



Freedom's Road Newsletter

Written by Freddy Freedom

The North Rim



As November appears on the calendar, the signs of winter are making themselves known. Now is a great time to start planning some cool road trips for next summer. Even if you've been to the Grand Canyon, it warrants a second look, especially if you've never been to the North Rim! The North Rim is not for the faint of heart, that's a fact. It is the canyon as it must have looked when the Indians first laid eyes on it! I don't know if they would've been taken in by its awesome beauty or ... just threw their bows and spears in the air and cried out, "Ohhh man, now what the!@%& do we do", as they looked down and across it!

A trip to the Grand Canyon had been on my 'to do' list for several years and I was really needing to get away. As with most of us, '09 hasn't been the best year in recent memory. Between the economy and some personal set-backs I really needed to get away to clear my head so, as the old saying goes, "There's no time like the present time". I packed up my ditty bag and throwin' all caution to the wind as any self respecting biker would do, I headed out.

I don't know what it is, but there's something' special, something' that I have never been able to put my finger on about just cruising' down the road. Maybe it's just having the solitude to reflect on God's purpose for me or maybe it a chance to put things in perspective. Maybe it's just having the time to rethink my priorities and coming to the conclusion that there're just some things we just have to put in his hands and that's all there is to it. I don't know, but what I do know is that whatever it is the stress just seems to blow away in the wind.



Leaving outta central Florida, I barely got started before there was the usual sit-under-the-over pass, rain delay. I hadn't thought much about the route, so while waiting for the rain to stop and the road spray to dry I had some time to contemplate what route to take. Outta the blue, White Sands, New Mexico, jumped in my head. Over the years folks had mentioned White Sands as a cool 'stop by, if you ever get by that way', so hey, why not. New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, they're all in that same part of the country, right? Just how far could White Sands be from the North Rim anyways?

I headed west across I-20 to Abilene, Texas. Picking up US 83, I headed north, to US 82 and turned west and rode through the Sacramento Mountains into Alamogordo, New Mexico. *What a ride that turned out to be!* I gotta tell ya, if you're ever out that way make it a point to ride US 82 across the Sacramento Mountains. *WOW!* What a ride. All I can tell yea is "grab your camera and do it"!

White Sands National Monument is on US 70, just a short ride south of Alamogordo and truly is high on my 'stop by' list. It ain't a place I'd plan an entire trip to, but its well worth riding a day outta the way for. The white sand isn't actually sand, its gypsum, the stuff dry wallboard is made of. It looks like huge hills of sugar. There's a road that runs

through the park partly paved, the rest hard packed gypsum but plenty good for ridin'. Scattered throughout the park are self guided trails...bring plenty of water if you venture out, the temp soars to well over 100 every day in the summer.



If you plan on spending the night, there's a super state campground just four miles off US 54 at the end of Dog Canyon Road, called Oliver Lee. It's named after the politician Oliver Lee who was indicted for the murder of a rancher over water rights back in the late 18 hundreds. A couple miles down Dog Canyon Road, is the Oliver Lee general store. It's well worth a short stop and look see and be sure to ask the proprietor about the alleged murder, it's really a very interesting history lesson.



The park is situated at the base of the mountains at the end of Dog Canyon Road. It's about 20 miles from White Sands. At \$14 a night, it's one of the best campgrounds I've ever stayed in. Water and electric at each site, and there is even a sun shelter at the sites big enough for the picnic table and my bike. The showers were great after a hot day in the sun at White Sands.

Off to Flagstaff, Arizona, to the North Rim. Coming outta Flagstaff I headed north on US 89 through the Indian Reservations, MAN! Talk about desolate ... miles and miles of nothing! Taking the left fork where US 89 splits at Soap Creek, crossing over the Little Colorado at Marble Canyon it was straight to Kaibab National Forest then turning south on Hwy 67. Talk about more crooked then a dog's hind leg, Hwy 67 is outta control! I made camp at Demotte Campground on Hwy 67, about 15-miles north of the park. Tom, the campground host, happens to be an avid biker and set me up with a great site and later on came by and gave me a few pointers about the area.

The North Rim is especially cool because there's very little commercialism. It's mostly self guided trails along the edge of the canyon. All together there's about two miles of completely unrestricted trails. No safety barriers, nothing, just narrow trails skirting the outer most edge of the canyon rim. You can climb out on the over hanging ledges and look a mile straight down! The view is beyond spectacular, if your heart can stand it! It didn't take long for my knees to begin to shake when I ventured out on one of the bigger overhangs, once was enough for me! The views across the canyon are nonetheless astonishing, at some places its 18-miles across! At every little jog and turn as you walk the narrow path along the edge you see something that is more amazing more mind-blowing than the last. Don't forget your binoculars.



Next morning I headed for Cape Royal and Point Imperial, a couple of the places Tom suggested. The roads leading to each don't have a straight 10-yards anywhere along either one. They're loaded with hair-pin curves and white knuckle switch-backs! Cape Royal and Point Imperial proved to be more than worth the ride. *Don't miss 'em!*



Now I'm no archeologist, earth scientist or geologist, but after really experiencing the awesomeness of the North Rim there ain't no way I'm gonna believe that the Colorado River carved that canyon. It's just to big, to mammoth, 18-miles wide and a mile deep, there are way to many gargantuan rock formations towering up

thousands of feet from the bottom that shouldn't be there if the canyon was carved out by the Colorado River, as the scientist would have us believe.

No, that canyon was made by God; he just decided to add the river for effect!

Fill your tank, next stop Lake Powell and then off to Zion.

Hope to see ya on the road. Upright that is!

Have a question or comment? hywayrebel@gmail.com

Hogs In Ministry

"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Rom 10:13