

12/7/2009 – Hitting the road

Well, actually, technically, I hit the road yesterday, as I “pulled up stakes” and motored north to Chez Denton in Lakewood. Happy happenstance, my sweet nephew Mark happened to be in LA for a few days, interviewing for residency positions; well, Mark and his sweet girl Holly. I learned that Mark's intending to become an anesthesiologist, and Holly, a pediatrician. And they're on a whirlwind tour of the US working out where they're going to spend the next four years of their lives.

The trip up was completely uneventful; parking on the front lawn at Chez Denton seemed a little odd, but turns out to be notably flatter than my driveway at home, read: comfortable.

Mark and Holly arrived within a half hour of my arrival, and then we learned that our favorite Sushi Bar in Lakewood is CLOSED on Sundays. Nuts. Frank quickly did some studying and found a highly recommended Japanese restaurant, quite literally just around the corner. Lovely meal; lovely to have a few moments with part of my sweet family, and share it with a couple of my bestest of friends.

This morning, enjoying coffee was probably a little more enjoyable than it should have been, and time did what time does, and flew by as we were enjoying ourselves. A fifteen minute “late” departure time combined with rain and normal morning traffic transformed my 20 minute travel time into just over an hour. Well, this was complicated by the fact that I was already low on fuel, planning to get to drydock¹ with just enough fuel; slow traffic consumed more fuel than I had planned for, and wound up needing to exit the freeway, incarcerate Chanterelle, refuel, and attempt to get back on the road. Well, by the time I'd crossed the freeway on surface streets a couple of times, I noticed that I was actually only blocks away from my destination. A quick course adjustment, and I'd arrived at drydock, just slightly over an hour late.

Chanterelle, allowed a moment of freedom, explored the entire parts store looking for something to hide under. A few minutes of laptime were ok, but she became restless, and clearly wanted to explore the back regions of the servicecenter. Incarceration. There isn't enough room in my lap for both the cat and the laptop; cat got priority for a while, but the need to write about the experience, and her increasing desire to escape: incarceration. Which she seems to be quietly resigned to now. I have her cage turned so she can see that I'm right here; and the yowling stopped.

Now it's down to waiting for the work to complete.

Repairs completed, I now have water pressure, nominal pump noise, and a toilet seat that doesn't catch on the wall behind it.

Traveling southern california in the rain. Not pretty. Overturned pickup trucks, jackknifed semi's; emergency vehicles headed in both directions...

The rain passes, and leaves us with crisp clear clean air. Lovely to hang with my dear friends in Palm Springs...

¹ Drydock. This is my term for the RV service center.