

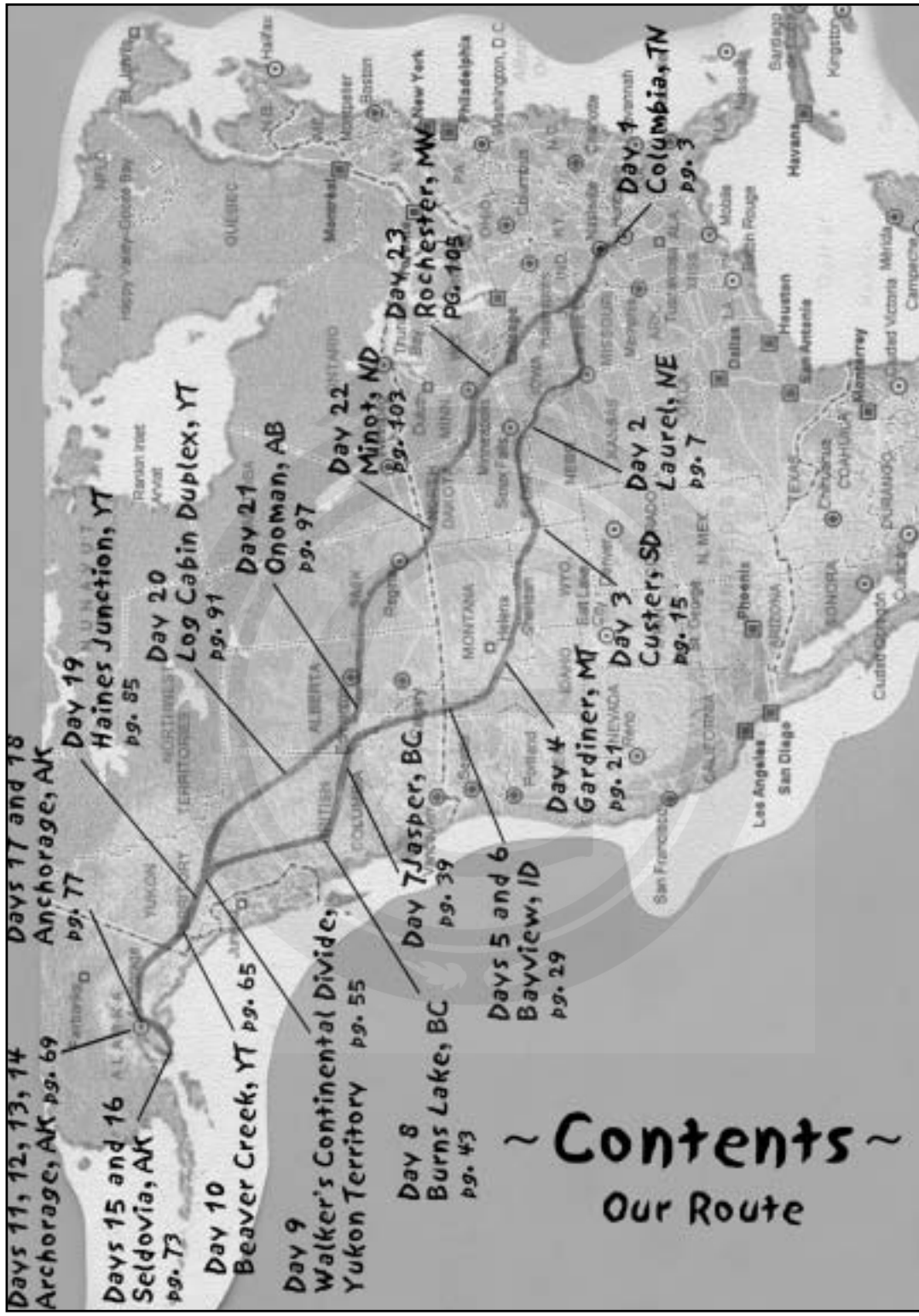
Do you ever just get a yen for packing up the car and heading out on a road trip? Not all of us are inclined that way, but around my house it's a common theme. Often more talk than action, we seem to derive a certain benefit from spreading out maps to dream and plan for a journey to far off somewhere.

Such planning sessions periodically give birth to an actual trip. Occasionally a trip gains proportions of stellar remembrance in our books. Once it became the road trip of a lifetime for us. This journal makes no boast of extreme traveling experiences. Multitudes have made this very trip that we describe and many of them would score higher in adventure, miles traveled, sites visited and humor captured.

Our claim is merely that life's daily drama plays out even from the interior of a vehicle on the road. Along with exquisite scenery and colorful culture we discovered the pulse of personal dynamics throbbing with life as the miles passed. Our tug-of-war with daily expectations, communication deficiencies and unplanned exhilarations were flush with spiritual applications. In other words, the journey of life happened as we journeyed the Alaska Highway.

Settle in with me for a while and let me tell you about it.

Sarah Willard



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## DAY 5... LAKE PEND O'REILLE

For me the highlight of this stop was spending time with Auntie Margaret. Approaching 92, with limited mobility but quick wit, she reveled in our unhurried visit. We don't see her often so there was all manner of catch-up conversation to fill our brief time. Another pleasure was being part of opening night at the Button Hook, Boileau's bar and restaurant that operates only during boating season. A new gourmet cook had been retained, wowing us with his scrumptious cuisine. The experience included our chance to share meal time with our cousins, John, Sandi and Bear since they supervise the business there during open season. The diminutive population in the area brings familiar clientele into the place, folks who've lived there for years, each with his or her unique stories of boating, fishing, blizzards and wildfires. A couple we learned to appreciate was Big Jim and Ethyl. Since they had traveled overland to Alaska several times, they offered some pointers as they exclaimed how glad we would always be that we made this trip. With the evening hours evaporating we said begrudging good-byes to our wonderful, dearly loved hosts, then reorganized suitcases and the car in time to take advantage of another good night's sleep.



Bayview, Idaho is a tiny resort village hugging the southern finger of beautiful Lake Pend O'reille. It lies less than 100 miles south of the Canadian border. This view is from Auntie Margaret's balcony.