

Day Six - Over The River And Through Hendy Woods

It is [Monday morning](#) and we are finally ready to launch on a big drive day. We will attempt roads that have actual US Highway numbers and speed limits greater than 45 mph with 20 mph curves. We chart our course from Bodega Dunes through the town of Bodega to Santa Rosa to pick up US 101 north. We will take 101 to Cloverdale and then go back to state roads (CA 128) to drive up the Anderson Valley to Hendy Woods State Park. We have started to have a shared sense of where things should be stowed so the morning transition from camp to travel goes pretty smoothly. No bad words are uttered; no shrieks; no howls of pain after turning and running into an unexpected sharp edge. We are still on cordial terms as we pull out of the campground well before noon.

At the village of Bodega we find and document "the perfect road food".

The villagers eye us suspiciously as we are taking this photo. This is the venue of Alfred Hitchcock's movie "The Birds". They are used to tourists taking photos of the church and the school. Still they seem to find our behavior a bit "unusual".



It is my turn to drive. Since we are still on narrow windy roads until Sebastopol, it is Susan's turn to cringe. "What?" ... Whack! "Yes, I saw that branch. I was just testing the limits." We pull over in a safe place down the road a bit to adjust the mirrors.

Driving on the freeway is a totally different experience. We are riding high, not quite eye to eye with the truckers but close enough to feel an affinity. We are now, after all, diesel. Doesn't that make us like family?



The Anderson Valley is beautiful. People here still grow apples for a living. CA 128 is not so windy as the other state roads we've been on. We are having a nice day. Above Philo the road follows the Navarro River. We pull over for a bit of bird-watching and lunch. We are starting to feel like we are on vacation. Perhaps we are starting to adjust to this new mode of travel. Maybe it isn't such a compromise. Maybe it isn't so hard.

Maybe we've got this. With renewed vigor and confidence we drive off. Once again we have the opportunity to remember why it is important to check the overhead cabinet latches every time before starting to drive.

The last time we camped at Hendy Woods it was in our little Woodsy (a 2010 Ford Transit Connect with a plywood sleeping platform and a leaky air mattress). It was in high summer. We had been fleeing the cold of the Mendocino coast. The place was thick with family campers. The eleven and twelve year old girls had formed a mob and were terrorizing the women's lavatory. The young boys, being young boys, were all trying to achieve high velocity by any means available or alternatively beat each other with sticks. This time, mid-week, in the depth of the low season, the park is transformed. No one is here. No one has

been here for quite a while. The campground floor is littered with blowdown from the few winter storms that have managed to muster this year. It is silent except for the crying conversation of ravens. The only obvious sign of recent human habitation is a raccoon-ravaged dumpster that is well overdue for collection. Ignoring the signs that say "No wood gathering", we glean enough to make a little camp fire. We sit by it in our camp chairs and fondly remember with each other our many past road trips.



We have been on the road now long enough to have acquired leftovers. It is an easy dinner and then, like Hendy's hermit, we sleep well and soundly in our fort, in the quiet of the deep forest.

Yes. We are finally on vacation.

From the road ...
Jane and Susan