

When last you heard from us we were in **Redding**, California parked in our friends', **Jerry and Judy**, front yard. On June 11 we left their home and headed north on I-5 toward **Portland**. Well, why Portland, you ask. This trip was not sightseeing, it was business. But, let's back up a little. Back in February, while we were in Arizona, we saw a seminar in one of our Western Horizon parks on Estate Planning. We were blown away for three reasons: 1. The information was extremely valuable, and, 2. We realized that we were uniquely equipped and uniquely positioned to do this business. After all, Donna is an income tax professional, which is a critical element in estate planning, and Chuck has a long history of giving seminars, and, 3. We were travelling with large numbers of elderly full-time RVers. We were right among the target market and we understood their lifestyle. We knew instantly that this was our destiny and we immediately began preparation.

Well, the young man who gave the seminar in Arizona thought we were right on target and offered us a contract to work with his agency. We had to get licensed as Life Insurance Agents and we needed extensive training. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, we didn't like his contract and we were getting bad vibes. At some intuitive level, we didn't trust him. Insurance licenses are all issued by the individual states. Your first one needs to be issued by the state you reside in. Well, for us, that is Oregon. We tracked down what we thought was the best possible school which turned out to be Proschools in Portland. We immediately registered for the next class and thus, our trip to Portland.

Our first stop was **Gold Hill**, Oregon, for a short visit with our old friends, **Dave and Beth**. Much like ourselves, Dave and Beth sold their home and business in Redding, bought a motorhome and headed off to start a new life and career on the road. We wish them the very best. We couldn't find a reasonably priced place to park in Gold Hill, so we drove another 50 miles to one of our favorites, i.e., free parking at 7 Feathers Indian Casino in the town of **Canyonville**. At 7 Feathers we headed straight for the show lounge which usually has a darn good free show, reasonably priced drinks and good finger food. We thoroughly enjoyed a fun show describing the history of "showgirls." It was super fun.

The next morning, we were back on the road north. Our next stop was overnight at the Monaco service center in **Harrisburg**, Oregon. Our backup camera has been intermittently cutting out and we didn't think our onboard diesel generator was quite right either. Their electronics guy went to work on our coach early the next morning, but didn't find either problem quickly and so we were back on the road north.

The next night we spent in a wonderful Elks Lodge in **Sherwood**, Oregon. Nice RV parking, nice bar, and fun people. Unfortunately, this great spot was too far from our class. It would have required at least 45 minutes of terrible freeway traffic. With rain, that commute was too long and dangerous for our motorcycle.

We found another great Elks Lodge in the town of **Beaverton**, Oregon. What a treat! Great lodge, great bar, great food, a full gym with showers and we could dry camp in their parking lot for only \$3 a night. From there, it was only 1 and 1/2 miles to class via

residential neighborhood streets. This was perfect. But wait, there's more. Our old friends, **Marty and Diane**, live nearby. One night, we had a superb dinner at their home and we were able to catch up on their lives. It was lovely. But wait, there's still more. Another old friend, **Rob**, also lives nearby and came over for a wonderful visit. Wow, were we in a good mood. Had a great place to park and fun visits with old friends.

Well, it is a good thing that we were rested and ready for school. The school was serious and tough. Eight hours a day in class and two hours a night of homework. There is a tremendous amount of truly boring material that you have to know to pass the licensing exam. Much of it is rules and regulations and has very little to do with the actual business of life insurance. Fortunately, we had an absolutely wonderful instructor for which we will be eternally grateful. At the end of the weeklong class, the instructor wanted us to study on our own for another week before we took the state exam. Donna and I said, "no way." We couldn't take another week of this stuff, so we reviewed for one day and then showed up at the testing center. We sailed through the 2 and 1/4 hour test in one hour and got outstandingly high scores. Donna really cooled it and the testing officials said that they have rarely ever seen scores that high. Chuck was way above average and deliriously happy. He had been worried about whether his stroke and his older mind could ever learn this high intensity memorization, boring material. Wow, this was a validation and we knew we were on the right road to a new career.

The last few days in Portland were unusual. It was hot! Over 100 degrees and humid. We were anxious to hit the road. Our intention was to cut a trail back to Redding. Uh oh, we checked the temperatures in Redding. Lordy, lordy, Redding was running around 117 degrees. No way, Jose. Well, we deserved a little break, so we headed for the Oregon coast. The temperatures reported on the coast were about 60 and it was crab season. Oh yeah, that's the route to take. On the way to the coast, however, we stopped near **McMinnville** in Oregon and parked at the home of more old friends, **Wayne and Kathy**. Boy, was that a trip down memory lane. Wayne had worked in Chuck's machine shop close to 30 years ago. Now he's a partner in a helicopter flying business. We got a tour of the hanger, the chopper, and had a fun dinner out. It just doesn't get any better than that.

The next day, it was off to the coast for cool weather and crab. Perfect. We slowly ambled down the Oregon coast until Redding was reporting cooler weather, then we went inland to **Medford**, Oregon. The Elks Lodge in Medford owns a RV campground and picnic area on a river out in the middle of nowhere. Wow, that sounded good. Well, they do have a lovely area in the middle of nowhere. The lodge itself is in downtown Medford. The bartender told us how to get to the campground. But gee wiz, he forgot to mention that it was an extremely narrow, gravel road, overgrown with brush on the sides and low hanging trees. We were only down the road about a quarter mile when we realized that we were in serious trouble. We are pulling an enclosed trailer with the motorcycle and we were trapped. We couldn't turn around and we couldn't back out. Trees were hitting the roof and brush was scraping the sides of the motorhome. There was nothing we could do, but move forward very slowly and take the punishment. This was the longest mile and a half we've ever travelled in the motorhome. Yeah, the campground was lovely, but we wouldn't ever go down that road again and if you're an Elk member, we suggest you don't either.

The next morning we wrote hate mail to the Medford lodge and reluctantly went out on the same miserable, unmaintained road. From there it was an easy shot back to Redding and the Green Acres RV Park.

We apologize for the lack of photos. Our heads were so into our new business that somehow we just forgot to take any. We will do better next time. Until then:

Home is where you park it.

Chuck & Donna