

Trip 2 – Episode #7: Heading to the Gulf

On our last night in Lafayette, we stayed in the Acadiana State Park, just north of town. It was a nice big park and we had the whole place practically to ourselves.

There was a sign at the gate saying we should pay \$16. And they had courtesy envelopes and a slot to put it in. The envelopes were so soggy, you couldn't close them and the mail slot was unlocked, so whether the state actually got our money we'll never know.



They had a great elevated walkway that we strolled along before hitting the road.



To our dismay, Jim discovered that COVID had arrived in Lafayette.

Definitely time to move on.



We didn't get too far. We liked the sound of Palmetto Island State Park and decided to stay there for two nights (even though it, like the other "islands" we'd been to, was not an island).

The write-ups said that we were likely to see gators and wild pigs and bears (Oh my!). And that had us a little on edge.



But despite the warnings, we saw none of the advertised wildlife. They said they had rounded up a bunch of the wild pigs because they were just causing too much trouble! And it was too cool for the gators to be out. We were okay with that.

We had a nice, shady spot, right near the facilities (restrooms, showers & laundry) which were excellent.



And we drove around the park to see the ponds and picnic pavilions they offered up. All very peaceful. We were happy to abide by their driving recommendations.







We didn't email Governor Billy, but we enjoyed our stays at Louisiana's state parks.

As we got farther south, we drove through miles and miles (we're in the US so they aren't kms) of what seemed like wet prairies. So flat. And most of the time we were so close to sea level, we expected water to wash right over the road.



As you can see on the GPS, we were driving between two bayous or canals for a long, long time.



It was much warmer that day, so I started watching the bayous by the road to see if I could spy any gators. And ... yup! We saw lots of them. All on the other side of the bayou and at what seemed like a safe distance.



Finally, we got to the gulf coast.

The hazards of being close to the water became evident as more and more buildings were on stilts, and we could see the ravages of hurricane force winds.



We took the very short Cameron Ferry ride (for \$1.00) across a channel. It took about two minutes – even shorter than the Picton Ferry!

And we reached our next stop, an RV park in the community of Holly Beach, called Holly Beach Memories. We were right beside the beach, which was vast and empty.





Soon to be featured in an upcoming video, we trust.

All the homes and buildings looked like this:



We liked Holly Beach, and although our plan was to stay as close to the gulf coast as possible, we had a mission. Which we'll cover in the next blog...