

One of the personal stories from the new book, *Living the RV Lifestyle: Practical Advice and Personal Tales from Life on the Road* by Donna Fisher-Jackson

Chapter 14

Pacific Coast Adventures

Growing up on Cape Cod, I've had a love affair with the ocean a long time. At times, I have lived away from the coast, but I always had a longing to be back by the sea. Even now, after traversing across this great country, I still find it hard to imagine living in the middle so far from both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Some of my most memorable moments have taken place near the ocean. These tales are from my time on the Northwest coast which I would highly recommend spending at least three months there because of all the sights to see. Jim and I were there from June through August in one year, and could have spent even another month or two with all the national and state parks in those states. Here are some of my favorite places.

Redwoods National Park near Crescent City, California

Ever since, I first saw the Redwoods in the Muir Woods near San Francisco, I have been in awe of these towering beauties. In their presence, I feel like I have stepped into a sacred temple, encircled by the wisdom of these ancient trees. Even though, they are not the oldest trees in the world (the Bristlecone pines are considered the oldest), they are certainly one of the tallest trees, looming overhead like natural skyscrapers.

I can still remember reading about the young woman, Julia Butterfly Hill, who took a stand to save the Redwoods, by literally camping high up in one of her precious trees which she named Luna. Up in this 180 foot tall tree known to be about 1500 years old, Julia stayed there for 738 days, keeping the local logging company from cutting it down. In recent years, the state of California and the Save-the-Redwoods League have made some headway with limiting the logging of these majestic giants by acquiring groves of trees and protecting them within over 20 state and national parks. One of these natural sanctuaries is the Redwoods National Park.

When I lived in California, I had only traveled as far north in that state as the city of Eureka where I drove through the Redwoods State Park, drinking in the beauty of those trees that lined the coasts. I had longed to go further, and see the Redwoods NP. The Redwoods NP is at the northern edge of the coastal Redwoods that once covered two million acres. As Jim and I traveled the length of the state, we decided that this was our chance to finally visit the national park. We actually left our RV in the Emigrant RV Park near Ashland, Oregon, and drove through the mountains back into California. The drive alone was glorious through the evergreens, and eventually to the Redwoods.

Dipping back into California, I glimpsed the best of the natural beauty of that state, the Redwoods, and the Pacific Ocean. Being a week-day in June, the Redwoods NP was as quiet and still as the trees that the park honored. Walking along the paths carpeted with pine needles, we sauntered up and down gentle hills with ferns bursting in their early summer colors of golden greens. As the path dove deeper into the forest, we strolled by groves of old growth Redwoods that hadn't been logged in many years. In circles of three or more trees, the Redwoods appeared to be meeting in a holy ceremony of their own creation. I stepped into the middle of one of these circles, and breathed in some of the highest energy that I've felt out in nature. I experienced the "green" energy that James Redfield of The Celestine Prophecy made known in his books. So uplifting, healing and pure, the energy of these natural giants. I imagined what it would be like to live in the energy of the Redwoods all the time, being so close to the mountains and the ocean. Could this be one of the highest energetic points on the planet with the meeting of all three of these energies coming together? It would certainly rival many other natural wonders around the globe.

I found it hard to leave the California Redwoods behind, knowing it would be a while before I walked among them again. Jim and I continued our short drive to the coastal town of Crescent City, California. Like Eureka, this seacoast village reminded me of the small towns in New England that line the Atlantic Ocean. With piers jutting out into the sea, there were fishing boats tied up while fishermen in their waders worked the shore with nets, scooping up their catch. Seagulls joined in the action, swooping down to catch fish that slipped out of the nets. A brisk breeze blew off the water. A fog bank rested off the coast, waiting to crawl in as the sun grew lower in the sky. A mermaid statue posed on one of the piers. I climbed up into her lap for a silly postcard picture.

Sitting at a bench by the sea, I lingered, not wanting to leave California or the ocean behind. I knew I would see the seacoast again in Oregon, but not sure when I would be back in California. After living there for 17 years, it had become home to me – my west coast home. As the sun sunk lower, Jim and I turned back towards the evergreens and the mountains, winding our way back to Oregon with another everlasting experience for the memory book.

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