

Letter 178  
**No, Really! I Had It All To Myself!**  
**Part 2**  
2013-04-04

Dear Dan,

After staying at the Rogue River, I headed southwest on Highway 199. I wanted to ride through the same area where many years prior I had hitchhiked from, at the Jedediah Smith State Park.

If I remember accurately, I spent the night there, then went on to Crescent City, California.

It had become my goal to cross the state line into California because up till then I had never ridden my bike further south than Oregon. I had ridden east to Idaho, north to B.C., and south to Oregon, but this would be the first time to California on a motorcycle.

Although I had a job and a credit card with room to spare, I wanted to camp out as much as possible to save money, and to just have fun.

I saw in the AAA guide book a little spot on the map, just outside of Crescent City that said "Primitive Campground" or words to that effect, along with the small icons that indicated no electricity or plumbing.

I made it into town about lunchtime, so I stopped at a local diner to eat. After that I rode to the entrance to the undeveloped campsite. It was located on top of a bluff on sloped terrain but also went down to a sandy beach on the ocean.

There was a gate at the top of the hill where the entrance to the campground was, but it was open, so I rode down the dirt service road and found a level place to park.

Then I saw what looked like a service truck, and heard the sound of someone hammering nails. After further investigation I came upon a workman who was doing some reconstruction work on the wood frame outhouse.

We talked for a minute, then I asked him if he was going to return the next day to work.

"Yes," he replied, and the wheels of opportunity started turning in my head.

I asked him if he minded if I kept my bike with me at the campsite over night. He had no objection.

While the campground itself wasn't closed, cars were only allowed to park at the trail head, requiring campers to hike down to their campsites. But since the workman had a key to the gate and would be returning the next day, I was able to keep my bike with me instead of leaving it up at the trail head and running the risk of having it vandalized or stolen.

So, once again I had an entire campground to myself for the night. Thank you Jesus.

Now, there is something else that is interesting, that occurred as I was preparing to leave my house for the bike trip. I was given from the Lord the very subtle knowledge that this ride would mark the end of an era in my life, and the beginning of a new chapter would be written soon thereafter.

Not long before I went on this journey, I was at work one day changing a light bulb in an area just behind where a lady was working at a movie-film cleaning machine. While I was still on the ladder, I dropped the light tube onto the floor just behind where the lady was working.

Then sometime in the autumn I asked the Film Lady to marry me, which we did in the Spring of the next year.

But I've already written that story.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus