



I am here to present you with the Golden Gate Bridge. Jason and I have been en-route for a couple of days, and have gathered quite a bit of useful information. Today we stopped in at the visitor center for the Golden Gate National Recreational Area; where there is a wealth of trails to hike; as well as a great deal of the same sort of military history that is found at the Cabrillo National Monument.

I'm seeing a pattern here in the California Federal parks, old military installations; rather than turn them over to commercial interests, keep them as public land, establish trails, and the scars of wartime can remain as a reminder to all. Maybe at one point the thinking was that should the military usefulness of the site be re-awakened, transforming parks into military reservations is a pretty simple step, in the face of war.

On the other hand, it is true that these sites have spectacular commanding views of the access to the coastline and harbors. Which is what made them strategic military points in the first place. What's interesting is to compare how it was considered that these places were “remote” and “inaccessible” not 100 years ago, and today we drive there in minutes.

I stand corrected today by a park ranger. I've been thinking that I'd be able to complete this project in about four years; he said he'd be surprised if I can do it in under 8. In either case, it's what I'm setting up to spend the next meaningful chunk of my life doing; and reporting on the experience to you, the reader.

I took a picture of a benchmark today, and my iPhone failed to record it's GPS location. I need to learn how to determine if the iPhone is ready/able/capable to record this information, and what I need to do to make it so in the event it isn't.

I'm finding that connecting to the internet "al fresco" is much more difficult than it seemed five years ago.

I noticed that I forgot my pruning shears. Jason and I stopped in to check on Bob as we passed today; and I noticed that the little oak tree directly next to him really needs a bit of clean up. I also see that he had a recent visit from a deer. Several California Poppies have established around the edge of his disturbed space; and I notice that he has a couple of new neighbors across the little ravine.

Shen had given me two shells to place on top of Bob's grave, I did. I picked up a rock from the ocean yesterday at one of the points where we stopped; I'm planning to write on it with a sharpie: Robert Tjarrt Nanninga 3September1963-14February2009 | One Less Monkey Jumping On The Bed. We'll see how it looks, and if we all like it enough, I'll take it back with me to get it engraved to bring back next time I come up.

Jason and I saw "District 9" in the theatre tonight. Great film with layer upon layer of heavy message.

I've also started a sub-collection of images: "The Demise of Western Culture." I have a sinking sensation that this is going to be a much larger and extensive collection than I would like for it to be. Maybe I should collect some counter-examples as well; if I can find them.

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