Jean and Art on the Road 2 — Between Summer and Fall

Parting shot leaving Colfax Washington. If you stay in a Best Western it's hard to tell where you are. Even in a small town you feel like you're traveling first class.

Our friendship with Clara Fern Turner goes back to our first church in Kelso Washington 60 years ago when she and Teddy began their ministry in Olympia. She's now living in a very nice apartment in Spokane.

My second younger brother lives in East Wenatchee most of the year but winters in Desert Hot Springs. We see each other once or twice a year. He did his work career in Seattle with Boeing. All four of us are University of Washington grads.

This photo is supposed to showcase a bracelet on my left wrist. Our great-granddaughter is the eventual recipient. We were having breakfast on the 10th floor of the Coast Hotel in Wenatchee when this treasure was presented.

DAY FOUR Our last report was from Enterprise, Oregon. We started with the famed Wallawa's in our rear view mirror as we wound our way out of a pastoral valley. We chose one of the "dotted highways" south, which gave us a climbing, then descending view of forests and rivers and a full pallete of fall colors. Spectacular driving, with good winding roads. And very little traffic.

The forest gives way to rolling hills, especially as we move into wheat country. Our route took us through Walla Walla northward on some more beautiful (to us) blue highways. My dad's family roots were in southeast Washington. He was born in a small place called, Washtucna. His summer work was in the wheat harvests. Some see the views as dry yellow. Others see them as golden. Some of the fields have already been planted and are turning green.

We passed through Waitsburg. I worked in a pea cannery there one summer long ago. In Dayton we lunched in a nice little "eclectic" restaurant next to the County Courthouse before winding our way to Colfax, Washington. A very nice drive.

DAY FIVE We try to start each day with a walk. It's a good way to see a small town. So we "did Colfax" before heading the relatively short distance to Spokane. More rolling wheat fields as far as you can see. A bit more traffic. The Oregon Ducks are playing Washington State Cougars. We'll visit and have supper with Clara Fern Turner here tonight.

DAY SIX The longest straight highway we ever drive is the one that leads from Spokane to Wenatchee. That finally ends abruptly as we approach the Grand Coulee area. This geological area is an amazing testimony to one of the world's greatest floods. It also reminds us of how the Grand Coulee Dam transformed eastern Washington as well as the whole Northwest. I visited the construction site as a small boy and remember much of eastern Washington as desert and sage brush. Irrigation has change the climate and agriculture and scenery.

Those who know history know that the dam has had other consequences. For one, it has decimated a native culture thousands of years old. For another, is has the dubious distinction for playing a key role in creation of the nuclear bomb. The problem of nuclear waste is still a major unsolved headache. Freeways whisk people away from these problems so that few notice.

Orchards and fruit stands of the Wenatchee area soon appear. And so we are re-united with my brother Dave and wife, Jamie.

We take a few photos but I remind myself that you can't capture "moments" in a photo. True "moments" sneak up on us unawares, and soon disappear. My visits with two of my brothers on this trip stirred deep realization that one of our brothers died during this past year. Miles pass by, as do days and years. And life.

So we take a few photos to remember where we've been. But we try to give ourselves space to feel the moments.

WHAT I'M READING

Last year's Turner Lecturer was Christian Piatt. He was working on a book which has just been published: *"LEAVING A-HOLINESS BEHIND – From Pious Jerk to Not-So-Pious Jerk."* I'm only on Chapter 2, but it's off to a great start.

For the Moment…Art