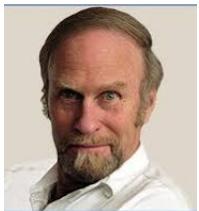


Wonder of Bicycle Travel: Magic Moments

By Frosty Wooldridge



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“Bicycling unites physical harmony coupled with emotional bliss to create a sense of spiritual perfection that combines one’s body, mind and spirit into a single moving entity. Bicycling allows a person to mesh with the sun, sky and road as if nothing else mattered in the world. In fact, all your worries, cares and troubles vanish in the rear-view mirror while you bicycle along the byways of the world: you pedal as one with the universe.” –Frosty Wooldridge

It could happen in the morning when you pedal down the highway to see dewdrops sparkling off the leaves of a cherry tree. You stop to pull cherries off the tree along the Lewis and Clark Trail in Oregon. Their succulent sugars bathe your mouth with magical energy and cause your taste buds to turn summersaults on your tongue.

How about that moment where you saw a DQ along Route 66 in New Mexico? You could not stop yourself from buying an ice cream cone that slid down your throat with all the joy of a culinary waterslide that you loved when you were a kid. It splashed your entire being with happiness.



Do you remember that night by the fire with new cycling friends camping in Morro Bay, California on Route 101, with Arctic Terns, Canada geese and another 50 species of migratory birds squawking in the water? How about those flames licking the night air while you watched your dinner bubble up on the coals—ready to be devoured by your hungry body? The magic of a day well-lived day on your bicycle!

Remember that ride across Kansas when the sun hung low in the sky to create your own shadow that stretched 30 yards across the highway into the next field? Your shadow followed you, delighted you and in the end, when the sun burned into the western sky, you found yourself missing its magic—when your shadow suddenly vanished—poof! Yet, the memory delighted you!

How about that moment this summer, pedaling with your friend on East River Road along the Yellowstone River, Montana headed

south toward Yellowstone National Park? The western sky burned scorching orange colors into the thunderheads in the heavens at the end of the day. You felt a slight mist of rain falling lightly on your shoulders. As you raised your eyes to the east, a double rainbow touched down where the sun blazed on a 100-acre meadow of summer green. Talk about magical moments!

"Don, look to the East," I yelled.

"Holy catfish," my friend said. "My God! It doesn't get any better than this!"

"Can any greater joy come from life than living inside the 'moment' of an adventure? It may be a fleeting 'high', a stranger that changes your life, an animal that delights you or frightens you, a struggle where you triumphed, or even failed, yet you braved the challenge. Those moments present you uncommon experiences that give your life eternal expectation. That's adventure!" Frosty Wooldridge, on tour, Lewis and Clark Trail

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