

Kate & Jim's Travels with Charles

Episode #9 – The Beginning of the End of Clear Skies

After our experience in Squamish, we were ready for anything – or so we thought.

We started our day well, with a much-needed coffee from a little food truck called Lynx Café in Pemberton, and it was excellent. Along with Jim's coffee and my yummy latte, we both had a croissant BLT which was so delicious – fresh lettuce and sliced tomato on a flaky croissant. What a great and welcome surprise!



Our drive along Highway 99 toward and past Whistler gave us some spectacular sights, made all the more stunning by the contrast of the clouds against the blue, blue skies.



We were headed for a campsite in Lillooet, a destination that had been suggested by a few people during our travels.

We booked a place by the Fraser River, but when we looked at the map, we realized Lillooet was quite close to the town of Lytton, which had been wiped out by a horrific fire a few weeks earlier.

Checking on the interactive BC fires map, we discovered that a section of Highway 1 was closed because of the ongoing fires around Lytton. So we had to take a slightly different route to our site.

But the skies were still clear.



The town of Lillooet is perched above one side of the Fraser River. Our site was on the other side.



A really interesting beach with unusual craggy rocks jutting out of the beach. Mario Gagnon, I'm sure you can offer up some information on what kind of rocks they are, how old and why they're significant.



There was a great old walking bridge a little way down the river and a train trestle just beyond it, where you really got a sense of the mighty Fraser. And it was especially dramatic when the sun started to drop behind the mountains, creating wonderful contrasts.





We were happy with the spot. It had lots of great views, was right by the water and we met some interesting people. One guy was driving an expensive little sports car and tenting. He was from Saskatchewan and had driven out there to “drive some curvy roads.”

Another guy was also from Saskatchewan travelling in his RV to visit family, and he couldn't wait to get back because he ***hated*** the curvy roads.

There was a couple parked right next to us and we ended up chatting into the evening. Larry Orr and Laura Nauman were from North Vancouver and we had a fun evening sharing stories. Speaking of coincidences, when we mentioned that we'd camped in Earl's Cove, Laura said she knew Richard, the guy who had been so helpful to us there. Yes, Sherman brothers, it ***is*** a Small World After All.



The one ominous note was the almost continuous traffic, during the sunlight hours, of helicopters flying overhead carrying huge buckets of water toward the fires. A sign of what was to come: The end of blue skies.

