

MM Jean and Art on the Road 4 — Summer to Fall

Morgan's Moment...

I was just joking...I think...
calling the new waterfront hotel
our "new homeless shelter."
Nobody laughed...not funny I guess...
nobody's happy with any plan
for this winter's men's shelter.
But what is a motel or hotel...
if not a temporary shelter
for transient visitors to town?
We have lots of transients here...
game day brings in thousands...
even students are transient.
Football fans drink more alcohol
and leave more beer cans in a day
than homeless people do in a year.
Students have dorms and apartments...
visiting fans have hotels and motels...
even places to park motor homes.
Portable toilets appear by the dozens...
and garbage cans by the hundreds...
with people to clean them up.
If we can do so much for thousands
why can't we figure out
how to do something for a few more?
— Art Morgan



Jean at Yakima Turner Lectures
with Reverend April Johnson, Minister of
Reconciliation for the Christian Churches.
In the background is Reverend Dave Bell
another tireless advocate for justice at the
Yakama Christian Mission.

SORRY FOR MY EMAIL PROBLEM

I'm not lying. I inadvertently sent a
mailing to one list without a "bcc"
designation. The other list was OK.

I only have a dozen or so group lists
with only a few hundred to keep track of.
Mistakes are unavoidable, at least for me.

So my sympathy to those who have to
use way more emails than I do. I hope I
never have to prove that my email
blunders are unintentional.

Remind me not to ever run for a
political office!

HEADING HOME

OK, this is the last of my fall travel reports. It will complete the
circle which began on September 23. We arrived in Yakima
October 2 where we attended the Turner Memorial Lectures. We
left Yakima to return to our cabin on October 5.

Yakima is separated from Puget Sound by the Cascade
Mountains. There are two route choices over the mountains;
either White Pass or Snoqualmie Pass, with Mount Rainier in the
middle.

We chose White Pass because we were trying to stay off the
freeways as much as possible. I think it is also more scenic. There
are some views of Mount Rainier and usually a lot of bright
orange Vine Maple this time of year. Actually, not so bright this
year. Why?

Justice William O Douglas grew up in Yakima and loved the
White Pass area all his life. He didn't like the dam built there, or
on any river. I once heard him say in a speech: "The Corps of
Engineers never saw a river it didn't want to dam."

There are two dams on this route, one on each side of the pass.
There was a dense cloud of fog at the summit as we crossed to join
I-5, the busy freeway that runs from Vancouver BC to San Diego.
We only wanted to drive a few miles north to Puget Sound. We hit
a heavy downpour of water as we merged onto I-5.

Traffic almost stopped. Road spray cut off almost all vision. It
was our first rain on the whole trip. Much needed, of course, but
not appreciated at this point. We got out of the rain at a Rest Area
for our final nap-along of this journey.

We unlocked the gate to our cabin driveway on North Herron
Road about 3 p.m. Jean wrote down the odometer mileage—
151,924. The total for this trip was 1,584 miles.

Time to rest and reflect and report. This last drive was about
average for the trip — five hours on the road, including "nap-
alongs" and a lunch stop. Less than 250 miles, but we were tired.
We would hang out at the cabin, do a little writing and close down
for the season. Draining the plumbing would be the last job before
going back to Corvallis. We left in summer, returned in fall.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT...?

Well, a trip with views and places is worthwhile by itself. But
we usually have more agenda than that.

Seeing my two brothers for the first time since our brother
Avery died was important. We also saw a few friends we have
tracked for years. Those contacts are still important. Time, energy
and miles limit those kinds of visits.

The magnet for the whole trip is the Turner Memorial
Lectures in Yakima. This is about my only face to face contact
with my originating faith family. We saw at least a dozen who are
on my mailing list.

As in most of my life the unmentioned personal "moments"
are more memorable and meaningful than all the miles. Try as
you might, you can never capture a "moment" on your camera.
"Special"—ie. "holy"—"moments" arise in common ways when
least expected. So it was and is and ever more shall be.

For the Moment...