

Dreams

Like all good tales our story begins long ago and far away. In the middle of the last century in the deepest, darkest part of Southern California a boy was watching Sgt. Preston and dreaming of the day that he would be old enough to live in the Yukon, join the Mounties, and chase bad guys with his loyal lead dog King.

As we grow our dreams change to reflect our new knowledge and changing priorities. For example not being Canadian makes living in the Yukon and joining the Mounties somewhat more difficult, but living in Alaska is a very good choice. Over the years, while the dream of living in Alaska was a constant, the dream of a dog team appeared so far out of reach that it lay dormant and forgotten.

It only took 20 years for that young man to make his first trip to the land of his dreams. It took 10 more years to bring his blushing bride up on a second honeymoon and watch her fall in love with the magic of the state. Finally after 40 years he moved his family to the North Country and 2 years later, beyond all expectations, got his first dog team. Dreams of the chasing bad guys in the Mounties with that loyal lead dog were immediately replaced with dreams of chasing very good guys in the Iditarod with that very same loyal lead dog.

A three year plan was quickly put together. The task for year one was to learn to travel through Alaska and camp with the dogs. Year two was to learn to race and qualify for Iditarod. Year three was to run the race itself. I'm proud to report that after 10 years I'm most of the way through year number 2! Alright I am a slow learner, but we're getting there. While there has been some discussion about whether or not what I do is called racing, the 200 and 300 mile qualifiers are complete. My very loyal and steadfast friend Bass (think music not fish) leads the team. I never did get a dog named King, but I purchased several very good dogs from a man named King and figure that has got to be good enough.

If the Lord is willing and the temperature doesn't rise (mushers don't care much about creeks) in 2006 that young man may finally be old enough!

Hallelujah

Eric

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