

AUGUST 2019 JOURNALS



TRAVEL PLANS TO THE END OF THE YEAR

Aug 14th Rapid City, SD (PPx14n)
 Aug 29th Forest City, IA (Winnebago x5n)
 Sept 3rd Cedar Rapids, IA (171m)
 Sept. 17th Peoria, IL (177m)
 Sept. 16th Batesville, IN (62m)
 Sept. 25th Park City, KY(366m)
 Oct 9th Knoxville, TN (224m)
 Oct. 10th Lenoir, NC (186m)
 Oct. 25th Yemassee, SC(269m)
 Nov 1st Port Orange, FL (277m)
 Nov. 5th Wildwood, FL (82m)
 Nov. 26th Pompano, FL
 Dec. 10th Christmas, FL
 Dec. 16th Pompano, FL
 Dec. 30th Wildwood, FL

8.01.2019-Thursday-Preparing to travel

Can you believe, the end of another month. At the same time, we're preparing for our next move. I've pulled the tank and topped off the fresh water tank so we're 90% ready to go. Our next destination is about 450 miles from here so we'll be doing an Walmart overnight in Island City, OR our last time to experience this gorgeous state. We've enjoyed three-months of Oregon; awesome!

8.02.2019-Friday-Travel to Island City, OR

Beautiful day temp around 60, great day to travel. It's going to be a long trip so we'd hopped to leave by 8am. Everything done, time to retract the slides, OOPs! Our slides are out and they are pretending to be dead. After a half hour we gave up and made three calls for help, only one called back. Be there by 2PM. Not what we wanted to hear. I sat in the driver's seat and was just depressed with all the problems we've had with the slides and how well they've been working the last four-months. For no reason my eyes happened upon the bright yellow parking brake, and a light went off in my head. I checked it and yes, I hadn't set it when we had arrived. Took only a second to pull it out and set it. Then all-of-a-sudden the slides came alive and all was well. After such a trying morning the ride ended up being more stressful than usual. but we made it.

8.03.2019- Sat.-Arrive Mountain Home,

Last night was comfortable but since our generator is still on the blitz it was a little uncomfortable than usual but the ceiling fans did well. Overnight at a Walmart in Island City, OR. This day did begin early, around 8am, and we got to the campground, Mountain Home RVP, around 2pm (Mountain Time). Attended a great church, Our Lady of Good Counsel, presiding was Fr. German Osorio (check the blog.). Finished the evening with pizza, beer and the movie .

8.04.2019-Sunday-Would be wash day.

The washers and dryers here come in at \$1.00 and \$1.25 per load cheapest we've seen in months if ever. Does not mean that they'll be fully dry but it's cheap. I relocated some of my winter clothing to a closet chest below and found my bathing suit. Yes, swimming might be on tap later today. At the pool we were fortunate to meet and talk to the Thorne family. High 90's today but the coach is almost cold inside. We finished this beautiful day with an awesome dinner of chicken, corn and potato; definitely an Iowa style dinner.

8.05.2019-Monday- Petroglyphs and Carla's birthday

This was not just a simple field trip. It would be a 200-mile round-trip. It took us 2-hours to get there and return and we spent 2-hours at Celebration Park. Later we celebrated a quiet birthday for Carla. We celebrated with a 4oz Cheesecake in place of a cake. We plan to go out to dinner once we get to a bigger city.

8.06.2019-Tuesday-Tying up some loose ends

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

8.08.2019-Travel day to Idaho Falls, ID

Last thing I saw last night was a caution light on the dash saying "Oil level low-Check!" It would have to wait until tomorrow morning, to dark right now. Windows open, Scooty slept through the night, Carla is sleeping like a log and here I am at 4am thinking about the oil level in the coach. Just like last night, it's to dark to do anything else but think about the situation. To make a long story short I did find the 5W30 motor oil and we did make it to Idaho Falls, safely. go to 8-08 blog for more info

8.09.2019- Travel to Butte, no Bozeman, MT

What an early start, around 8am, rarely happens. Then we checked out the GPS and it projected we'd be in Butte around noon, give or take. Go to 8-08 blog for more info

8.10.2019-Sat. travel to Hardin, MT for a 4-day stay.

It was a very easy ride, almost boring, if it had not been for the awesome views along the way. It is so hard to believe that our farmers manage such big farms, and, by the way, who eats all this corn and wheat they produce. Go to 8-08 blog for more info

8.12.2019-Little Bighorn Battlefield

It was just a very short ride to the battlefield of Col Custer and Sitting Bull. This was a battle where Lt. Col George Custer was greatly outnumbered. The grounds here commemorate the valor of those involved in this battle.

8.13.2019-Final Day at Hardin, MT**8.14.2019-Arrive in Rapid City, Rodeo**

We were up a 6am in hopes of having a 7am time for departure. Our timing was right-on. This would be a 350-mile trek. If all goes as planned I was hoping to get off the road by 2pm, as always. And so I was. Just a few minutes after two and we were at Hart Ranch. We've come across this signature rest area a few years ago. This Teepee is iconic for SD rest stops. As you can imagine from the picture it's not small. I'd say about seventy feet in height. Rapid City is a town of around 75,000 population and back in 1972 experienced a flood that caused billions of dollars in damage and a loss of over two-hundred lives.

8.15.2019-Coach needs fixes

We were up early for our 8am apt at Dakota Truck and Auto. It basically needed an oil change and generator fix. The oil change is basic along with all the other fine points the technician will check. The generator has been acting funny. One we turn it on it goes well for about thirty minutes then goes off. The goes off part is what has concerned us. The oil filter in the engine, which fuels the generator, needed replacing. Item #2 was a new item. When we were bringing in the slide this morning the hydraulic fluid came gushing out. I could only imagine the worse. Dakota Truck recommended Adams, ISC, across the street. I was anticipating having to rebuild the hydraulic line gain or worse. Long story short it was a 2-bit "O-ring" atop the hydraulic fluid reservoir had disintegrated. We were out of there in sixty minutes. We finished off the day with church, at the beautiful Our Lady of Perpetual Help Cathedral.

8.17.2019-Daughter's birthday

Today was my daughter's birthday. I won't give her age, but to me she's still a preteen in my mind. Was nice to talk to her once again. Today, Saturday, is going to be a nothing day. Still a little concerned about the driver's side slide, but will have to get over it, all is probably Okay. Tomorrow, Sunday, is going to be a nothing day also. Monday we might try to discover Custer's State Park. Everyone tells us it's a must see.

8.19.2019 Monday- Custer State Park

This was a unique venue, not for just the park, but what we experienced on our trip to the park.

8.20.2019- Tuesday

Today we visited Little Bighorn Battlefield. The experience was awesome. Our host was exceptional in the manner in which he presented the history of this battle in real day terms not to mention the real meaning of the battle itself. He used to be a history teacher, and from what we experienced today, he must have been very good.

8-21.2019-Ellsworth Air Force Base

This venue was interesting and the option of viewing a Minuteman Missile at home in its silo was unforgettable. The air museum had about two-dozen different planes, jets and rockets on display, not to mention an excellent explanation on each item.

8.24.2019-Saturday

As always it will be Mass. pizza, beer and hopefully a good movie. We just happened to be googling around on our new TV set and we came upon Amazon Prime. We have not been able to access this app for months. We picked out "Unlikely Angel" with Dolly Parton, a really cute, feel good movie. At 5:30 this afternoon we'll be attending Our Lady of Perpetual Help for the third time. This does not happen very often. The church is so big and beautiful it will be hard to say good-bye to it. On a personal note I'm optimistic I'll hear from Fr. Louis Nguyen. It's not life or death for sure, but I keep checking my phone.

8.25.2019-Sunday-Badlands of South Dakota

Well, Sunday came and went, but we did not go anywhere. The Badlands are a one-hour drive each way and we've seen many venues just like them all this year. With us having to be on the road again tomorrow and wanted to just rest today. It is hard to believe it's the end on the month again.

8.26.2019-Monday-Preparing to leave Hart Ranch.

As usual I've pulled all three tanks and filled the fresh water tank. Cable has been disconnected and all the glass is clean. I guess we're ready to travel. Our stay here at Hart Ranch has been delightful. The trip tomorrow is over 250-miles.

8.27.2019-Tuesday-Travel day

We travel this day to Mitchell, SD, about 250+-miles. Well Mitchell was scheduled for a lay-over but we decided to go another 150-miles to Worthington, SD. Purpose for this is to make tomorrow's trip shorter, which was good. It was good trip but eventful, something we never look forward too. As we tripped eastward toward Iowa we were being shoved from side to side by very high winds. We experienced the same conditions a couple of years ago. All-of-a -sudden what sounded like a jack-hammer on the coach roof. Only one-way to find out what was happening-must go up, battle the strong winds and try not to get blown off the roof-coach. Sure enough; both hoods for our roof vents were partially lose.

8.28.2019-Forrest City, IA-Winnebago

In the LED window on the odometer area, were two messages: 1. no J1850 activity and 2. no J1939 activity. We made a couple of calls and decided to temp faith and hope nothing more happens on our next to the last leg on our trip to Iowa. We did good, no new surprises. We sit presently in Forrest City, IA at Winnebago Industries. Hopefully they'll find the answer to the messages. Just what we were hoping for; at 8:30 this morning we got call from Winnebago saying "come on down." By 8:50 the coach was on its way into the workplace. By 3:30pm they had finished all they could do this day, they will finish up on Friday. The TV has been re-centered, the fireplace is working on demand, paint touch-ups done and the LED warning messages have been fixed. The electrical receptacle and ceiling tile will be addressed tomorrow. We are hoping they'll let us stay here till Monday or Tuesday morning of next week. In general, it's been a good day.

8.31.2019-Saturday-Labor Day Weekend @ Winnebago

Well it's been a very uneventful last couple of days. We got a call Thursday AM to start repairs, awesome! Not everything was accomplished this day and most were left for Friday. We were expected on Friday at 7am to complete the repairs. What we did not expect to see at end of day Thursday was a half inch separation of the front passenger side panel of the coach. They told us it did not happen on their watch, and I don't recall ever seeing it, but nonetheless it had to be addressed and fixed. Three hours later at 150 dollars an hour it was fixed. The fireplace was half fixed. the ceiling tile could not be addressed for lack of time and the rear tow receptacle was replaced. That LED warning message was also remedied. All in all it was a very fruitful visit. We have next year booked to arrive a week before Labor Day weekend. And you're saying, that very pessimistic, what if you don't have repairs? With a motorhome something is always in need of a repair.

AUGUST 2019 BLOGS

8.01.2019 Preparing to travel

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

8.04.2019-Sunday-Would be wash day.

The washers and dryers here come in at \$1.00 and \$1.25 per load cheapest we've seen in months if ever. Does not mean that they'll be fully dry but it's cheap. I relocated some of my winter clothing to a closet chest below and found my bathing suit. Yes, swimming might be on tap later today. High 90's today but the coach is almost cold inside. I really thought today was going to be one of those do-nothing days but out of thin air Carla asked if we could go to the pool here at Mountain Home RVPark. So off we went, expecting to do not more than waddle around and talk to each other but what a surprise. We had the pleasure to meet the Thorne family; so awesome to be young as they were. Not only that but their son Chase visited this Web Site, something neither of my kids ever do, and left a comment. It will be a long time before we forget the pleasant visit we had with this family. When we got back to the coach who shows up but Chase and a family member. Chase had our Web Site on his tablet, something I did not have until I was 70. They all enjoyed Scoots and Scoots was nice enough, this time, not to run and hide from them. Thanks to this visit we now have a few more ideas on venues to visit while we work our way East and eventually back to Florida. For now, it's back to my Sudoku.

8.05.2019-Petroglyphs of Celebration Park



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



Exactly what these images portray no one is sure. The inhabitants of this area were, most likely, had no knowledgeable of the Gregorian Calendar. Rocks exemplifying dots might have been the primitives trying to keep track of days, seasons or even marks indication each new arrival for that year. Below left is a star image and the mark in the 9 o'clock position is 0.06 degrees of true north. When the professionals calculated for shifts in the world crust the 9 o'clock marking is exactly focused on true north.



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



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



This is a very dry area with the great option of the Snake River for irrigation. The road picture is just a depiction of how desolate and even boring traveling some of these Idaho roads. On a positive note for Idaho, their roads are in excellent condition. In our stay here I've seen only on major pothole. Below is the 8000 Series Precision irrigation system. It delivers water to very dry land masses.

It will pivot at the beginning and send water through the piping at the top of the unit to a distance of 2800 feet, almost a one-half mile in length. It then pivots in a semi-arch very slowly covering hundreds of acres of land.



Carla's Birthday:

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

8.08.2019-1st stop-Idaho Falls, ID.

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



The sky, as you can see, was always a little threatening, but nothing came of it, at least not today. In the next picture you can see what it looks like to be homeless, as we and many others are, and enjoy the lifestyle of free stays at a Walmart.

8.09.2019 Next stop -now Bozeman, MT



What an early start, around 8am, rarely happens. Then we checked out the GPS and it projected we'd be in Butte around noon, give or take.



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



It was all highway with, once again, some very awesome sights. As we travelled West, we caught a glimpse of the Rocky Mountains to our south, not to mention thousands of acres of corn, wheat and potatoes. Below, I thought, might have been a plant to convert corn to the oil for possibly fuel, but no! It was a oil distillery.

They get their oil on trains from Canada to make fuel to be distributed throughout this region. Below, we often see, are these huge water falls. This picture does not do it justice.



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

8.10.2019-Sat. travel to Hardin, MT -for a 4-day stay.



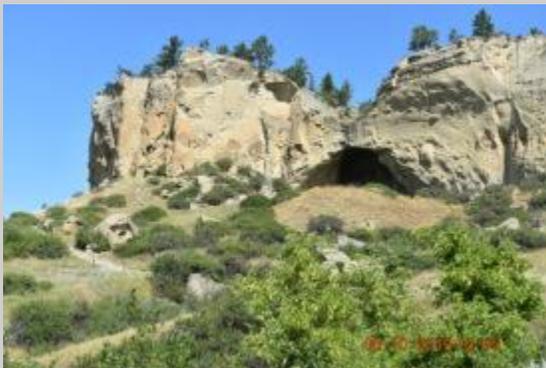
It was a very easy ride, almost boring, if it had not been for the awesome views along the way. It is so hard to believe that our farmers manage such big farms, and, by the way, who eats all this corn and wheat they produce.



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



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



The inducement to take this walk was this paved walkway, that would soon change.



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



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



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



The pathway has become either gravel or crushed stone, still not bad to walk on. Upper left is our new destination. cave #2. Dead center in the picture below is where we saw the first cave. The second unimpressive cave is below right.



To make this long story short the walkway to worse and we decided to pass on cave #3 and start back to the coach. You can barely make out the coach in upper right pic but it's there, we just have to walk back on this gravel path. This was the first time we'd taken the coach to a venue, usually we get to the campground and drive back but the campground in Hardin is forty-five miles from here and we were going right by it so we coached it to this venue, possibly never again. From here were going to travel to the Grandview Camp and RVPark. Not much to brag about but, nonetheless, I gave it it's own blog.

8.10.2019-Grandview Camp & RV Park

Welcome to Grandview. The view is not really that grand. This is one of those private parks. It's also a Good Sam Park. These four days we pay the full price but we needed a resting place for four days before we can move on to Rapid City, SD.



This is not a very big park actually kind of small. I bet it's a great little business. Upper left is the site plan for the park, we're in #36. Below is what we always hope for, a wide entrance to the office. We're also greeted by Smokey the Bear.



Upper right is the office; it's in a state of renovation inside. As you can see in the lower left pic. What is nice about this RVPark is a major fuel station on the other side of the road entrance to the park; how convenient.



In its defense we do have cable, 50amp, satellite, sewer and very good Verizon phone reception. Everything we are always hoping for.

7.20.2019-Tillamook Creamery in Tillamook, OR



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



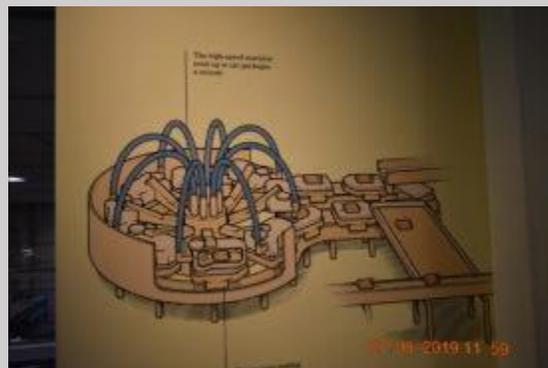
Everyone touring this complex will go home with a great admiration on the Tillamook attitude towards farming and cattle in particular. For us city folks we'll learn how intense caring for cattle is on a daily basis. I lost the picture I had of a mechanical scratching wheel designed for the pleasure of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



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



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



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



Above is the Octopus. Tillamook cheese is aged in forty-pound-cubes for periods of 60 days to, as many as, five-years. Up to fifty-million pounds of cheese is stored and aged at this location on average. Above is the tasting bar. Several flavors and types of Tillamook Cheese are available for consumer consumption in hopes you'll not go home empty handed. At every venue you'll almost always find an eatery and a gift shop. This eatery is huge offering items from burgers to ice cream to its guests. Our trip here was very exciting and educational. If you're in the area take time to visit this location.

8.11.2019-EF-1 Tornado, in our Big Horn County

It was around 7:30 pm and we were watching a Superman movie. The scene was Clark Kent's father being sucked up by a horrendous tornado.



Fast forward to 8:30pm the wind was picking up, the extended awning on the coach was moving radically, our door is locked in the open position and the screen interior door is rattling violently. Carla instinctively told me to get the awning in and after I would try to close our door. The awning retracted with difficulty but the door would be a different story.



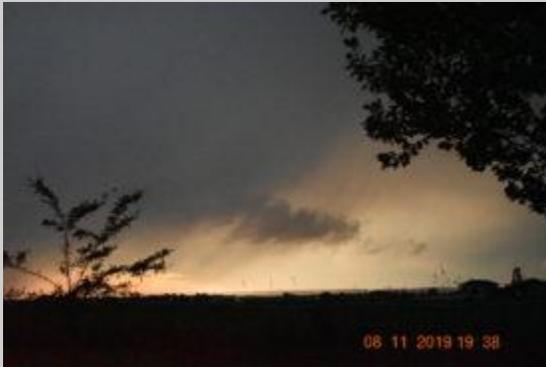
I stepped down our steps and unlatched our door and then it happened. The wind came up so violently I could barely retrace my steps back into the coach. The unlatched door would not break away from the wind forcing it against the coach. I tried again to close the fixated door by leaning out the door opening desperately holding to an inside boarding bar in the coach.



Within seconds after leaning out to try to close our door my body felt as though it was in the clutches of an invisible force. This force was desperately trying to pry my body out the open doorway and away from the coach and the door continued to affix itself to the coach. Finally, after about 2-3 minutes the wind suddenly died in force for about 15 seconds. I took advantage of the break to close the coach door. Within seconds we had all the windows in the motorhome closed and we immediately retreated to the presumed safety of our bedroom. Instinctively we positioned ourselves at the foot of the bed and pulled our foot-thick Denver mattress over our heads.



It did not take a person with a PhD in weather anomalies to know we were in trouble. In the minutes it took me to retrieve the door I could not remember seeing a funnel cloud, but the clouds were so dark and ominous they could only have come straight from hell. The wind began again with seconds of our closing the door and we were spellbound, lying perpendicular to our bed on the floor. The sounds of the wind outside beating up the coach in every direction was a horrendous roar. Did it sound like a train I did not have a chance to think of that? The coach was shaking left to right in endless motions. Lying on the floor with our mattress as our make-shift ceiling cover was frightening. For fifteen minutes or more the floor shook, it never ceased bouncing up and down from just an inch to much more over and over again.



The heat under the mattress was almost unbearable. We both had difficulty in breathing but we felt relatively safe. Was it a tornado, yes; but not directly over our location. Were we afraid I'd say yes, we've experienced many challenges in the past, even a brush with hurricane Irma from a few years ago, but this was life threatening? Not having seen any funnel cloud in the direction of the wind, minutes ago, I felt fairly certain we would not be sucked up into the upper atmosphere, but I felt strongly the chances were very good this might just be a Microburst. The type of weather phenomenon that could easily crush and flatten our coach, hopefully our mattress might cushion us from severe injuries with this possibility. Another possibility is a chance that a high-enough wind could topple our motorhome to its side or that another RV, with a strong enough wind, being jammed into us.



For 15 to 20 minutes we huddled in place frightened, praying and feared life's worse scenario. The tornado, an EF-1, was located mostly in the Billings, MT area, not far from here, but we were experiencing the outer winds of this very heavy wind. By 8:50 the heavy winds subsided and we extricated ourselves from our shelter. The pictures of the clouds were after the weather phenomenon had ended.

The clouds just twenty minutes ago were so black I doubt I would have been able to take a decent picture. We and many of the other RVers here began to go out and ask if everyone was okay. Never want to experience something like this ever again!

Courtesy of the Northern Wyoming News:

WORLAND - The National Weather Service completed their site investigation to a storm that hit Powder River Pass on June 19 and has categorized the storm that caused damage to trees and snow fences as an EF-1 tornado. According to a release from the NWS Riverton office, on Wednesday, June 19, a thunderstorm began to develop on the border of Park and Big Horn counties around 5 p.m. As this storm moved east it strengthened and reached its peak intensity in extreme southeastern Big Horn County. The storm crossed into Johnson County and produced a tornado on Powder River Pass in the Bighorn Mountains just before 7 p.m. Considerable tree damage occurred along and near US Highway 16 as the tornado moved east along its 3.7-mile path. Hundreds of conifer trees were uprooted or snapped at their trunks. Additionally, several large wooden snow fences were torn apart, with fencing debris thrown in all directions. This tornado was unusual in that it occurred at a high elevation of just under 10,000 feet along its western path. The damage produced by this storm was consistent with an EF-1 tornado, with estimated peak winds of 110 mph. The time of the tornado was estimated by comparing the location of the damage with radar imagery, according to the NWS release. The maximum width of the storm path was 250 yards.

8.14.2019-Hart Ranch

history-from their Web Site-*This write-up courtesy of the Hart Ranch Website*

His name was John Harrison Hart, and he settled the ranch in the 1880s. It is only fitting that this land bears his name today.



Hart was straight from the pages of Old West history, and he carved out his ranching empire while Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane roamed the streets of Lead and Deadwood. There is much about him which is legend, but far more which is fact. This bull driver, Civil War fighter, scout, pioneer, and frontiersman blazed a reputation remembered even today by those who live around the ranch. The legend says he arrived in the Black Hills with only \$15 in his pocket and survived the first winter by chopping wood for 75¢ a cord. The facts show his hard work, entrepreneurial skill, and innovative mind parlayed what little he had into a successful freight line from Pierre to Rapid City and Cheyenne, Wyoming.



The legend says he never learned to drive a car, even though he lived to see World War II. The fact is that you still can find people who remember driving him around his ranch when – too old to ride a horse or wagon anymore – he just couldn't stand being away from the land he loved. The final chapter of our story is the purchase of the 13,000-acre Hart Ranch in 1983 and the construction of the Camping Resort. In 1984 the membership was deeded the 195-acre resort. There are several companies associated with the Hart Ranch name – Hart Ranch Arena, Hart Ranch Golf Course, and Hart Ranch Development Company. The Hart Ranch Camping Resort Club is an independent and separate corporation.



John Harrison Hart came to the emerald forests and creek-carved canyons of the Black Hills during the gold rush days of the 1880s with \$15 in his pocket. Tapping his entrepreneurial skills, Hart soon bought a 13,000-acre ranch for himself. But he didn't let success get to his head. Hart was a true cowboy, driving cattle by horseback on his ranch until his death.



The Western life was all he knew, for though Hart lived to see World War II, he never learned to drive a car. Today, Hart Ranch is South Dakota's premier recreational resort, but like John Hart, we haven't let success give us a big head.



We may have swimming pools, hot tubs, and tennis courts, to name a few, but our greatest amenity is the simple Western lifestyle Hart Ranch has represented for over a century.



Just a short post-note to this blog. All campgrounds offer storage areas. This is a parking-lot for RVs, campers, coaches and 5th wheels. Hart Ranch has this tractor trailer truck that works all week bring the RVs that belong to families who decide to visit for a weekend or much longer. These owners notify the camp director as to when they will be arriving and the camp puts the tractor trailer to work fetching the RV from the storage lot and delivering it to a site ready for the campers for when they arrive. I guess all campgrounds do this, it's just that with over 500 sites, the retrieval ritual is repeated all day long some days. Shortly after the campers leave to go back home or somewhere, here comes the truck to take the RV from the site and store it once again. The cost for storage of an RV is relatively cheap especially when you consider the delivery and removal services.

8.19.2019-Custer State Park -pictorial mostly

This is going to be mostly a car-tour of the Custer State Park. In all it will take us three hours to completely experience only two of the many routes of this park. As usual we begin with a visit to the Visitors Center.



This little guy is far from family. We see no other members of his herd anywhere around, but that's somebody else's problem. Upper right is the first of two tunnels we travel through. Absolutely no place for the coach. Rock formations abound at every turn.





Tunnel number two. This tunnel, unlike the first one, will bring us to one of the parks famous rock structures, Needle Rock, as seen below.



Being Seniors, especially seniors from Florida, we have a hard time passing up an eatery, especially one with such an awesome reputation.



We've been told by several folks not to pass up the Purple Pie Place in the town of Custer. At this point we have not yet reached our destination, but the food was great.

We enjoyed apple pie and ice cream and Carla enjoyed strawberry Rhubarb Pie.



From a distance we spotted a large group of dots on a hillside. We could only hope we would find wildlife. Yes! A herd of bison were far up on the side of the road with dozens of cars and onlookers viewing them. As we were pulling up to the herd, they all decided it was time to come down from the hillside and cross the road we were on.

It could not have gotten much better than this.





As if the Bison were not enough, about a mile later we came across a small group of mules enjoying the company to the visitors. Must give credit to the people who saw the bison herd, all remained either in or by their cars. As always, the day does come to an end and we have a 66-mile drive back to the coach.

8.12.2019-The Battle of Little Bighorn

It was just a very short ride to the battlefield of Col Custer and Sitting Bull. This was a battle where Lt. Col George Custer was greatly outnumbered. The grounds here commemorate the valor of those involved in this battle.

8.12.2019-Custer State Park



Our visit to this battlefield, to me, was not a moving as, let's say, Gettysburg. As always there's always a gift shop.



I'm not even going to try to sum up this battle, most know of it, at least. A great site to visit.

[The battle of Little BigHorn](#)



As you know Custer was very much outnumbered, possibly 10:1. Above was our host, a former history teacher, who gave us a awesome recount of all the events that took place and several locations on June 25, 1876. Below is the spot that Custer's bother, Boston Custer, fell.



The grave marker with black facing is the spot that Custer was found after the battle. Directly in front of him would be his other brother Captain T. W. Custer fell during the battle.



A memorial to all who fought and died, at the battle of Little Bighorn. Below was our starting point for this experience and the spot we were enlightened by our host the history teacher, now Ranger. This would be his next to last presentation prior to his retirement from the National Park Rangers.



8.21.2019- The Ellsworth Air Force Base



Above right is the first powerhouse rocket, Titan. Below is a B-1 Bomber. This plane can fly to and deliver a full load of armaments anywhere in the world, with perfect accuracy.

There's also a gift shop, as always.



We are now inside the missile silo. This rocker is big! If and when this missile is ever implemented the force of the rocket will ultimately destroy this silo. The truth is the government will never activate just one missile. Should one missile be needed ALL 153 missiles will be activated because the use of this nuclear bomb will constitute an almost end of days scenario.



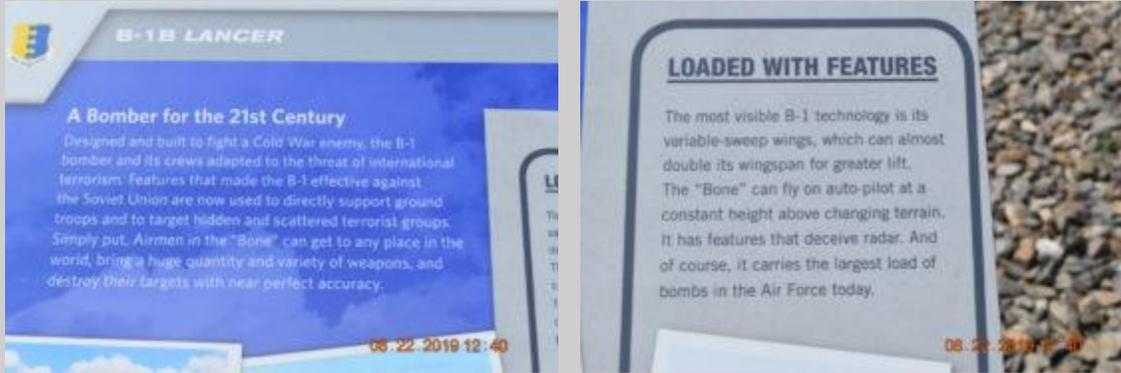
Behind Carla is a stage-like structure. Should a new rocket be needed this enclosure will be opened to allow placement of a new rocket. Behind the truck-like unit behind Carla is the cover protecting the rocket inside. This cover weighs way over one-hundred tons. It is totally pneumatic if needed to be open. The purpose of this is to guarantee that no computer or mechanical glitches could interfere in the opening of the silo tube. We were told it would only take fifteen seconds to remove this cover. Top right and bottom are some views of this small city with a city. Everything any military personnel would need or want to do is on this property.



Pictures above are of the control centers for this silo. Military personnel here work 24-hour shifts. Below is the plane that was used to fly a candy-drop to build public relations in the '40s.



Left is a B-1B Bomber. My question was what happened to the B-1A bomber. The "A" bomber was built by another contractor than the "B" version. It was twice as fast, going well over mark-2 and was twice as expensive. It had other problems also.



The "B" version flies at mark 1.2 but was only half as expensive, so the decision was made for the, I think, Boeing product. This plane has the ability to adjust its wing formation to increase both its speed and stealth abilities. Just as a side note for air-products that have been awesome is the B-52 Bomber, a product of the 50's. This plane is no longer being built but the Air Force will be leaving this product in service until 2030 or longer, only because it has been such a perfect plane. It continues to be updated and upgraded as new technology presents itself.

This text is courtesy of AirplaneMuseums.com

In January of 1942, the U.S. War Department established Rapid City Army Air Base as a training location for B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bomber units. In July of 1945 Rapid City AAB was placed on standby status as the Army Air Forces began to demobilize with the pending end of World War II. Rapid City AAB was again reactivated in October of 1945, and designated a permanent facility by the Army Air Force. The base briefly trained weather reconnaissance and combat squadrons using P-61 Black Widow, P-38 Lightning, P-51 Mustang, and B-25 Mitchell aircraft. The airfield was again temporarily closed from September 1946 – March 1947 for a major construction program to upgrade the temporary wartime facilities to that of a permanent base. When operations resumed in 1947 the base was a new United States Air Force asset. The primary unit assigned to the base was the new 28th Bombardment Wing (28 BMW) flying the B-29 Superfortress. Today, Ellsworth AFB continues to be a major active military facility and a major contributor to the economy of the Rapid City area. The host unit at Ellsworth is the 28th Bomb Wing (28 BW) assigned to the Air Combat Command's Twelfth Air Force. The 28 BW is one of only two B-1B Lancer strategic bomber wings in the United States Air Force, the other being the 7th Bomb Wing at Dyess AFB, Texas. The base is named in honor of Brigadier General Richard E. Ellsworth (1911–1953), who was killed when his RB-36 Peacemaker aircraft crashed near Nut Cove, Newfoundland during a training flight.

SEPTEMBER 2019 JOURNALS

Aug 14th Rapid City, SD (PPx14n) (TC)
 Aug 29th Forest City, IA (5nights)(525m)
 Sept 3rd Cedar Rapids, IA (PP-10 nights)(171m) Squaw Creek, IA State Park (State RVP)
 Sept. 18th Batesville, ID (239m) Indian Lakes RVP (TT)
 Sept. 25th Park City, KY(381m) Diamond Caverns RVP (TT)
 Oct. 10th Lenoir, NC (410m) Green Mountain RVP (TT)
 Oct. 25th Yemassee, SC (269m) The Oaks of Point South (TT)
 Nov 1st Port Orange, FL (277m) Rose Bay RVP (TC)
 Nov. 5th Wildwood, FL (82m) Three Flags RVP (TT)
 Nov. 26th Pompano, FL Breezy Hill RVP (TC)
 Dec. 10th Christmas, FL Christmas RVP (Private)
 Dec. 16th Pompano, FL Breezy Hill (TC)
 Dec. 30th Wildwood, FL Three Flags RVP (TT)

9.01.2019-Sunday-St. James CC

St. James Catholic Church is located here in Forest City, just a few miles from the Winnebago Industries plant where we are staying for two more days. It's very much like coming home again. Very little changes, except the town, Forest City, does look like it's going out of business. Many of the downtown storefronts have been vacated. Even the church has undergone some changes, like a new floor. More on the church in the 9.1 blog.

9.03.2019-Travel to Cedar Rapids, FL

We awoke around 6am to prepare ourselves for an 8am departure. Needless to say the 175-mile journey went flawlessly. We arrived in Cedar Rapids around noon, traveled through the to the town of Marion to Squaw Creek State Campground just off route 100. We're in Loop A site 14. We have everything except sewer; it's doable for two-weeks. Don and Joyce invited us to dinner that evening which was bountiful and delicious.

9.04.2019-Wed.-Day 2 at Squaw Creek

Our main concern moving forward is the fact that it is, most likely, to get colder more than warmer, especially at 2am in the morning. Our fireplace would be our first line of defense against the cold. We went online and found Colony AC in Cedar Rapids, IA. Henry, from Colony, came to diagnose the condition of the fireplace. A new part will be ordered and, hopefully, early next year it will be back in business again. We enjoyed a delightful afternoon and evening with Don and Joyce.

9.05.2019-Day 3

We had everyday chores to complete and then we spent the rest of the afternoon with the MacDougall's but had to leave in order to feed Scoots.

9.06.2019- Mike's Birthday

Had a chance to speak to Mike in the morning and wished him a Happy Birthday. Still find it difficult to hear him speak of home ownership and work challenges. We hope to drop in at Don and Joyce's to do laundry.

9.10.2019-Tuesday

The last four days have been very relaxing, just as we were expecting. The MacDougall's have treated us to several home dinners and we enjoyed a great dinner at the Noodle's Company. We're expecting rain for the next three days so we'll see what happens.

9.11.2019- 9/11 18th Anniversary

Watched the solemnity of the day on television. Later we shopped at Walmart, of course , and enjoyed a Southern fried chicken w all the fixing with Don and Joyce.

9.12.2019-Day of rest.

Shopped a little at Best Buy for the new television. Between rain showers I found time to pull the tanks. We've been lucky to get about 5-days on the tanks. Push it to six and the sinks have a tendency to begin to back up then I MUST go out, rain or shine, and take care of the tanks. Not a big deal. On average it only takes us one-half hour for this odd job from the time we start to close up the coach to the time we get back and let the slides out for another 5-day period on the day we leave Squaw Creek.

9.16.2019-Monday-Final day at Squaw Creek

Here we are again, the last day at our campground. Today we had a beautiful day. Morning was at 67 degrees and very little humidity. I was able to get the coach washed while Carla tripped to Walmart to pick up some last-minute items. We've had a great stay, the MacDougall's have spoiled us silly. They were up and at them this morning early to begin their two-week vacation. Our turn will be Tuesday morning. Next stop for us will be Batesville, ID on Wednesday. We will be spending 7-nights at the Indian Lakes RVP. We've enjoyed the campground in years past.

9.19.2019-Thursday-Resting till the 25th

It was only a few days ago when I was telling my brother, Dennis, how awesome it is to have the coach at 100%. I knew we had a small problem with the ceiling fabric, but that was something we could live with until it got fixed in November. But as everyone who owns a motorhome will tell you something breaks every week. This week it is the satellite unit. Dish tells us that the dish unit on the roof is not getting the signal to the Dish receiver. We need to replace the co-axle cables leading in from the roof unit. So, It's back to playing the old DVD's for a while.

9.21.2019-Saturday-Mass at St. Anthony of Padua

This is not the first time we'd attended Mass at St. Anthony. I had so much to say about this beautiful service. Find the blog on this Church under the NEW Blog Category "8. CHURCHES". It's now been three full days with no satellite service. No satellite means no television. Carla and I are still talking to each other even without the old tube box.

9.22.2019-Sunday-Vunderbar!!!

My days are certainly numbered. For two solid days, Thurs and Friday, we tried and tried to bring the satellite back to life, we gave up on it on Saturday and Sunday morning we continued keeping each other company. Carla, with her instinctive qualities of detective activity, resolved the quandary over the satellite. The satellite system has two receivers not just one. A Dish receiver and one for the satellite unit on the coach roof. I kept checking the Dish receiver forgetting that there's another black box deep in the cabinet that controls the satellite roof unit. Carla found the box and I found the "reset" button. Once pushed the reset button the coach satellite system came to life. Now that we have the television back, we decided to turn it off and engage in a game of Scrabble. I did win. The only game I ever have a chance of beating Carla at, but not by much; Only by 10 points, but it's still a win.

9.23.2019-Circle Printing

Today was supposed to be a nothing day but how it changed. Our last remaining property in Titusville, FL is a little closer to Closing. It's been a long process but lately it's been moving along nicely. The last six months I've been working diligently trying to convert all our Journal and Blog files for the last six years to Word. Today I finished 2018 so it was off to the printer today. Circle Printing in Greensburg, IN, just outside of Batesville. Jan and his wife are making it happen for us in under 24 hours. On the other hand, we, once again, are preparing to leave Batesville and move on to Park City, KY.

9.24.2019-Travel to Park City, KY

Strange how you can reside in the next site and never get a chance to say helloes. That's the way it was with us and Dwight and Nell on the day before and the day we left Batesville. Hope we can meet up again someday. Upon arriving at Diamond Caverns RVP, we met our neighbors John and Lorraine.

9.27.2019-Fri-End of month coming-Johnny Cash movie

So hard to believe that we're coming to the end of another month. Temperatures in New England appear to be subsiding but here in Kentucky we're expecting 92 degrees, thankfully the humidity is not nearly as bad as Florida. We topped off the night with the movie "Walk The Line"; the life story of Johnny Cash. It was November 7, 1992. By this time, we'd only been married a little over one year. On this day we opted to take in a Johnny Cash Concert at the Guard Theater in New London, CT. We were living only a few miles away and tickets were available. I had seen him once before, a few years ago during my "single" years, and the thought of seeing him again was exciting. If I recall correctly, we arrived at the last minute and there was a light drizzle outside the concert hall. As we were walking from the parking lot we could not help but notice a big Prevost Motorhome approaching the curb side just a few feet from us. The coach was shiny jet black. Just as it pulled over out stepped Johnny Cash and wife June. I wanted so much to say a word or two to him but all we got from him was "I hope you enjoy the show." Of course, we did.

9.28.2019-Roof antenna

On our last couple of trips to new sites we've been hearing the sound of metal rattling up on the roof. At first I thought it might be the plastic cages that house the ceiling vents, but no, the sound continued on this last trip here to Kentucky. The only item up there was the original metal antenna for local stations. It's never been very good at bringing in a good signal so I decided climb the ladder to the roof to dismantle the unit in hopes that this will eliminate the roof noises. As I dropped it from the roof, twelve feet up, it fell to the ground and the plastic piece that would be needed to reattach the antenna broke. This answered our question as to whether to store or dump this antique; dump we did!

9.29.2019-Sunday-A quiet , warm day

Temps reached 94 degrees but the humidity was only 37%, we can live with that. Had a couple of conversations with close friends and can only continue giving thanks to Him for the blessed life we enjoy. It's not to say we don't find ourselves under the weather occasionally, as with Carla the last couple of days, but things could be much more serious given our ages. We'll be here about a week or so longer, but the month will run out in just 24 hours. Looking forward to cooler temps, especially as we waddle South in the weeks to come. I've added a couple of new blogs but not much to talk about these days, just doing a lot of reading.

SEPTEMBER 2019 BLOGS

9.03.2019-Travel to Cedar Rapids, FL

We awoke around 6am to prepare ourselves for an 8am departure. Needless to say the 175-mile journey went flawlessly. Our stay at Winnebago was fruitful but not everything was repaired.



The paint touch-ups were good, the TV was remounted is now sits perfectly lines up better then the old set and the rear electrical receptacle was replaced. The fireplace was checked but would have to be serviced by a Dimplex service center, which we'll try to do on this coming Wednesday. The ceiling fabric would be unchecked for lack of time. We have an idea or two on that as well. The repair to the front of the coach was very important and critical and it did get resolved. Almost forgot, the LED reading on the odometer dash. It was fixed by the technician in a couple of minutes, no major problem. All in all, it was a very fruitful visit. Another problem we'd been experiencing was the TV. We arrived in Cedar Rapids around noon, traveled through Cedar Rapids to the town of Marion, IA to Squaw Creek State Campground just off root 100. We're in Loop A site 14. We have everything except sewer; it's doable for two-weeks. Don and Joyce invited us to dinner that evening which was bountiful and delicious. After replacing the Dish receiver we deduced it was the TV, so we purchased a 43in Samsung.



After buying a new receiver we discovered that its malfunctioning was probably a result of it being stuck in the cabinet above where the heat does go to extremes. Hanging it from the cabinet may not look that good but, it's a motorhome.

We have to make accommodations occasionally, a problem those in real homes may not have to contend with. It's on Carla's side of the cabin but she doesn't seem to even notice it any longer.

9.03.2019-Travel to Cedar Rapids, FL



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9.04.2019-Wed.-Day 2- Day 2 at Squaw Creek.



Our main concern moving forward is the fact that it is, most likely, to get colder more than warmer, especially at 2am in the morning. Our fireplace would be our first line of defense against the cold. We went online and found Colony AC in Cedar Rapids, IA. Henry, from Colony, came to diagnose the condition of the fireplace. A new part will be ordered and, hopefully, early next year it will be back in business again. We enjoyed a delightful afternoon and evening with Don and Joyce.

9.05.2019-Day 3

We had everyday chores to complete and then we spent the rest of the afternoon with the MacDougall's but had to leave in order to feed Scoots. We completed our visit with Dinner at Noodle's. The food, as always, was delicious.

9.06.2019- Mike's Birthday

Had a chance to speak to Mike in the morning and wished him a Happy Birthday. Still find it difficult to hear him speak of home ownership and work challenges. We hope to drop in at Don and Joyce's to do laundry.

9.12.2019-update

The day to day writings are in the Journal for September, but in general, we continue enjoying this beautiful State Park Campground and the delicious meals at the MacDougall's. Between rain showers I found time to pull the tanks. We've been lucky to get about 5-days on the tanks. Push it to six and the sinks have a tendency to begin to back up then I MUST go out, rain or shine, and take care of the tanks. Not a big deal. On average it only takes us one-half hour for this odd job from the time we start to close up the coach to the time we get back and let the slides out for another 5-day period on the day we leave Squaw Creek. Wow! It was mid-afternoon and there's a sudden heavy knocking on the door. The camper outside stated; You don't belong on this site! We politely disagreed. We were able to find the park ranger and he agreed; We were supposed to vacate the site at noon today! We had no leg to stand on.

The ranger volunteered that he could find us several suitable site in Loop B we could move to. Sure enough! Site 30 in Loop B had everything we needed and we owed the campground 5-days in fees. Our fault for not reviewing the confirmation sheet and not picking up the error earlier.

9.13.2019- The Amana Colonies.



The MacDougall's called and we decided to experience the Amana Colony with them.



Henry, from Colony AC, arrived to our new site by 10am. The new fireplace blower was fully installed by 11am. After leaving the Amana Colony we experienced Lilly Lake.

9.14.2019-Sat.Day 12

As it says, day 12 of this stay in Cedar Rapids. It'll be jacks-up come Tuesday morning. We have no filed trips planned for the next couple of days. Our new site in Loop B is as comfortable as the previous site. Carla is hopeful of trying to do laundry today before Mass. We used our new rejuvenated fireplace last night as the temps outside hit the low 50's and the coach temp dropped to 67. Not sure if there'll be anything more to write the next couple of days but we'll see,

9.03.2019 Visiting Don, Joyce and Family

Don and Joyce will be wining and dining us for the next two weeks. Visiting here is as close to visiting home as I could ask for. Below is just a small part of the MacDougall clan; Paul, Ivy and Little Paul.

Below right is Duncan and Malcolm.



Above and below we enjoy a night out at Noodles and Company. This is getting to be almost a tradition to visit this restaurant.





The MacDougall residence. Their home may appear to be a little small but this home has a heart as big as you can imagine. Yes, if the light pole in the picture above left appears to be leaning, the answer is yes. Not sure if the leaning pole was intentional or whether the area experience a mild quake; who knows? Before the two-week visit came to an end, Carla and I were treated to a host of family dinners...Awesome!

9.17.2019-Cathedral of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception



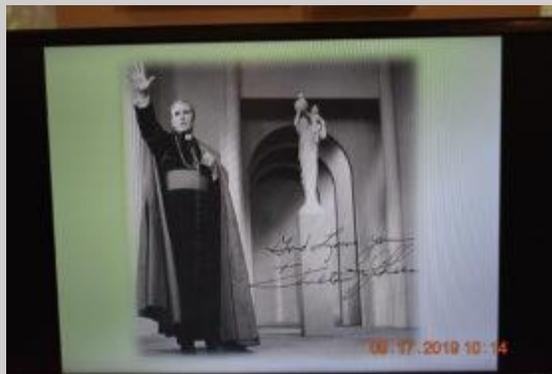
Our goal today is to discover and experience everything of Fulton J. Sheen. Our first building will be a Museum dedicated to him and his legacy. This, as I'm sure you realize, is not the Fr. Sheen in body, just a picture. It would have been an honor to have really met him, however.



Inside this building is the complete history of this great priest and orator. It contains videos and a slew of pictures of his life.



It was in the Cathedral next door, the Cathedral of St Mary of the Immaculate Conception, that he prayed, was a deacon, served as a priest and pastor here and eventually his body would be finally laid to rest at the alter to the left side of the church.



Courtesy of Wikipedia:

The Cathedral of Saint Mary of the Immaculate Conception (commonly known as St. Mary's Cathedral) is a [cathedral](#) of the [Catholic Church](#) located in [Peoria, Illinois](#), United States. It is the seat of the [Diocese of Peoria](#), where the Catholic televangelist and sainthood candidate Archbishop [Fulton J. Sheen](#) was born and raised, and ordained a priest. Since 2019, the cathedral has been his place of

burial. The cathedral is listed on the [National Register of Historic Places](#) as a [contributing property](#) in the [North Side Historic District](#).



When I first took this picture, it was the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. That, by itself, was significant and important. It wasn't until we left the Room of Relics that I learned that the big white object directly in front of this altar laid the final resting place of Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen. His tomb lies below the image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Originally his tomb was located in St Patrick Cathedral in New York but in 2019 in celebration of his Centennial Year of his ordination in 1919.

On June 27, 2019, the remains of Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen were disinterred from St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, where he was buried in 1979, and transferred to St. Mary's Cathedral.^[8]



They are entombed in a marble monument at a side altar dedicated to [Our Lady of Perpetual Help](#). The [Archdiocese of New York](#) fought a three-year court battle to keep his remains there. As a child, Sheen served as an altar boy in St. Mary's Cathedral and he was ordained a priest here in 1919 for the Diocese of Peoria, which has sponsored his cause for [canonization](#).^[9]



Above left is the altar of St. Joseph. Above right was the corridor to the Room of Relics. In this room you'll see dozens of relics from many well-known saints and many more from saints of the past. As you can see the architecture in this Cathedral is no -less than awesome. All the stain-glass windows are richly colored in blue.



Below are more pictures from the Relics Room. Below right is another picture of the tomb of Archbishop Sheen.



In order for us to experience the Archbishop Fulton J Sheen Museum and St. Mary Cathedral we had to park the coach and toed. This meant filling three meters with coins to park.

9.23.2019-Circle Printing

The last six months I've been working diligently trying to convert all our Journal and Blog files for the last six years to Word. Circle Printing is locally own and operated by Jan & Monica Gunter for 7 years. Below is the forgotten member of this mom and pop team, Rusty, their dog. These folks do it right the first time every time which is probably why they do business from all corners of the country as far East as Maine.



Today I finished 2018 so it was off to the printer today. Circle Printing in Greensburg, IN, just outside of Batesville. Jan and his wife are making it happen for us in under 24 hours.

Circle Printing, 130 W Main St, Greensburg, IN 47240....812.663.7367

For more information go to www.circleprinting.net

I don't know about you but seldom do I ever find a company that will do whatever it takes to get my business. Mostly it's a take it or leave it attitude from those big box stores. Circle Printing is a not that small a business and it's a little congested but they make it happen as I wanted it to happen. On a thumb drive I gave him five-files containing over one-thousand pages of Journals and blogs, and all he did was smile and told me he should have my books ready by 3pm tomorrow. In fact he asked us to stay around while he downloaded the 2014 book and put it together so we would be certain to be happy. I'm still working on 2019 and he volunteered that if I email it to him, he'll download it and bind it just like the other books he's done and mail it off to us at whatever address we give him. Wow! Business the old-fashioned way.

9.28.2019-St. Helen's Church in Glasgow, KY



St. Helen's Church Glasgow, KY

We've been in this area before, about 3-4 years ago and we attended the Our Lady of the caves Church much closer to our campground. Unfortunately, it had a fire and has been under reconstruction for some time now. We're told that they were at the paving the parking lot part. It should reopen shortly.

According to the history of St Helen's Church it was the inspiration of four women who were converts to Catholicism. This inspiration was in 1893. Prior to that the town of Glasgow had priest visit the town monthly. It was these same four women that went out and gathered stones which helped to build St. Helen's. Once they began to build, they were joined by many others in the town, both Catholic and non-Catholic joined in the effort. Sadly, it wasn't until 1953 that the church had its own resident priest. The parish began officially with only eleven parishioners. Since then the parish count has grown to over one-thousand parishioners. As big as this number may seem it represents only about one-percent of the total population.

OCTOBER 2019 JOURNALS

10.04.2019-Flue-shot day-Medicare

As always, we go to Walgreens for our flue-shots. They used to have a get-one and give-one free to a person in need, but I guess that program has been eliminated; Thank God for Medicare! I'm not sure of the Medicare-For-All is the best approach towards health-insurance for all. Those not eligible for Medicare, I'm sure, think it's a completely free program. But as all the TV Medicare commercials tell us, it's only 80% coverage. All seniors should have Supplemental Insurance to coverer what Medicare does not cover, and it does a great job, but for it to work it takes 100% compliance. I only hope the Democrats and the House in general can come up with a universal program that will cover all. Before Medicare for us, feels like one-hundred years ago, we had Blue Cross. It wasn't cheap, almost twelve-thousand dollars a year., but it was awesome coverage. Between the operations we've had in 2017 we definitely got all our money back.

10.05.2019-Sat.-Blog season comes to an end.

I've decided that officially the blog season for this blog is officially ended. All we're going to be doing for the next two months is biding our time giving Florida all the time it needs to get cooler and rid itself of its humidity. Next week we'll be in North Carolina for a couple of weeks then Yemassee, SC for 7 days then we dip into Florida.

10.08.2019-Tuesday-Last day at Diamond Caverns.

There was nothing to see and nowhere to go. We rested and enjoyed some very nice weather. Even when it reached 94 degrees, the humidity was barely noticeable. The coach is ready to go. Tanks are empty, water is full, hoses are in and everything that should be WD-40'd has been done. Carla did a lot of reading and I redid the 2014 blog to a PDF format. It's a little inconvenient because it takes about five-minutes to download, but it's a format that will eliminate pictures from being lost, especially if I should accidentally delete them. I plan to do that for 2015 next but because its so big I will be splitting it up into two-segments of six-months each. This should reduce download time. Tomorrow morning we begin a two-day trip overnighting in Knoxville, Tenn. then on to Lenoir, NC. I'm hoping we'll experience some foliage along the way.

10.09.2019-Wed

We get a 9:30 start on the first leg of this 2-day trip to Lenoir, NC.

10.10.2019-Thurs. Leaving Knoxville, TN

We left Knoxville, TN by 8:30 and arrived in Lenoir, NC at 2pm. The trip was uneventful except for the last half hour. Driving through small or even larger towns or cities is often very tense. Once we arrived at Green Mountain Park Resort the navigation got even more challenging.

10.19.19-Sat.

Just a quick recap of the last ten days. We went to the movies, first time in two years, and saw Downton Abbey. Last movie we went out to was Quiet Place. On top of that we hiked to discover the Green Mountain Waterfall. This was a challenge hike trail that was not fulfilling once we found it, but it's always nice to know that we can still follow trail markers and find our way home without getting lost. If that wasn't enough about fifteen miles from here is Blowing Rock. For this the HHR was challenged to climb to four-thousand feet ASL Once we got there the view was awesome. Blowing Rock was also nice to behold but that was about it. We topped off our visit with Hershey Ice Creams before we left the Rock.

10.26.2019-2019 Tour comes to an end.

We are ending the tipping about two weeks early. We cut short our stay at The Oaks in Yemassee, SC. Guess we're just getting tired of traveling. The campground was OK but not great. We decided to make ourselves comfortable and go all the way to Florida. We arrived in Port Orange around 3:30 which as OK with me, no more traveling for a while. We're staying at the Rosebay RV Park. We've stayed here before, it offers everything. Our tripping, this year, began right after New Years. Since then we stayed enjoyed 23 different states, 18,100 miles of US highways, 283 enchanted evenings, for the most part, and 28 new campgrounds in those 23 states.

OCTOBER 2019 BLOGS

10.01.2019-St. Helen's Church in Glasgow, KY



We've been in this area before, about 3-4 years ago and we attended the Our Lady of the caves Church much closer to our campground. Unfortunately, it had a fire and has been under reconstruction for some time now. We're told that they were at the paving the parking lot part. It should reopen shortly. According to the history of St Helen's Church it was the inspiration of four women who were converts to Catholicism. This inspiration was in 1893. Prior to that the town of Glasgow had priest visit the town monthly. It was these same four women that went out and gathered stones which helped to build St. Helen's.

Once they began to build, they were joined by many others in the town, both Catholic and non-Catholic joined in the effort. Sadly, it wasn't until 1953 that the church had its own resident priest. The parish began officially with only eleven parishioners. Since then the parish count has grown to over one-thousand parishioners. As big as this number may seem it represents only about one-percent of the total population. In the top right-side picture, if you look closely, is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. To her left is a display case with a reliquary in it. This reliquary displays a very small piece of the crucifix Christ was crucified on. Your questions might be; Why not a relic of St. Helen or Why the Cross?



Here's why! In or about the year 200 ad, Emperor Constantine's mother was Helen, before sainthood. She was a very devout Christian; he was as well. She had a great desire to go back to the villages of Bethlehem and Nazareth and even Jerusalem and inquire about any information, clothing or even written documents pertaining to the time of Christ. She got to Guthega and began digging the place up. Not that deeply buried she discovered dozens of crosses that were used to crucify those who were found guilty of very serious crimes. Immediately she asked a local for the name and whereabouts of a very sick person in the village. Within minutes that person was presented to her. Helen had the sick person lay her hands on each of the crosses and ultimately, she touched one that healed her on the spot. This, she said, would be the real cross. She also was able to recover many items of clothing as well. A piece of this cross is displayed in the reliquary.

10.05.2019-Sat.-Blog season comes to an end.



I've decided that officially the blog season for this blog is officially ended. All we're going to be doing for the next two months is biding our time giving Florida all the time it needs to get cooler and rid itself of its humidity. Next week we'll be in North Carolina for a couple of weeks then Yemassee, SC for 7 days then we dip into Florida.

For the sake of convenience and conserving space, which is not that serious a problem any more, I think I'll just add to this blog for the month of October. We have absolutely no place to visit or explore. The rest of 2019 will, most likely, be spent traveling south and reconnecting with family. By the end of the year we would have covered over eight-thousand miles, seven-thousand to this date. We continue to enjoy our stay here at Diamond Caverns and watching the rigs come in and out. As I said, Wednesday morning it's jacks up and going to Lenoir, NC. This will be our first time visiting this campground and we're hoping for continued cooler temperatures. Once again, we will be attending St. Helen Catholic Church. It's just as we like it, a 5pm Mass. This gets us home in time to feed Scoots by 6pm, not that she looks underfed.

10.05.2019 Flue shot day

We were given the senior flu shot and it looks like we tolerated it well.

10.08.2019-Day before leaving...

10.09.2019-Wed

We get a 9:30 start on the first leg of this 2-day trip to Lenoir, NC.

10.10.2019-Thurs. Leaving Knoxville, TN

We left Knoxville, TN by 8:30 and arrived in Lenoir, NC at 2pm. The trip was uneventful except for the last half hour. Driving through small or even larger towns or cities is often very tense. Once we arrived at Green Mountain Park Resort the navigation got even more challenging. The park is so big and complicated they had to give us a staff person to show us the way to our potential site. The park road is barely as wide as your coach. The last turn to reach our site was a strong right angle and steep incline at the same time. The entrance road and it does go quite a way into the park is paved, possibly last paved in 1954.

10.12.2019-Attended St. Francis of Assisi Church.

No inside pictures yet, possibly next weekend.



I did get a chance to say hello to the pastor. On the alter with the priest and alter servers was a gentleman, I only supposed he was a Seminarian. Spoke to him on the way out after Mass, and he confirmed he wasn't a Seminarian, just a lay person helping with the Eucharistic Celebration. No inside pictures yet, possibly next weekend. I did get a chance to say hello to the pastor. On the alter with the priest and altar servers was a gentleman, I only supposed he was a Seminarian. Spoke to him on the way out after Mass, and he confirmed he wasn't a Seminarian, just a lay person helping with the Eucharistic Celebration.

10.13.2019-Sun- biding our time at Green Mountain RVP

We continue biding our time at Green Mountain RVP. It's not much to brag about. Some sections are decent, not great, whereas the section we're in looks more like a vacant lot with utilities. Verizon Wi-Fi has a no better rating than a 2. I don't understand how it can show 5-10-13-2019-Archbishop Fulton J Sheen-Museum and Immaculate Conception Church. As I've said before, it's my blog and my platform. I know, you're saying there's no such thing as a miraclelette; you're right! For me that would be a small miracle. And you're saying he's getting back into the pulpit again, possibly. So, there's no need for many to read any further. About a month ago I talked Carla into buying a 3-gallon empty bottle at Walmart. We drink only Walmart or filtered water, from one of those water-dispensing machines. Best buy for the best water about thirty-seven cents a gallon. To get back. Once we got home, I began filling the one-gallon bottle in the refrigerator. It only took a few seconds and I knew I'd aggravated a shoulder tendon just like I did a couple of years ago. I knew a cortisone shot would fix it so I wasn't as concerned as I was the first time. So I decided to suffer quietly, telling Carla we would be sticking with the one-gallon bottles as before. The pain, though tolerable, began as a three on the ever-loving pain meter but rose to a five or six in very little time. But I was hoping it would just go away. Within a couple of weeks, I was conservatively up to a seven or eight, to the point it was painful to make corners when driving in the coach. But suffer I continued still hoping for the best.



10.15.2019-Tues-Green Mountain Waterfall

The one thing we knew, from the beginning, this field trip was just going to be a fill in our time expedition. We were not expecting much once we reach the "falls." The trail soon disappeared and we were left looking to tree markers for references. About half way up we were given a choice; the yellow trail or blue trail. We began on blue and stayed with it.; we still don't know where the yellow trail would have brought us. The trail marker, at the beginning of the trail was marked "Challenge."



What you see is what we saw. In its own way it was a little relaxing but mostly uneventful. The thirty-minute walk was at least good for us as far as getting our exercise for the day. It's hard to see but there's actually three very small, and I stress small, streams flowing through the rocks.



On our trip back down the trail we see another SMALL stream and another nice but very small waterfall about ten feet off the trail. All in all, not much to see or even write about.

10.16.2019-Downton Abbey movie

Today began with moderate rains as scheduled so laundry is high on the to-do list. We were told by friends that Downton Abbey was a must-see movie so for the first time in two years we'll spend a buck or two and take ourselves to the movies; the movie did not disappoint. What's even better is that it gave the viewing audience sure signs of a possible sequel in the future. Sitting there watching the flick was like visiting family after a long abstinence. The movie lived up to every expectation.

10.17.2019-Thurs.-Cold

We had planned to visit "Blowing Rock" today, but the temps are scheduled to be no higher than 64. Tomorrow is supposed to be a little warmer, around 68-70 degrees. We've rescheduled for tomorrow. In the meantime, we keep the fireplace on and spend the day just killing time; at least I don't have to go out and fetch wood for the fire.

10.17.2019-We visit Blowing Rock



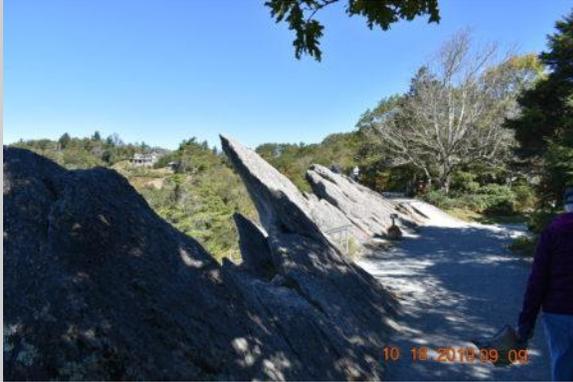
Traveling the roads of North Carolina is always such a pleasure. I only wish I had the space and band width to post all the scenic views we experienced.



Mountain tunnels. We came across quite a few of these on our Alaskan tour but these were the first we'd seen stateside.

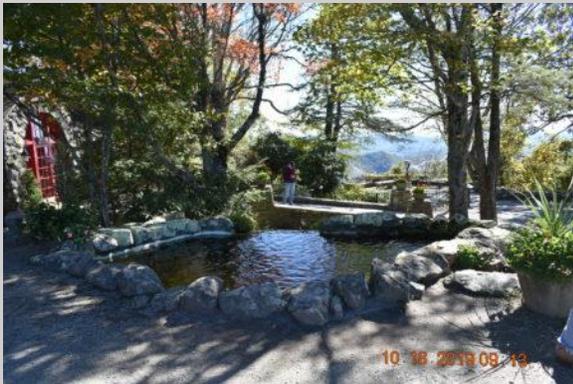
The story behind the Blowing Rock from the BR Historical Society

Before 1752, when Moravian Bishop August Gottlieb Spangenberg visited the Blowing Rock area, the windy cliffs of the area were home to the Cherokee and the Catawba Indian tribes, hostile to each other, and the basis for the story of "The Blowing Rock". Two star-crossed lovers, one from each tribe, were walking near The Rock when the reddening sky signaled to the brave that he must return to his tribal duty, and the maiden urged him to stay with her.



Below I capture Carla exemplifying her youthful climbing skills. I'm very happy just taking her picture from a safe distance.

His desperation in choosing between duty and love caused him to leap from the edge of the gorge toward the rocks below, while the maiden beseeched the Great Spirit to bring him back to her. The famous winds of the John's River Gorge blew her lover back into her arms, and this legend about The Blowing Rock is still told today...



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10.23.2019- The Miracle of the missing Rosary Beads

To be technical this incident was both a minor miracle and a "sign." To me, however, it felt like a miracle. This story actually began yesterday, Tuesday Oct 22, 2019. Yesterday, as many families do, Carla and I will say the Rosary, usually between 12 and 3pm. No, the time has no significance. By this time we're finally dressed, breakfast and lunch are out of the way and dishes have been washed. That Tuesday would be no different than many other days up to about 9PM that evening. After saying our Rosary, Carla will always keep hers on the desk by her lazy-boy chair.



I don't have that luxury so I always bring mine back to our bedroom and place them on my work jeans by my bed. It's a very small ledge that can only support the books I'm reading and my work jeans if folded into thirds so they won't fall to the floor. So, my Rosary should not accidentally fall to the floor I usually gently make a depression in these jeans and place my beads in this small pocket depression. Yesterday I did just that. Around 9:45, just before the Rachel Maddow Show ended we got ready for bed. I noticed my beads were not in the indentation I made earlier. Actually the indentation was not there either. I began looking for them to be assisted by Carla after I'd searched for about 15 minutes. I've been known to look for something and not thoroughly check the area that well. Both of us continued the search for almost thirty minutes, even using those little four-inch LED Flashlights, since lighting in a coach is not that intense. That night we finally gave up and we went to bed discouraged for not finding a very noticeable item in the limited living area the coach provides.

Since Sunday last, I've been obsessing over a very heavy idea and was just asking, who else but Bishop Sheen, for a sign as to whether it would be OK for me to procrastinate possibly several years before looking into this idea. Hoping for a positive answer I left it to him to give me some type of sign that might indicate approval. NO! I was not expecting a burning bush even a vision, but I told him I would hopefully recognize it should something take place.

Getting back to the original story. We decided to leave for Yemassee today, the 23rd Wed., in place of doing the entire 280-mile trip on Thursday. This would give us a 150-mile trip today and a 130-mile trip on Thursday; the kind of trips I relish. To prepare for the trip some preparations must take place so that nothing will break since our home has the luxury of being in motion unlike a real house. The refrigerator has braces that go up to keep the food items inside in place from moving to much, small items on the desk and countertops are already on non-skid materials and other items like books, computers and shoes get thrown on the bed for safe keeping. Some of those items include the items on my bed-shelf; books, jeans and Rosary.

This morning the shelf held only three books and one pair of old work jeans, so on the bed they went because anything would fly off this small shelf even if placed on non-skid material. Once again, the Rosary was nowhere to be found. I even went so far as to take my old jeans and stretch them out and re-fold them, to no avail. The shelf was bare. Even on the floor around the shelf and around the bed area, no beads. Once again, the coach bounces around quite a bit, especially leaving a campground, so anything, especially plastic and metal Rosary would surely hit the floor even as we just departed from our camp site. Campgrounds roadways are bumpy and contain many gravel depressions. We arrived at our overnight destination, a Cracker Barrel in Columbia, South Carolina around 3:30 after being on the road since noon. We were both hungry so after parking the coach parallel to the outside perimeter curb, we extended the passenger side slide to have easier access to the bedroom.



We were just about to depart the coach to grab lunch when I noticed, sitting by itself, on the ledge with no barriers to keep them from falling on the floor and no non-skid material to keep them in place, did we see the Rosary beads. Anything on this shelf would have hit the floor within seconds of our starting the coach and departing our site. The trail from our site to the county road was about two-miles long and had many deep curves and angles to mandate that anything on this 8x16 inch shelf should never be sitting there awaiting to be found. There is just NO-WAY this item could have been there over the course of this trip.

The two pictures I've provided are, of course, staged. I had no idea this scenario was about to take place. As you can see in the picture just above, the beads or on the spot that was occupied by 4-5 books I'd been reading. This is the shelf that we made bare prior to beginning of trip to Columbia, SC. This shelf, even though it hasn't been polished in months is as slippery as glass. Even the slightest turn by the coach would have sent the beads flying to the floor, yet we found them in that was made bare only four hours ago. I feel satisfied that my query to Archbishop Fulton J Sheen was answered. I have nothing else to add to this documentation.

10.26.2019-Our Lady of Hope Catholic Church in Port Orange, FL



I've done a write-up on this church a couple of times. If we're in Port Orange, which is where Seabird Island is located, we go to Epiphany.



Way back, almost ten years ago, we had a weekend home on Seabird. A weekend home is a bit generous; more like a 1955 trailer with a really nice addition, but for several years it was our weekend home.

10.26.2019-2019 Tour comes to an end.

We are ending the tipping about two weeks early. We cut short our stay at The Oaks in Yemassee, SC. Guess we we're just getting tired of traveling. The campground was OK but not great. Wi-Fi left much to be desired but TV reception was the pits. We were imbedded in tall Oaks (what else!), but they did offer cable. The cable was the pits, always buffering; you know that little red arrow that keeps going round and round. So, we stayed there only one night. Shortly after leaving the campground, a little south of Yemassee, we saw the Ridgeland water tower. Abby can relate to that. It was our four- and one-half-hour marker indicating the half-way point between Maggie Valley and Titusville. Since we were only going as far as Port-Orange, FL the trip was even shorter. We decided to make ourselves comfortable and go all the way to Florida.

We arrived in Port Orange around 3:30 which was OK with me, no more traveling for a while. We're staying at the Rosebay RV Park. We've stayed here before, it offers everything. Our tripping, this year, began right after New Year's. Since then we stayed and enjoyed 23 different states, 18,100 miles of US highways, 283 enchanted evenings, for the most part, and 28 new campgrounds in those 23 states. For now, and the next few months we will spend our time with family. Carla's sister, Mary Ann, lives in Port Orange and with my brother, Dennis, now living in Boynton Beach, FL. We will also be spending quality time with Doctor visits and, I'm sure, possibly more tests. Hopefully in three-years the Doctor part will be less intensive than this and last years. Things we're looking forward to will be Thanksgiving, Christmas and the Christmas Boat Parade at Dennis'. Most, if not all the, entries from now until we leave again will be in the Journal pages only, since the blogs are mostly related to new experiences. For now we sit in Air Conditioned comfort with 84 degrees outside and 89 percent humidity, remining about Oregon and its cool temps.

10.31.2019-End of month

We continue enjoying our Winter months in Port Orange. Mostly Carla has been giving her sister, Mary Ann, the attention she needs to catch up on a few items on her "Things to do list" she'd not been able to do otherwise. As expected our day was hot and humid. Hopefully this will end soon. I write this addendum to the October blog actually in the month of November, but it belongs here. Today is my two-year anniversary of my cancer operation. I'm gaining about a half pound a month, on average, in weight but am still not at 100% yet. But I give thanks to Him for helping me along these last two-years.

One of our field trips a couple of weeks ago was to the Bishop Sheen Museum and the Cathedral of St. Mary of the Immaculate Conception.



I was thinking back on that trip as I uncomfortably rested in bed about a week ago and could not help remembering the feeling I had as I approached the resting place of Archbishop Sheen at the foot of the altar of the blessed Virgin on the left side of the main Altar. At the time I didn't give much thought about the visit. When I was a pre-teen the family would never miss an episode of his on television. But getting back to my pain. I was just lying there and I was going to go back to my St. Jude to help me with this pain, even though I knew a simple shot would rid me of it. He's always come through for me in the past but that's another story or stories. Just then a simple thought crossed my mind, how about asking Bishop Sheen for some help. No! He's not a saint, at least not yet.

So, in a very informal prayer, unlike St Jude, I made a pitch for his help. Actually, as with St. Jude they themselves don't grant the answer to prayers, but rather, they intercede to Him for the person in need of help. Knowing that Bishop Sheen wasn't a saint I kept my request simple. I would be very happy if he would, at least, rid me of most of my discomfort. I just did not want to push the edge of the envelop by asking more than necessary. That was about a week ago.



For some reason about three days ago I remembered the prayer as I was refilling our drinking bottles for the evening. The pain was no longer with me. Actually, it hadn't been with me for a couple of days now. I'm the first to admit this granted request does not fall into the categories of making the cripple walk and the blind see, but if you have a pain and it goes away it's worth mentioning. Once again, I will now return to my seat and leave the pulpit and let you ponder on this episode for yourself. Thank you for patiently reading through the essay.

November 2019 Journals

11.17.2019-Saturday-good bye hot and humid

Yesterday we shivered through a yard sale at Ann's camp-home. It was scheduled to hit the low 60's but hovered around 56.

11.10.2019-Sunday

Just another day. We've enjoyed visiting with Ann who is Wintering at this campground in her Park Model home. It's a beautiful home and she loves it.

11.03.2019-30th Anniversary of our First Date

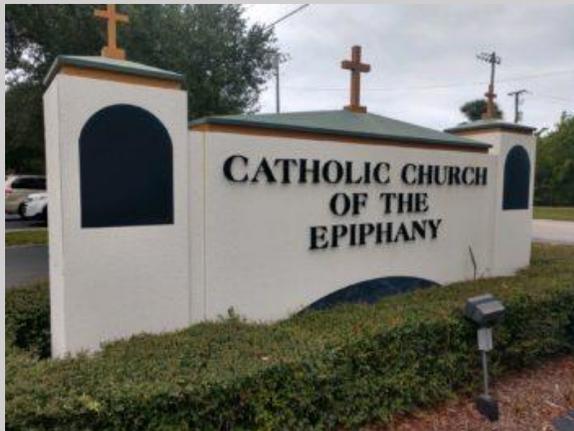
It was exactly thirty years ago his day. A relatively shy middle aged guy was about to meet a young lady who struck him very interestingly with just a couple of phone calls. I had met her about a year ago when I fell off the garage roof, [GO TO THE BLOG FOR MORE INFO](#).

11.01.2019-All Souls Day.

As I mentioned in the blog for this day it's a Mass day and also a very comfortable day for Florida. It's days like this that people move South. If you go back to the blog for this day I've printed up some ideas we have for the 2020 travel year. We waited all night, last night, for a Trick or Treater, but no one knocked.

November 2019 Blogs

11.01.2019 -Epiphany Catholic Church-in Port Orange, FL





Just as the October blog resembled a Journal more than a blog, so to will this November Blog be likewise. Since it is not in the Journal section it will have pictures if applicable.

11.01.2019-All Souls Day.

I had great expectation for last night, Halloween," but was let down. Not one trick or treaters came to the door. Now were stock with all these Hershey w almonds candies. They have to be eaten someone has to step up and finish them off. So this describes how uneventful last night was. We awoke this morning to temps we were hoping for. Low seventies and no humidity...Awesome! Today will be a go to church day and we'll be taking Mary Ann with us as well. Once again it's an awesome day here in the Sunshine State.

11.10.2019-Sunday

Just another day. We've enjoyed visiting with Ann who is Wintering at this campground in her Park Model home. It's a beautiful home and she loves it. We've experienced a couple of hot humid days but, in general, the humidity has abided as well as the temps. Tomorrow, Monday, Veterans Day, we have a 7:30 apt at Lazydays to have a few small repairs done to the coach. We also hope to check in with Escapees and hopefully become a member of that organization as well. They have a program that give you residency rights in Florida, as well as, several other states.

We will need this should the Tropic home close this month. Other than that nothing much is scheduled for the week. Carla has done some of her Dr. Appts. and mine are coming up soon.



Yes, you've seen this church before. As much as I really don't care for Florida, walking into this church after a one-year abstinence felt like coming home again. The church, Saint Vincent de Paul Catholic Church in Wildwood, FL is simply awesome. Every weekend it brings in over five-thousand parishioners and take in more money than the average middle-class family with two working takes in annually. They deserve it though. They cater to every need of the parish, from food to the type of music it likes to hear during services. Every weekend it takes over twenty-five lay people, 2-3 priests, Deacons, many alter adult altar servers and a host of young altar servers. Most hymns are from the hymn books but they are partial to the more popular chants. The parish appreciates it, as they all participate in the service. Virtually each Mass has standing room only. Beginning next weekend they will be offering an additional two Masses in addition to the five they currently offer. It's an awesome parish. If I was a Pastor of a struggling Church, I would attend the Masses and take notes. The folks here have a winning formula, and they know it.

11.14.2019-We relax and continue watching the Impeachment telecast

We don't really have many things to do on our to-do list but a vacuum for Carla and possibly a new Sunday missal. We found Carla's vac at the Wildwood Vac and Sew store. For myself we tripped to St. Timothy CC in Lady Lakes, FL to check out their Gift Shop. I was looking for another annual St. Joseph weekly missal but settled for a forever St. Joe Missal. Not exactly what I was looking for.



Then we did a little shopping at Walmart. We did Sam's as well, going in for lunch, but ended up dropping over \$100. We waste nothing, if we buy it, it will get used or eaten. It just continues to concern me how easy it is to spend one- hundred dollars.

11.23.2019-Saturday

Not exactly like watching grass grow but we did spend quite a bit of time watching the Impeachment inquiries on television. It's so hard to believe that we impeached Nixon for a botched break-in and Clinton for having an affair and now we have Trump with more affairs than you can count, more obstruction of Congress than you can list not to mention he a habitual liar. I'm OK, just had to get that off my chest! Other than that, I did get the coach washed on Friday in preparation for our leaving on Tuesday morning. Today I finished the job by doing the Windows. Carla busied herself with vacuuming, her new hobby, and washing the inside of the windows.



Today being Saturday night it's Mass, pizza and movie. Our church in Wildwood is St. Vincent de Paul, a church and Parrish that knows how to relate to its parishioners. This church is packed, standing room only, at every Mass. Over five-thousand attend every weekend. The 4pm Sat. vigil Mass is the heaviest attended. Average weekly donations come in at over fifty-thousand dollars, not bad. Their adding on a multi-million addition to the church and ne other building to handle the growth in this parish. Tonight, Carla chose "There's Something About Mary", a movie everyone saw about twenty years ago, us also. It was very enjoyable watching it again. Nothing planned for Sunday. Will, most likely empty the holding tanks and pack up the coach making it ready to travel on Tuesday morning. This is a tough time of the year, no field trips or anything else to talk about.

11.02.2019- Boondocks Restaurant

Not that many pictures of our dinner at Boondocks. This restaurant is located in Port Orange, FL. Back, a few years ago, Carla and I had a weekend retreat at Seabird Island only a few miles from the restaurant. Mary Ann lived at the Island full-time.



It's not that we patronized the restaurant that often, , we're not that well off, but we did go occasionally. The picture at the bottom is a fast action shot using a very fast camera and shutter speed but the action of the fish as thousands of them attacked a small portion of fish thrown into the water by someone eating who just wanted to see the speed at which the fish will go after anything edible. The visit was excellent only to be surpassed by the delicious food we consumed. Hopefully next time we visit the East coast we'll do this again.

11.01.2019-Our Lady of Hope Catholic Church in Port Orange, FL



I've done a write-up on this church a couple of times. If we're in Port Orange, which is where Seabird Island is located, we go to Epiphany.



Way back, almost ten years ago, we had a weekend home on Seabird. A weekend home is a bit generous; more like a 1955 trailer with a really nice addition, but for several years it was our weekend home.

11.03.2019-30th Anniversary of our First Date

It was exactly thirty years ago his day. A relatively shy middle-aged guy was about to meet a young lady who struck him very interestingly with just a couple of phone calls. I had met her about a year ago when I fell off the garage roof, Mike was playing with his friends in the back yard and I did not want to disrupt his day. I was hurting and was seriously concerned about driving myself to the hospital, but I did make it. Insurance is great, I was seen very shortly after arriving at the hospital and the doctor, as expected, decided he needed x-rays prior to making any decisions. I was taken to the x-ray room and, as again I expected, it was cold there. The young x-ray person was very personable but this was not meant to be a social call. She did her job and took her pictures and took the x-ray envelop to the next stop and eventually to the doctor. The x-ray tech was not very talkative but reassured me I was not going to die, but I was still in a lot of pain. Shortly I met with the doctor, we talked, and he told me I would be okay and was going to send me back home with - no pain pills, good try Paul! Little did I know I'd be taking this x-ray tech out on a date in the near future.

It's been thirty years since that first date. Not what I had been fearing, awesome! I'd been almost five years back in the single life, maybe I've grown up and matured during those years as well. It's not to say there haven't been a couple of bumps along the way, but to this extent, I rarely ever give them a second thought. I picked up Carla about 7pm and we had dinner at the Ye Olde Tavern on Bank St in New London, CT. That evening we enjoyed a meal for two of Chateau Bryon, it was delicious and the last time we would ever enjoy that "meal for two" ever again. That would be our first joint decision of the hundreds we would make from that day on. Even the Tavern is no longer there. Shame that so many folks in this day and age, will be deprived of such a great kitchen.

I can only wish that every guy, especially one coming out of a marriage that had not been working, the same luck that Carla and I have enjoyed over the years we've been together.

It's been A Wonderful Life!

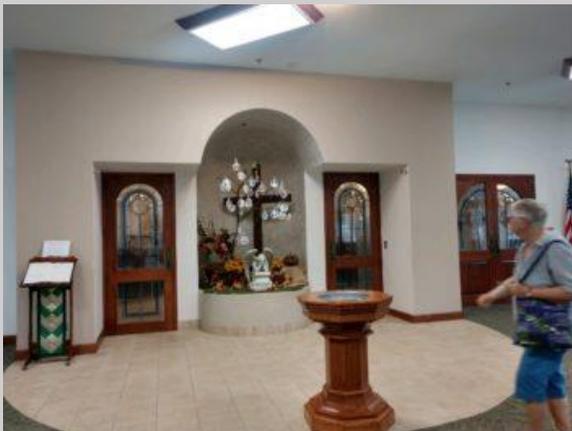
11.08.2019-We attended Epiphany Church



From the parish Web Site:

In February of 1960, the Catholic population of our area grew to the point that then archbishop, Joseph P. Hurley, of the diocese of St. Augustine decided the time was right to establish a new mission church in east central Florida. There were only 2 dioceses then in the entire state of Florida – St. Augustine in the north and Miami in the south. The new mission church was affiliated with St. Paul’s in Daytona Beach. As our first pastor, Fr. David Page’s job was to come up with a name for the mission church. Epiphany was chosen from several suggestions. Fr. Page felt that “Epiphany” would be appropriate for a new church just beginning.

Msgr. William Mullally, pastor of St. Paul’s, celebrated our first Mass in February of 1960. That Mass and those through December 1963 were celebrated in the Palmetto Women’s Club and Library building as we had no facility of our own. We sat on wooden folding chairs donated by the local funeral director. Air conditioning was a far away dream so we cooled ourselves with folded paper fans. The altar was a collapsible picnic table with an altar cloth draped over it and the priest’s vestments were made over hand-me-downs.



Our first church/social hall was built by Greening & Sayers. It was a prefabricated roof with block walls. Ground was broken on October 11, 1962. This date coincided closely with the start of the Second Vatican Council directed by Pope John XXIII which changed so much about the way we worship and expanded the role of the laity within the church.

Fr. Page went door to door literally telling people about our new church and inviting them to become Epiphany parishioners. In 1964, Fr. Cyrill Donnelly was assigned to Epiphany as an assistant pastor and on December 22, 1963, Fr. Page celebrated Mass in our new church (which later became our Bingo hall). Early that same spring we purchased the Kull House on East Fleming Ave. for our first real rectory/office.

On March 15, 1964 Archbishop Hurley dedicated the church; it was big and beautiful! We had an exquisite Epiphany window (designed by Conrad Pickel Studio) that depicted the Magi seeing the infant Jesus for the first time. We had 2 statues – one of Mary with Jesus, and another of Joseph. They were depicted not as unrelatable figures of long ago but a mother with a broom in her hand teaching her child and a loving Joseph who was a hard working carpenter. Our Crucifix showed the Savior Jesus on the cross. They were from the Pante Studios in Ortisei, Italy and were carved from lindenwood. Golden “Ark of the Covenant” cherubim adorned our simple wooden altar and our wooden camp chairs were replaced with padded kneelers. We were in heaven!

No longer did Fr. Page have to go door to door to find parishioners. Our reputation as a caring community church had gone before us and people were literally beating down the doors! Fr. David Page was reassigned to a parish in Orlando in January 1966 and Fr. John Caulfield became our second pastor. He was with us for seven months until the fall of 1966 at which time we received our third pastor, Fr. Michael Hanrahan who was with us until 1969. Fr. Cyril Donnelly, who had been Fr. Page’s assistant, remained to help Fr. Caulfield and Fr. Hanrahan. Fr. Bernard Caverly was also an assistant until 1966. Fr. Donnelly and his German Shepherd, Sam, were a frequent sight either mowing the lawns around the church or fishing on the river bank of the Halifax in the mornings. Fr. Gerard Granahan was assigned as associate from 1969 through 1971. Fr. Hanrahan was reassigned in the spring of 1969 we were bursting at the seams! During the winter months, and special feast days like Christmas and especially Easter, the grassy area in front of the south entrance to the church would be full of people sitting on the grass or standing trying to hear the sermon or get inside to receive Communion. It was fun for the kids but a real trial for the adults. The population of Port Orange had grown to 3,780 persons, over double from only ten years earlier.



In May of 1969, we received our fourth pastor, Fr. William O'Farrell. Joseph Blais, Jr., a local architect designed another "new" church for our growing parish. Doyle Kennedy, a parishioner, was the general contractor. Ground breaking for this project was September 5, 1971. The first Mass was celebrated on September 6, 1972. Due to a lack of funding, our parking lot for 2 years was soft sand. Many a Sunday would find Fr. O'Farrell and the ushers pushing parishioners out of the mud or soft sand. Finally, we got our asphalt parking lot to the delight of all. The dedication of the new church by the first bishop of the new Diocese of Orlando, Bishop William Borders, was on March 31, 1974. Our "new" church was built on the west side of Lafayette Street with a new rectory/office on the south end of the complex. The "old" church then became our social hall on the east side of Lafayette St. The new church incorporated all of our previous religious art and could seat 500 people which meant everyone could finally have a place to sit. Again we thought this was the most beautiful of churches. The altar wall was made of white fossilized coral (key stone) from the Florida Keys. The ceiling was tongue-in-groove cedar with massive support beams. The main beam was the largest glu-lam beam from Oregon ever shipped to Florida at that time. The pews were padded, a real plus for our elderly parishioners.

Fr. O'Farrell had many associates over the years including Fr. Joseph Harte from 1971 through 1974, Fr. Peter Quinn from 1974 through 1979, and Fr. Sean Shine from 1979 through August of 1981. Fr. Shine was also our interim pastor for several months between Fr. O'Farrell's retirement and Fr. Frank's assignment to Epiphany as our new pastor. Fr. O'Farrell retired due to ill health in September of 1981 and we received our first new pastor in 12 years, Fr. Frank Smith. He realized immediately our need for a larger social hall for large gatherings and the need for additional seating in the church itself. The population of Port Orange had quadrupled this time to 17,833. It was the fastest growing community in the U.S. at that time according to a report by the Associated Press.

By January of 1984 Fr. Smith had initiated a three year fund drive to renovate and add more seating to the church. This building campaign added a new west wing to the church, a chapel, a large social hall that could seat 500, additional meeting rooms and an improved sound system as well as 2 new items. The colorful faceted glass epiphany windows flanking the altar area were 20' tall from floor to ceiling with the Magi on the west side of the altar and Holy Family on the east side. They were created by White Studios in Sarasota FL. Fr. Smith's first associate was Fr. Tim Kandle from October of 1981 to June of 1984. He was followed by Fr. Charlie Mitchell who transferred to Our Lady of Lourdes in September of 1987. Fr. Chris Hoffmann became our associate from December 1987 to June 1989. At the same time we had another associate, Fr. Joseph Dung Tran, from Vietnam, who left in 1987 to study in France.

With the renovations we kept the previous art (except for the Magi window on the west end of the altar which had to be removed to make way for the new west addition). We received new stations of the cross and placed the original ones from Italy in the Meditation Garden. We had a beautiful new altar, tabernacle and ambo and parquet floors installed on the sanctuary floor. The cherubim from our first church (now Fr. Smith Hall) were installed flanking the tabernacle in the new chapel. The original "Epiphany window" was placed in a new setting on the west wall in the new addition. Chairs were added instead of pews to accommodate overflow crowds. The chapel also doubled as a "crying room" for families with infants and small children. On January 5, 1986 Bishop Thomas Grady the second Bishop of the Diocese of Orlando, rededicated the new facilities and our renovated church which could now seat over 800 people.

In 1989, after being our pastor for 8 years, Fr. Frank Smith was transferred to Ascension Parish in Melbourne. In July of 1989 Fr. Charlie Mitchell came back to Epiphany but this time as our sixth pastor. Fr. Paige Blakely, a seminarian friend of Fr. Charlie's came as our associate. Deacon Jose Bautista, a seminarian from Columbia helped out from 1989 until his ordination in September of 1991. The parish was continuing to grow and before Fr. Charlie was transferred to Altamonte Springs in 1994, he initiated a committee in 1993 to explore the possibilities of renovating the church once again.

The population of Port Orange by 1994 had reached 40,000.

On February 5, 1994, Fr. Paul Kamide became our seventh pastor. In 1995 he held an informal meeting with interested parishioners regarding the proposed renovation of the church. In July of 1996 Fr. Kamide announced a \$1.2+ million capital campaign to expand the church with seating for 975 people designed by architect John Dickerson of Orlando and built by Hall Construction (owned by parishioner, Jim Hall). It would also introduce more natural light and a new Chapel of Adoration. We put in additional parking with lots of landscaping and the Mother Teresa Memorial Plaza featuring the original bronze statue of “Mother Teresa and the children” by Timothy Schmalz and “Rainbow Sunshine” boulders from Arizona courtesy of “Pebble Junction” forming our ‘Trinity’ fountain. More boulders defined the bricked sitting area in front of the church nestled among the shade trees. Stained glass windows depicting “The Jesse Tree” and a new crucifix were among other new items planned to beautify the church.

All of the stained-glass windows including the Altar and Chapel Glass were made by McMow Studios in Lake Worth, FL. James Kucera of Watra Church Goods coordinated the creation of the new art in the church. The artist who carved the corpus is Rick Bagabaldo. He was born in the Philippines in 1951 and came to the U.S. via Miami in 1989. He has carved wood since he was 14 years old. The corpus took over 2 months to carve from lindenwood. Watra also commissioned the altar and tabernacle and ambo which were designed by Ronald Zawilla and carved by Bob Ballard from lindenwood. Alberto Gomez from Colombia painted the “Wedding at Cana” mural in the gathering room. The new church was dedicated on March 13, 1999 by Bishop Dorsey (by 2008 the population of port orange was 56,067).

Bishop Thomas Wenski conferred the title of Monsignor on Fr. Paul on May 9, 2008 at the Orange County Convention Center during the “Festival of Faith,” a celebration of the Diocese’s 40th anniversary. Msgr. Paul Kamide officially retired on November 30, 2008. Bishop Wenski assigned Fr. Michael Giglio from St. Teresa in Titusville, as our new pastor taking charge in January 4, 2009 – the Feast of the Epiphany. Our assistant pastor, Fr. John Bosco Maison from Ghana had worked in Jamaica for four years before coming to the Diocese of Orlando and being assigned to Epiphany on December 1, 2008. The population of Port Orange in 2009 was 56,732.

December 2019 Journals

Dec 12.14.2019-Boat Parade

It's taken almost half a month for me to find something to rant about. Yesterday Carla and I traveled to Boynton Beach to enjoy the Boynton Beach Boat parade. I'm always impressed with boat parades. The boat parade did not last that long but in the end we viewed over 65 boats that were highly decorated.

12.15.2019-Visit with Abby and Michael

Today was just another one of those special days, a visit with surrogate granddaughter Abby. Surrogate is the correct title but were we to be fortunate enough to have grand children I would only hope that Abby would be in the mix. So if I should, in the future, omit the surrogate title it's because she is more than a friend but rather like family. I always consider her to be the granddaughter I would never have without her. She and beau Michael were nice enough to invite us to their home at the end of our Christmas Breakfast with them.

12.16.2019-Mary Ann's Christmas

She visits family and friends in Massachusetts over Christmas so we usually experience Christmas with her either before or after the true Christmas date. On Wednesday, the 17th. This was another travel day. We left the Christmas RV Park in Christmas, FL and headed south to Pompano once again. This time were staying at the Breezy Point RV Park.

12.18.2019-Off to Excel

Every two years or so we've made it a point to bring the coach into Excel for a complete tune up. It's an expensive visit but it's our way to try to guarantee the physical well-being of the heart of the coach its motor and other areas of importance. This year would be another tune-up year. The experience never disappoints. The coach, once again, is purring like a kitten. We spent the evening watching the Trump Impeachment voting.

12.29.2019-Sat

So hard to believe we're at the end of another week, another month and, very shortly, another decade. We've had a chance to celebrate several Christmas get together; Mary Ann, Camille, Dennis and Abby and Michael. Today we busied ourselves packing up a great deal for the Christmas past. In boxes everything goes not to be disturbed for another eleven months. In two days, as I've mentioned before, we pull-up and leave for Wildwood once again. This last move will be the final move for 2019; a truly awesome travel year experience. We hope everyone has had an awesome Christmas and will have a Safe, Healthy and Happy New Year.

December 2019 Blogs

12.15.2019-Abby and Michael visit for an early Christmas

This would be the second time in a week that we've cleaned the coach in preparation of family visiting us. The dust is gone, the twinkle lights are shining and we've begun hanging many of our travel novelties from the lights.



It's such a joy to have family, yes family, take time out of their busy lives and spend a few hours with the old folks. It's so easy to watch our kids grow and develop into young adults, and before you know it, they're on their own and have little need for those of us who have watched them grow and develop, and have seen them embark into their twenties. It's still a thrill taking part in their youthful conversations.



The meal Carla served was scrumptious. Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage and a delightful melody of melon and berries and was served solely as an appetizer to the smiles and antics of our guests as they opened their gifts.



Not having seen either of them in almost a year. Our concern was; have they changed? Luckily both Michael and Abby are now young adults with the youthfulness they possessed in their earlier years. Michael and Abby enjoy our key gift for this year; a copy of our travels in a 2020 calendar.



Still studying the travel Calendar. Carla patiently goes into detail concerning the individual pictures. I can't help but think that given a little time for them to get on their feet, they to may embrace the joys of traveling. I only hope they don't wait until they are 67 like me, life is just so short. The day is moving along so fast. Outside the temps are in the high 70's and beckons us to leave the comfort of the coach inside and go outside and explore even another unanticipated gift for the kids. Years ago, we were given a Manger for the Christmas season but this one was made up of tiny kitty caricatures. The younger folks can enjoy this much more than us. From the looks on their faces they enjoyed it.

12.16.2019-Christmas with Mary Ann in Port Orange, FL



One of the gifts we gave her was a Worley Gig. I did not realize it required assembly.



. We never refuse a Texas Roadhouse gift certificate.



. Above a napkin holder in the shape of a cow; glad those days are over for us. Below Mary Ann opens a gift for her cat Charlie. This is one of those as seen on TV but is sold everywhere. A mechanical device built to tease and frustrate any well-behaved cat



. Mary Ann is a part-time Vermonter. She has a thing on Moose. I saw this in a thrift store. On the bottom it read "for store display only," but it also had a price attached so the clerk rang it up for us.



Above Scoots just does not understand why she has to wait another week for her Christmas gifts.

12.21.2019-

It was Saturday night before Christmas. Mass at Our Lady of Mercy Catholic Church had just ended and we found ourselves in the parking lot unable to get in our car since I left the keys in it. Then came Mary Beth. She saw my wife, Carla, with that look of despair on her face and offered to drive us back to our coach to pick up our back up set of car keys. It wasn't that long a ride but we were very thankful for her offer. She's an employee of Publix in Lighthouse Point, Florida. I am very certain if we had been parked next to an employee at Walmart, we would still be by our car waiting for AAA to come to our rescue. She will always be remembered as our Christmas Angel of 2019.

Thank you, once again, Mary Beth.

Paul and Carla Grenier

Christmas 2019

12.25.2019-As in every Christmas Letter Carla, I and Scoots hope this letter will find you and your family in good health and spirit. Our tripping, this year, began right after New Year's. Since then we've stayed in 28 new campgrounds, viewed 23 different states, traveled 8,000 miles, and enjoyed 283 delightful evenings. The families are all doing well. Cheryl and Paul continue working and bringing up their family of two little dogs. Mike and Chandra this year took on the responsibilities and joy of a 25-foot sailboat and are members of the local yacht club in Quincy; I still miss the feel of an ocean mist when out on the water! Richard and Christine, still in Naples, continue making improvements to their home; I can identify with that activity. Dennis is well and enjoys his new home in Boynton Beach, FL. We'll be joining him in the middle of December to enjoy the annual Christmas Boat Parade. On Carla's side the Ozdarski clan, like all of us, continue to get older. Mark and Jodi's girls as well. One in grad school now and the other is a teacher. Karen continues working for an insurance company and we know she's secretly counting down her days to retirement. Paul & Pat continue to enjoy their family, especially the grandchildren. Mary Ann, Carla's sister, continues to appreciate her Florida and Vermont homes. Abby & Michael are working together at Sea Ray Boats. Last, but not least, Scoots is hopeful in shedding a pound or two this year.

Carla and I concentrated on Arizona, Utah and Oregon. There's always something new to experience. In February Carla practiced feeding the local Piebald Deer while I stayed in the coach and took pictures. Then off to Benson and visited the OK Corral in Tombstone. Later we spent time visiting Paul and Cindy, our former Director. They are and always have been like family to us. The Grand Canyon was next and before this stay was over, we enjoyed at least four snow falls. In April we were in Utah for six-weeks and viewed the Mormon Tabernacle, genealogy and if it was there, we saw and experienced it. In May was Oregon, which was supposed to be just a drive through. We finally left Oregon in August, three-months later. Really enjoyed OR. Between the Sisters Rodeo, Mount Hood, Mt Angel Abbey and so much more; it never ended. In August we experienced the winds and rains of a tornado a dozen or so miles North of us in Billings. We buried ourselves under our mattress expecting the worse and praying for a safe outcome. In September it was Illinois and we viewed the Archbishop Fulton J Sheen Museum and Immaculate Conception Cathedral. It would be great to try to list all the many locations and sights we've experienced but there are just too many. For the curious please go to our Web Site: www.paulandcarlatakethefifth.com/blog

As in almost all our escapades we visit Don and Joyce in Iowa. Real Family are those who open their home to you to share a meal or two (or more with plenty of corn) and spend time together with their family as though we'd never left. We are thankful they are part of our extended family...Awesome!

As with last year we look back in retrospect, we're both so thankful to Him for each month He grants us. Our lives continue to be very happy and healthy.

Carla, I and Scoots wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas and a Safe, Healthy and Happy New Year

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