

Travel Day, Sunday August 10, 2008

It is 5 AM and Allan's alarm is ringing, yuk, yuk, yuk. The bunks were harder then when we came in. After a short cleanup and shower, we are off and away. No Northern Lights this time. Our ride home took much longer than the way up, mostly because we took two long meal breaks. Our run down the Gunflint Trail was at sunup and we saw a lot of fog hanging in the trees in unusual patterns. Chris had to stop and take a number of pictures for later use in his filming exercises. The first stop was at Grand Marais at the Blue Water Café for breakfast, the second for lunch at the Norske Nook in Rice Lake, Wisconsin. Norske had great pie. While there Allan bought his usual load of home made Northwoods root beer. When we weren't eating, we took turns driving and napping and thinking. I am physically stronger than when I left and grateful that this body of mine cooperated as well as it did on the trip. I am very proud of our accomplishment and grateful for such wonderful traveling partners. On the way home I finished the out loud reading of *Portage into the Past*. Near the end of the book the author wrote,

"While staking the tent I paused to glance upward in one of those instants of intense awareness that happens in wilderness. It was a moment of stillness when the forest stood in hushed anticipation. Then I felt the peace that is the golden benediction of the days end in this enchanted land. In this sanctuary of pines and water, not even the cynic can remain untouched by the beauty of the sunset."

I had had such a magical perfect and intense peaceful moment on day five sitting on the rock in the early morning sunrise. Each of us had our moments, many of them really throughout the trip. Now we have our memories of the enchanted land, the sanctuary of pine and water. How lucky and grateful we are that we took some risks for the blessings of the moments.

