

# All the Way Up

like royalty for three nights and when it came time to leave it wasn't easy!

My next route was to head down the Hoods Canal and over to the Pacific coast. I managed to do this in one day and encountered the only rain on my trip (surprisingly) in Olympia. After pulling off and donning my rain gear, it wasn't too bad. I arrived in Seaside, Oregon for the evening. The following day was a coastal haul to Bandon, Oregon and it struck me as ironic that when riding the motorcycle I wasn't really enjoying the view. I was too busy trying to stay on the road to really look out at anything. Bandon was terrific and I found a perfect lodging for the evening. I was also able to eat my fifth oyster meal in a row and was a little concerned that perhaps I was going to have oyster toxicity if there ever was such a thing.

In Bandon I was waking up to my 17<sup>th</sup> morning on the trip. I was starting to get itchy to put bigger miles on that day, and so I did with a trip from Bandon to Mendocino. This day also has one of my enjoyable memories in the morning in Port Orford, Oregon. I pulled into a café to have breakfast when a little girl pulling her father toward me came running across the parking lot. She said "hi, hi, hi..." and was waving frantically at me. I took off my helmet and greeted her and the response was, "Ooh, you're a girl! Why are you riding a motorcycle?" Her father looked like he wished he could become one with the pavement. I told her, "Because it's fun, and girls like to have fun too!" Then she said, without further hesitation, "I am FOUR," and she held up her four fingers. I only wish now I had taken a photo of her at that moment.

I arrived in Mendocino at 6 p.m. of the 17<sup>th</sup> day and decided to put in for two

days to recuperate from all the miles so far. Not many places are quite as relaxing and reflective as that town and it has always been one of my favorite spots. The following day I stayed with a friend in the development of Sea Ranch near Gualala. On my final day of the trip, I headed to Bodega Bay, where my welcoming committee awaited me. These were the same three folks who saw me out on my first day. We met and had lunch and then motored to my home in Sausalito.

A few days after getting home I compiled my stats: 20 days, 2,625 miles, and 55 gallons of gas. I wrote some thank you notes, posted my photos online, recognized my blessings, and brought my bike in to the shop for its 36K tune up as it was now due. I compiled the photo album of "Lucy Lockett" doll shots that were some of my most creative and sent an album back to the six-year-old, Genevieve. Lastly, I made plans for yet another trip and so I took a weeklong short trip to San Diego and back. And (God willing) I hope to continue to take future trips as I realize that traveling on a motorcycle alone is anything but lonely; people are so amazing and helpful and informative. I am thankful for all the support and good friends I have and will continue to make along the way. ☺

**Left:** Brookings OR; I couldn't ask for better weather **Below:** Lucy expresses her joy in Bandon, OR



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