pole was intentional or whether the area experience a mild quake; who knows? Before the two-week visit came to an end, Carla and I were treated to a host of family dinners...Awesome! 10th. The last four days have been very relaxing, just as we were expecting. The MacDougall's have treated us to several home dinners and we enjoyed a great dinner at the Noodle's Company. We're expecting rain for the next three days so we'll see what happens. Next day was the 9/11 Anniversary. We watched the solemnity of the day on television. Later we shopped at Walmart, of course, and enjoyed a Southern fried chicken with all the fixing with Don and Joyce. Shopped a little at Best Buy for the new television. Between rain showers I found time to pull the tanks. We've been lucky to get about 5-days on the tanks. Push it to six and the sinks have a tendency to begin to back up then I MUST go out, rain or shine, and take care of the tanks. Not a big deal. On average it only takes us

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one-half hour for this odd job from the time we start to close.



The day-to-day writings are in the Journal for September, but in general, we continue enjoying this beautiful State Park Campground and the delicious meals at the MacDougall's. Wow! It was mid-afternoon and there's a sudden heavy knocking on the door. The camper outside stated; You don't belong on this site! We politely disagreed. We were able to find the park ranger and he agreed; We were supposed to vacate the site at noon today! We had no leg to stand on. The ranger volunteered that he could find us several suitable site in Loop B that we could move to. Sure enough! Site 30 in Loop B had everything we needed and we owed the campground 5-days in fees. Our fault for not reviewing the confirmation sheet and not picking up the error earlier.

13th. The Amana Colonies. The MacDougall's called and we decided to experience the Amana Colony with them.

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Henry, from Colony AC, arrived to our new site by 10 am. The new fireplace blower was fully installed by 11 am. After leaving the Amana Colony we experienced Lilly Lake. It'll be jacks-up come Tuesday morning. We have no trips planned for the next couple of days. Our new site in Loop B is as comfortable as the previous site. Carla is hopeful of trying to do laundry today before Mass. We used our new rejuvenated fireplace last night as the temps outside hit the low 50's and the coach temp dropped to 67. Not sure if there'll be anything more to write the next couple of days but we'll see.

16th. Here we are again, the last day at our campground. Today we had a beautiful day. Morning was at 67 degrees and very little humidity. I was able to get the coach washed while Carla tripped to Walmart to pick up some last-minute

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items. We've had a great stay; the MacDougall's have spoiled us silly. They were up and at them this morning early to begin their two-week vacation as well. Our turn will be Tuesday morning. Next stop for us will be **Batesville, ID** on Wednesday. We will be spending 7-nights at the **Indian Lakes RVP**. We've enjoyed that campground in years past.

17th Cathedral. of St. Mary.



Our goal today is to discover and experience everything of Fulton J. Sheen. Our first building will be a museum dedicated to him and his legacy. This, as I'm sure you realize, is not the Fr. Sheen in body, just a picture. It would have been an honor to have really met him, however.



Inside this building is the complete history of this great priest and orator. It contains videos and a slew of pictures of his life.

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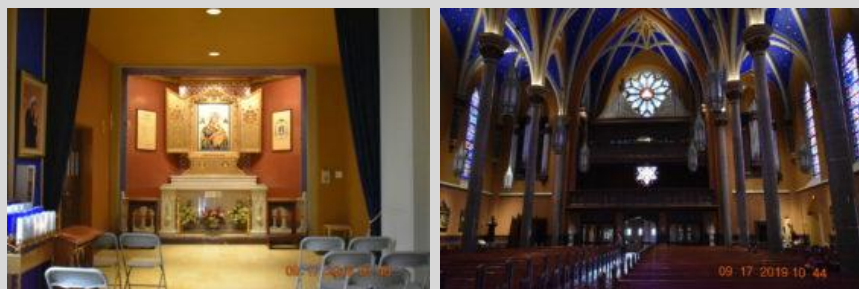
It was in the Cathedral next door, the **Cathedral of St Mary of the Immaculate Conception**, that he prayed, was a deacon, served as a priest and pastor here and eventually his body would be finally laid to rest at the altar to the left side of the church.



Courtesy of Wikipedia:

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The Cathedral of Saint Mary of the Immaculate Conception (commonly known as St. Mary's Cathedral) is a cathedral of the Catholic Church located in Peoria, Illinois, United States. It is the seat of the Diocese of Peoria, where the Catholic televangelist and sainthood candidate Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen was born and raised, and ordained a priest. Since 2019, the cathedral has been his place of burial. The cathedral is listed on the National Register of Historic Places as a contributing property in the North Side Historic District.

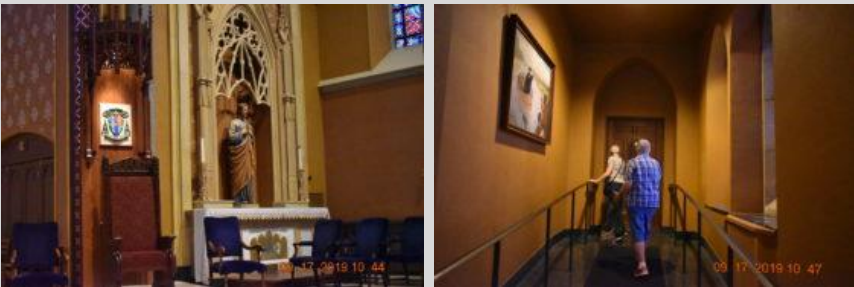


When I first took this picture, it was the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. That, by itself, was significant and important. It wasn't until we left the Room of Relics that I learned that the big white object directly in front of this altar laid the final resting place of Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen. His tomb lies below the image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Originally his tomb was located in St. Patrick Cathedral in New York but in 2019 in celebration of his Centennial Year of his ordination in 1919. On June 27, 2019, the remains of Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen were disinterred from St. Patrick's Cathedral

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in New York, where he was buried in 1979, and transferred to St. Mary's Cathedral.¹⁸¹ They are entombed in a marble monument at a side altar dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The Archdiocese of New York fought a three-year court battle to keep his remains there. As a child, Sheen served as an altar boy in St. Mary's Cathedral and he was ordained a priest here in 1919 for the Diocese of Peoria, which has sponsored his cause for canonization.¹²



Above left is the altar of St. Joseph. Above right was the corridor to the Room of Relics. In this room you'll see dozens of relics from many well-known saints and many more from saints of the past. As you can see the architecture in this Cathedral is no less than awesome. All the stain-glass windows are richly colored in blue.

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Below are more pictures from the Relics Room. Below right is another picture of the tomb of Archbishop Sheen.



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In order for us to experience the Archbishop Fulton J Sheen Museum and St. Mary Cathedral we had to park the coach and tow vehicle. This meant filling three meters with coins to park. 19th. It was only a few days ago when I was telling my brother, Dennis, how awesome it is to have the coach at 100%. I knew we had a small problem with the ceiling fabric, but that was something we could live with until it got fixed in November. But as everyone who owns a motorhome will tell you something breaks every week. This week it is the satellite unit. Dish tells us that the dish unit on the roof is not getting the signal to the Dish receiver. We need to replace the co-axle cables leading in from the roof unit. So, it's back to playing the old DVDs for a while. 21st. Mass at St. Anthony of Padua. This is not the first time we'd attended Mass at St. Anthony. I had so

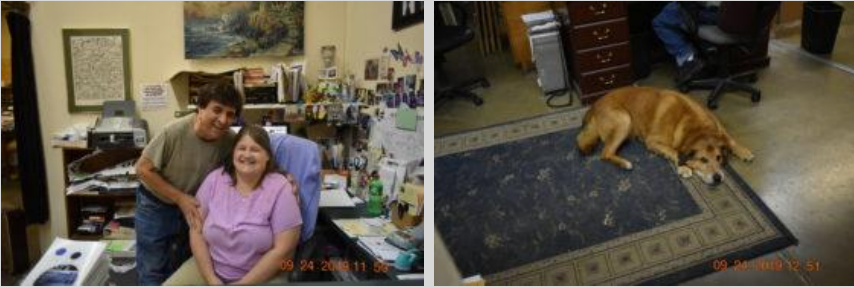
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much to say about this beautiful service. It's now been three full days with no satellite service. No satellite means no television. Carla and I are still talking to each other even without the old tube box. We've been watching a few of our saved but never seen DVDs. 22nd. Wunderbar! My days are certainly numbered. For two solid days, Thurs and Friday, we tried and tried to bring the satellite back to life, we gave up on it on Saturday and Sunday morning we continued keeping each other company. Carla, with her instinctive qualities of detective activity, resolved the quandary over the satellite. The satellite system has two receivers not just one. A Dish receiver and one for the satellite unit on the coach roof. I kept checking the Dish receiver forgetting that there's another black box deep in the cabinet that controls the satellite roof unit. Carla found the box and I found the "reset" button. Once pushed the reset button the coach satellite system came to life. Now that we have the television back, we decided to turn it off and engage in a game of Scrabble. I did win. The only game I ever have a chance of beating Carla at, but not by much; Only by 10 points, but it's still a win.

23rd. Circle Printing. Today was supposed to be a nothing day but how it changed. Our last remaining property in Titusville, FL is a little closer to Closing. It's been a long process but lately it's been moving along nicely. The last six months I've been working diligently trying to convert all our Journal and Blog files for the last six years to Word. Today I finished 2018 so it was off to the printer today. **Circle Printing in Greensburg, IN**, just outside of

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Batesville. Jan and his wife are making it happen for us in under 24-hours. On the other hand, we, once again, are preparing to leave Batesville and move on to Park City, KY. Circle Printing is locally own and operated by Jan & Monica Gunter for 7-years. Below is the forgotten member of this mom-and-pop team, Rusty, their dog. These folks do it right the first time every time which is probably why they do business from all corners of the country as far East as Maine.



Circle Printing, 130 W Main St, Greensburg. IN
47240....812.663.7367

For more information go to www.circleprinting.net

I don't know about you but seldom do I ever find a company that will do whatever it takes to get my business. Mostly it's a take it or leave it attitude from those big box stores. Circle Printing is not that small a business and it's a little congested but they make it happen as I wanted it to happen. On a thumb drive I gave him five-files containing over one-thousand pages of Journals and blogs, and all he did was smile and told me he should have my books ready

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by 3 pm tomorrow. In fact, he asked us to stay around while he downloaded the 2014 book and put it together so we would be certain to be happy. I'm still working on 2019 and he volunteered that if I email it to him, he'll download it and bind it just like the other books he's done and mail it off to us at whatever address we give him. Wow! Business the old-fashioned way.

24th. Travel to **Park City, KY**. 27th. Fri-End of month. Johnny Cash movie. So hard to believe that we're coming to the end of another month. Temperatures in New England appear to be subsiding but here in Kentucky we're expecting 92-degrees, thankfully the humidity is not nearly as bad as Florida. We topped off the night with the movie "Walk the Line"; the life story of Johnny Cash. It was November 7, 1992. By this time, we'd only been married a little over one year. On this day we opted to take in a Johnny Cash Concert at the Guard Theater in New London, CT. We were living only a few miles away and tickets were available. I had seen him once before, a few years ago during my "single" years, and the thought of seeing him again was exciting. If I recall correctly, we arrived at the last minute and there was a light drizzle outside the concert hall. As we were walking from the parking lot, we could not help but notice a big all black, Prevost Motorhome approaching the curb side just a few feet from us. The coach was shiny jet black. Just as it pulled over, out stepped Johnny Cash and wife June. I wanted so much to say a word or two to him but all we got from him was "I hope you enjoy the show." Of course, we did. 28th. On our last

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couple of trips to new sites we've been hearing the sound of metal rattling up on the roof. At first, I thought it might be the plastic cages that house the ceiling vents, but no, the sound continued on this last trip here to Kentucky. The only item up there was the original metal antenna for local stations. It's never been very good at bringing in a good signal so I decided climb the ladder to the roof to dismantle the unit in hopes that this will eliminate the roof noises. As I dropped it from the roof, twelve feet up, it fell to the ground and the plastic piece that would be needed to reattach the antenna broke. This answered our question as to whether to store or dump this antique; and dump we did! The next day temps reached 94-degrees but the humidity was only 37%, we can live with that. Had a couple of conversations with close friends and can only continue giving thanks to Him for the blessed life we enjoy. It's not to say we don't find ourselves under the weather occasionally, as with Carla the last couple of days, but things could be much more serious given our ages. We'll be here about a week or so longer, but the month will run out in just 24-hours. Looking forward to cooler temps, especially as we waddle South in the weeks to come.

OCTOBER 2019

5th. The Blog season coming to an end. All we're going to be doing for the next two months is biding our time giving Florida all the time it needs to get cooler and rid itself of its humidity.



Next week we'll be in North Carolina for a couple of weeks then Yemassee, SC for 7 days then we dip into Florida. For the sake of convenience and conserving space, which is not that serious a problem any more, I think I'll just add to this blog for the month of October. We have absolutely no place to visit or explore. The rest of 2019 will, most likely, be spent traveling south and reconnecting with family. By the end of the year, we would have covered over eight-thousand miles, seven-thousand to this date. We continue to enjoy our stay here at **Diamond Caverns** and watching the rigs come in and out. As I said, Wednesday morning it's jacks up and going to **Lenoir, NC**. This will be our first time visiting this campground and we're hoping for continued cooler temperatures. Once again, we will be attending St. Helen Catholic Church. It's just as we like it, a 5 pm

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Mass. This gets us home in time to feed Scoots by 6 pm, not that she looks underfed.

5th. We were given the senior flu shot and it looks like we tolerated it well. The next couple of days go by uneventfully. We depart on the 9th. We get a 9:30 start on the first leg of this 2-day trip to **Lenoir, NC**. 10th. We left Knoxville, TN by 8:30 and **arrived in Lenoir, NC** at 2 pm. The trip was uneventful except for the last half hour. Driving through small or even larger towns or cities is often very tense. Once we arrived at **Green Mountain Park Resort** the navigation got even more challenging. The park is so big and complicated they had to give us a staff person to show us the way to our potential site. The park roads are barely as wide as your coach. The last turn to reach our site was a strong right angle and steep incline at the same time. With His help, we made it. 12th. We attend the St. Francis of Assisi Church. No inside pictures yet, possibly next weekend.



I did get a chance to say hello to the pastor. On the altar with the priest and altar servers was a gentleman, I only supposed he was a Seminarian. Spoke to him on the way

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out after Mass, and he confirmed he wasn't a Seminarian, just a lay person helping with the Eucharistic Celebration. No inside pictures yet, possibly next weekend. 13th. We continue biding our time at Green Mountain RVP. It's not much to brag about. Some sections are decent, not great, whereas the section we're in looks more like a vacant lot with utilities. Verizon Wi-Fi has a mediocre rating. I don't understand how it can show 5-bars and yet be as slow as molasses. 15th. The one thing we knew, from the beginning, was that this field trip was just going to be a "fill in our time" expedition. We were not expecting much once we reach the "**Green Mountain Waterfall.**" The trail soon disappeared and we were left looking to tree markers for references. About half way up we were given a choice; the yellow trail or blue trail. We began on blue and stayed with it.; we still don't know where the yellow trail would have brought us. The trail marker, at the beginning of the trail was marked "Challenge."



What you see is what we saw. In its own way it was a little relaxing but mostly uneventful. The thirty-minute walk was at least good for us as far as getting our exercise for the

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day. It's hard to see but there's actually three very small, and I stress small, water streams flowing through the rocks.



On our trip back down the trail we see another small stream and another nice but very small waterfall about ten feet off the trail. All in all, not much to see or even write about. 16th. Today began with moderate rains as scheduled so laundry is high on the to-do list. We were told by friends that Downton Abbey was a must-see movie so for the first time in two years we'll spend a buck or two and take ourselves to the movies; the movie did not disappoint. What's even better is that it gave the viewing audience sure signs of a possible sequel in the future. Sitting there watching the flick was like visiting family after a long absence. The movie lived up to every expectation. The next day was cold and damp and we had planned to visit "Blowing Rock" today, but the temps are scheduled to be no higher than 64. Tomorrow is supposed to be a little warmer, around 68-70-degrees. We've rescheduled for tomorrow. In the meantime, we keep the fireplace on and spend the day just killing time; at least I don't have to go out and fetch wood for the fire. We hope for a more interesting day tomorrow.

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31st. End of month once again, now in Port Orange, FL. We continue enjoying our Winter months in Port Orange. Mostly Carla has been giving her sister, Mary Ann, the attention she needs to catch up on a few items on her "Things to do list" she'd not been able to do otherwise. As expected, our days are hot and humid. Hopefully this will end soon. Today is my two-year anniversary of my cancer operation. I'm gaining about a half pound a month, on average, in weight but am still not at 100% yet. But I give thanks to Him for helping me along these last two-years.

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NOVEMBER 2019

1st. Our Lady of Hope Catholic Church in Port Orange, FL



I've done a write-up on this church a couple of times. If we're in Port Orange, which is where Seabird Island is located, we go to Epiphany.



Way back, almost ten years ago, we had a weekend home on Seabird. A weekend home is a bit generous; more like a 1955 trailer with a really nice addition, but for several years it was our weekend home.

1st. I had great expectation for last night, Halloween," but was let down. Not one trick or treaters came to the door. It

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was also All Souls Day, but few honor it. Now were stuck with all these Hershey with almonds candies. They have to be eaten someone has to step up and finish them off. So, this describes how uneventful last night was. We awoke this morning to temps we were hoping for. Low seventies and no humidity...*Awesome!* Today will be our go to church day and we'll be taking Mary Ann with us as well. Once again, it's an awesome day here in the Sunshine State. 2nd. Not that many pictures of our **dinner at Boondocks**. This restaurant is located in Port Orange, FL. Back, a few years ago, Carla and I had a weekend retreat at Seabird Island only a few miles from the restaurant. Mary Ann lived at the Island full-time.



It's not that we patronized the restaurant that often, , we're not that well off, but we did go occasionally. The picture at the bottom is a fast action shot using a very fast camera and shutter speed but the action of the fish as thousands of them attacked a small portion of fish thrown into the water

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by someone eating who just wanted to see the speed at which the fish will go after anything edible.



The visit was excellent only to be surpassed by the delicious food we consumed. Hopefully next time we visit the East coast we'll do this again. 3rd. 30th Anniversary of our First Date. It was exactly thirty years ago this day. A relatively shy middle-aged guy was about to meet a young lady who struck him very interestingly with just a couple of phone calls. I had met her about a year ago when I fell off the garage roof, Mike was playing with his friends in the back yard and I did not want to disrupt his day. I was hurting and was seriously concerned about driving myself to the hospital, but I did make it. Insurance is great, I was seen very shortly after arriving at the hospital and the doctor, as expected, decided he needed x-rays prior to making any decisions. I was taken to the x-ray room and, as I expected, it was cold there. The young x-ray person was very personable but this was not meant to be a social call. She did her job and took her pictures and took the x-ray envelop to the next stop and eventually to the doctor. The x-ray tech was not very

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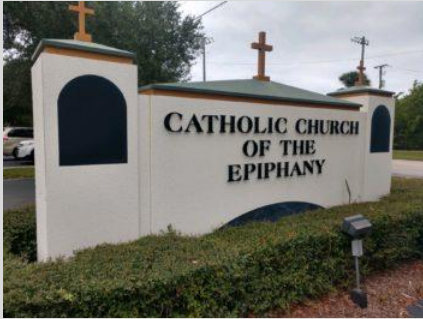
talkative but reassured me I was not going to die, but I was still in a lot of pain. Shortly I met with the doctor, we talked, and he told me I would be okay and was going to send me back home with no pain pills, *good try Paul!* Little did I know I'd be taking this x-ray tech out on a date in the near future. It's been thirty years since that first date. Not what I had been fearing, *awesome!* I'd been almost five years back in the single life, maybe I've grown up and matured during those years as well. It's not to say there haven't been a couple of bumps along the way, but to this extent, I rarely ever give them a second thought. I picked up Carla about 7 pm and we had dinner at the Ye Olde Tavern on Bank St in New London, CT, (no longer there, like so many other Bank St. businesses.). That evening we enjoyed a meal for two of Chateau Bryon, it was delicious and the last time we would ever enjoy that "meal for two" ever again. That would be our first joint decision of the hundreds we would make from that day on. Even the Tavern is no longer there. Shame that so many folks in this day and age, will be deprived of such a great kitchen.

I can only wish that every guy, especially one coming out of a marriage that had not been working, the same luck that Carla and I have enjoyed over the years we've been together.

It's been A Wonderful Life!

PAUL GRENIER

8th. Epiphany Catholic Church in Port Orange, FL.



10th. Sunday. Just another day. We've enjoyed visiting with Ann who is Wintering at this campground in her Park

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Model home. It's a beautiful home and she loves it. We've experienced a couple of hot humid days but, in general, the humidity has abided as well as the temps. Tomorrow, Monday, Veterans Day, we have a 7:30 appointment at Lazydays to have a few small repairs done to the coach. We also hope to check in with Escapees and hopefully become a member of that organization as well. They have a program that give you residency rights in Florida, as well as, several other states. We will need this should the Tropic home close this month. Other than that, nothing much is scheduled for the week. Carla has done some of her Dr. Appts. and mine are coming up soon.



Yes, you've seen this church before. As much as I really don't care for Florida, walking into this church after a one-year abstinence felt like coming home again. The church, Saint Vincent de Paul Catholic Church in Wildwood, FL is simply awesome. Every weekend it brings in over five-thousand parishioners and take in more money than the average middle class family with two working takes in annually. They deserve it though. They cater to every need of the parish, from food to the type of music it likes to hear during services. Every weekend it takes over twenty-five lay

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people, 2-3 priests, Deacons, many adult altar servers and a host of young altar servers. Most hymns are from the hymn books but they are partial to the more popular chants. The parish appreciates it, as they all participate in the service. Virtually each Mass has standing room only. Beginning next weekend, they will be offering an additional two Masses in addition to the five they currently offer. It's an awesome parish. If I was a Pastor of a struggling Church, I would attend the Masses and take notes. The folks here have a winning formula, and they know it. 14th. We continue watching the Impeachment. We don't really have many things to do on our to-do list but a vacuum for Carla and possibly a new Sunday missal. We found Carla's vac at the Wildwood Vac and Sew store. For myself we tripped to St. Timothy CC in Lady Lakes, FL to check out their Gift Shop. I was looking for another annual St. Joseph weekly missal but settled for a forever St. Joe Missal. Not exactly what I was looking for.



Then we did a little shopping at Walmart. We did Sam's as well, going in for lunch, but ended up dropping over \$100. We waste nothing, if we buy it, it will get used or eaten. It just continues to concern me how easy it is to spend one-hundred dollars. Saturday is not exactly like watching grass

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grow but we did spend quite a bit of time watching the Impeachment inquiries on television. It's so hard to believe that we impeached Nixon for a botched break-in and Clinton for having an affair and now we have Trump with more affairs than you can count, more obstruction of Congress than you can list not to mention he a habitual liar. I'm OK, just had to get that off my chest! Other than that, I did get the coach washed on Friday in preparation for our leaving on Tuesday morning. Today I finished the job by doing the Windows. Carla busied herself with vacuuming, her new hobby, and washing the inside of the windows.



Today being Saturday night it's Mass, pizza and movie. Our church in Wildwood is St. Vincent de Paul, a church and Parrish that knows how to relate to its parishioners. This church is packed, standing room only, donations come in at over fifty-thousand dollars on average on weekends, not bad. Their adding on a multi-million addition to the church and one other building to handle the growth in this parish. Tonight, Carla chose "There's Something About Mary It was very enjoyable watching it again. Nothing planned for Sunday. Will, most likely empty the holding tanks and pack

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up the coach making it ready to travel on Tuesday morning. This is a tough time of the year, no field trips or anything else to talk about.

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DECEMBER 2019

15th. and Michael and Abby visit for an early Christmas. This would be the second time in a week that we've cleaned the coach in preparation of family visiting us. The dust is gone, the twinkle lights are shining and we've begun hanging many of our travel novelties from the lights.



It's such a joy to have family, yes family, take time out of their busy lives and spend a few hours with the old folks. It's so easy to watch our kids grow and develop into young adults, and before you know it, they're on their own and have little need for those of us who have watched them grow and develop, and have seen them embark into their twenties. It's still a thrill taking part in their youthful conversations.

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The meal Carla served was scrumptious. Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage and a delightful melody of melon and berries and was served solely as an appetizer to the smiles and antics of our guests as they opened their gifts.



Not having seen either of them in almost a year. Our concern was; have they changed? Luckily both Michael and Abby are now young adults with the youthfulness they possessed in their earlier years. Michael and Abby enjoy our key gift for this year; a copy of our travels in a 2020 calendar.

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Still studying the travel-Calendar. Carla patiently goes into detail concerning the individual pictures. I can't help but think that given a little time for them to get on their feet, they too may embrace the joys of traveling. I only hope they don't wait until they are 67 like I did, life is just too short.

The day is moving along so fast. Outside the temps are in the high 70's and beckons us to leave the comfort of the coach inside and go outside and explore even another un-anticipated gift for the kids. Years ago, we were given a Manger for the Christmas season but this one was made up of tiny kitty caricatures. The younger folks can enjoy this much more than us. From the looks on their faces they enjoyed it.

16th. Christmas with Mary Ann in Port Orange, FL.

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One of the gifts we gave her was a Worley Gig. I did not realize it required assembly.



. We never refuse a Texas Roadhouse gift certificate.



Above is a napkin holder in the shape of a cow; glad those days are over for us. Below Mary Ann opens a gift for her cat Charlie. This is one of those as seen on TV but is sold

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everywhere. A mechanical device built to tease and frustrate any well-behaved cat.



Mary Ann is a part-time Vermonter. She has a thing on Moose. I saw this in a thrift store. On the bottom it read "for store display only," but it also had a price attached so the clerk rang it up for us.



Above Scoots just does not understand why she has to wait another week for her Christmas gifts.

24th. Saturday night before Christmas. Mass at Our Lady of Mercy Catholic Church had just ended and we found ourselves in the parking lot unable to get in our car since I left

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the keys in it. Then came Mary Beth. She saw my wife, Carla, with that look of despair on her face and offered to drive us back to our coach to pick up our back up her set of car keys. It wasn't that long a ride but we were very thankful for her offer. She's an employee of Publix in Lighthouse Point. Florida. I am very certain if we had been parked next to an employee at Walmart, we would still be by our car waiting for AAA to come to our rescue. She will always be remembered as our Christmas Angel of 2019.

Thank you, once again, Mary Beth.

Paul and Carla Grenier

Christmas Letter 2019

As in every Christmas Letter Carla, I and Scoots hope this letter will find you and your family in good health and spirit. Our tripping, this year, began right after New Year's. Since then, we've stayed in 28-new campgrounds, viewed 23 different states, traveled 8,000-miles, and enjoyed 283-delightful evenings. The families are all doing well. Cheryl and Paul continue working and bringing up their family of two little dogs. Mike and Chandra this year took on the responsibilities and joy of a 25-foot sailboat and are members of the local yacht club in Quincy; I still miss the feel of an ocean mist when out on the water! Richard and Christine, still in Naples, continue making improvements to their home; I can identify with that activity. Dennis is well and enjoys his new home in Boynton Beach, FL. We'll be joining him in the middle of December to enjoy the annual Christmas Boat Parade. On Carla's side the Ozdarski clan, like all of us, continue to get older. Mark and Jodi's girls as well. One in grad school now and the other is a teacher. Karen continues working for an insurance company and we know she's secretly counting down her days to retirement. Paul & Pat continue to enjoy their family, especially the grandchildren. Mary Ann, Carla's sister, continues to appreciate her Florida and Vermont homes. & Michael and Abby are working together at Sea Ray Boats. Last, but not least, Scoots is hopeful in shedding a pound or two this year. Carla and I concentrated on Arizona, Utah and Oregon.

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There's always something new to experience. In February Carla practiced feeding the local Piebald Deer while I stayed in the coach and took pictures. Then off to Benson and visited the OK Corral in Tombstone. Later we spent time visiting Paul and Cindy, our former Director. They are and always have been like family to us. The Grand Canyon was next and before this stay was over, we enjoyed at least four snow falls. In April we were in Utah for six-weeks and viewed the Mormon Tabernacle, genealogy and if it was there, we saw and experienced it. In May was Oregon,



For now, it's time for me to close by thanking you again for allowing me to share with you so many of our experiences this year and previous years, some of the venues coming up next year, but not all, as well as the acquisition of our new "home."

God Bless and have safe travels every day. P. J.

AFTERWORD

First, I would first like to thank you, for purchasing this publication, and secondly for sticking it out to the final pages of this transcript.

It was never my intention, at any time in my life, to ever attempt to write anything of this magnitude. The RV-n America 2019 is the largest publication I've written so far. As I have mentioned in the very beginning, our decision to embark on this awesome and ever satisfying lifestyle had nothing to do with writing a book. Our initial reason was to fully experience all we could in the years we have left. So many little stories had occurred in the last twelve months but, unfortunately, they've slipped from memory. Without a doubt many of them would have added a little more levity to this text if I could only remember a few of them. In anticipation of another RV-n AMERICA in the future, I have been much more diligent in recording many more of the details of our travels. So, many little mishaps that all RVers come face to face with on a daily basis and resolve them all eventually, will now have a home in print next year. This is, without any exaggeration and awesome lifestyle, but with this experience comes many challenges as well. Looking back on many of them, not all though, I realize that it was just Him reminding me that this carefree lifestyle is not meant to be a free ride.

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Carla and I, like many of you, had finally reached a stage in our lives where we felt we might be able to entertain retirement. This could have happened a few years earlier if it hadn't been for the Great Recession. There is just so much to see in this great country, both big and small, yet we have seen so little of it.

A great deal of my free time the last month, has been devoted to this manuscript and being more diligent in documenting our current travels, and how have we travelled this year

This manuscript is being re-written from the original blogs in January 2023, to resemble more of a story than documentary. From this vantage point in time, I wish to thank you for being tolerant of this story, especially as it pertains to stories and remembrances of my family; Mom, Dad and especially my brother Dennis and personal friends. As I've mentioned in the past this undertaking is also for my own personal remembrances as well. What I know today, but not back in 2019, is that my brother, who wanted so much to enjoy the lifestyle we take for granted, sadly, will leave us behind the day after his 76th birthday and join my mom and dad in that everlasting campground above.

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THE AUTHOR



I, like many my age, graduated high school and soon after graduated college and got married. Within a couple of years, I was blessed to have a beautiful family , son and daughter. However, partially my fault I failed parenting and should have tended more closely to the daily needs of my family more attentively. I pray regularly to Him and hope my kids, might forgive my fatherly failures someday.

I trudged along in this Pharmacy profession for 25-years and, in the eighties, I even had my own pharmacy. My soul however, way down deep, had a yearning to spend less time indoors and more time outdoors. By the time I turned fifty I knew a change was needed, especially after enduring one of Connecticut's worst winters on record.

So, at age 50, Carla, my wife, and I went in search of a warmer climate and hoping to find a business opportunity before we ran out of money, and starved to death. As fate would have it, He guided us faithfully and we eventually purchased our first Child Care Center in center in Greenacres, FL then a second in Titusville, FL. I also began a second career as a Commercial Realtor, brokering what else but, child care centers, of course. We did okay, but as my Broker would attest to, I did not set the world on fire, but with excellent commissions we kept our heads above water.

Within a few years the novelty of getting up early, wiping noses and lacing shoes was wearing thin and Carla was opting for retirement. I and Real Estate were getting along well until 2008, you remember; the Great Recession. We were heavily invested, at that time, in, what else of course, real estate, especially one very expensive log cabin in Maggie Valley, NC.

With many prayers to Him, He got us through that period in our lives decently. But even I, who could not fathom the possibility of retirement, was getting a little jealous of all the free time Carla was enjoying. This next phase of our lives would have to be our last and best, because of our age. We intended to free ourselves of the shackles of home ownership and job responsibilities by enjoying, at least, for a few years, the RV lifestyle. After almost ten-years of traveling I now, find myself, feverishly typing, and fully retired, writing about our travels assuming that James Patterson probably started out this way as well, many years ago.

Moral here is that HE hears all our prayers.

Paul

PAUL GRENIER

OTHER PUBLICATIONS:

Miracles of St Jude, (eBook and Softcover)
RV-n America 2014, (eBook and Softcover)
RV-n America 2015 (eBook and Softcover)
RV-n America 2016 / 2017 (eBook and Softcover)
RV-n America 2018 (eBook and Softcover)
RV-n America 2019 (eBook and Softcover)
RV-n America 2020 / 2021 (eBook and Softcover)

All publications are Amazon eBooks and reasonably priced.

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