

# The 2020-2021 TRAVEL BOOK THE COVID YEARS



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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

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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 week-ends 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. 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 few thoughts of how to fill the years I have left; Until a vacation we took at the Grand Canyon enlightened me.

Our lives would never be the same again.

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## INTRODUCTION

Thank you for joining Carla and I for our seventh an eight year of travelling America in 2020 and 2021.

This year we will be exploring A ranch for Giraffes, making masks and, like so many in the US, dodging Covid-19.

3-percent of Americans live full-time in a motorhome or an RV. When the Covid virus struck the country went into lock-down. We were supposed to travel to Nova Scotia and then travel west through Canada, but Canada, like many other countries said NO! and locked their doors to travelers. Carla and I were very fortunate because, even though our unit needs a fix or two, from time to time, it's homey and roomy. Huddling in place, although boring and sometimes a little monotonous, it was very livable.

This dissertation is not a regular literary piece or novel like "Betrayal" or "War and Peace." I'd like to describe it as a "docustory." It, this blog, was created as a blog or documentary and now I'm trying to smooth it over to reflect more of a story. 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. I apologize if, at times,



this text resembles a documentary. 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 and increase your reading pleasures. 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. Hopefully you will enjoy the overall scope of the story and hopefully this reading will give you and your family ideas for a travel destination of your own.

Paul



a

**HAPPINESS,**  
**is to have EVERYTHING,**  
**you need.**  
**NOT the need to have EVERYTHING.**

## JANUARY 2020

2<sup>nd</sup>. No destinations yet. Our objective this month is to plot out our destinations for 2020. Nothing concrete yet.

8<sup>th</sup>. Wednesday-we're still here! (Florida).As I mentioned on my 12/29 Journal entry, we've been fortunate to have celebrated several Christmas's' with good friends and family. What's been happening with us? Long story short about two-months ago, in preparation for our visit to my brother Dennis for Thanksgiving, I mixed up a batch of my Christmas Cookies. In my infinite wisdom I decided to skip the electric mixer and do it by hand; big mistake! The following day I awoke with a sore wrist. I just shrugged it off and took two Motrin in hopes it would go away; no such luck. It only got worse and worsen. Yesterday I through in the towel and got an appointment with an Orthopedic Doctor to try to fix things. Up to that appointment time my pain level was at least an 8 and getting worse. Dr. Thomas was able to squeeze us in, knowing our lifestyles. First was a CT scan followed at 3 pm by an MRI. The verdict was that I would live but, in some pain, until it fixes itself someday, hopefully. It was decided that there were two or three things wrong with me but no tears, rips or anything unfixable. Most notably was fluid in my marrow; I must have a leak someplace. To say the least it hurts to type, open cans, lift anything, sleep or even put on my socks. Just getting old. So, the blogs will contain shorter texts, not that I ever wrote that much to begin with, until things get better. In

the meantime, Carla and I continue to enjoy the cooler temperatures of Florida, upper sixties and low seventies, and she has to put up with my grumbling. We depart Wildwood, Three-Flags, on the 13<sup>th</sup>.

We got an early start this morning in preparation for our departure from Three-Flags, tripping to Golf Air RV Resort in Fort Meyers, FL. We were in Ft Meyers no more than an hour when Carla made contact with Connie, a fellow RVer although only part-time and will join us later this afternoon. Our purpose for this trip here is to have the Diamond Shield removed from the front of the coach. We contacted person doing the job, forgot his name, but have not heard back from him yet. We were optimistic for satellite but that was not to be thanks to a tree intersecting the line of sight. The campground does offer cable but we haven't figured it out yet. This might turn out to be a two-day stay as Carla and I to keep each other company.



The Diamond Shield is off and above are the before and after shots of the project. I've waited almost seven-years for

this day, but it was well worth the wait. The trip to Ft. Meyers took about four hours and thankfully was uneventful. The city and those around it have changed so much. Apartment buildings and single-family homes are popping up all over. The campground is one of the oldest but very nicely maintained. All the camp road ways are paved but are very narrow. They do provide assistance to newcomers which we took advantage of. We made it to our site without a scratch. By mid-afternoon Connie and Sharon, family of Carla's, were visiting us in the coach.



We had a delightful meeting with them who were also RVers and camping nearby. We must have talked ourselves hungry so we opted to visit Pincher's Seafood Restaurant. Our server, Britt, was delightful and very knowledgeable. she was great in helping Carla with her "carbohydrate-free" meal. We also enjoyed an awesome sunset over the water, made possible since we're on the Gulf-coast of Florida. I haven't even mentioned the calamari appetizer. It was a bountiful dish and we made short work of it. After returning from Pincher's, I finished the PDF conversion of the

2019 blogs and journals. The PDF is a very clean format with no chance of losing pictures or even having them get dislodged. New Look for an old coach. All coaches when they leave the assembly line are fitted with a piece of plastic called Diamond Shield. This Diamond Shield was supposed to last the life of the coach, but in actuality they were lucky to get five-years before the mold and mildew begins eating away at the product. Once this happens the front of the coach starts to look old fast. There's no way to prevent this from happening.



This rash of mold and mildew has been spreading for years. Dennis's Christmas check to us made bringing the front of the coach back to what it looked like back in 2006. His gift was very generous, needless to say. On top of that the front will now require additional waxing and upkeep, but it is our home and now it looks like a brand-new coach.

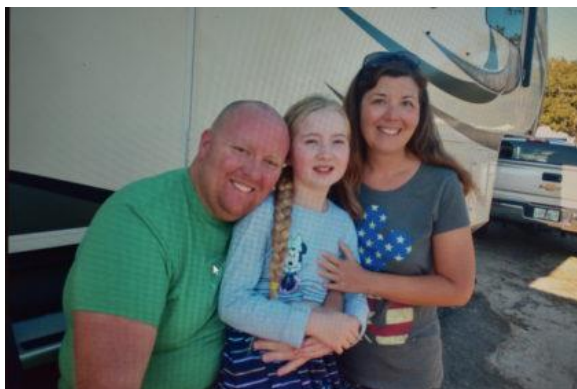
15<sup>th</sup>. We're now tripping to Orlando TT RVPark. What a feeling. I honestly feel like the coach is as close to new as possible. The front of the coach is sporting a new image,

and it looks so beautiful. We started just after 9 am and finally settled in on our site around 2:30. We have it all; 50-amps, water, sewer and satellite. It's taken three executive sessions, many cups of coffee and patience, but we've begun planning out 2020 excursions. Carla has most of the sights locked down. 26<sup>th</sup>. Sunday-We've moved around quite a bit this week. Most importantly concerning our travel plans. They now extend to July 02, 2020. A couple of days ago Scott Russell dropped by to say hi. Carla and I will be paying the family a visit in the next couple of hours. As of now our plans call for us having dinner at a local Texas Roadhouse this evening. 28<sup>th</sup>. My daughter Cheryl and hubby Paul paid us a visit today. It was a delightful evening. Carla is continuing to firm up our reservations for 2020 and points North.



Spoke to Cheryl and we'll try to meet up with her and Paul again in May. Yesterday we spent some time visiting the Russell's especially since they're just a stone's throw from our site just to catch up and exchange travel stories. Shortly after visiting them, we opted to take ourselves out to Texas

Roadhouse for an early Dinner. As always, the experience did not disappoint. Carla and I want to thank Cheryl and Paul for their Texas Roadhouse gift certificates again. We each had the 6-ounce filet but I had mine with shrimp; delicious! It's hard to believe that our 2-week stay at Orlando Thousand Trails is coming to a close. Tomorrow, Tuesday, a day we normally would do tanks, won't be the case. We're not sure, but we think that Tropical Palms does not provide a sewer option, so we'll wait until Wednesday to pull tanks for a change. Our stay there is only for three-nights, this is a gap stay, in order for Wildwood to free up a spot for us. Campgrounds frown on moving RVs once they have a site given to them. I think it has to do with their scheduling software. After our stay at Three-Flags we'll try something new. We'll head just North of Wildwood, FL to **Bushnell RVP an Escapees Resort**. We've just joined Escapees this year, and it is our hope that it will offer us more options in our travels this year. 28<sup>th</sup>. Goodbyes to the Russell's. We continue to bump into many of our friends, both new and old in our travels We've kept in touch with Scott and Vanessa since the first day they began RVing full-time. Little Kora, below, now ten, will not be "little" much longer considering how fast she is growing.



Right now, their plans are to stay at this campground possibly for the year, but it's still up in the air. We wonder why that decision but decide not to pry. Scott, a couple of years ago, expressed a wish to get off the road, and just cool it for a while. This might be that cooling off period. I have no doubt we'll be running into them in the near future, or at least next year at this time. Today we work on the kitchen sink. Yea! Even RVs have sinks that can get clogged. Scott gave us a powdery substance, he says, works well, so we'll give it a go. Today is our last day here, tomorrow we move to **Tropical Palms RVP in Kissimmee, FL**. This is a whopping ten-mile drive from here. This will be a short stay, four-nights, basically a gap-filler again, to logistically allow us to get back into **Wildwood, Three-Flags RVP**, once again. With so many campers staying here from the North, not to mention Canada, we have to sometimes do these gap-fillers to make everything work. Once again, we try very much to stay for free whenever possible. 29<sup>th</sup>. We arrive at Tropical Palms in Kissimmee; FL For a change we took on a 30-minute drive to this RVP. The trip was so short and quick we had to hang out at a local Lowe's to kill



about forty-five minutes to facilitate our arriving at the appropriate time of 1 pm. By 2 pm we had found our site and are now looking to the skies for a possible shower. This is an Encore and Trails Collection which means we stay duty free. The park is quite nice, the roads, however, are very narrow and do require patience and some skill while backing in to the sites. we were told the resort provides 50-amp, cable, satellite availability but no sewer options except for a pump-out station in the park itself. End of month. We're enjoying our last day at Tropical Palms. It's been very relaxing but four days was enough. It was a free stay and I would not hesitate to re-visit this RVP again in the future. On a political note, it looks like Trump will dodge another bullet. It appears that it will be up to the populace to render a verdict now. Once it warms up a bit, I'll have to refill the fresh-water tank and that's about it since none of the sewer hoses are out. We closed out the month of January with a movie as usual. Anything would be more relaxing than watching the Senate vote on the need for discovery and first-hand witnesses, but that's another story. The film we chose was Les Miserable. Without a doubt it is in the top-ten of our DVD library.

## Projected Itinerary:

- 01.01-Wildwood, FL at 3-Flags TT RVP
- 01.13-Pompano, FL at Gulf View TT RVP
- 01.15-Clermont, FL Orlando TT RVP
- 01.29-Pompano, FL at Tropical Palms TT RVP
- 02.01-Wildwood, FL at Wildwood TT RVP
- 02.15-Sumtner, FL at Bushnell SKPs RVP
- 03.01-Clermont, FL at Bee's RPI RVP
- 03.09-Yemassee, SC at Yemassee TT RVP
- 03.20-Gloucester, VA at Chesapeake TT RVP
- 04.10-Colonial Beach at Harbor View TT RVP
- 05.01-Port Republic, VA at Chestnut Lake TT RVP
- 05.22-Salem. CT at Salem Farms PP RVP
- 05.29-Bernardston, MA at Travelers' Woods TT RVP
- 06.05-Wells, ME at Moody Beach TT RVP
- 06.19-Bangor, ME at Cold River RVP PP-
- 06.22-Westfield, CA at Grand Bay
- 06.25-Debert, NS at Debert PP RVP



This looked like a really interesting travel plan, little did we know what would lie ahead for us.

## FEBRUARY 2020

1<sup>st</sup>. Last night Carla checked the phones and they were predicting rain all night and most of tomorrow. Today is our day to travel back to Wildwood, FL at Three Flags, and the phones were right. It wasn't a heavy downpour just a constant heavier drizzle. The roads were shrouded in a rain mist plus the rain itself. Visibility was barely one-tenth-mile. You know, the type of weather when your windows are constantly fogging up and same with the outside mirrors. On the positive side it was just over a two-hour drive, about sixty-five miles. Eventually we did **arrive in Wildwood. Three-Flags** is feels like a second home; we know it well and know we'll have no surprises once we get there. Carla just reminded me; Mass is at 4 pm. I can't recall the last time we traveled on a Saturday. Saturdays present a whole new level of stress, especially when traveling to new campgrounds and cities. Wildwood, as I've mentioned before, is like a second home, we've been here so many times. We don't have the stress of locating a new Church and even more stressful finding a new campground and getting set up on a Saturday.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Ground-Hod Day and it's another one of those do-nothing days, with the exception of the evening movie. It's only fitting to view the movie "Ground-Hog Day."

4<sup>th</sup>. Tues.-off to Lazydays today, one of those to do days.

We had a 7:30 appt. at Lazydays for the coach, just small items, but they must be attended too. At 2:10 I have an appointment with Dr. Thomas for a cortisone shot to, hopefully, ease off this arthritic pain I've been dealing with since before Thanksgiving. The shot, as expected, was painful, only hope it works. Still no "Blogs" yet since all we're doing is watching grass grow until we hit the road again. Tomorrow is another busy day but all was done by noon. No side effects from the shot yesterday and my right wrist feels very good. For the first time in two-weeks I had a great night's sleep. First thing this day was off to Goodwill to pick up another hang-around-the-house shirt. It is difficult for me to give up an item I rely on for long periods of time. I do keep a close eye on my grey and white sweat-shirt I've had since my early twenties. After Goodwill it was off to Walmart to beef-up our pantry. Later we'll watch the voting in the Senate. This Friday is another one of those "watch the grass grow" days. We did have a very fierce rain storm come through last night. Sounded like a dozen base drums all beating at once for about two-hours. We took a few minutes to go visit Ann Cunningham just down the street from us, just to say hi. She had some investment literature telling of a future cell phone that would dwarf 5G. Imagine, 5G being replaced even before everyone has a chance to experience it. I haven't mentioned it but yesterday I gave up on this "arthritic pain" I've been enduring since last November and we drove over to the local Urgent Care in the area. The Nurse Practitioner listened attentively to my array

of symptoms and ordered 4-vials of blood work for Saturday. We'll see what comes back. Thirty-days to go before we can leave Florida, I'm anxious. Tomorrow will be washing day. And you're saying why do I want to hear about doing a wash. Not much, but aside from doing Sudoku, calling Dennis and watching a little TV there's not much more to talk about. Yesterday was Mass, of course, at St. Vincent Du Paul Church. They have a major construction project to the church going on and everyone was curious about what they were seeing in the former church business building, no longer there. Prior to the homily Father John explained that what the parishioners saw on the ground were all the walls and supporting structures that will be used to erect the building to be constructed. A Crane will come in in a couple of weeks, allowing the cement to cure a bit, and it will lift each section into place then secure each section to itself and to the ground for support. It should be awesome to watch it take form in the next 3-4 weeks. Sadly, we'll be gone but will check it out next year when we return again. Yesterday and today have been almost livable as far as my arthritis pain goes. As I may have mentioned the blood work has ruled out Rheumatoid Arthritis or RA should I might have misspelled the word. Right now, I have no sensation in my left wrist which is why I'm enjoying this typing session but not so good for my left shoulder or right arm, but I'll take anything I can get in hopes that this condition might be clearing up a bit. My trustworthy writing assistant, Scoots, her spelling is not much better

than mine, continues to try to assist me in these blogs, but as for spelling I give thanks for Spell-Check.



Scoots is sitting on our travel sheet but I think we'll be at Sumter Oaks RVP in Bushnell, FL in a few days. Our scheduled date to leave Florida is March 10<sup>th</sup>. plus-or-minus a day, so the 30-day count-down will begin tomorrow. Valentines' Day today and we'll enjoy the (Harbor Lights Restaurant). Yes, I remembered. Even Scoots remembered Valentines Day.

### **14<sup>th</sup> Harbor Lights Rest. Valentine's Day**

Sometimes a simple task of going out to dinner might be difficult to achieve. Often times we find ourselves in a new town and even a new state.



We were not supposed to arrive prior to 4 pm, but as usual, we were about twenty-minutes early. It was only about a twenty-minute drive from the campground. So, we decided to take a promenade around the grounds. Above your first impression might be to say, there must have been something nicer, but it gets better. Below is the back of the diner. Lush green grass and trees embellished with moss from top to bottom.





Harbor Light provides a quaint walking bridge to bring you up to water's edge. Inside, as you can see, is not sullied with big screen TVs and posters for beers of every type. Just a very simple down-home comfortable feeling.

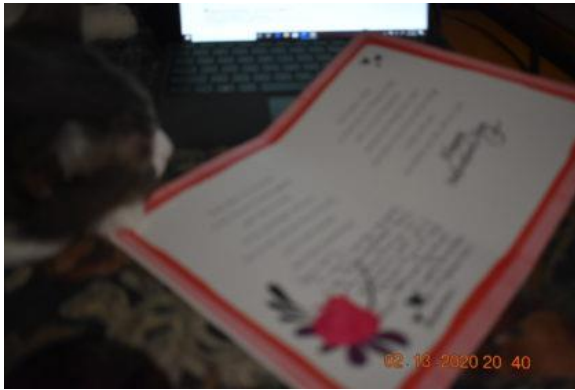


As I mentioned Ann was nice enough to accept our invitation to come out with us this evening. What we could not find was any harbor lights. To say the least the food was quite good, service was fast and very cordial. We're back to Saturday again going to Mass at St. Vincent du Paul again.



The parishioners in charge of the construction were both smart and frugal. The size of the church reflects the Catholic community it services. At our 4 pm Mass the church was filled to capacity; typical for this parish. The parish consists mostly of seniors, mostly from the Villages. Their age, most likely is the primary motive for their attendance

Today Monday, however, Carla has made plans for us to visit Giraffe Ranch on Wednesday. Whatever that is?



I know this isn't one of my better pictures, but at 1 am and without glasses I really thought it was much sharper than this. I did not think Scoots heard me slip away last night, but she did. It's protocol now, that when I sit at the table to write or work on the computer, she feels she's of assistance. I did not realize that my auto focus was not set, and sadly I missed a Hallmark moment. Friday, we left the windows open all night but closed them by 4 am. It only got colder from then on. No one is wearing shorts today. It's sweatshirts, hoodies and hands in pockets. On Monday we

spent the day with Dwight from Port Richie, FL, an old friend from our Alaskan tour. Looking forward to Ash Wednesday.in a couple of days.

### 26<sup>th</sup> Ash Wednesday.

We did prepare for Ash Wednesday very seriously. We finished off the open bag of Hershey Chocolates remaining in the fridge. We also feasted on "Fat Tuesday" with an awesome pork meal with salad. Ash Wednesday consist of Mass and ashes in the morning then we enjoyed the day fasting and abstaining from eating between meals all day. I did wake up last night for Scoots, just after midnight, and treated myself to some Oreo's before going back to bed.

29<sup>th</sup>. Happy Leap Year Day Today was a moving day. We leave Bushnell, FL and traveled thirty-minutes back to Wildwood, FL in Three Flags RVP. Our site is just about right where we were on our previous visit.



Carla contacted Ann, a resident of the park, and told her

we were back. Below is a file picture of our last family get-together with our former Director Cindy Lango, she's the young lady in the white blouse.



Once Ann left us, we gave Cindy a call-in reply to a text she sent us. All is doing well with her family. She's another very close friend to both Carla and I. I often refer to Abby as our surrogate Grand-Daughter, Cindy would definitely qualify as our surrogate Daughter. When she was in our employ, she had daughter Kate who attended our Greenacres, FL Child Care Center. I think she was about six or seven and she's the youngster you see on the right-side of the picture. Cindy told us she, Kate, is expecting in September 2020. Needless to say, both Cindy, Paul (husband next to Cindy) and Kate are our virtual extended family. We'll be in Three Flags RVP for only eight-days. Our next trip will be to **Clearbrook RVP** for another seven days.

15<sup>th</sup>. St. Lawrence Catholic Church is a relatively new parish. I believe, from what I've read, it was established in 2002.



The parishioners in charge of the construction were both smart and frugal. The size of the church reflects the Catholic community it services. At our 4 pm mass the church was filled to capacity. Above is a statue of St. Francis of Assisi. We will look for a statue of St. Lawrence next week. St. Lawrence goes all the way back to the early church, around 250 ad.

15<sup>th</sup>. Our trip to Sumter Oaks RVPark in Bushnell was nothing to brag about. The total distance was about twenty-six miles. We did pick up some fuel so it took us a little over an hour to make the trip. This campground is a first for us. We have recently joined Escapees, and this is one of their campgrounds. Below is the clubhouse which is used for everything involving a large group, like Bingo and/or cards.



You don't find this too often, a room for crafts and sewing.





Above again is another library and office with all the office toys one would need. Next is an Audio/Video room for DVD or TV watching with 6-8 Lazy-boy lounge chairs. It's always nice to find a pool table, one that is in decent shape. Outdoors you'll find shuffleboard and a community fire ring. This is about all there is here to see. It's only a ten-day stay but should I find more I'll post it.



## 20<sup>th</sup> Giraffe Ranch

We awoke this morning with great optimism, our first field trip of the 2020 Travel Year. The weatherman appears to be on our side, low humidity and mid to high eighties. We will visit the Giraffe Ranch which is owned and managed by Les Salisbury and wife Elena Sheppa.



Carla is standing in front of the Ostriches not just for looks. It goes without saying that they are tall, and they are! Almost six-feet or more. Shown above are Les and Elena, the Zoo-Keepers, owners, guides and, I'm sure, "fill-in person" when additional staff is needed as well. Carla and I

know that position very well from experience. This location is the registration office and gift store. Above you see the many expedition packages you can opt for.



(Patagonian Cavies)

(Lemur pops)

A family of four just ahead of us are writing a check for over fifteen-hundred dollars opting for an experience package much more expansive and expensive than what we're opting for. You'll have to basically enjoy the pictures since there was no way I could record all the information that was imparted to us this day. Above is a family of rodents. Patagonian caviars, actually they are the fifth largest (in size) of all the rodents in the world. Did you know that a rabbit is a rodent...It IS! There are many turtles on this ranch. These two will be joined by a third at the end of our trip. I'll let you use your imagination as to what you think they



might have on their minds. It's Florida. Just wouldn't be fair not to have a family of alligators on the ranch.



We will enjoy this forty-acres ranch in the comfort of the Safari-Jeep, actually I think it was a Chevy. It may not look like it but it was very comfortable. We were given behavior instructions in the beginning and the group was excellent in following these safety instructions throughout the trip. Carla examines the "bony" horns as our guides and owners give us a short history on the biophysical formation of these structures. The Camel Expedition. This, I think, might be one of the more expensive day-trips. It's not shown in this photo but the owner-guide will give this tour on his Segway. Given the two options I'd probably opt for the Segway as opposed to a camel, *oh well!* As you can see in

the pictures below many of the animals are permitted to intermingle and wander all over the ranch. The objective of the ranch is to provide, as much as possible, an environment similar to what the animals would be enjoying in a jungle.



Above is a portable chicken-coop. Up to two-dozen chickens will inhabit this domicile for 3-4-days then a worker will relocate it to another location which will continually give the chickens a clean and grassy home. *I wish my brother Rich was reading my blog since I'm sure he'd be interested in this product.* This is a far-away shot of possibly one-third of the cages and caged-walkways located on the farm. Even for those animals not permitted to wander over the farm in general, are given cages with plenty of room to ramble all they want. This is a far-away shot of the Registration building and covered open visitors gathering place. These are the

guys we came to visit; Giraffes!



They are permitted to wander freely over a large portion of this ranch but have been passively trained to understand that when the Safari-Jeep appears it means it's feeding time and time to mix with the visitors. Even I got into the act and tried my hand at feeding these awesome creatures. As you can tell from the pictures, they are not shy. They are surprisingly tame and friendly. Here you see Carla feeding just one of many that came begging for treats. Our guide, Elena, encourages us to get involved and feed as many as possible. She even turned the vehicle around to allow those guests on the other side of the jeep to lend a hand as well. Carla just proof-reads the blog in general and she liked it but insisted it was light on Giraffe pictures, so I added a

couple more. Sadly, this has to be a distance shot.



They look like deer but they're not. In particular please notice the one that is third from the start; just a baby! The baby, once again. We're told that this species has a single mind-set; to follow their leader which is always a female- *maybe they know something we don't!* Zebras! And others. If I recall correctly, we were told that the Zebra to the left is still a youngster. Its' stripes will develop after a while. A youngster asked if flies bother the Zebras? *I never gave it thought, of course they must!* But NO, they don't! The zookeepers tell us that the stripes of the zebras confuse the flies, so as a result, they just keep picking on the horses. The ranch has no horses but we did notice that flies have no qualms about annoying rhinos.



Enjoy the pictures since I do not remember who these critters are. The ranch originally was a "dry ranch" with no lakes or small bodies of water to tap into. To acquire water, they were forced to drill down over seventy feet to find the water they needed for the animals. Then a couple of years ago they had to endure a three-hurricane season. As a result, they lost many of their big oak trees that could not survive the forty-eight inches of ground water that flooded the ranch. An oak tree shows the water line on one of the many trees that survived the ordeal. A small lake was the by-product of these storms and the lake, as you saw in a previous picture, continues to retain a generous amount of water for all. Below is the Rhino. He and his kind are doomed for extinction possibly in our children's lifetime. Zookeepers all over the world are trying to breed and grow

the heard in captivity but it's a slow and expensive process.



The zookeepers here have been desperately looking to do the same, however. Their rhino is experiencing a dermatitis as a result of inbreeding. This affliction is why they have not been given the opportunity to help the cause. Scientist feel their rhino is not a good candidate for breeding. Once again, just enjoy the pics. If you know what these animals are please comment and I'll edit the blog with your information. Another shot of the extensive cages and enclosed walkway system this ranch has provided for their inhabitants. This has been our first and most enjoyable trip of this Twenty-Twenty Travel season. We would recommend this trip...absolutely! This is not one of those venues that are in your face every time you turn around. This is a mom/pop endeavor they have been working at for twenty-one years.

Previously Les managed a large zoo for 21-years, so experience abounds. Elena, his wife, is equally credentialed. I have just tried to acquire more information on the Giraffe Ranch through Facebook, but failed. We both really enjoyed this experience and will edit this blog as more information becomes available.

## 24<sup>th</sup> Dinner with Dwight,

Dwight is someone we have mentioned in the past. It was our pleasure to meet up with him, and his traveling cat companion, Dennis, now deceased, on our Alaskan Tour back in 2016. Dwight acquired a new coach last year and is making plans for traveling this year. Did I forget to mention that Dwight is ninety-years-old. Like all of us over seventy, he too has a medical problem or two.



Upper left is a quick picture of the two-bedroom home he has in New Port Richie in Florida. His home has a beautiful floor plan which looks and feels much bigger than it really is. His two sons live nearby which is nice. This was our first time to this area. Needless to say, like all of Florida, it's building like there's no tomorrow. The high spot of the day was his choice for an eatery. **The Thai Bistro in New**



**Port.** The food and service were excellent, especially the calamari. The visit went by so quickly. We continue to keep in touch with him, not as much as we should, but whenever we meet, we're excited to hear about the different venues he's experienced to, even some he's seen that we've visited as well. It took us about an hour to travel each way and by the time we got home again it was time to feed Scoots. I treated myself to a fifteen-minute siesta before a light dinner.

## MARCH 2020

4<sup>th</sup>. Wednesday- Feels like arthritis on steroids. Just another day watching rigs come and go. I know my attention to writing has taken a back seat to the problem I've been fighting since mid-November last year. Feels like arthritis on steroids. I've been told it might be RA or, possibly, Lupus. Actually, I don't think there's much difference between them. Neither is life threatening. I am, however, sick of taking Tylenol for pain and Ibuprofen for inflammation; just can't seem to get through the day without taking 3-4 of each every day. A really bad day is when I'm lucky enough to sleep through the night only to realize I've missed my 4 am feeding of drugs. Thankfully I'm not taking any of those meds advertised on television all day long. You know, the ones that warn that their medication could cause tears in the stomach, diarrhea, dizziness, heart palpitations and, of course, stroke in rare instances. Tylenol, after all that, looks like ice cream. Yesterday I got a primary care physician, guess everyone should have one of those, she's very nice and I'm glad she's on my team. She wouldn't venture to guess either RA or Lupus, but encouraged me to keep my appointment for the middle of the month with a Rheumatoid Specialist. Never had one of those before. As far as writing most days I'm not that uncomfortable with the pain, but it does get in the way of my typing.

12<sup>th</sup>. First time visiting **Clearbrook RV Park**. This park has over 1600-sites. Most, and I mean most, are annuals; RVers

that have decided to remain in place and stop traveling. A good percentage of the sites have campground-homes; tiny home, about 400-square feet or less, but sturdier than an RV. Many others are just living permanently at the campground continuing to live in their RVs.



As I've mentioned in the past, this is the living style of the future. Living in your RV is much more spacious, since the furnishings are keyed for the living space available. This viability is due to the inexpensive rents for the site you choose, usually about 400-\$500 a month. This rent usually includes water, electric and even cable, at times. Property taxes, Home Depot expenses are non-existent and insurance for a motorhome is minimal. As far as Carla and I go, Carla is on her third week with a bronchial cough. Last night I began to notice a little throat discomfort when swallowing, so it's on to the salt-water. Hopefully this afternoon we'll get out and walk around and possibly take some pictures. Ann Cunningham also visited us recently. She too, like Carla, is fighting a bronchial cough. She's fairly certain Coronavirus is not an item to be concerned about but she doing, just like us, self-quarantining. We're quarantining in

an effort to protect ourselves from any Coronavirus contaminants on the outside. Below you can see at once how tight the individual sites are.



This is a first for us and is, most likely, the reason why there are so many annuals living here. Below you see the daily activity at this RVPark; Golf! Yup! - there goes another happy golfer/camper. Our site is sitting right on the golf greens.



The time has come for politicians and the Supervisor of

Elections to initiate mailing ballots to the electorate, that is the voters in America. The privilege and responsibility to complete your voting preferences and carrying your vote to the mailbox is safe and easy with the luxury of taking all the time you need to make the right choices, especially when it comes to reading those long-drawn-out dissertations called amendments. Of course, it's not an imperative to change your voting habits. I always looked forward to standing in line for three-hours in great anticipation of stepping up to the voting booth and making my selections. This year has been, and will continue to be, revolutionary for every American. This year we will also have the privilege of comingling with many, some of whom might possibly be carrying C-Virus. If everyone stands three-feet apart from one another then the voting line should not be any longer than one-quarter-mile or more, especially with the potential for a high turn-out of voters scheduled for this coming election, not to mention the possible contamination in the voting booth and even the drop-off counter. Over nine-million Americans are full-time RVers and I doubt very much if any pass on the option to vote, and for us having our ballots find us is much more expensive than if we had a stick and mortar home, but it's worth the expense for the luxury of completing the voting ballot over the kitchen table munching on Frito's and beer. Regardless of how you should decide to vote, you must vote. This is an important election.

13<sup>th</sup>. Fri. Contemplating travel modifications. (Covid arrived) Needless to say we had been planning a very ambitious travel year. However, so much has happened these last couple of months. Corona Virus is not only managing our lives but most everyone's life these days. Right now, we may plan to stay put in Florida until at least the end of May. The bumbling's of this Administration have left everyone in some kind of Neverland. It looks like the virus will control what we can or cannot do. Traveling through Nova Scotia was our plan for 2020 but with the virus all around us as well as in Canada we have to tread lightly.



We're not sick yet nor do we plan to come down with the virus but should something happen while we would be traveling Canada Medicare and BC&BS of Florida would be worthless should we become infected and need medical attention. We're still talking it over but we might decide to stay longer in Florida and possibly travel just the East Coast and visit with family this year. From what I hear on the tube we are not the only ones making alternative plans for the months to come. We've committed ourselves, as so many others, to a quarantine life style. Even Mass is going

to take a back seat in our lives. Mass attendance in this part of Florida might be as high as 1200-1500 attendees, all of them well over 65-years in age; so, we plan to play it safe for the next 4-6 weeks. More later. 16<sup>th</sup>. Back at Wildwood, FL If you look very closely at the picture below you can see our coach on the extreme left side and Ann Cunningham's camp-home on the extreme right; that's how close we are to her this time around. It's our second day here and my third day enduring this summer head cold. No! it's not the C-virus. We check temps every day to be sure. Although with all the Tylenol and Ibuprofen I take each day I could be running a 103 temp and possibly not know it. Carla spent a few minutes today cancelling our reservations at the Canadian campgrounds we were planning on visiting, thanks to the C-virus.



Our schedule for today is very much like most everyone's; Crossword puzzles, Sudoku, read and television. With a little luck we'll get through the day. Hunker down and stay safe is all we hear on MSNBC, so we try to adhere to those words of wisdom. For now, that's about it!

20<sup>th</sup>. Friday-Carla and I are practicing social distancing. I was with her as we enjoyed a beautiful morning.



If I had one of those \$400 drones to fly over this campground you would be looking at a very empty-looking campground. Plenty of RVs just not many campers to be seen outdoors. Very seldom do I ever see even two people at one time talking or even walking. I can't recall the last time I saw several individuals on a single site, no longer! My neighbor is also keeping himself busy. This has to be the best swept carpet in the resort. We're not really hung up on sweeping carpets every day but we did enjoy a nice game of Scrabble that made the afternoon go by very nicely.

Saturday is sunny and hot today and it's hard to believe it's been a week or so since I wrote last. We traveled yesterday from Wildwood to here in Clermont. This will be our by-monthly exercise for the next few months. Our site, is nothing to brag about, but then again, it's very temporary. We're in the "A" section which is generally very sunny but it has 50-amp service throughout. During most of the year



we are just as happy with 30-amp service but when your exposed to full-sunlight all day long, the AC performs much better.



Since it's going to be so hot this afternoon, we felt a walk was in order while the temperature was still tolerable. Just as we began our constitution, we met our neighbors from Penn. They are full-timers and travel in a Safari Coach. First time we'd ever met up with owners of this beautiful motorhome. Thought for sure it had a repaint, but not so. The exterior finish looks virtually new. What enhances its looks is the simplicity of the graphics. I really get tired of every coach looking like it is battling a hurricane. So smart looking. They have an eighteen-inch-tall design over the bottom of the coach and top of the coach are a solid color. Just so I don't forget their names are Bonnie and Bob, that's Bob above doing something to the coach, we haven't met him yet. Did have a chance to speak to Bonnie and she showed us the "original" painting of two lions on the back of their motorhome, original only to them. Hope we have a chance to spend a little more time visiting with them keeping in mind social distancing of course. We're here until

April 10<sup>th</sup>., then back to Wildwood, Three Flags. Corona-virus (climbing onto my Digital Pulpit again)

I know, you're saying here I go again, climbing onto my Digital Pulpit. As I've said before; It is my blog! So much has happened in the last three-months, since China. You must give China some credit though, it did handle this pandemic in a rather Draconian style but definitely got the results it was hoping for; I don't believe our government could issue such demands of this population even if it had the courage to do so. Our world, after existing for billions of years, I believe, has created many forms of defenses from anything that threatens its well-being. Our never-ending battle over pollution just might be one of those threatening items. As pollution slowly begins to overtake many of Mother-Natures safeguards: like our many Coral Reefs and the ice and snows of both the North and South Poles, Mother-Nature, I believe, is not about to sit still and let humanity destroy what she has worked so hard for so many millennia to create. As pollution builds and the seas warm up, even if we don't see it happening, Nature, in self-defense, will fight back. Mother-Nature couldn't give a hoot about humanity as it behaves this day and age. The Corona-virus has been attributed to China by many in high seats of government, as being the originator and host of this virus. What if China was picked by Nature to begin a purge. In order to halt this drastic activity on humanity, governments all over the world are trying many different actions to try to control this virus. First was to avoid large gatherings, popular everywhere. then closing businesses followed by school

closings. With so many out of work the airlines began to cut back. Cruise ships stayed at port and humanity learned to huddle in place in our homes. Testing would have saved many individuals, but that's another story. The fact is that no one has a clue as to how to control this enemy. Immediately, however, we saw the Canals of Venice go from murky brown to clear; who would have thought! I wonder, how many other wonders are at work as humanity take a rest from polluting this one world we have. I've heard that we only have a couple of decades, if that long, to rectify our polluting ways. Should this "huddle in place" strategy be a new way of living, even for a few months, maybe it might be enough to give Mother Nature as chance to fix herself and hopefully we might discover a better way of living. Carla and I are in our third week of "social distancing;" it's not that hard or bad.

On the other hand, if we continue to neglect Mother Nature's Planet, Mother Nature just might retaliate in full force. Populations all over the world might be decimated. Governments will fall. Even China might not survive; I wonder if we'd still have to pay back the trillions, we've borrowed from them. Even our own country might have to bite the bullet. Fruits and vegetables that flow so freely from all over the world into our country and eventually to our tables might cease to exist. Work and business as we've known might evolve and a more Socialistic form of government or at least a new work ethic might be created. Schools

might be replaced with home-style education. Even many in the "work-force" might not have to leave their homes every day. Our government is paying out trillions of dollars to supplement lost wages to almost everyone in the country; could this be the creation of a new society. Thank you for taking the time to read this dissertation. At this point I will end, but with so much time on my hands who knows what I'll think of next. It is sad that Mother-Nature has to resort to such a harsh action to tell us to begin caring for this Blue-Marble of ours. It always makes an impression on me whenever I see an old black and white movie set in the early nineteen-hundreds, that life was slower, people cared more for their neighbors. I think HE was a bigger part in everyone's life than HE is these days. Getting ahead, accumulating more and more wealth and forgetting to care for those less fortunate than ourselves just might not be as important in the future as it is today. Living in the retirement life style gives all of us retirees time to contemplate on so many of our behaviors of the past and how we should be doing and acting better. Be well, stay safe and huddle at home and try to rediscover the beauty of family living once again. Prayer always helps.

## APRIL 2020

2<sup>nd</sup>. Developing a new craft with not very much to do. To his credit our beloved Governor finally issued a "Stay in Place" recommendation, not even an order, that I knew of. The last couple of days Carla has been investigating Personal Face Masks. If available they're affordable if you buy fifty or more; other than that, they're quite a bit more expensive. We spoke about it and felt a more affordable option should be available to all of us. It also had to be washable and reusable. Below is what she came up with. What we've created are also quite fashionable.



Carla just noticed that one of the materials we have available has an RV pictured. Below is the beginning of the process to create a face mask. Cotton pieces of fabric must be measured and after that we iron-in a vapor-protection material. You will notice my ironing abilities. It takes both of us at least twenty-minutes to complete each mask.

Before the final product is completed, each mask will be

ironed at least four times. Creating these facial masks is not a walk in the park. It's time consuming, thankfully, since we have nothing but time on our hands. It's also a family project. Below Carla does the critical work with her sewing machine. This activity allows us to contribute to the cause without taking the chance of compounding the effort without risking getting sick ourselves. After I have cut and ironed in the moisture barrier the item goes back to Carla.



The moisture barrier is sandwiched between two pieces of cloth and now it's time for Carla to stitch the three items to resemble a single piece of cloth. Once she stitches the pieces of cloth together the unit then moves to me again to trim the corners and snip off any and all loose threads. Once I've finished cleaning up the product, I do an inside-out, bringing the insides out. Then I iron-out the product in preparation for Carla to create the pleats and pin them in temporarily. The next step is for me to iron the product once again, that is the pleats, dodging the pins. then I pass it back to Carla. Below is the next step. Carla will re-stitch the perimeter of the mask but then removes the pins and re-stitches the sides of the mask; that is, to double or triple stitch the pleats.



Above are just two samples of what we're producing. As we build more product, I'll be showing them off as well. The product then comes back to me to once-again iron out the mask to create the final product. This mask is well-worth the \$5.00 we're charging. The last couple of days Carla has been investigating Personal Face Masks. If available they're affordable if you buy fifty or more; other than that, they're quite a bit more expensive. We spoke about it and felt a more affordable option should be available to all of us. The afternoon was topped when we joined Bob and Bonnie at their coach across the road from us. Carla had a question or two concerning TT reservations. Within the hour we had meandered back to our coach to discuss the reservation query. It did not take very long before the conversations began taking on a religious tone. I've been told never discuss politics or religion but the conversations that evolved were very genuine and enlightening. On many occasions my blogs drift to many of my religious feelings and more importantly how thankful Carla and I are for this lifestyle we're living. As it turns out we're not the only ones

with these reflections. Our conversations were very instructive and informative. It's reassuring whenever we bump into folks like us who also feel He is in charge and as much as we might wonder why our life these days are so demanding and confining for sure, someone has a plan and we just have to deal with it and offer it up until things get better. This coming Friday will be Good Friday. It has always been a very quiet day, especially between 12 and 3 pm, Carla and I will follow that ritual on Friday no doubt.

We have received so many nice comments on the face masks that we've sent out. The latest one was from Abby, our surrogate granddaughter. She took her mask to work, Sea Ray Boat Works, and she is now making masks in preparation for their employees coming back to work after a three-week furlough next Monday. The company is in the process of obtaining some "medical grade material" from a local hospital to make an even better mask for their workers. oops-noon time. 16<sup>th</sup>.

"Huddling in Place" for six weeks What a nice break for a change; rain and 74 degrees. Seems hard to believe we've been "Staying in Place" for six weeks. I've heard this might be recommended until 2022. Carla and I continue keeping busy making face-masks and doing our cross-word puzzles and Sudoku puzzles. We usually finish the day with a Netflix or Prime movie. This week we're revisiting the Harry Potter movies. Just a word of caution, at least from us, is to continue staying in place. We're told the President wants to "Open the Country." Good luck with that but in his infinite



wisdom he feels this is the way to go. Thankfully the east-coast Governors are planning to play it safer than that. Even the Republican Governor of Massachusetts is thinking in terms that safer is better. South Dakota, Florida and a few other states with Rep. Governors are thinking that opening is a good idea; can't wait to see how that goes! Governor Cuomo and several East-Coast Governors are forming a simple consortium to handle day to day needs in the fight on this virus. Governor of California and a hand-full of states on the West-Coast are doing like-wise. The Governors are stepping up and are being the "adults" concerning leadership. The President also, in his infinite wisdom, assumes he has "absolute power to govern" even the states. Evidently, he skipped reading the 10<sup>th</sup> Amendment. Our Constitution, whether he likes it or not, does not allow the President to act like a king or dictator.

*Pres Trump stated that "When somebody is President of the United States, his authority is total." The Constitution was written precisely the deny that particular claim. It also reserved to the states (& individuals) rights not expressly given to the federal government.*

— Jonathan Turley (@JonathanTurley) [April 13, 2020](#)

19<sup>th</sup>. I'm Fine a short poem fitting for the times. Like so many of you we receive calls each week from family and place calls each week checking on family members and how they are doing. One reply we get is "I'm Fine."

This reminded me of a poem I read a while back and found  
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it the other day.

*I'm Fine*

*There's nothing whatever the matter with me.  
I'm just as healthy as I can be.  
I have arthritis in both my knees  
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.*

*My pulse is weak and my blood is thin  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.  
I think my liver is out of whack  
And a terrible pain is in my back.*

*My hearing is poor, my sight is dim,  
Most everything seems to be out of trim.  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

*I have arch supports for both my feet,  
Or I wouldn't be able to go on the street.  
Sleeplessness I have night after night,  
And in the morning I'm just a sight.*

*My memory is failing, my head's in a spin.  
I'm peacefully living on aspirin  
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.*

*The moral is, as this tale we unfold,  
That for you and me who are growing old,  
It's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin  
Than to let them know the shape we're in.*

--- Cardinal Cushing

I may not have all those symptoms, at least, not every day. But from day to day and week to week quite a few make an appearance from time to time. Hope all is well with you! This coming Monday brings us to the last week in Clermont. That's right four more days and we pack up and leave Thousand Trails Orlando (TTO) for Wildwood. Once again, Big Brother at Thousand Trails is trying to watch over us, by extending an extra week at no charge, for us and those that pay, at TTO. That was nice but we're anxious to go to Wildwood. At least TT is exhibiting and doling out helpful and remedies to keep everyone safe. Contrarily our President is pondering the positive benefits of drinking Lysol and injecting bleach and the many ways we might be able to irradiate ourselves with UV light; every four-year-old, most likely, knows that that would be very dangerous to do. But, then again, he tells us he has a "stable genius" brain, thanks to a relative who spent years at Harvard. Personally, I would only trust him with a spoon, let alone the nuclear launch codes. I have a son that works at MIT but that has nothing to do with my brain. Friday is our go-to day as we will pick up and head out to Wildwood. Of the TT Campgrounds Wildwood, to us, feels like home. We continue to create our face-masks. We've lost count but I'm guessing we've made around one-hundred-fifty with twenty ready for sale. We're not ready to trade in the coach for a "new ride" at least not yet, LOL. It does offer us a nice diversion two-days a week as we prepare another small batch of masks.

30<sup>th</sup>.Thursday-Last day at Wildwood. Our last day for this stay-period tomorrow we leave for Wildwood, Three Flags RVP.



I look around as I type and I do believe we're not going to be the only ones to leave. Looks like everyone is packing up their belongings.

## MAY 2020

1<sup>st</sup>. It does not happen that often any more, at least not this year, but Carla and I still love the sound and feel of traveling. Even if the travel experience is limited to a campground, you know so well, that the camp director and camp manager know you by sight and by our first names. Nonetheless, it's still travelling. We've just spent six or seven weeks in Clermont/TT Orlando and that was way too long. 27<sup>th</sup>. Well, here we are, it's definitely beginning to feel like "Groundhog Day" is here to stay. I need a hobby. Just like everyone else we get up in the morning and virtually repeat our same actions we've repeated for the last one-hundred days. Not complaining! I know of one-hundred thousand individuals who would gladly change places with me. The mask business has come to a slowdown, which gives us one less endeavor to occupy ourselves. This is a "Cat in the Hat Day" with heavy rains coming down for at least the next hour or two. It's almost lunch time so eating always fills in the gaps nicely. Take care and continue to be safe. It was necessary and we thank the staff and management of Thousand Trails for assuming a "Big Brother" mentality by closing its campgrounds from all outside possible people many of them might be virus infected. With our Cottage Industry" of making face masks for family and campers, not one person expressed any animosity towards

TT for this decision. We were totally cut off from the outside world for those seven weeks and TT even extended the "stay closed" attitude for another week for those that wanted to stay at no additional fees. We were allowed to take the car or walk outside the campground acres, which few opted to do except for Walmart and pharmacies, and none of us died. The one drawback was taking our coaches or trailers out of the campground property. You can leave but you will not be permitted to come back to this campground nor may you take your RV to any other TT property. It irks me to see all those on TV marching in protest of the lock-down and insist on less restrictions: they deserve what they get for these actions. Their argument has been that those living in Nebraska, Michigan, Montana, Dakotas and many other states should not have to succumb to a lock-down. To all those I say tough! We'll just sit here and watch the tested carry on and the non-tested death rates rise. On a different note, our trip today only took an hour. We left at 9:30, spent some time a Lazy Days for a coach check-up, the **settled in at Three Flags** and were enjoying a lunch at just after twelve-noon. We enjoyed a Sudoku puzzle then what do we do next. We turned on the tele and noticed there was a note at the bottom of the Dish Guide telling us we have free Showtime through May 3<sup>rd</sup> so we checked out the Showtime programming. What a surprise! On one of their channels was "Back to the Future." Once that ended a note on the screen was telling us that Back to the Future II would come on next...Awesome! After II was over another note appeared telling us to stay

tuned for Back to the Future III. I hadn't seen those flicks since 1985 give or take, and it was a pleasure experiencing them once again. Sheltering at Home is not that hard to take. Still enjoying our four-hundred-square-foot habitat on our slightly bigger campground site and not minding it at all. Life is Good.

## JUNE 2020

### 21<sup>st</sup> Father's Day

It took me three tries to get the password right, it's been that long since I've posted anything. We're back in Wildwood, Three Flags Resort, until this coming Thursday when we leave to go back to Clermont, The Orlando RV Resort. We'll stay there for three weeks and return back here next. It's only a one-hour drive in the coach to go to and from these resorts. We, like so many of us, continue to remain hunkered down during this Covid-19 episode. We're living a "Groundhog-Day" lifestyle still. We have no intention of deviating this lifestyle, at least not this year. There's a lot to be said for "feeling safe."



As you can tell from the picture ,we're sharing this campground with other full-timers and we, for a change, have plenty of real-estate to call our own. We're not the



only ones bouncing between campgrounds, almost everyone here is doing the same dance. All for now. Like I mentioned on Thursday we'll be back in Orlando. Be safe!

## JULY 2020

13<sup>th</sup>. A couple of weeks ago we traveled from 3-Flags in Clermont to Orlando. Shortly after we arrived, we were subject to a very severe storm. Everyone got through it OK, especially the awnings.



Below you can see what a very nice resort this park is. At times the Wi-Fi is diminished but on average is good enough. We're now going to the C-Section of this park. We, like everyone else, must enjoy the views HE presents to us during these Covid-19 days. This sunset was one of those awesome vistas.



Scooty's Birthday. Her gifts were a couple of grass plants. She's now nine-years old.



This day we were treated to a sky-writer. The clouds were challenging. It took a while but eventually the note was "Love U Jesus."



Honestly thought this park would be much more crowded than this. Guests still come and go but the park is still about one-third empty.

**14<sup>th</sup>.Yes, Our Anniversary** I remembered! We celebrate simply as travelers, during these virus days we'll just enjoy each other and treat ourselves to a 24-ounce Rib-Eye Steak to be followed with a healthy dish of Rocky-Road ice cream. It's a simple life but still very enjoyable.

## AUGUST 2020

1<sup>st</sup>. It is so hard to believe that we're now into August. Carla's birthday is on Wednesday and unfortunately on that same day, I am going for a procedure.



Hopefully, given some time, begin to rid my body of all this "arthritic pain". I'm so tired of swallowing a prescription med that's not helping that much not to mention a ton of Tylenol 500 mgs. Will let you know how that works out. In the interim we continue to shelter in place enjoying the coach in our never-ending repetitive way of life. Right now, in preparation for our move back to TT Orlando we are very watchful of the oncoming hurricane. We move again on Tuesday one day later than originally planned thanks to our Anniversary gift expected on Tuesday.

30<sup>th</sup>. Only seems appropriate to have at least one more note before the month ends. It's getting so bad that I'm forgetting how to type. Personally, for those who might be interested, I'm at 100%. The arthritic aches and pains I've been dealing with are hardly noticeable. The Celebrex is working full strength but the discomfort in my shoulders and knees

are not go away. My doctor, last Tuesday decided it was time for a Cortisone shot, so I got a shot of Depo Medrol. As it turned out this was the missing piece. Nobody should have to endure arthritic pain; I was one of the lucky ones. We leave here to go back to TTO (Orlando) in ten-days on the 9<sup>th</sup>. We continue to live like so many others, basically in sequestration. Except for Walgreens, Sam's or Walmart we rarely leave the reservation. We did find comfort in the Democratic National Convention. So nice to know that our President-Elect "Joe" has the ability to speak at a level higher than a five-year-old. We did not follow the RNC. Too much projected doom and gloom and blaming the Democrats for everything negative that might happen when all these things are happening on Trump's watch, so we checked out only pieces of this presentation. He's so good at creating a bad situation and then taking any accolades and all the credit when a bad situation, he created, gets resolved. Then came his acceptance speech, all 70 minutes' worth. There was a section towards then end for about 90 seconds he spoke nothing but gibberish. The highlight of the month was hearing Mary Trumps book on Donny; Audible is so awesome! I can hardly wait to hear the book by Cohen. Just the information in Mary's book alone should be enough to not elect Donald as dog-catcher, let alone President. Did you notice that he never once mentioned the ongoing and growing virus pandemic in the country or impart any words of empathy to the almost 200,000 Americans that have passed on his watch do to his not taking the

appropriate action when he should have? Heck, even Brazil is having better results than us. But he's all we've got, at least for the next eight weeks. Now even the mid-west is suffering high numbers of Covid-19, even though I was told that would not happen there because so many, in this part of the country, who own 4000-acres of land, guess that did not work out so well. I should not say anything because Florida can't brag about anything. We keep doing the same wrong things and keep expecting a positive outcome; that's the definition of idiocy. I have both family and some friends that drink the Trump-Aid juice every day, can only hope that this period of our history will someday come to a close.

## **SEPTEMBER 2020**

25<sup>th</sup>. We meet Mario I've written so little these last eight-months I've almost forgotten how to type. It's not that nothing happens during these "Groundhog Day" episodes. Like most everyone else there are days we shop, or wash and even visit a doctor or two...Wow! This week we did have a very nice experience. A young guy living in a beautiful Forester C-Class RV came into our life. It was just a short visit or two, typical thanks to the Covid-19 protocols. His name was Mario and works for major employer in Florida. I actually had him pegged in his early thirties but to our surprise we were a little older. He's an AI tech geek who works out of his RV and travels perpetually...Great life! He left us today leaving for Peace River RVP for a few days then off to Pompano where he'll visit with his daughter in Fort Lauderdale. Currently we're staying at Three-Flags RVP in Wildwood. It will be a while before we pick up and really get back to travelling again. We leave here in 12-days and will go back to Clermont and just keep bouncing back and forth for the near future. Enjoy and be safe...

26<sup>th</sup>. The coach waxing job is almost completed. Usually twice a year the coach needs a waxing. It never looks that bad until I begin applying a new coat of wax, then, well; What a difference!



This year I just don't have the stamina of previous years so I've broken the job up in parts. In the last 4 days I've done both sides of the coach and most of the front. The back generally takes much longer since the exhaust fumes do collect upon the surface of the coach. It should be completed by the end of next week with some cooler days on schedule for next week. We've begun looking at destinations for next year trying to think positive. I've mentioned our friend Ann in the past. She is selling her "camp-home" here in Three Flags RVP and has purchased a residence in Collierville, TN about five-hundred miles west of Maggie Valley, NC. We're not exactly setting it up as a destination spot but we might travel in that direction.



# OCTOBER 2020

## Proposed Travel Plans:

- 10.01-Wildwood, FL at Three Flags RVP
- 10.07-Clermont, FL at Orlando TT RVP
- 10.14-Wildwood at Three Flags RVP
- 11.04-Clermont. FL at Orlando TT RVP
- 11.11-Wildwood, FL at Three Flags RVP
- 12.02-Clermont, FL at Orlando TT RVP
- 12.16-Wildwood at Three Flags RVP
- 12.30-TBA

1<sup>st</sup>. As I've mentioned in a past random note, the coach needed a wax job. As I mentioned then, I just don't have the stamina I used to have so this job took about 3 days. At this time all has been waxed except the back of the coach. At TTO we don't have the privilege of washing; so, the back portion of the coach will have to wait until we move back to Three Flags.



About 5-days ago our AC had a stroke. At first, we thought it was the unit itself, especially having notice a strong odor

of burning wire. The more we looked the more we narrowed it down to the thermostat unit. I possibly could have replaced the unit if it were still being manufactured. The unit we have is now being made under a new serial number. The service person, Patrick, was able to find it online. As I have always said, this is a very inexpensive lifestyle, however, maintenance expenses are always popping up from time to time. We did get to experience a few really hot days. Of course, last night was the Presidential Debate. President Trump wrongly boasts that the polls had him as the winner; *yea sure!* Not even Fox would go that far. How hard is it for him to rebuff "Proud Boys and white supremacists in general? Unfortunately, he feels these individuals are a good percentage of his voter group. Time for a change! Right now, we're about 2-weeks to Vote Day. It's hard to believe but the end of the year is just around the corner. Last week I finished waxing the coach and it looks great. It's not the amount of traveling we're doing that's going to cause it to wear off, that's for certain. We're back in Three Flags. The campground is not terribly crowded but all the available 50-amp sites we're taken so we have a nice spot-on Kentucky with 30-amp but we should be Okay this time of the year.



We're enjoying mid-eighties with just a bit of humidity so we're good. We've made friends with Craig, in the RV next door, and he and his wife graciously share a few of their select meals with us. The campground, in general, is following the CDC guidelines; mostly on social distancing. Not much else to talk about and will most-likely talk again in November. REMEMBER PLEASE VOTE!!!

25<sup>th</sup>. Our ballots have been accepted. We took no chances on this year's voting ballots. the day we received our ballots we had them completed and properly placed in its return envelope. Just to do our part in helping the postal service keep from getting overburdened we hand delivered our ballots to the Sumter County Elections Office. We were not the only ones there. Dozens of voters were both entering the office to vote and many, like ourselves, were dropping off our ballots in person. As I mentioned in the blog about a month ago everyone, this year, must vote as though their lives depend on it. Stand with me and Vote and pray for a good election..... PLEASE VOTE...

29<sup>th</sup> Craig is a Single Camper hopping back and forth, from campground to campground just as we are. His only deviations come from a possible Auto Show. We've enjoyed his company the last couple of weeks. We have his travel schedule and I'm certain we'll intersect at least twice. We're getting a bigger dose of TV than is good for us, but in a few days the elections will be here and, hopefully, within ten days we'll have a winner in this election year. Our HHR had a run-in with a "fire-ring." *The fire-ring won.* The car needs some work on the front fender and we hope to have a repaint at the same time. On Nov. 12 we have an appointment with Lazy Days to fix a small problem with our bed. We also hope they'll be able to add a couple of long RV gutter spouts. This is a very inexpensive add-on and will keep roof-water-runoff away from the sides of the coach.

## NOVEMBER 2020

4<sup>th</sup>. Some of us are tuckered out. We've been living on a steady diet of a Trump/Biden campaign season, but, as you can see, one of us is losing interest. She's just a teenager and has relentlessly made it up to this day.



Scoots just could not take it any longer. Little did we know that it would not be until the next Saturday, the 7<sup>th</sup>. , that NBC would officially claim that Joe would be the President Elect. The streets are packed with the young upon hearing the good news. As you can tell from the text today is the 7<sup>th</sup>. and, YES, the TV is still on. It's going to be nice watching this administration govern without "tweets." It is also reassuring knowing the Biden will read the Daily Briefings without the need of pictures. The country needs a great deal of fixing and that will happen over time. I'm optimistic that the Republican Senate will find a spine to govern for a

change with no fear of a retaliatory tweet from Trump. I can't wait for January 6<sup>th</sup>.

God Bless Joe!

7<sup>th</sup>. On hold here in Clermont for repairs. Our trip from Wildwood, Three Flags RV, to Clermont, FL, Orlando TT RVP, is generally a quiet and almost boring sixty-minute drive.



We're about half way to Clermont when we heard a bang in the coach about as loud as a "cherry-bomb" fire cracker on the 4<sup>th</sup>. We immediately looked back and headed the coach to the side of the highway. Our slide behind the driver's seat released and was hanging out about six-inches. Up to this time we had gone about two-years with absolutely no problems with the RV. We cautiously drove the coach to our next location in Clermont and gave Patrick Monahan a call in hopes he'll be able to but us back together again. Long story short we had a "solenoid" die and created the problem; Thankfully it was nothing we might

have done. The damaged solenoid also created a great deal of pressure on the "hook" that serves as a backup for such a situation. The hydraulic pressure, about two-thousand PSI, of the slide also caused damage to that back-up system. The covid virus, we soon discovered, would create another problem. Getting parts takes an act of Congress because of the virus. Parts manufacturing has taken a beating with companies trying to get caught up and filling back-up orders. We we're planning to leave in three-days but might be here for at least three more weeks.

Joe Biden is the President Elect.

To quote Joe:

"WE'RE GOING TO BE OKAY," - NOW!

To Quote Paris:

"WELCOME BACK AMERICA."

He, Trump, actually tried to topple the government, unbelievable!

18<sup>th</sup>. Met Don and Deb Grenier



It only makes sense that we are getting to know our neighbors. Deb and Don own a beautiful Sunseeker 2016, I think. Even they have a little problem pop up from time to time. Bill has turned out to be our new paperboy. Every morning after they have finished reading the Sentinel, he delivers it to us. Once again, this is a Beaver Marquis Classic RV. Beaver, to the best of my knowledge, is no longer being built. All Beavers we're built to last, unlike what is on the market today. Well worth the dollars they command.

18<sup>th</sup>. Let me introduce Ken and Donna Grenier



We've known about this nice couple for several years but finally got around to meeting them this day. Their last name is "Grenier" as well. Carla, for some reason, continues to receive updates on their stays for month to month.



We enjoyed their visit very much and hope we meet up again in the future. The nicest day of the year. Temp 76, no humidity, bright sunshine and only slightly breezy. This is the reason so many move to Florida.

18<sup>th</sup>.-Must learn to type once again.

THANKSGIVING;



Our Thanksgiving, like so many other families, was small and intimate. We did have turkey, but ours was a very thick slice and not the full bird. But then I can't remember the last time we had a family gathering to warrant a full bird, and then there's the oven, or lack of such an appliance. We are both very thankful for family and health. We both know of individuals that have had to suffer through the Covid-19 virus and a couple that have not made it to enjoy this year's Thanksgiving.

## DECEMBER 2020

This is the end of the book for 2020.

AMERICA IS BACK...AND UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT...!



HAPPINESS is to have EVERYTHING,  
you need.

NOT the need to have EVERYTHING.



As the title says, this was pre-Christmas. There was never a

day I enjoyed as much as Christmas with Abby. It was a day that we lavished as many gifts as possible on this girl; but she was a child then. Today she's a grown girl and as you might have noticed, yes, she's pregnant. We have already begun buying for the infant to come. As you can guess, our buying days are about to begin once again. She's having a girl, no name yet. More to write about in the years to come.

### CHRISTMAS:



This Christmas, as with past Christmas', was low key. Buying "stuff" like more sweat shirts or sweaters than one could use in two lifetimes is a thing of the past. It's not that we don't want to add to the Gross Domestic Product of the country, but we all buy very selectively instead. Since then, so much has happened. Trump is out, thank God, and Biden has been sworn in as President of the USA.

## 2021 BOOK

### JANUARY 2021

6<sup>th</sup>. The Trump followers have tried to overthrow the government saying that Biden had stolen the election, which only they believe. This is Trump's idea of STEALING the election he rightfully LOST. He continues to stomp up and down like the sore loser he really is. He's looking for a home however, Palm Beach does not want him, he can't stay long-term at Mar-a-Largo; others are insisting that the Trump name be removed from buildings and resorts. He has no twitter or Facebook privileges. His family is not being accepted in Jupiter either.; It goes on and on, *GOOD RIDDENS!* There's talk he wants to start another political party, probably to be called the "Terrorist Party". Can't he just go away!!!

INAUGURATION:





Very proud to see Vice President Pence was, unlike his boss, the former president stayed home like a child, participating in the Inauguration of Biden. President Biden had a gifted poet, Garth Brooks and Lady Gaga among many others at the celebration. Unlike Trump he had a tractor parade and other farm equipment. He is our new President, what a beautiful day. There's finally an adult in the White House.

29<sup>th</sup>. Resting comfortably at Thousand Trails Orlando-New Section.



The New Section consists of over 160 new RV sites all with 50-amp electricity. Access to satellite, for TV viewing, is excellent. On this stay our site comes with real estate.



For those who are not campers having easy access to utilities is a given in this section. Hook-ups are all about six-feet from your RV which is exactly where it should be. We can only hope to be lucky to revisit this section on future stays.

30<sup>th</sup>. Saturday...We visit Abby and Michael. I mention Abby and her life partner, Michael, from time to time in my blogs, and now more about this couple. As you can see from the picture, yes, Abby cooks! She and Michael treated us to an excellent meal of chicken and broccoli. I actually

helped a bit. What she needs is a potato masher but even without this implement the potatoes came out fine. I wasn't just showing off, I do help even in our very small kitchen when Carla permits.



We did have a purpose for our visit, infant stuff. We learned, as we left that afternoon that they have been receiving gifts from many of their friends and family as well. Nonetheless, we can all remember back, for me over fifty years, how challenging those early family years can be.



The one thing about infants is that they outgrow their infant cloths faster than we realize. We've watched Michael and Abby grow over the last 5-6 years. Spit-up bibs are a dime a dozen, which is about how many bibs and infant can go through in a day, some days. Just confirmed from

Carla that if Abby is our surrogate grand-daughter their little girl, yes girl, will be our surrogate great-grand-daughter, I like that. This gives me a second chance. I should have been a better father than provider when my kids were younger but I missed that boat. My kids both decided against kids so hopefully, with permission from Abby and Michael, I might have a chance to make up for my mistakes of my past. Above its cloths, cloths everywhere, but I'm sure they'll be outgrown very soon. Below is just the beginning of this little girl's library. Both the kids are very smart so I'm sure the little-one will be as well. Our many years in the child-care industry enlightened us in many areas, so we know "reading" must be an integral part the first three years of her life. This first book to her life-library was one about life-"EVERONE POOPS." We intend to broaden her library selection in the months and years to come. Any ideas out there please e-mail me.



What a great afternoon we had this day. Great company, a delicious meal and a great deal more information on the coming birth.I'll have much more to write from now on.



# FEBRUARY 2021

## 4<sup>th</sup> Remembering Paul Kourtz

Paul left this world four years ago this day. Personally, I did not know of this event for a few months 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 be hanging around with me, but he 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 that 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 finally faced with having to grow up. We both faced marriages, families and divorce. We got together 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 saying 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 now 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 seriously at his words.

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 is 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.

17<sup>th</sup>. **It's Ash Wednesday** already, the first day of lent. So much hurt in the country; Covid-19, jobs, schooling and now the terrible freeze in the Texas area. I know and trust that in time all these will pass, but unless you're in the middle of one of these tragedies, it's just another day of relative seclusion. Our Lent, as always, will last forty-days. Some will give up smoking, some alcohol. Others will take a positive attitude. I believe this year I'll do a little of both; no smoking should be a no-brainer. More to come, I hope.

**Paul Ozdarski is rewarded.** It was Ash Wednesday in the early morning hours. The night was very cold but for Paul Ozdarski it would be his final night tethered to this earth. It was still dark when he experienced a gentle tap on his shoulder; "Come Paul it's time to go." "Go where?" I'm sure he answered back; It's time for your reward. "But, can I say good-bye", no need, time goes by very fast where you are going, and they'll be with you in the near future.



Paul married Pat and had a very long life together. I wasn't

there but owning your own business and raising three kids can be taxing. I'm sure they had as many, if not more, stressful times in their lives than they could list. Unlike those in this generation, they hung in there no matter how rough it got.

Paul's siblings were Carla and Mary Ann; Carla is to the left and Mary Ann further back on the right.



As I said they had three kids, Amy, Mark and Karen. Amy is hanging onto his neck on his right and Karen is on Mark's left. I would give anything to have a family picture like the one below.



Mark married Jodie and had Haley and Morgan.



Paul's grandchildren, Mark and Jodie's kids above, Haley and Morgan. Carla married me and gave me the privilege being a member of this closely knit family; that's us below.



I've been told that prior to full admittance to one's heavenly reward the angel will ask two questions of Paul.

1. Did you spread JOY to those you associated with while on earth?
2. Did you experience JOY during your stay on earth?

As to the first question, all that is necessary is to view a

handful of pictures.



This may have been Mary Ann's party at her cottage that year, but indirectly, it was also a celebration to the well-lived life of Paul Ozdarski, Patriarch of the Ozdarski family.

As to the second question it only takes a quick look at this final picture for the answer.



Rest now Paul, you've done well.



25<sup>th</sup>. New friends Stacey and Joe. This is also a very good picture of exactly how nice this NEW section of TTO really is.



This couple had the good luck of beginning their living full-time, this year. It will get better; we all know that. Above is a picture of their Motorhome, a Valencia Renegade. If our coach was a VW theirs is a Jaguar. This is full-timing first class. They're very nice to talk to as well and will have so many more years to enjoy this lifestyle than we will. It's so much fun discussing places we've seen and campgrounds we've experienced to others. For newbies they've been around, quite a bit actually, before Covid had set in. They're leaving in a few days and us about a week later. I hope we have the luck to cross paths with them in the future.



## MARCH 2021

9<sup>th</sup>. So much has happened this month so far. Yesterday, we were called up to receive our first dose of the Maderna vaccine. The needle on TV looks much worse than it is in reality. We both woke up this morning with slight sensitivity at the injection site but I'm sure it will pass. We go back for our second and final dose the day after Easter. Like half the population in the country we're hopeful for the \$1400 check we should both receive sometime this month. The idea is to spend the money not bank it to help the economy. In keeping with the "spend it" theory we've made plans to replace the rear tires (4) of the coach in two weeks. They still look great but the rule of thumb is to replace tires every seven years like it or not. The best way to avoid potential hazards in the future is to act responsibly in the present to avoid problems in the future. Replacing these four tires will wipe out the stimulus check even before we receive it, but we can sleep tight knowing we're helping to stimulate the economy. Just to go one better we're having the work completed by an individual whose office is his truck, yup, a small-business owner. Not having much to do, as usual, today we took drive to Harmer Auto Body where we had the HHR fixed after the run-in with the campground fire-pit. The fix is not complete but we've been patient enough. We bring the car back tomorrow for the fix to be finished.



We're also having the portion of the coach, above the front window (as seen above,) repainted and jell-coated. This will take two-days so we'll overnight at their shop Wednesday evening. I'm hoping they'll have some paint left over because I do have little dings around the coach that need touching up. As you can see from the picture above the severe flaking going on with the tan and gold paint. To save money we're going to paint the entire area the gold color. It's not that the coach is getting old and is losing its color, this is caused by friction from air, water and dust/sand. It's only happening in this one location and it's not just our coach, this is very common with almost all motorhomes over ten-years old. With shots a sure thing to be completed, paint getting done and tires being replaced we now have to think about having the oil changed in the coach and having the radiator flushed as preventive medicine. Oil does not have many miles on it but it has been sitting in the engine for about one-year; so, it must be changed. All these items must be completed in preparation for us finally getting back on the road again. The schedule has not been looked

at yet but should basically be concerned with visiting family in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont. I hope to be able to swing through Maine once again and enjoy the taste of Northern Maine lobsters. We have been told the lobster in Mass. and Conn., is equal to that of Maine so we might have three chances to enjoy this delicacy.

10<sup>th</sup>. Optimistically I was hoping that about this time we would be seeing new paint on the upper front of the RV. We did everything right. We got up early, got to the auto shop on time and then watched a sad expression of the face of the person who was to perform the paint job. He told us he wasn't expecting an RV quite as tall as we have. Most motorhomes are all about the same size. The shop does not have a hydraulic lift which is what he would need to perform the repair. So, we left and came back home to wait for a call to come back and complete the repair on the HHR. He tells us he's very experienced having had a job of painting Monaco RVs in his past. It will get done some day.

25<sup>th</sup> Just about 20-days ago we noticed the A/C unit in our coach was working but not doing much cooling. Our A/C unit concerns me from time to time. It still runs on Freon, a dinosaur product these days not to mention illegal as well. Second concern is the fact that it's sixteen-years-old. My big fear has always been, once the Freon eats its way through the cooling coils, we'd have to buy new. Our fans were doing a good job but not great so it was time to call

Disantis A/C. Disantis sent Aaron to look over the problem. He belayed our worse fears. True the A/C was not working but now: Why! Further examination determined the control board had "passed away." Aaron's next concern was would there be a part available for the unit. Replacement parts are the biggest challenge in the industry. So many parts are manufactured in foreign countries. We were lucky. We got the last one on the shelf of his biggest distributor.



Yes! Scooty has her own personal fan, and she uses it generously. Carla and I envy her just lying there and soaking up all those breezes. However, we settled for enjoying our fan in our recliners. Back to the repair. The part was available and was shipped, only took five-days. It did arrive and Aaron came over and after one-hour he had the A/C unit running cold and strong. The A/C unit we have is one of the best. It's actually a residential unit. To our relief Aaron put my fears to rest on Freon. Should the Freon fail, a modification can be done to this unit to adapt it to the Freon substitute. As always it will be expensive but much

cheaper the buying a new \$6000 unit.

About mid-month now and we begin tracking down RV tires. The perfect match for our coach is a Michelin tire. The 23580R22.5 GXRV is the tire for our RV, hopefully if available. From the model number you can see it's specific of RV use. I then was in the hospital for a couple of days with no solution on putting our hands on four of these tires. The next day, after my release, we had to acquire tires. Amazon had only eighteen left. The trouble with this model is that Michelin only makes a limited supply to meet the needs of the RV industry annually. Logistically Amazon was great on price especially with free shipping. We're having them delivered to Action Gator Tire for them to install the beginning of May. The cost of shipping was over 150 dollars apiece, so this was a big savings. Our tires still look great but the rule of thumb, for RVers, is to not push RV tires longer than seven-years. Just after this was fixed, I came down with symptoms that brought me to an emergency care unit and they recommended that I go to the Orlando Health Hospital on the other side of town. I could do a blog on that experience by itself but it's not worth the effort in typing it out. I was finally released and returned home thirty-six hours later. Carla and I have decided it was probably an electrolyte problem. So, I need a little more exercise, additional banana (Vit K), iron and adding a good multi-vitamin to my diet. Hopefully I'll be around a couple more years, God willing.

After resolving the tire problem, we heard from Sam the Painter. Sam will be repainting the full cap over the front windshield. His problem is that he's stuck in Georgia doing a big RV repaint job and it is raining every day. Sam is on hold until his schedule eases up. It should get done by May. A small repair to the coach is needed. This is still scheduled for April 19<sup>th</sup>. for weather stripping and then to ready the coach for travelling again an oil change and radiator flush. April 5<sup>th</sup>, was our date to receive our second Covid-19 shot. Then wait two weeks and pray were safe to visit and commingle a bit. Carla and I have received our first Covid-19 vaccine. Dennis just received his first shot. By May 1<sup>st</sup>. we'll all be fully inoculated and by May 1<sup>st</sup> we'll start our road trips for 2021 by spending a few days with Dennis. Then travel the East coast to visit family, finishing in Vermont where we'll visit Mary Anne, Carla's sister for a few days. Beyond that it is still up in the air.

## APRIL 2021

4<sup>th</sup>. An Easter Sunday Child...Mckenna Will . I've spoken of her many times since the blog began in 2013. Very hard to believe when Abby came into our lives she was only sever-years-old herself. Her parents.



As you can see from the picture above right, neither one of them look to be much older that sixteen.



Abby and Michael, deliver a beautiful baby girl into the world.

9<sup>th</sup>.- Our coach has a great new look



Months ago, we had the Diamond Shield removed from the front of the coach and today the area above the windshield was repainted.

11<sup>th</sup>. Had the privilege to meet Dalton.



Today we said goodbye to the family. We never got to ask their last names, all we know is the father is Wally, Tracy, whom we never really met in person and Dalton an eleven-year-old who presents himself as a young adult.



17<sup>th</sup>. Saying goodbye to Wildwood. Ever since March 2020 we have been alternating, every two weeks, with TTO, Thousand Trails Orlando. Tomorrow morning that comes to an end. We are planning to leave Wildwood tomorrow, Sunday, in the morning and travel 2-miles to Lazy Days. The coach has a couple of minor repairs that are needed. Our plan is to stay overnight Sunday and Monday and then, if all the repairs get done, we go on to Vero Beach, FL. This will be a short stay, about seven-days, then on the 30<sup>th</sup>. we move again to John Prince Park just a few miles from where Dennis lives.

### **Partial 2021 projected travel schedule**

04.09.-Finally we're beginning to make some plans  
04.18-Lazy Days for two-days for minor repairs  
04.20-Vero Beach staying at TT  
05.01.-John Prince park-Here to visit Dennis for a few days  
05.03-Dennis' Birthday  
05.15-West Springfield, Haymarket Farm  
05.22-Laurel Lock RVP in Oakdale, CT visiting New London, CT.  
05.28-Mohegan Sun Casino lot for 2 days.  
05.31-Bernardston, Mass staying at Traveler's Woods  
06.14-Prowdy Beach RVP in Newport, VT-(14n)06.28  
06.28-Crazy Horse RV in Littleton, NH (14n)  
The next 5 weeks are still undecided and open  
08.16-Moody Beach, Maine (14n)  
08.30-Thousand Trails in Rochester, MA. (21n)  
04.06-Coach is now looking like new.



For the last five-years the coach has had a type of psoriasis just above the front windows. By no means is this unusual. The coach is now ninety-five-thousand miles old; that's a lot of wind going over the top of this vehicle. On its own the problem will not fix itself; it would require a repaint over this area. That's where SAM the painter comes in. He's an independent professional. He starts early and will try to finish the job the same day, within reason.



Like all things, big and small, prep-work is essential. Of the nine hours it took to complete the job seven were all about prep work. It's getting pretty hot outside but still Sam carries on. Above and right is the first coat and a teasing of what the final product will look like. I thought I'd be happy just getting this mess below cleaned up but now we have a virtually new RV.



Awesome! Doesn't this look like a brand-new coach? Well, almost brand new.

22<sup>nd</sup>.I've been away from the computer for far too long. So much has happened. Generally, they're just incidental items

that are boring to talk about at best. This time is different with the passing of my brother. Carla and I have been so busy these past couple of weeks. The entire death with its "must-do's," both before his death and following Dennis' death have been very time-consuming. This is actually our first day with "nothing" that must be done. Dennis' condo has finally been restored to its original looks, and it looks great. It's so amazing how much we acquire and feel we need to carry on each day until death steps in, then people like Carla and I come and throw out just about everything, I'm confident, he felt he needed all this stuff to get through the week. But someone has to do it. In so many stacks of papers and pictures, we got to know Dennis just a little more than we knew before. As of last Friday, the job is finished and the condo has already been shown twice. It would be a great little home for us if it were not in Florida. Dennis' attorney and our realtor have now figuratively joined our family. It should not take very long to sell the condo but we do have to replace a rug in the master bedroom. Sorting out his assets and possessions might take a few weeks, we've been told, but it will also come to pass eventually. For us personally, we're stuck in Florida, John Prince Park to be specific, in two respects. Dennis' personal business and our coach has come down with a major repair. The slide, of course, behind the driver's seat, died. Actually, the entire slide system and leveling system is down; mostly due to old age. Newer motorhomes, which we do not have, utilize electric motors to bring slides in and out

and levelers up and down. We, on the other hand, have hydraulics. Our situation is that we continue to have a leak or a few leaks, so fine they're hard to find. Trouble is that when the fluid leaks out, the system fails. We also have a control panel failure which probably failed because of the major leak. We hope to find out this week if the manufacturer, HWH in Iowa, will be nice enough to repair the panel. If not...I rather not think about it! Today we've signed up for another 2-week extension to our stay. I only hope we can get under way by the end of June, but that might be optimistic.



Connie is family on Carla's' side. They started part-time RVing a view years ago and are now on their third (I think) RV. Like many RVers they RV about 4-6 months each year.

Each year they seem to get a little more aggressive in their vacation plans. They travel in a coach and tow a smart car so when we get together, I am compelled to try to uncover the back seat in the HHR.



The HHR never disappoints. I did redistribute all our junk and found the back seat...Awesome!



Today the girls wanted to expose us to The Taylor Cafe in West Jupiter, FL. The staff was excellent and the food was even better. It was an excellent place to talk and catch up

on years past. The cafe grows a good amount of their herbs and vegetables. Below (right) is a picture of their RV. (Forgot the name-Integra I think). It's a C-Class style of RV.



Above are a couple of pictures of the inside of their RV. It was so surprisingly roomy; I was very impressed. This would make an ideal RV for a single camper, so spacious. They introduced us to their Food Ninja Air Fryer. After you finish using it, it folds up and you have your counter space back. Below (left) is Willow. The three of them travel very comfortably for quite a few months each year. Below is a close-up picture of Connie and Sharon. They both enjoy "Diamond Painting" in their spare time.



25<sup>th</sup>. Could not believe it when I signed on that I had not written one entry for April.





## 29<sup>th</sup> Sunshine Travel is a TT Encore Property.

This campground is advertised as a Vero Beach Property, but actuality, it's located in Fillsmere, FL.



It's an Encore Property so it should be a better than average Thousand Trails Campground. Trees, as you can see, abound everywhere. Above left is the view from our coach.



Above (left) is a far view of the pool area located across from the mini golf range. You can see a poor picture of the pool area below. Shuffleboard is also available. Below (right) are camp homes. These homes go from \$35- 50,000 and higher depending on options. What's really cool is that these folks get to live in this resort for \$705/month not including electric (includes water and sewer) (FYI no or very, very low taxes and insurance. For people like us we live in our coach so we would have nothing to buy, just the rent so we would not pay any taxes.



Above (left) is another picture of the pool area. In the picture above (right) you can see our coach way in the background, but it is ours. There are also laundry facilities on campus at a reasonable price. Below is one of two gathering rooms. this area is also used for Bingo.



Above (left) is the main entrance to the park. Above (right) is the camp check-in office. Below are pictures of the gathering rooms in the office building. This is also where you collect mail and collect your mail.





A descent but not terribly extensive library section with a nice selection of DVDs to view, at no charge. Books here, hard cover and paper-back, are available for all to take home and read and view at your convenience; Honor system prevails. Below (left) is a green area for future use.



The Park is very full but not maxed out. Many of the RVs and coaches here are annuals; This Park is their residence. It would be very difficult for me to dismiss this park as a future residence. if only it was not in Florida and had a

river or lake to hang a pole on a lazy day.

30<sup>th</sup>. Fri.- Visit with Dennis ( My brother) on his birthday weekend.



We visit with Dennis over what will eventually his birthday and final days with us. I can honestly say that that the events to follow in the next seven-days were not even anticipated. We arrived in Boynton Beach actually on April 30<sup>th</sup>., but it's in the May blog to help the timeline. We would be staying at the John Prince Park for fourteen days, we thought. The day we arrived we were off to visit Dennis. Thanks to Covid it had been a 15-month wait for this day. He was in very good spirits as usual. Not only did we come to visit but to also celebrate his 74<sup>th</sup>. birthday.

## MAY 2021

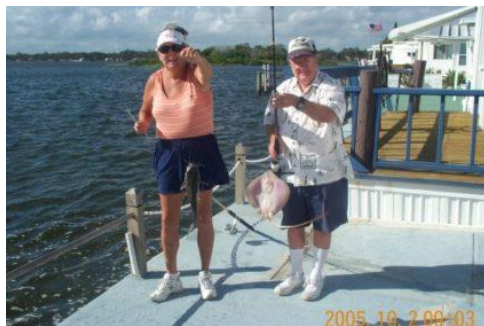
1<sup>st</sup>. Sat.-John Prince Park .Today was one of those days everyone prays for. The temps for the day around 75 and the sun was comfortably warm. It's still not his birthday yet, he just liked hooking up with us no matter where we were camped. He joined us many times in our travels before his first stroke. Camile, was one of his caregivers, since his problems first began back over four years ago.



It was a very simple day but very enjoyable. Dennis provided the hamburgers and fries and we took care of the drinks. Dennis was unusually talkative mostly reminiscing of previous locations he'd hooked up with us the last few years.



Prior to 2013, way back when, Carla and I owned an old trailer on Seabird Island, Florida, it was nothing to brag about but literally every weekend we would find ourselves there relaxing with fishing poles in hand. Fish, talk and eat pizza was our itinerary every weekend. Dennis joined us on many of these weekends, only wish he'd come more often. The night of his birthday he reminisced about those weekends regretting he'd not joined us more often. It was about a two-hour drive from Boca, where he lived, but as I've heard so many times, he always thought there would always be so many more days to enjoy in the future.



Mary Ann, Carla's sister, owned the trailer next to ours. The novelty of fishing was not always our number one priority, but when it came to fishing Mary Ann always had her line out and Dennis joined her many times. Dennis always caught something, mostly because his line was always out. Most times the fish we caught and released were 6-10 inches. On occasion one of us would catch something worth talking about. Above Dennis caught a three-foot shark on one occasion however his and our most common catch were catfish. The catfish was always deceiving because of the fight they all gave when caught. Now to stop deviating.

2<sup>nd</sup>. The day before Dennis' birthday. Dennis was so easy to please. We could gift wrap (loosely) a newspaper and he'd find something nice to say about it. This was the 2<sup>nd</sup>, not the third, actually the day before his birthday. I had an early afternoon dental appointment I could not break and did not want to keep Dennis waiting until early evening for his special day. We all enjoyed a typical New England boiled dinner.; something Dennis reminisced about occasionally since that was the usual repass (meal) de jour each Sunday in our family decades ago.





Above Dennis begins to open gifts as Camile, his caregiver, reads his birthday card. This year it was a little funnier than most years. Dennis had just recently begun sending away for plants for his patio. So, his newest hobby would be to be a plant farmer. He had bought six big vases that would definitely not blow over to begin his new hobby. Below was one of our gifts a pair of trimmers.





Above he opens his last gift, over six-dozen "Christmas Cookies" 6-months ahead of schedule. If you really wanted to make him happy it would be a batch of my mother's cookies. We also gave him a Blooming Jasmin plant. That's a plant everyone enjoys since it blooms and releases its scent in the evening; awesome. We spent the rest of the day till about 6 pm watching the rich sail by in their mega yachts poking fun at them for any old reason. A little after six he began to feel tired so we left to let him rest. I look back on that day wondering why did I not take more pictures, after all, film is cheap. But, as I've mentioned before, there'll always be many more birthdays so these pictures will serve as a simple reminder of this birthday.

3<sup>rd</sup>. Dennis' actual birthday day. No pictures that day. By the time I returned from the Dentist and got over to Dennis' it was about 4 pm. It would be uneventful. We watched a little TV then meandered out to the patio to view more boats. Those last couple of hours he reminisced on so many parts of his life. People he knew, girls he dated and was still in touch with and how thankful he was to have known and worked with "Big Joe" for so many years. It was also a Grenier trait from the time of my mother to just

remind a family member of his/her intentions should and when the Lord comes a calling. All the tools Dennis still possessed he insisted were to go to Joe and also reminded me that he had promised Camile that she would get his TV where they had spent so many hours watching together. I reassured him I had kept his hand written notes on these priorities and would follow through but not to worry since our family has longevity and we'd have more birthdays together. Once again Dennis began to feel a little tired shortly after 6 pm, so we said our "good-byes" for the evening and returned to the coach.

4<sup>th</sup>. The day after his birthday The next morning as we were eating breakfast, we got a call from his caregiver that Dennis awoke dizzy and very disoriented; She placed the 911 call and the paramedics came. We caught up with him about an hour later in the hospital; he had experienced a second stroke, this one worse than the first. By end of day, he would be sent to the second floor of the hospital, the Hospice Unit. Two nurses and his doctor spoke to me all with the same message, Dennis would not be coming home; he died thirty-six hours later on the 6<sup>th</sup>. of May.

## 6<sup>th</sup> In memory of Dennis

Dennis attended Cardinal Spellman HS, Brockton, MA and graduated in 1965. His devotion to his faith began well before Spellman and accompanied him throughout his life. From Spellman he attended Bentley School of Accounting, which prepared him for a position as Assistant to the Corporate Accountant of Bridgestone Tire Company in California; a position generally held by others twice his age.

After a few years the Florida bug bit him and he moved to Boca where our mother was living in Century Village. Now he's jobless. Everyone loved Dennis. A couple from New York asked Dennis if he would check their Condo every other week for the summer months for a fee while they traveled back to New York for six months. Within a couple of years Dennis was checking over 300 condos for "snow-birds;" (At least was supposed to check) Not a bad gig for six months work!

One afternoon when he was at home, a pal he knew from a few years back asked Dennis if he would put him up until he got back on his feet, Dennis, of course, said yes. This gesture gave him an alternative to checking condos so he sold that business and within a couple of years he was providing individuals this same service at a very good weekly rate. His last years prior to retirement were spent caring for our mother with caregivers to help until she passed. By the time he retired he had acquired properties containing twenty-one rentable rooms in the city of Boca, one of Florida's most desirable locations. Most admirably of all was the modest life style he lived even though he was well travelled. He finally began to relax and enjoy life. He enjoyed many weeks and weekends with us in our motorhome and, as you see in the picture, at our weekend home on Seabird Island, Florida, fishing.



But at sixty-nine and having sold all his apartments life would throw him a curve he was not expecting. One week after checking out a motorhome that would be his retirement plan, he would have a stroke. This stroke left him left-side impaired. For five years he would be confined to a chair in his home with 24-hour care from caregivers. I don't know if I could have endured all he did all those years. Carla and I would, of course, visit him especially during the Florida winter months until Covid-19 came on the scene. We stayed to ourselves for fifteen-months until all of us got our "shots."

In May of 2021, Dennis would turn 74. It was safe for all to get together for a change. We arrived on the 30<sup>th</sup> of April and had four great days visiting together. On the 2<sup>nd</sup>, we celebrated his birthday. Two days later he had a second stroke. We would never speak to Dennis again. Dennis would now be comatose and assigned to Hospice Care. On the evening of his second night in Hospice Carla and I were with him listening to him breathe in raspy tones as he was desperately trying to take in air as saliva filled his throat. Dennis for years was desperate for HIM to call him from this earth but HE never obliged. Before leaving Dennis that night, I knew if it were possible, he would try to survive this challenge, but to survive was not an option. Before leaving that evening, I approached Dennis' bed, put my arm firmly around his head and whispered in his ear; *"Dennis you're good, you've done everything right. You've been given the last rights and you have your scapular; HE is finally calling you and Mom is anxious to see you again- now is the time to stop fighting."*

*Later that evening* we receive a call; Dennis had passed!

Dennis, I love you, Brother Paul

## JUNE 2021

5<sup>th</sup>. I have no idea where the last two months have gone. For so long we were all fighting to survive the Covid pandemic. Then, just as shots were available and we got ours, my brother passed away. Our coach has been ailing for the last year. It's only \$500 here and \$1000 there but always something. At the time we came down here to visit with Dennis, before he had his second stroke, our primary slide died, followed by its control panel. The slide died because it was hydraulic and instead of just having one noticeable leak the entire system was deteriorating. The lines are fifteen years old and are just porous in many locations. Just prior to that the toppers (those are awnings that cover the slide when they are out) had both been in despicable condition so we then replaced, just another \$1000. They were bad enough that it was letting water in unless we kept the slide closed. Keeping it closed was easy since the slide was dead.

I've often mentioned that the SunCruiser was all I would require, but I never envisioned so many major defects all at one time. All this plus coping with Dennis' demise was pushing us both up against the wall. As a result, we began Googling used RVs for sale. What we found was very nice, and thanks to Dennis, it was affordable. I talk more about it in my blog on our "Journey RV". Without Dennis' help we, most likely, would have still traded but for a much more modest motorhome.

Our goal was to hopefully be able to leave Florida by mid-June. Between lawyers and Realtors that's beginning to look like a fantasy. Hopefully the condo should close by end of month, the attorneys don't think so. For the third time, we must begin thinking about possible changing our reservations for the 2021 tripping season. Resolving Dennis' Estate is still our primary objective; our attorneys say this might take months-but we're trying to stay upbeat. Just today we can say; all our stuff has found a place in the Journey. It may not be exactly the right place and we are still hunting down stuff we know we have...somewhere!

### 5<sup>th</sup> Our Journey 42E

Our new used coach is a 2016 Journey 42E. In so many ways it does look like "top of the line", but no; it is to us however. It's only three-feet longer than the Suncruiser but three wonderful feet. No pictures yet on everything, still finding a home for everything but more pics will follow.



The living area in the Journey is towards the front of the coach behind the captain chairs. Couch, yes couch, on left and TV on right with fireplace below.



The kitchen area, although it may look small, is really quite generous. Dinette with picture window is located across from kitchen area.





Master bedroom is behind the kitchen area. What we did not have before is a half bath at the very rear of the coach; therefore, the three extra feet. Carla now has her own washer/dryer.



These are not typical residential units but rv size or small apartment units. It means always a small load so she will wash once a week more or less.

6<sup>th</sup>. Birthdays for us, generally, are basically just another day. Cards of course, and a small cake as expected, but that's about it. On occasion we even have gifts, but we don't need a gift or two to express our feelings on these occasions. This year, for me, was totally unexpected. Other than the fact that we're living a dream in this "new" Journey Coach, but this year I even had guests over on this, otherwise uneventful occasion. This year, I felt, was really an enjoyable birthday. Carla and I rarely entertain but this day our Realtor, Alex, and his family wife, Ceci and mother came over to visit and talk a little more about the Closing on Dennis' condo. His daughter, Victoria, was unable to make it as well. What made it so enjoyable was that Alex has a low-grade fever for RVing. Needless to say, Victoria is all for it as well, but she insists the coach must have bunks. Alex's mom, believe it or not, is also all for it. It's always an enjoyable topic of discussion. Victoria hasn't seen

the Journey yet. We spent a couple of hours reminiscing about Dennis, they lived next door to him, and, of course, the RV lifestyle. We finished off the afternoon having slices of my previously frozen birthday cake, chocolate cake with chocolate frosting directly from Publix.

12<sup>th</sup>. Sat. we're resting



In the Journey Carla has her own washer and dryer. it is definitely for small loads only. The units are in the closet on the left of the picture, it's a stackable unit. Gone are the days of paying 6 dollars for wash and drying. The bedroom is also finally all in one piece. To say the least, the last two-months has felt like a never-ending merry-go-round. Between Dennis' estate, the condo, trading in the Cruiser and buying the Journey, lawyers, Realtors, faxing and emailing, it just never stops. We were very fortunate that Dennis had left his estate and finances in such good order. It was still very challenging. We have absolutely nothing in Carla's things to do list for today. Temperature outside is 94 but

feels like 105. Temperature in the coach is a very comfortable 84 degrees. AC in a motorhome is not as efficient as in a real house. That might have to do with our 2-inches of insulation. The journey comes with 3 a/c units on the roof whereas the Cruiser was a tad bit smaller but came with one residential a/c in the lower storage area. The Journey is doing well, we're not complaining. If the picture appears a little dark for such a bright and sunny day it's because in a motorhome all shades must be drawn to assist the a/c and keep us from being cooked. We each have a hang-up closet and we also have two generous and very deep draws for all the non-hang-ups. We also have another TV as well. A third TV is located on the outside wall of the coach which, I'm certain, we'll never use.





The bed is King size this time. Plenty of room for Scoots to stretch out each night at the foot of this bed.



Carla's kitchen has everything the average family needs as far as a kitchen goes. In place of the old propane stove in the last coach, the Journey comes with an "induction" type of cooking element. Counter top is "Corian." The Microwave above seems wider than what were used to but that might just be an illusion. Last, but not least, is my office. I know, it's a stretch, I never said a motorhome had everything one could want only everything one really needs. This is my first time adding to the blog from the Journey. The location is very good but I do need a bigger board atop the cabinet doors as a platform for my keyboard. I'll have it altogether by the time I write next.

18<sup>th</sup>. Our first diesel dilemma. It was a beautiful day for a drive. This would be our first serious drive in our "New" Journey. We decided to try refueling at a Loves. We got off the highway just fine and found the Loves facility equally as easy. To make things even easier we followed a 16-wheeler into the back section of the station. Almost all the bays were occupied but the number one bay was empty. I pulled in very carefully. All is going just great. We got out to begin the refueling and inserted our credit card in the proper slot; nothing happened. Pulled it out and again reinserted the card with the same result. Carla volunteered to walk to the station, about 200-feet away to find out why. Sure, enough Carla got them to set the pump for \$200.00 of diesel. The problem was our card. Using diesel fuel qualifies us as a commercial client which requires a Loves Commercial Card. So, you think that's the end of this story, no! Picked up the hose nozzle only to discovered it only extended

about six feet about six-feet short of what I needed to fill our tank. A coach with a tow car cannot go in reverse. My only option was to get back into the coach embarrassingly, and do another large loop announcing to all the veteran truck drivers that a "new be" is behind the wheel. I swallowed my pride, did not make face contact with any other drivers and sheepishly slid into the same number-one pump again. We finally refueled and got back on the road again in record time. Hopefully the next time will go easier.

### 18<sup>th</sup> Meeting baby Mckenna

We're waiting for Abby and Michael to come and visit for the afternoon and introduce us to Mckenna, their first born. First, just a short intro to the new and revitalized Titusville, or at least its waterfront.





We're meeting Abby and Michael at the Pier 220 Restaurant. The location was excellent ambience overflowing and the night was warm and breezy, thanks to the ocean currents. We were here a few years ago, way before Mckenna came on the scene; but it didn't look this good nor so exciting. Titusville is now the new home for so many new computer geeks and NASA employees; so happy to see it so lively. The rest of the town is just as vibrant. I told Carla it's as though the town purchased thousands of gallons of paint for the townspeople to accentuate their businesses and properties. Could easily call this location home again if it were not for the fact that it's located in Florida. About Mckenna, Mom and Dad. They did show up but more on their visit in the "Meeting Mckenna" blog.







We finally get to meet Mckenna. You've met Mckenna previously but now she's almost 100 days old. Because of the noise, loud music and gusty breezes outside we decided for a change our venue and moved indoors. As before, I've mentioned, Carla and I are not related to the happy parents. Abby came into our lives at age 8 and now, fourteen-years later she's still finding ways to brighten our lives. Having a "Surrogate Granddaughter" is definitely not an official title but I would like to think of myself as being her "Surrogate Grandfather." For now, I'm just so happy to have such a pretty gift be part of our lives as well. Mom and Dad, seen above are just so lucky. For sure, by many standards, we might look at them and see all the material things that are not part of their lives, but as I've mentioned many times about happiness;

*Happiness is to have everything (you need), not the need to have everything.*

Abby and Michael have a long way to go in their life long

trip but I do believe they firmly understand the saying above.



I should have used a flash, Little Mckenna is hard to see, but I wanted to minimize the flashes for Mckenna's sake. Even my small strobe light might not be good for Mckenna. I cannot think of a nicer gift for Fathers' Day for Michael.



What a great day. We all enjoyed Mckenna, her folks, a good meal and great conversation. Surrogate Grandparents could not ask for more. Carla and I are looking forward for the privilege of being part of this young family's future, even if only a small part. In their arms they have all they need, what they might need God will provide, but if He's busy, we'll try to do our part.

### **24<sup>th</sup> Thurs. off to NH.**

We got a good early start leaving Wildwood just after 8:30 am. We've been existing in Florida for going on eighteen-months. Our first day took us as far as Brunswick, GA. This was a 200+ mile drive. We are still being challenged with the refueling process. Hopefully by the time we get to Littleton we'll have this mastered. We're overnighing at a Cracker Barrel for the evening. There parking lot was virtually empty but the configuration of the parking lot man-

dated that we had to unhitch in order to make the stay possible. We topped the evening off with dinner at Cracker Barrel. We each had the Thursday Turkey Special and it was very good.

25<sup>th</sup>. Friday-Chilly in Lumberton, NC I awoke very early this morning. I thought it was 6:30 when it was actually 5:30. We slept with all the windows open and you knew it, it was very chilly. We had breakfast at Cracker Barrel in preparation of a great day to travel. By 3:30 we would have covered 325 miles about 50 more than I feel comfortable driving, at least for now. Had dinner, this evening, at home.

26<sup>th</sup>. Goal is 200-miles. By the end of travel today we will have covered 750 of our 1450-mile sojourn to Littleton, NH. The "new" coach and I are getting to know each other quite a bit on this long trip. We've been challenged with very heavy traffic in Fayetteville, NC. Yesterday our most trying time was traveling 200-miles through SC. I have never seen a state, supposedly progressive, having a 4-lane divided highway for I-95 in such tragic condition. On top of that 80% of it looked and felt as though it was last repaved in 1950. The last twenty miles of this I-95 in SC was beautifully paved I guess to have one forget the previous hours of travelling in preparation of a beautiful 4-6 lane divided highway once we crossed into North Carolina. Since the beginning we've followed I-95 going North, but in preparation for Washington, NY and NJ we jotted off to I-64 heading west for a while. We plan to bypass the big cities and tie into I-95 possibly in Connecticut. As we cover

the miles were making mental notes of squeaks, rattles and other unusual noises. This afternoon I think I've remedied the bulk of them. It's a used coach 5-years old. It's bound to have a few flaws. We had lunch at a Wendy's across from the Walmart we're staying at tonight. Tonight, for the first time in almost 30-years we're having take-out pizza from Domino's. We're on generator right now and could do our own pizza but Carla opted for something different.

28<sup>th</sup>. We've just completed another 300-miles on our Littleton trip. The miles and hours traveling over I-95 through South Carolina brought some things to light. First the coach is not perfect, not even the brand-new ones selling for tens-of-thousands of dollars more than we paid are either. They all come with their share of flaws. A very annoying rattle, like wood beating on metal was emanating from the front dash area. After many minutes of pondering, I blamed it on the shade screen and night shade that hang at the top of the front windshield. We use the shade screen to block out the heavy sun and the night shade for privacy in the evening. In each shade at the bottom of each is a wooden rod for additional weight for the shade. The poor conditions of the SC I-95 caused that rod to vibrate within the metal runners on either side of the shade. Next, behind Carla's chair above her head is a wooden cabinet containing the satellite, Wi-Fi, Dish Satellite receivers and DVD equipment. These metal components sitting on metal shelves I think were causing some of the other annoying sounds as

we rumbled through South Carolina. I'll have an update after our next bumpy road condition.



### 30<sup>th</sup> Crazy Horse RVP

Crazy Horse-feels like back home. Today is actually the first of July but I thought I'd include pictures of a walk we took around the campground. Below is the campground office and a far-view of where we are parked.



The owners have morning coffee on their porch above. Not sure but it's a good bet that we're still in our PJs at about that time. Below are pictures of the inside of the office and camp-store. Below right, difficult to see, is one of the owners, Pattie (wife.)



Not much to say about a walk in the woods so I'll let the pictures do the talking. Play equipment can always be found in an RV park and the "gathering building" for special camp and personal events.



Many of the sites here are "Seasonal," meaning they or their camper remains here for 12-months at a time. Almost everyone here has a stack of wood at their sites. Can you believe the height of these trees; Not as tall as in Oregon but still pretty tall.







An hour later we finally get back to the camp office/store. Above is the owner Doug and not sure if Mattie is family or not. Pattie, Doug's wife not seen yet.



To the side is our "new" coach with our 4<sup>th</sup>-of-July flag. It still does not feel like this coach belongs to us. Currently we're contemplating if this might be something for us.



7<sup>th</sup>. Time for another walk. At Crazy Horse . One week has gone by since my first entry on this RV Park. we're actually beginning to discover where all our stuff is hiding and finding more appropriate places for them. Still haven't found my coach washing brush, so we bought a new one; it will turn up someday!



Just a quick picture of the "new" coach (Journey) sitting on our site and another picture of the RVP office/store just opposite our site. It's been raining the last four of seven days so we're having a little cabin fever; so, time for another walk. We're heading out to the right of the office, which is the entry and exit road to the park. The trees are still awesome to look at. Our first stop will be "snob" hill. We don't know why they call it that, possibly because they might feel they're not part of the park since they're on the exit road. Only annual residents here and it looks like no

one is thinking of leaving any time soon.



No lakes or streams located on this property but the Moore Dam is just a very short drive from here. The pictures above and below are just a couple of residents that stay here for the season.





The work they put into their sites tells you they too are not planning on vacating either. Below right is an entire section of the park reserved for tent campers. We've had 52-degrees for evening temps and average low 60's for daytime highs; only the young can tent-camp and enjoy it. This walk will turn out to be not as long as the first walk but just as enjoyable. As anticipated, we ended up in the "Young Families" section; the pool and play areas for the youngsters. The final picture is the exit road out from our site. It has a tight curve to the office road but people have been driving it for decades and I do not see any damaged RVs along the side of the road, so I feel pretty confident that we'll make it as well.

## JULY 2021

### 3<sup>rd</sup> Arrive Crazy Horse in Littleton, NH.

We left John Prince Park in Lantana, FL on Jun 18<sup>th</sup>.. We arrived at Lazy Days Dealership on the 20<sup>th</sup>. of June. We checked in at Lazy Days on the 21<sup>st</sup>. and, to our surprise, they began working on the Satellite installation by noon. By noon on Tuesday all was done. We left LD on the 24<sup>th</sup>. and travelled 1450-miles north to Crazy Horse RVP. It's been very relaxing staying here. We've even entertained the possibility of longer stays in the future. This park does have about a dozen sites that are open through the winter. We even spent a couple of hours at the "Winn Real Estate" office asking about a small lot to purchase. Not sure if the Journey could handle days of below freezing temps. The last couple of days July 2<sup>nd</sup>. and 3<sup>rd</sup>. have been very cool and damp, actually it's been raining most of the time. For ourselves we'll forgo the fireworks that Littleton will provide and follow tradition by watching the movie "Independence Day." We spent a few hours, a couple of days ago, revisiting Littleton. So many memories. So many souls no longer reside here. I really find it hard to talk about leaving day, but that will occur on July 12<sup>th</sup>., eight days from today. Prouty Beach in Newport, VT will be our next destination. Mary Ann, Carla's sister, lives just down the road about 15-

minutes away. When we arrive, we should find members of the Ozdarski family visiting Mary Ann.

4<sup>th</sup>. As I mentioned above, we've been under a rain cloud for the past three days, today it's heavy clouds only. We took a little time to find a dentist I have to visit tomorrow. Then we did as all good tourist do, we walked the streets of Littleton. This time we ventured to the back. street running parallel to the Ammonoosuc River.

### **4<sup>th</sup> We visit Littleton, NH**

4<sup>th</sup>. Now where is Littleton, NH. First you have to find yourself in New Hampshire. Then locate I-93 and then proceed north, then go further north until you reach Franconia; but you're not there yet. It's still another 15 or so miles north and you'll be there. It's really not famous for anything. Before the Old Man In The Mountain fell apart, many visitors to the Old Man would plan to stay in Littleton, a very small town of 6000. In 2018, as big as it has grown it was still at 5885. It's been relatively that size for decades. Our first stop, on our way to Littleton, was the Visitors Center, since we were coming in from Northern Vermont.



Nothing to brag about here, it's very simple and uncluttered, typical for New Hampshire. It did have a very nice view of the Moore Dam. Back when I used to live in Littleton, about fifty-years ago, the Moore Dam would extend to all the residents of Littleton the month of December at no charge for their utility bill that month, not sure if that goes for the present day.



The Center housed some very unique pictures of Littleton  
pg. 151

in the early 1920's. Above, as I've mentioned before in previous blogs, is a picture of the Thayer's Hotel. It was on the balcony of this hotel, third floor porch, that I proposed to Carla. Below is a picture of the Littleton Diner, famous for its good menu at reasonable prices.



I had to blow up this image above so it would be possibly readable to the reader. On this map are all the major ski slopes, towns, roadways and other places of interest. Below is Chutter's' candy store. It's claim to fortune in Littleton is that it has the largest assortment or candies in the nation.





This store (Chutter's) used to house the Parker Drug Store. My first job as a pharmacist was at Parkers. Chutter brags that this location has the longest and biggest candy selection in the country, so I guess Littleton finally has something unique to boast about. In the picture (above-right) far wall is where the RX dept. used to be, it no longer serves up drugs, but rather, fudge. Outside is something else Littleton is famous for; pianos are to be found at many locations on the sidewalk of Littleton's main street. If you go down one of Littleton's alleys, heading south (just a short walk from anywhere), you will end up on Ammonoosuc River Road. Back in my day nothing was there, just the river, today it is populated everywhere with tiny shops, pubs, wineries and eateries. We even have a wall-mosaic that is very nicely painted. Above-right you will see the

Ammonoosuc Covered Bridge. That was there in my day but never looked that nice. Below Carla looks out over the River Road from an elevated parking area.



More pictures above of the delightful area of Littleton. Below is an alleyway which abuts the Thayer's Hotel, that's decorated with brightly colored umbrellas.





Iconic and historic homes can be found on almost every street in Littleton. Many of the have been meticulously restored. They probably look better today, restored, than they did in their heyday.



Another piano that sits just outside of Chutter's Candy Store. The picture above is basically meaningless as it advertises "Cash Only" and below that states "we except credit cards;" even Littleton has an oxymoron it can brag about.

## 14<sup>th</sup> Our 31<sup>st</sup>. Anniversary.

The East Side Restaurant, unlike the campground were

staying at, had no objections to my taking pictures. It's located just a short walk from the Prouty Beach RVP in Newport, VT, just a few miles south of Derby, VT. Hard to imagine a more pleasing view for first timers than to be greeted with an old-fashioned porch as you enter this beautiful facility.



This venue merchandises even more than the usual Cracker Barrel Restaurant. Above is a room full of very-nice specialty clothing, mostly for women. And in the next room you'll find a very informal bakery loaded with all kinds of chewy treats. After we ate, we could not leave without picking up a few of their delicacies. Below is one of the two outside dining areas. A very big indoor dining hall is also available.



Upper left is the second, more intimate outside venue and, of course, our group. Mary Anne, (Ozzie), Jodi and Mark Ozdarski and, of course, us. Below is a picture of their casual bar with its own mini-menu to enjoy the evening with a drink or two in a very relaxed atmosphere. Needless to say, that's us again in front of the canoe. All and all an excellent evening with loving family and great eating.



18<sup>th</sup>. Dinner at Mary Ann's. We will begin our final week

here in Derby, VT visiting Mary Anne, with dinner at her cottage with guest Randy, a neighbor of hers. Carla's cooking up pork-chops in her crockpot. As it turned out, Randy did not show up. I've mentioned it before and I'll say it again; the best spot at the cottage is the back porch.



Jodie with Carla and Mary Ann enjoy talking about the lake and Mary Ann's neighbors. Frenchie (dog) and Jodie with husband Mark, below.





Needless to say, Frenchie and Mary Ann are inseparable. Below; Mark and me then Carla and me then Mark, Jodie and Mary Ann (with Frenchie, of course).



As always, at Mary Ann's, the company is enjoyable, atmosphere can't be matched and the food is always finger lickin good.

25<sup>th</sup>.-Going down memory lane with Carla, this would not

be the first time we've travelled this route, but each time enlightens me on her early years. Below is her sister Mary Ann Ozdarski with Mary Ann's new family addition "Frenchie."



Mary Ann, like many seniors fortunate enough to afford the lifestyle, that spends winters in Florida and summers at her lakeside home in Derby, VT with Frenchie. Below we visit her parents' grave site. Of course, I never had a chance to meet her parents, Chester and Mary. I don't believe my being French would have made much of a difference since the family already had a little French blood sprinkled in it thanks to Uncle Harold.







The cemetery is just as quiet and peaceful as the pictures denote. We were not alone. Amazingly there were at least 2-3 cars with visitors here to visit grave sites as well. It's a nice work of mercy to visit and pay homage to those responsible for us being here. We will be doing the same in a few weeks as we will revisit my father's grave site in Brockton, MA. Above is Carla's childhood home. I think she said her room was on the second floor over the front porch area in the picture. My home was a 3-decker that required my father's attention literally every weekend. I did not mind that much, at least we had a chance to work together when I got a little older and was not in the way that much anymore. I could have taken another thirty pictures as Carla reminisced on who lived where and which businesses were operating back then, that are now mere monuments to age gone by. As witnessed by the monuments made of stone in the cemetery and wooden homes and buildings in town, all we can ever hope for is a witness like Carla to reincarnate, at least verbally, the lives, loves, parents and friends who once walked the grounds and worked and played in the homes that still remain as testimony to their presents once

upon a time. Unfortunately for most of us, there's only a memory factor of about fifty-years. After that time, your existence will cease.

If you would permit me to go to my digital pulpit for just a minute, but since it's my blog I will do it anyway.

For a long time, since my father's death, I've always felt there was a link, mental or spiritual (whatever you please), that those who leave us have, with this world and us in general. It's an accepted fact that HE knows all, those who will be remembered and all the others. In this respect my personal feeling is that if even one person remembers another, personally, the person who passed is forever tethered to this world until that last person having a personal memory of the person departed passes himself or herself. The stuff of man might live on in many ways, but the ones who are remembered, even one-hundred years from today even ever so faintly, live on here spiritually until that last person passes on as well. Remembering the dead, the departed, is a mental memorialization of their existence and a badge of honor for the departed that someone still remembers their presence here on earth no matter how insignificant their history here might have been. Thank you for indulging me. More on this when we revisit my father's grave site.

26<sup>th</sup>. Arrive at Travelers Woods .In order to get here I had to address the: "hill from hell" at Prouty Beach. Needless to say, I was extremely concerned about the departure. For our entire stay I had this exercise on my mind. This roadway is in the shape of the letter "Z."



In desperation I was even invoking St. Jude to watch over me so I did not screw up in any way. Sunday morning did come, as I knew it would, and Carla drove the HHR to the top of the hill awaiting my arrival. I had some advice from Tom, a Tour owner, and released the air pressure to the "tag axle" the rear axle of the coach; this would allow easier turning. After pulling out of our site I sat and waited for a minute looking up at the hill. Suddenly I had a renewed awareness of much needed self-confidence. I proceeded slowly, climbing the hill gradually and approached the first ninety-degree turn, reminding myself of the awesome "hip rule." Carefully, once passing the edge of the corner with my hip, I began to turn aggressively since this was a barely single lane dirt road. The coach did well and now for the final turn at the top of the hill. Reaching the top Carla was there, on foot, and signaled me to move forward a few more feet than I had planned. She was there to see better what I was not able to see that well and I always due as told, and once up and slightly level she signaled for me to turn left, and I did. Once again, an aggressive left turning the 90-degree corner as required to clear the poles on my

left, and we did clear without any problem. We now had a 3-hour drive to Traveler's Woods RVP in Bernardston, Mass. A good portion of the trip was under heavy clouds and rain showers but in time the sun finally broke through. This RV Park is one of those parks you cannot use your GPS to get you right into the park. Local knowledge is important here. GPS will take you to a bridge **with a 9-foot** clearance. We knew this from a previous stay here a long time ago. It too is under new management. We plan to walk the park and take pictures later this week.

### 28<sup>th</sup> Divine Mercy Shrine .

What a beautiful day to take a ride. This field trip is not exactly next door. We will travel almost two-hours to reach this destination; but the ride will be worth it.



This blog on the National Shrine of the Divine Mercy will be mostly pictorial.



This area is so serene you can hear a pin drop. Below left is our destination. The chapel/Shrine is on the left side no idea on what the building attached to it is. Most likely administrative.



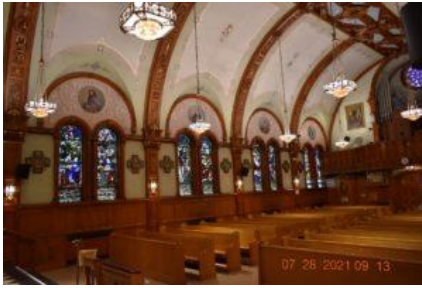


Above and below are pictures of the Chapel Shrine outside and inside. Inside the Divine Mercy Chapel



This all began, in a nutshell, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to Simon Stock in 1247.





After this he became a Carmelite Monk. Carmelites are devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Virgin Mary gave Simon the Brown Scapular way back then and the story only gets better from then on. At the bottom of this blog is a link to that text. The Chapel is beautifully simple, ornate is not part of this venue.



As we walked around the buildings and monuments you easily see many Priests and Brothers walking as well. These

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buildings are a Monastery for the Priests and there's even a convent for Carmelite Nuns. Below is the Carmelite Gift Shop. The picture does not do it justice. I, personally, would like to return again, both for the Chapel but also for the Gift Shop, it contains an awesome selection of merchandise from trinkets to Bibles, nobody walks out empty handed.



I could get on my digital pulpit and describe the text above but you're reading it firsthand will prove to be much more accurate.



## AUGUST 2021

2<sup>nd</sup>. Pat and Karen visited us and we all enjoyed a delicious pot roast dinner. To say the least it took us quite a few minutes to find 4 of each utensil for us to serve dinner with.



5<sup>th</sup>., of course it's Carla's birthday. As the blog expands on, it was spent enjoying a great meal at the Amherst, MA Roadhouse Restaurant.

6<sup>th</sup>. we had self-made rattles. The last three-days I've been washing and waxing the "new" Journey coach. I've also been making some discoveries. It's not certain yet, since we won't know until we get back out on the road again, but there's a good chance that the annoying metal-on-metal sound we've been hearing was coming from our front license plate. It's not really a license plate, but a name plate. The SunCruiser gave us four nuts to fasten the plate to the coach, the Journey provided us with only two. The result of

that, I think, was the metal plate wiggling around and banging against the plate holder making the noise sound like it was coming from the front compartment (generator room). The rumbling sound, I think, was coming from one of the lockers below where we keep blocks of wood for the coach levelers. I have now secured them. Will let you know how we make out in about ten-days when we leave.

7<sup>th</sup>. Pat Ozdarski, invited us to a pizza dinner at her home with Karen, Amy, Morgan, and Haley attending. (Karen, Morgan, Pat, Amy and Haley) The pizza was delivered in but the salad, which made the evening meal, was created by Pat earlier this day in a huge punch bowl. I've mentioned this in the past, but I'll say it again. It's not about getting stuff any longer. At our age, we basically have everything we need. In a motorhome environment space is at a premium. We did treat ourselves, but it required our taking a one-hour drive to Amherst, MA. Yes, that's the home of U-Mass. About all we could make out from the road we were on were the sky-rise dormitories and the football field. It must be awesome to be fortunate enough and, of course, smart enough, to qualify to attend such a beautiful campus. Our destination was not U-Mass, but it was nice to see. Destination tonight would be the Roadhouse Restaurant in Amherst, MA. We each enjoyed Dallas Filet. Carla had the 6-ounce, and I worked my way through the 8-ounce version. To say the least the meals were exceptional.

9<sup>th</sup>. We visit with Mark and Jodie. I wanted to keep the train of thought all in one blog so One Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>., Mark and

Jodie invited us to enjoy a very relaxing dinner at their home. The food was delicious and the company truly enjoyable.



The early part of our stay was spent on their deck at the back of their home.





Needless to say Mark is the Master Chef this day. He and family cooked up an awesome dinner. Below is Pat, Paul's wife, the Matriock of theOzdarski clan.



9<sup>th</sup>. We took a ride to get Ice Cream only to find they were

closed on Mondays. This was a very big day for me personally since I've been waxing the coach for the last five-days. I finally finished early this morning; the coach looks great. Done from stem to stern.

### **12<sup>th</sup>. Scoots almost got away.**



The door is always closed or, at least, the screen door is firmly closed, but not so today. As Carla sat by the dinette reading and I was at my desk organizing some photos, little did we know that I had not firmly closed the door to the coach. Even when we are outside just sitting around there's no way we could ever tempt Scoots to voluntarily depart the coach on her own. It was my fault; I was the last one to enter the coach; I just did not close it as firmly as I should have. Suddenly, we both realized things were quiet. No one begging for food, seeking attention or just plain being herself. We also noticed the coach was getting hotter, we assumed the AC's were having trouble keeping up with the outside heat. It was then that we noticed light coming from

the front of the coach. The door was open and no Scoots to be found. We've seen something like this happen in the past. A pet that strays is sometimes never found since we are only here for short stays and seldom have many options to stay longer. To say the least I was really panicking. Thankfully Carla found her under the coach in the thick grass enjoying the shade of the RV. I pray this never happens again.

**13<sup>th</sup>. Cori at the Arlington Inn.** The Arlington Inn we dined at was in Winchester, NH. This Inn is not to be confused with the Arlington Inn in Vermont somewhere; no relation-none. Today had been a very warm day, in fact, when we jumped into the car it was registering 100 degrees. The trip to the Inn took about thirty-minutes and, as usual, we were about 30-minutes early, but no fear, Cori just checked in and she was on her way. We had a choice once Cori arrived to either eat inside or in a shaded portion outside; we decided to opt to be inside. The meal was good and plenty of it. Our trip took us within sight of U-Mass. The campus was about a half-mile away from us, but the view from where we were was outstanding. Several high-rise dormitory-buildings were very visible, but I was later told those were not the newer facilities. The next day would be equally as special, as we experienced Our Lady of Ephesus.

## 14<sup>th</sup> Our Lady of Ephesus.

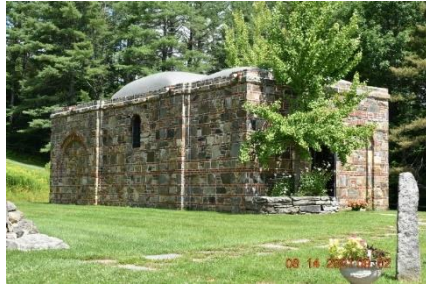
This site is a reproduction of the real thing.



Our Lady of Ephesus House of Prayer is an exact replica of the Blessed Virgin Mary's house in Ephesus, where she lived in prayer with St. John in the last years of her life.



“I want everyone to know that our Lord gave us an incredible gift here in Vermont and hopefully everyone can come and pray and thank him for it,” said Mary Fraser Tarinelli, the owner of the replica, located in Jamaica, Vt., 120-miles south of Burlington.



The replica, which sits on a 190-acre Catholic prayer ground, is the only one that exists in the United States. It is one of four or five in the world, according to Tarinelli.







**15<sup>th</sup>. Townline Ice Cream stand.** This little road stand which straddles Greenfield and Bernardston, MA has a great following by the locals. If you have a yearning for ice cream, this is the place. We were feeling a little lazy and decided to go for real food. To be honest it left much to be desired, or we caught them on a bad day. About a week ago we did experience their ice cream. The cones were given to us stacked high with 3-scoops of strawberry, when I only asked for one-scoop. The young man told me what I had was a single scoop; not often you get your absolute money's worth. Best ice cream I'd had in quite a while. Tomorrow we will be visited by Mark and Jodi in the Journey. Our final days in Traveler's Woods and Mark and Jodi visit. We only have a few days left so we were pleased the Jody and Mark could join us for the afternoon.



Some people you see them after a long abstinence and yet, it feels as though you'd never left. They have two girls, now entering the job market, and like so many others, finding the job you want, at the pay you would like and finally the location you can live with is no easy task; makes me thankful I'm retiring. You'll have to excuse the quality of the pictures. It's very warm and muggy outside and the shades are drawn to assist our A/C in keeping the coach as cool as possible.

### **17<sup>th</sup> We travel to Wells, ME.**

We were up a little early this morning for our anticipated trip to Thousand Trails campground Moody Beach in Wells, ME. This is not an exceptionally big RVPark around 350 sites not counting tent campers. To get here the Journey had to make its way through Ogunquit, ME a very small town, much like Mystic, Ct, which took us almost an hour to go a little more than a mile. The crowded streets were exciting to look at. Cars occupied every space available and eateries, B & Bs and restaurants abound on each side of the street. We even found the Ogunquit Playhouse. The add sign by the street mentioned it would only be open until August 28<sup>th</sup>, not a problem! I'll be adding more to this blog as our vacation develops.

19<sup>th</sup>. Even though the Wi-Fi is good here the weather was challenging at times. This day, Thursday, we had to get out. Weather was rainy. So, the Factory Outlet Stores seemed like a good choice. With so many to choose from we decided I needed new shoes; for both play and dress and we

found them. We browsed through some of the other stores we ended up buying Fr. Michael Gill a gift and a couple of smaller items. It was a little later in the afternoon now and our objective for this trek was to savor Lobster again. In the opposite direction from where we were we would find Mike's Crab Shack. This place was anything but a shack. Lobster was priced at the Market Value for the day. We did not want to sound like Floridians, so we ordered two lobster rolls and clam chowder and we shared a beer. It was very good but not very bountiful. The meal came in at \$61.00 before the tip...good enough! On our way home from Mike's Crab Shack was a road-side stand selling native corn. I wanted a dozen, but we settled for six, since we had no idea how good it might be. We were very pleased with our purchase. It was as good as Iowa corn but the Iowa corn, if I remember correctly, was much bigger. We'll just have to go back to Iowa someday.

### **26<sup>th</sup> Visiting the Moody Beach beaches.**

Not much to say here. The beach was just as we expected, beautiful even at low tide. The biggest industries here are lodging and eateries.



Every other property seemed to be a B&B. All were beautiful.



No idea how individuals could ever afford to purchase

these properties.



This town brings back memories of Old Mystic, in its younger, and less populated, days





Needless to say the coach meandered through the narrow streets effortless.



Later in the day we drove to the town and took some more pictures to remember this day.



**27<sup>th</sup>.** we opted for the **EAST Restaurant**, an Oriental restaurant. We would try, what else, but the Mongolian Beef meal. The serving was plentiful, but the chef was a true believer of ginger making the meal. It wasn't until the last few bites that we identified the ginger product, whole ginger, not powdered or anything else. Those last few bites were awesome. It's difficult trying to find the right restaurant cooking as you like it. Our best yet was either Iowa or the takeout in Wildwood, FL.



## 28<sup>th</sup>.The Grenier visit



We've mentioned Ken and Deb before; they carry our last name. We get their emails constantly whenever they leave a venue. This time when we signed in at Moody Beach the ranger on duty asked if we had family visiting. The Thousand Trails package we belong to allows sharing of ones TT package benefits, but it forbids the sharing couples to visit the same RVPark at the same time. We politely stressed that we were not related. This has happened before but generally we don't find out until we get the email from TT thanking them for visiting. It was a very nice visit and they stayed for almost three-hours.



I haven't mentioned this, I don't think, but for the last couple of months our water pressure kept diminishing. After some detective work, I determined it was the water filter in the water compartment that might be the culprit. Carla and I went off the day before to buy new filter cartridges and a water-filter-wrench, since it was not unscrewing as it should have. Even with the wrench my physical abilities were no match for this little plastic jug. I mentioned this to Ken since bitching about the fragilities of our motor coaches is an accepted pass time. As we have discovered over the last eight-years RVers are always ready and willing to lend a hand to other RVers. Ken and Deb left for a few minutes and came back with his filter-wrench and a 2-pound rubber mallet. He then proceeded to take three good whacks at the stuck filter and did manage to free it up to replace the filter cartridge. I never would have attacked it so vigorously, but he did get the job done and I was so happy, hopefully now I'd have enough water pressure and water to wash the dishes. It was the next day to my dismay we determined the filter replacement was not the sole problem, since I don't believe it had ever been replaced before, but it did not solve the problem. We took the Fawcett head off and discovered we had plenty of pressure but that the head of the waterspout was cluttered with minerals and had to be replaced. Two-days later Amazon had a new head for us.

# SEPTEMBER 2021

## 3<sup>rd</sup> Cardinal Spellman High School



It's very safe to say that Carla and I are just regular people. I expect, if we were in a crowd very few would notice us. The last time we visited Spellman was around 7-years ago. It looked great then and looks even better today. We were originally greeted by Aimee Wetzal, VP of External Affairs. Back in the 50's, when I attended, we only had a Sister Superior, Sister Vera. But now the school is private and is a non-profit corporation. They've been able to bring about so many improvements it would take too long to go through the list. After a few minutes we were joined by Dan Hodes, President of CSHS.



This is one very colorful and outgoing personality. He not only gave us a VIP tour of the new CSHS but also a demonstration of his "professional" skateboard abilities. Yes! Skateboard. In his younger days he was also a professional skateboarder, actually a championship level boarder. He definitely excels at all he undertakes, as we were about to experience.



We visit the newly refurbished football venue. This venue can accommodate football, baseball, soccer and Lacrosse. This artificial turf has been tested to provide maximum protection from both impact and burns. Most of the colored lines are part of the turf itself whereas the remainder of the lines are painted on for that particular sporting event. To say the least Spellman might be the only high

school with such a perfect playing field.

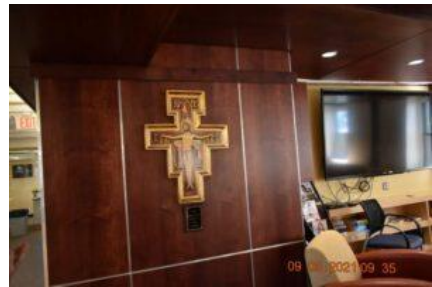


President Hodes admits that even if he had the money, he would not be able to physically create a running track within this venue, due to physical space limitations. A more modest track will be created in a lower field in the future. The tour and personal time he gave Carla, and I would be something you'd experience only if you were a politician and high-level religious personality. Carla and I do not fit either category, but we enjoyed his recounting of the historical changes that have occurred over the last sixty-years. The school looked so good you'd swear it was brand new. Now a quick trip around the NEW and refurbished Cardinal Spellman HS.

Below and to the left is the school mascot (a Cardinal Bird)



Carla with President Dan Hodes-Below are pictures of the renovated Library.



Above is the library again and our Chapel-Remember this is a private Catholic School, they all have a Chapel. Below and just outside the Chapel is an area for contemplation. During exam week this location would be the place to go to in order to ask for help from Above. Once again, below, were in one of three, I think, Chemistry Labs with the

classroom teacher. Actually, school is out today, these teachers are dedicated.



Above is the renovated Cafeteria. Back sixty-years or so ago I remembered having those long 8-foot fold up institutional type tables- so much nicer today. But as I think back, we never minded the tables back then, we just did not know better. Below the four of us are visiting the school Auditorium. That too had been renovated thanks to Pres. Hodes. Nobody, however, seems to know what happened to the Grand Piano that used to hug the stage.



We're now just outside the Auditorium looking at the Exercise and Weight Room building. This venue did not even exist in my time, not that I would have ever been found in there even if we had an exercise room back then, although we must have, I just don't know where. Below, as you can tell were in the gym, once again newly renovated. Something new to me was the image of the school mascot, a Cardinal.





This experience and the added bonus of having President Dan and Miss Aimee give us sharing their valuable time with Carla and I this day will be an event I'll remember for years to come. This was definitely a very rare opportunity to view the many changes that have taken place since I graduated in '62. For a more inclusive view of Cardinal Spellman HS please go to:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC5vOL17sqXQVs2edhqPQ28A>

**17<sup>th</sup> Gateway RV Park in Rochester.**







We're staying at the Gateway RVP in Rochester, MA which is at the northern tip of Cape Cod, which is a Thousand Trails Property. As usual the Thousand Trails Campgrounds come at no charge to us and we can stay up to 3-weeks depending on the season. We've opted to stay here for the full 3-weeks. It does not sound like such a big deal but it translates to a \$1500.00 savings for us. Many things to do here but my primary reasons were to visit my father's grave and hopefully get together with my son Mike; he said he'd like to do a cook-out! This is a true RV Park. It's deeply treed, no paved roads, little internet and no satellite. Other than all that it's a great place to camp. Rain happens just about every third day and with it, a pond that forms at the front of our coach and takes about 3 days for it to go away.



Nothing is close by but the real estate here is awesome. It's nice to see how the upper 5-percenters live. One item I have to deal with is my inability to install any new pictures. Somehow my computer has decided to attach a "copy-protected" label on all my images. I will try to deal with this at Best Buy in Connecticut. We did visit Brockton, much smaller than I recall as a youngster; what else is new. We did visit my father's grave, took a while to find it in the beginning. Driving into Brockton we drove by McMenemy's Fish Restaurant. Ann McMenemy attended CSHS with me, she was even in my homeroom for a year, but I doubt we ever spoke. She had her own little group of friends as did I. On our way out of town we decided to have lunch at her family's restaurant. Her family still owned the venue her brother was working that day behind the counter. He told us that at one time they used to have 18 restaurants. Ann, however had been fighting a sickness for the last eight-months and she passed away last month in August

Did remember Mike's birthday. He works at MIT which is reopening for the new school year during our stay. Our barbecue at his house won't happen, but possibly during our stay in Conn. he'll try to visit. Back in my working day I would call his work-life "A Cats in the Cradle" lifestyle, make me thankful to be retired. We did not get to experience the Battleship Massachusetts, maybe next time here. We did, however, take a couple of hours to view the local beaches and on another day, we drove south all the way to Chatham, MA but more on that in a Chatham Blog. For a 3-week stay it was very relaxing. In a couple of days, next

Monday the 20<sup>th</sup>. we'll pack up and travel to Connecticut...talk to you then.

## 20<sup>th</sup> Laurel Lock RVP in Oakdale, CT



Out of sheer boredom I went back into my photos only to find that in 2021 I'd taken almost 4000 pictures!!! All this time I figured we'd just stopped living. This location did not even make it into the travel blog, at least, not yet. The hard copy has been ordered so I cannot change that situation but I will update the digital portion. It was this time last year that we decided to devote to Fr. Michael Gill, a life-long friend, pretty much like family. Seems so long ago. We enjoyed our stay there very much. This location was

central to many venues I wanted to take in. Cheryl and Mike don't live that far away, Cheryl in Norwich and Mike in Quincy, MA. Most importantly Fr. Michael who lives in New London, CT. Just took a quick look at the digital version of my travel blog and I was right. I never mentioned Laurel Lock, except as a line-item for September 20<sup>th</sup>. According to the time-schedule we ended up spending 2-weeks at this location. Yup! Bottom picture in the Journey our last mobile-home. I would be kidding you if I said I still did not miss it; I do. But life is ever changing and there are very few choices. Carla and I were both very fortunate to have had even those few months in our lives. I'm not going to go into too much detail about the campground except for adding just a few more pictures so you might enjoy it as much as we did. This felt good, hope I can find more to write about.



## OCTOBER 2021

9<sup>th</sup>. To say the least this has been a very busy month so far. I'll start from the beginning. I am going to type in just the highlights and will fill-in later.

1<sup>st</sup>. Friday, we discovered a new steak meal. Just recently we purchased a new countertop Toaster-Oven. This time we noticed, for a few dollars more, we could also have the oven with an Air-Fryer. What an eye-opener. In the book that came with the Air Fryer was a very simple recipe for a steak and egg-noodles with a bunch of very nice added garnishing's. It took about 20-minutes to prepare and 20-to eat and the same to clean up; an awesome food-experience. We had a nice visit with Fr. Gill (Michael) at his condo. Our mind is at rest on looking for a new home for Fr Michael. We had spent the previous week looking for another home for Fr. Michael. In the end we discovered where he was, was just about perfect for him, so now we can spend some quality time just visiting with Michael. The next day we took Fr. Michael to the Go Fish Restaurant in Mystic, CT. We wanted very much to take Fr. Michael out to a nice restaurant and he suggested the "GO-Fish" restaurant in Mystic, CT. That worked out just fine for us since we've been gone from this area for almost eight-years, so much has changed. Spent a delightful afternoon with him checking out Mystic, so much is new to us. The meal was delicious

and the company equally as interesting. After eating we all decided to try to walk off some of the calories we had just ingested and walk around Mystic for an hour or so. What a delightful day we had.

4<sup>th</sup>. We ran some errands and finished the afternoon at Friendly Pizza-it hasn't changed in 30-years. The recipe they used when Steve, the previous owner, was in charge is the same as back then. The help, of course, were all new to us but were courteous as we expected they would be. We never have pizza at a restaurant, we're still just a little cheap that way, but no one sells pizza in a box as good as at Friendly Pizza, we devoured the entire pie. Tomorrow, we plan to visit with my daughter Cheryl and hubby, Paul. Cheryl and Paul asked us over to their home for steaks on the grill; Paul will cook. We knew that Paul would be cooking since Cheryl is the first to relinquish to kitchen area to Paul. She's good with that and we were also. Paul is awesome behind a stove or grill. After visiting and small talk for about a half hour Paul brought us all in for dinner.



Just looking at the steaks was an eye full. You know what you feel like when you approach the meat counter at any super market you find the usual sirloins and possibly a filet

in the package two for twelve or thirteen dollars or a little less if it has a yellow sticker on it indication close-dating, which is what we usually buy and freeze for the future. Paul and Cheryl really impressed us as he brought in four porterhouse steaks, one for each of us, about two-inches thick each.



These were huge to say the least and the fixings that accommodated the porterhouses were equally as delicious. After dinner was over, we sat around the table and just talked for about thirty-minutes while Paul washed the dishes. This makes the difference between just having a meal with friends or enjoying a meal with family. We decided to sit for a while in their TV room enjoying the comforts of their "theater seating" couches. To say the least the seating was extremely comfortable. So comfortable that Carla is now looking to see if we can cram a smaller version of the seating plan they have to fit in the coach- it's doable. Allow me to drift off topic for just a few minutes.

As a father you always want your child to make the marriage decision correctly and be happy from the get go.

Cheryl and Paul are married as very good friends as well as husband and wife. Making the right decision the first time is so enviable. With, at least, half of first marriages ending in divorce the odds are not always with a couple these days.



For the hour or so after the meal I couldn't help but envy how fortunate they were in their marriage. With life you must play the cards you're dealt and my kids had to deal with more than they should have as kids. I was personally partially to blame and pray each evening for forgiveness for the early years of their lives. This was such a special evening. An occasion like this, for most folks, is a 2-3 times a week get together, I wish I could say the same, but our life style doesn't allow for such a luxury...maybe someday! For me, this evening with Paul and Cheryl, will be front and center in my memory for a very long time. Just a few more pictures of this beautiful home Cheryl and Paul live in.







### **Paul's Man-Cave!**

Above are Cheryl, Paul and family in Paul's "Man-Cave." It's actually their basement but with so much to do in this spot, you could virtually live downstairs here and be as comfortable as if you were upstairs. Below is also that awesome "theater-seating-sectional." It occupies more space than we have in our coach. Anyone could easily retire comfortably in this home.

5<sup>th</sup>. The next day was jacks-up for us leaving CT. By end of day, we'd travelled 360-miles to Fishkill, PA. Thursday-we will travel to Hagerstown, PA. By Friday we will find ourselves in Elkin, NC, a 300-mile drive. As you can tell we're not stopping for much. It's time for RVers to return to Florida. By Saturday we travelled another 388 miles to Brunswick, GA very uneventful day; so nice! We celebrated by taking ourselves out to dinner at Cracker Barrel, where else for meatloaf once again.

10<sup>th</sup>. Sunday- We will complete our transition back to Florida staying for a week or so at Lazy days for minor fixes. We're here to remedy a few fixes that are needed. Door fix is on order, AC Dials are on order and the Passenger slide will take a little longer. The main gear that brings in the slide has several teeth broken which is why we were experiencing a banging or thumping sensation when the slide was brought in. Fixes will be completed the next day.

## 15<sup>th</sup> Reflections on Dennis

For years, following my brother Dennis's stroke, I would religiously give him a call each day if only for a few minutes. Rarely, if ever, did either one of us have anything intelligent worth talking about, it was basically about the call. Dennis of course, if you read these blogs, passed away this last May, just a couple of days past his 74<sup>th</sup>. birthday. As result I stopped making calls of course, but the tradition was established, so each evening I spend a minute or two recapping this day's events to Dennis, even though I know he's not listening. Just like you, if not everyone, I have a small recitation of prayers, I guess in hopes that my 5-minutes of religious meditation would ever be enough to spare me from the after-death punishments I possibly deserve. But this IS what happened this evening.

After prayers I was getting a little frustrated with the Powers above asking, once again, for a sign that Dennis might be secure in heaven. I know, this sounds a little "one-step-beyond," but there's no harm in asking. It's not that I haven't asked previously, on several occasions, just asking for just a simple sign from above. This time, just in case I've missed the sign in the past, I was asking for an obvious sign. Within a minute or two later I heard a loud double knock from the outside of the coach, on the wall opposite our bed, loud enough to wake a comatose patient. What's the significance of the knock? Whenever Carla and I arrive to a new site, it's time to bring out the slides. Since 2013 Carla would wait to let out the slide while I would go outside to validate the slide was safe to extend. To let Carla, know that it's safe to go ahead I always give her a solid double-knock

on the outside slide wall. This, believe it or not, is exactly the knock sound I heard at 11 pm this evening. The knock I heard was so defining I could visualize the general area from where the knock came from. This spot outside would be at least nine-feet above the ground. The knock to Carla, as I've mentioned is to tell her it's safe to proceed, you won't have a problem and once out it will be in a safe position. I know you're raising your eyes saying, "sure!" Well, I don't care! This evening a little after 11 pm I experienced what I honestly feel was a "Divine Sign from Above." The chance that someone dropped by and left a double-tap on our wall is a million to one shot if anything. I will continue to pray but from now on I will have a positive attitude on Dennis.

Every day someone someplace will lose a love one. As a Catholic we can assume, depending on the person who died, that he or she would have made it safely to their heavenly reward sometime in the future, but when? We all pray to Him hoping our prayers will help the deceased person make their way to Paradise but we never know for sure until such time that we also leave our earthly home and eventually learn the truth. ***The moral of this story*** is; is to always remember our love ones that leave our company, usually leaving sooner than we would like. Always keep them in your stories and prayers, and pray to Him to care for these individuals as lovingly as we would have if they were still with us.

For now, God bless you!

23<sup>rd</sup>. Feels so good attending Mass in person for a change. Like so many of you Carla and I are taking advantage of the bishops' attendance dispensation during the Covid-19 pandemic. The church is so beautiful. As we left Mass this evening, we had the opportunity to say hello to Fr. John. Only wish our good friend Fr. Michael Gill could experience such a beautiful church. Fr. Michael is no longer that interested in traveling away from Connecticut, sadly, he would be so impressed.



He was the pastor of Our Lady of the Lakes in Oakdale, CT. He worked so hard growing this parish and he's still very well remembered by so many. Even folks who have left the area like us, when we hook up, it doesn't take long for his name to become part of the conversation. Being known to the priests of the parish is such a warm feeling but with parishes and churches as big as Vincent de Paul it would take an awesome circumstance or possibly an extremely generous donation to be remembered. Guess we should be thankful for the luxury of having so many years with Father Michael. I know that's a lousy picture, above, but what it doesn't show is that he's at the helm of a 33-foot cabin cruiser motor yacht. Back in those days we

looked fairly well off but looks could be deceiving. We were poor but we had a good time enjoying our poverty. One time we enjoyed the most is when we got Father Michael to the boat yard and put him at the helm on our boat. He was like a kid at Christmas. We all had a great day on this cruise...only wish I could do more for him.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Still enjoying our days at Lazy Days. Above I mentioned we arrived here on the 11<sup>th</sup>. around a week-and-a-half-ago, and we're still here. All the fixes were made and almost all were perfect, except the room-slide on the passenger side. It got fixed, a gear required replacing, and it was replaced. We were told it was a good fix then we attempted to bring in the slide and we noticed the front section came in a couple of seconds after the back portion. This caused damaged to the newly replaced gear, again. So, a new one was ordered and should be in around the 25<sup>th</sup>. I wanted Lazy Days to order a new "Controller" as well, since this is what tells the motors what to do, but they thought otherwise. We'll see what happens. We continue to keep in touch with Fr. Gill, usually just a Saturday phone call just to check in, to confirm he's doing well. We are scheduled to leave for Georgia the end of the month, hope it happens. Temps in that part of Georgia are about 12-15-degrees cooler than in Florida.

## 28<sup>th</sup> St Jude (Feast day)

back to my digital pulpit

It goes without question that St. Jude has been by my side since my early high school years. I attended a private high school where it was expected that virtually all its graduates would go on to further education. With no exaggeration I wasn't the brightest bulb on the tree, far from it; still not! But I was desperate and someone told me about St Jude. The St. Jude novena was much more difficult way back then. Those seeking his assistance would make a "nine-week" novena with promise to publish. Remembering for me to do anything for nine full weeks would almost require a novena in itself. Now the rules, like so many other issues, have been relaxed. Now the requirement is for a "nine-day" novena. Almost as easy as remembering to brush your teeth before bed. I did it and he not only got me into an exceptional college, he watched over me until the day I graduated. I will admit I did not excel there either, but I lasted whereas one-third of my original class did not. I could easily go on for two-hours on all that he has achieved for me but I'll leave that for another day at the virtual pulpit. It's simple; Ask, believe and pray the novena prayer below and you will see results. This novena is not to be trifled with, with prayers for lottery numbers or help in finding a new girlfriend, that won't work. At one time I did not get my prayers answered as I was hoping for, in fact, no answer at

all, until about 2-weeks later when my novena was answered appropriately; but I will leave that for another time. Personally, I'm at it again. Being so much older now my request for help is of a more altruistic nature. I have faith, and even though I believe I'll have a favorable answer, sadly, the situation will be that I, most likely, will never be made privy to his assistance, until I meet up with St. Jude, in the near future.

*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.(mention your needs or petition) I will never forget thy graces and favors you obtain for me, and I will do my utmost to spread devotion to you. Amen.-St. Jude, pray for us and all who honor thee and invoke thy aid. Recite 3 Our Fathers, 3 Hail Mary's, and 3 Glory Be's -for more information on this great saint and how he had my back for all of my years go to my eBook "Miracles of St. Jude" (Kindle)*



## NOVERBER 2021

Yes, we should have been arriving in Georgia, about this time more or less, but life has a tendency to step in and require us to adjust, which is not always that easy, living in a motorhome. For the last three-weeks we dutifully tended to our doctor visits. The other day, however, we received a call that would require us to remain in Florida for a while longer. We have been told we have a spot here at Three-Flags until Nov. 16<sup>th</sup>. Jan, the office manager, is working diligently to find a spot for us here from the 16<sup>th</sup>. onward. This is the worst time of the year to look for a site at a Florida campground. We're in competition with half of Canada and about one-third of the campers in the US for a site in hopes of enjoying Florida's' sunshine. Joe Bartha, the Campground Resort Manager, along with Jan will try very hard to remedy our situation. Back when I was diagnosed with Cancer, they managed to keep us safely at this resort for over six-months; I have great faith in them helping us. More on this later.

5<sup>th</sup>. Scoots continues to make us wonder exactly how resourceful she is. How she managed to climb into this upper cabinet without anything to help her breach the space between cabinet and countertop is a mystery. I woke up this morning early, don't know why, looking for Scoots, mainly to prevent my stepping on her, to no avail. It wasn't until

she volunteered a meek meow that I could locate her. Nice to know at least one of us in the family has so much energy.



5<sup>th</sup>. Colin Powell Funeral-Colin Powell actually passed away on October 18<sup>th</sup>., 2021. It was scheduled to be a 2-hour ceremony and it was exactly that.



Although the National Cathedral embodied the families of Presidents none were asked to eulogize at Powell's funeral ceremony. The family requested that the ceremony remain as simple as possible.



Colin Powell will be buried at Arlington Cemetery.

## 25<sup>th</sup>. Thousand Trails RVP Thanksgiving Dinner

Thank, you Thousand Trails. Two or three times a year this campground, and probably all the other TT RV Parks, host a Dinner for the resident campers they have staying over for the holidays. We've been fortunate to attend several over the years. So much food you can barely fit it all on one plate. First came the turkey, I had 2-scoops, one dark and one light meat. Then a Hugh scoop of potatoes smothered in gravy. To make it all healthy, green beans was last. Then off to the potluck table. Individual campers will bring in something special and we had at least thirty items to choose from. What we forgot were our drinks that we were supposed to bring to the dinner. They did provide coffee,

which did just fine for both of us. We had a table for six and a lovely couple from Ohio joined us...awesome!

The campground we are going to next is Sunkissed in Summerfield, FL, about a 30-minute ride from Wildwood. They two are having a thanksgiving Dinner but the fee is \$10.00. Cheap enough at twice the price. Nice part of all this, no dishes for me to wash.

25<sup>th</sup>. Sunkissed RV Park This park is not affiliated with Thousand Trails at all. I'll have pictures possibly next week after we move in. As most everyone knows Carla's cancer has reared its ugly head in our lives. She's doing well now but any exercise, like walking or climbing, does weaken her. We'll know more by the end of next week once we speak to her Oncologist. At this point we are hoping for the best and planning for the worst. The coach is just not practical at this juncture of our lives. So, we'll be acquiring a campground home at Sunkissed. This home is a hair shy of 500-square-feet, very similar to the coach. It only has one-bath, which we can deal with. As well as all ten-pieces of furniture that come with the home. There's an entry into the home, both front and back, and has 5-steps but a very wide stairway at both entrances. If need be, in the future, a ramp could be added to the back stairs.

## DECEMBER 1 2021

1<sup>st</sup>. The shed was delivered to the new home. All this week is scheduled with things to do or placed to go. This morning early, we had the Closing on our new park-model home. On our way to the Closing, we dropped by Best-Buy to pick up our TV we had ordered.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Moving in. It was a very apprehensive beginning to the morning. Carla met with her Oncologist and received the latest information on her condition. To our surprise the news was much better than we had expected. It's still Stage-4 cancer but her doctor gave her some very optimistic information. Carla's DNA, as it turns out from a test, is receptive to a particular drug. There's even a possibility for a trial. Almost all the degenerative conditions we were imagining, and fearing would not be part of her future. Her doctor is recommending a combination of a particular medication for her to take and a shot in the butt every three-months. She was told she might experience some tiredness and possibly a sore butt at times...A big relief to both of us! We seriously looked at several homes to purchase, many with 2-bedrooms, just in anticipation of a special guest sometime in the future. This new residence reflects our blog philosophy above. Our Journey Motorhome was just a hair smaller than the home we purchased, but it did offer better storage in the living-section of the RV. I learned that

in order to be called a "Camp-Home" it had to have a living area no bigger than 500-square-feet. Many of you might have walk-in closets bigger than this, but as the message-statement above says -Happiness is to have everything *you need...you know the rest.*



As you can see, just as in the Journey, all our rooms are tightly nestled together. The bottom left-hand corner of the picture is the edge of our living room with new TV and to the right is our dining room, or as in the RV our universal table. Needless to say, many of these cabinets extend too high for us to reach without a step stool. Welcome to our living room. It and the bedroom are both very spacious by our standards. Each measure approximately 12x12, more than adequate. There is a bathroom (no picture yet) of course, small but not tight. The shower is a very good size.



The kitchen is adequate and linear in design. We even have a dishwasher, not sure how to use it yet. Our refrigerator is smaller than what we had in the RV but, if needed, there's space for a residential in the future if needed.



There's not much else left to talk about except for the bedroom. In the picture above you can see we have a ten-foot twin-closet area with storage draws in the center as well as below the mirrored closets. In the Journey we had a King-size bed, which, quite frankly, was overkill for what we needed, although Carla really liked the king very much. We also have a very generous porch out front. Hopefully in the next couple of weeks we hope to have it screened-in so Scoots can get to enjoy the outside with us. Getting on to the porch does have five steps but should that be inconvenient in the future a ramp can be easily installed to the back-porch entrance. Tomorrow, we have someone coming in to pick up the furniture that came with the house. This is not a big deal; we're talking about a queen-size sleeper bed-sofa and a recliner. This is to make room for

furniture we have purchased more to our liking.

25<sup>th</sup>.Christmas .There's just the two of us these days so as in the past our Christmases are very simple. Carla's gifts to me are always meaningful, whereas mine to her are generally on the light-hearted side. Even now our new home does not lend itself to "things" for the sake of just acquiring stuff. Below right was to us from Amy. a very personalized mat with our name on it.



As seen above Carla enjoys caramel popcorn. She found it at Ace Hardware and really enjoyed the flavor. Once again Amy's mat and a couple of smaller gifts. Back when we had our last home, we had an awesome collection of ceramic Christmas village buildings. It will take a few years, but I hope to be able to bring back our village with items from St Theresa's Thrift Shop at our Church.





A beautiful food gift set from Jody and Mark will be enjoyed by us in time. Scoots could really care less. What she doesn't know is that she also has a fairly big gift waiting for her, once I put it together. McDonalds' and any and all gift cards are always relished.





We always enjoy a gift card from either Texas Roadhouse and/or Ale House because of the calamari Ale House cooks up. It took a little longer than usual this Christmas due to all the calls from Carla's family, as usual. Delightful to speak to all. Carla enjoys a little rest after all the openings.



Above is the creation of Scotty's gift, a cat "tower." It's tall enough for her to enjoy looking out the back door window. As of now she's only made it to the top level just once, but we're confident she'll make it to the top on her own someday.

## 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. 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 us that this carefree lifestyle is not meant to be a free ride. 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 we have travelled this year. Our patience paid off in spades. We, once again climbed to new heights and at times found ourselves climbing taller hills and mountains than I can recount. We've explored so much, that by the end of February 2023, I should have rewritten and recompiled our complete travels from 2014 to 2021 in both Amazon/Kindle eBooks. I estimate it will encompass, at least, six volumes. This manuscript is being re-written from the original blogs in January 2023. 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.



Not everything has changed, however. Scoots is a little older a little heavier and much tamer than a year ago. Sadly, though, the family, on both sides, is a little smaller, but still remains closer than ever.

Safe travels,

Carla, Scoots and myself.

## 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, 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 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

## **OTHER PUBLICATIONS:**

Miracles of St Jude, (eBook)

RV-n America 2014, (eBook & Softcover)

RV-n America 2015 (eBook & Softcover)

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