

Memorial Day weekend is fast approaching and I should have left for Riverton this morning, but I didn't. This will be the second time in the thirty-seven years since my Dad passed away, that I will not be there. I can only hope others will attend to the four final resting places which are my reason for taking that long drive. Health problems for myself and Judie along with what President Trump called *a liberal hoax*, have put the kibosh on traveling, but nothing says I can't go in my head.

I missed the traffic in Fort Collins by catching westbound I-80 in Cheyenne. This route is about twenty miles longer than if I had gotten onto 287 in Fort Collins, but I go by time traveled rather than miles racked up. I had lunch on 3rd Street in Laramie and then headed for Rawlins and refueling. 287 runs north out of Rawlins and turns west at Muddy Gap. After passing through Jeffrey City, which contains some relics of the Uranium Boom, I turned right at the far side of the Sweetwater Rest stop, heading for Beaver Rim. When I could see Wind River Canyon far to the north, I knew I was close to home.

I stopped at the overlook atop Beaver Rim, to observe the vast panorama between the Rim and the Wind River Range. I mounted my Canon, with a zoom lens, on a tripod to see what I could capture in digits from the extensive plains, hills and rivers between me and the majestic skyline of the Rockies, far to the west.

I spent the night in Riverton after traveling through part of the Wind River Reservation on Sand Draw Road and Wyoming 789. The next morning, I drove to Lake View Cemetery, a mile west of Shoshoni. After decorating the four graves and disposing of any trash I had created, I walked through the cemetery, saying hello to old friends. Finished at Lake View, I headed for

Lander to refuel and hit the road to South Pass. The Sands Bar and Restaurant, in Rock Springs, which features American, Chinese and Mexican food, was my lunch stop.

When I arrived at Lori's home in Lyman, I saw my grand daughter Ashley for the first time in more than a year and a half. I also met her husband, Trevor, for the first time. Saturday morning, we went into Evanston to watch an action movie with Christy. Due to her injuries, she does much better when there is a lot of action on the screen and loud sounds coming from the speakers. We spent Sunday afternoon at Fort Bridger, wandering through the 19th Century military buildings, inspecting the weapons, uniforms and tack that were on display. Monday, we drove out to view the abandoned charcoal kilns, about twenty miles southwest of Fort Bridger and, Tuesday I came home.

. I am avoiding crowded places, so I won't have a wreath to lay, but I will go, in the flesh, to Fort Logan to pay my respects to Norma and those who surround her.