

Ave Virtual Travellers and Pen Friends. I hope this finds those of you who remain all in good health.

2059 miles on *The Cat Drag'd Inn* during 2014. An increase of 434 miles over 2013. Not hardly sufficient to warrant a change of the motor's oil. In June I changed the filters and topped off. In August, or was that September... I lubed the chassis and repaired one of the fog lights. Always something.

This year's migration from Tonopah to Pie Town followed much the same route as that of last year, and the year before that. (When does a migration become a commute?) But there were some notable differences.

Before I can get started there is an annual checkup to deal with. I'm doing mostly Ok. My PSA count is up so I have a get-acquainted appointment with a urologist for all of twenty minutes next week. Not hardly time enough to give a urine sample at that rate. And the co-pay is twenty cents a minute. Talk about pay toilets... BPH is the doctor's comment. [Benign Prostatic Hypertrophy](#). Not in my dictionary but the phrase is well explained at Wiki.



My brother Teddy died almost unexpectedly a few weeks ago. Another brother, Glen, died yesterday, 28 April. Now we are six.

May 12th. Finally on the road. Northbound up Vulture Mine Road to Convalescent Canyon to meet Sue and Tom. First night out is always an adventure of picking up the pieces and remembering to tie down or clean up after.

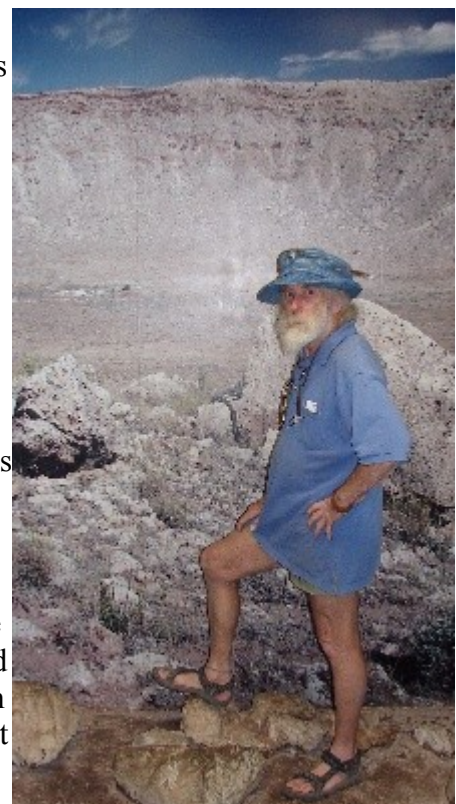
14th. Now in Prescott, for lunch with Pecos Pete, after the arduous climb up the Yarnell Hill. And then a visit with Kevin.

Writing from Ash Fork on 20th May. Baking Banana Bread for A.C.

22nd May at the Kaibab National Forest to pick up the trash. Quite a change in the weather; temperature down to 38f. Drug out the thick down comforter.

June 1st. May has for the past few years been a travelling month. This annual migration between estivation and hibernation almost feels like a commute. Meeting Owen in Flagstaff. Fixing a flat.

Barringer Meteor Crater. I think I have crossed over some tragic threshold. (Do I really want to admit this? To my Self even?) Maybe only one toe over the line but I feel as tho I am wasting my time, and money, in such touristy pursuits. Used to be places like this were fun and educational but now all they evoke is a been-there-done-that sort of emotion.





D-Day Plus Seventy. Why it seems like only yesterday that my father was welding warships at the Navy Yard in Quincy and I was carrying ration stamps to the grocer across the street. ...Well, maybe it was the day before yesterday.

Show Low Town Hall to park dry camp and wait for Saturday. Gathering of ham radio aficionados to buy and sell mathoms and swap eyeballs. Then to Trish's Hill in Concho where Seratu disappeared.

Que Sera Seratu? Sad to say I have stopped looking. Perhaps she just did not like travelling all that much. Now there is Hurricane Hazel, a tree, a nut, a maid, a witch.

14th June at Saint Johns to visit Jim and then on to Pie Town to visit Nita and Thea and all their cats. July was July and next came August. Followed closely by September. Suddenly the weather was turning cold again.

Then there was The Pie Festival. The 34th Annual. Bigger this year than last. This year I helped bake some 300 pies. 39f here this

morning. Heat on. Autumnal Equinox and the end of the Summer here in Pie Town, for me anyhow. Mad Hatter's Tea & UnBirthday Party here this afternoon. Eat drink and be Merry for tomorrow we will drive.

2014x10, Deming SKP Park on the way to Faywood Hot Spring in Faywood New Mexico. Quite an adventure getting this far but that's another storey. Stayed in hot water until the day after Thanksgiving dinner with this latest branch of my extended family.

Plenty of work to do there. Busy month and a half. I tried to do as much of the cleaning up after before dinner so I was able to get off to an early start for Tucson and visits with old friends and new.

Arrived Tonopah in time to get back to work at the Food Bank the first week of December. The Cat Drag'd Inn is parked in the same ruts she left from back in May, just in time for the next round of doctor appointments.

All the details, more efotos, and the storeys between the lines are at The Cat Drag'd Inn, Travels of Oso con Migo.

Winter Solstice—another year. What have I to be thankful for this year? Five people very close to me have died this year. Two brothers, one Elmer, one mentor, one benefactor. But another benefactor has come along and my PSA is back down to normal. And I lost enough weight to take an inch or so off my waist line so I can get back into those cleanest dirty jeans that I hardly wear anyhow. Thank you to M1k3y, my Linux guru, without whom I'd still be blundering through Windows.

Thank you all for being and especially thank you who write.

