

Trip 2 – Episode #10: What Glen Campbell was Singing About.

We were longing to find a beach that we enjoyed enough to stay for a few days. On the map, it looked like Crystal Beach, on the Bolivar Peninsula might be a good bet.

But when we got there and drove along the main drag, it seemed that all the RV parks were crowded and far from the water, and nothing appealed to us.



So we kept on driving. And before we knew it, we were in ...



In case you can't read the mural, it says Greetings from Galveston, Texas. All I knew of Galveston was the song Glenn Campbell made famous. I didn't even know it was actually an island.

We managed to find a spot for a couple of nights at the Sandpiper RV Resort, right by the beach. It was pretty nice. When Jim called to reserve a spot, the woman he spoke to made a point of assuring him several times that we would be in the gated area. And we were. Although we never actually saw the gate closed.




We had a nice spot, with a nicer view.



And we were
a short walk
away from a
great beach.



Which made us both
quite happy.

And it seemed somebody was expecting us. (It's hard to read, but, in the sand, someone wrote "K  J".)



We saw a lot of these along the beach. We met a couple and they told us they were Portuguese Man o' wars. The husband was actually trying to put some of them back in the water. Which was particularly odd because his wife was telling us how she'd gotten badly stung by one a year ago. Hmmm...



On our first night, we drove into town and found a restaurant right on the water, called Katie's Seafood House. The menu said all the fish was caught in local waters and they even listed the names of the fishing boats that supplied their fish. Which we thought was pretty cool.



Jim had a big bowl of seafood chowder and I had a great salad with big grilled shrimps, grilled pineapple and other fresh greens and fruits. Yum!

We had a terrific server, T.J. who was very entertaining, and kept telling us what we needed to do to be accepted here in Texas: Buy a gun, a cowboy hat and get tattoos. Guess we'll never be accepted here. Damn! Forgot to take photo of T.J.!



On the second day,
a cold front came in
and brought cool
weather, clouds and
eventually a LOT of
wind and rain.



Even the gulls
looked kinda
chilled.



Not a lot of amusement happening on those rides.



And by the time we got back to our site, the view through our windshield looked a little like an impressionist painting.



On the day we left, the sun came back, and since we hadn't really seen the downtown in daylight, we decided to drive around. We were pleasantly surprised at how much Galveston had going on.

As we've seen in so many towns, the grand old homes are really spectacular.



Right downtown was the Grand 1894 Opera House, which no longer houses operas, but has a pretty rich history, if the murals on the back are any indication.



There were lots of murals and fun vibrancy to the downtown, melding current trends with a healthy respect for the past.









So, we left Galveston finally understanding why Glen Campbell wanted to go back there.

But it was time to move on again. There were more beaches awaiting...