

Trip 2 – Episode #46 – Through Nomadland and Beyond Hope

Arizona! The state where RVs go to park.

Unlike any state we've been in so far, Arizona embraces RVers.

During our travels, we've relied on an app called iOverlander to let us know where we might be able to boondock (camp overnight for free without hookups). Nowhere have there been more boondocking opportunities than in Arizona.

Those of you who have seen the movie *Nomadland* will be familiar with Quartzsite, which is where Frances McDormand spent a lot of her time in that movie, with a lot of other nomads.

So when we found ourselves in Arizona, and on the highway that went through the Quartzsite area, we thought we should have a look.

The land is very flat and covered with scrubby brush. And in amongst the brush, everywhere we looked, there were RVs. As far as we could tell, many were not official campgrounds, they were just people squatting.



And where there weren't boondockers, there were RV parks – everywhere.

But not any we'd actually want to stay in.



Along the way, in this strange journey, we found Hope.



And its Little Church.



And then, perhaps because we didn't stop in at the Little Church of Hope, we were Beyond Hope.

Beyond Hope
lies ... more
desert, more of
those huge
saguaro cacti,
more mountains
and the odd
manmade lake.



We stayed in a
campground on Lake
Pleasant, one of those
manmade lakes. It was, as
advertised.



One thing that doesn't show up on our GPS is elevation. So you don't necessarily know, as you're plotting your route, if you're going to be driving through mountainous territory.

However, we've come to realize that when you look at the GPS and see this:



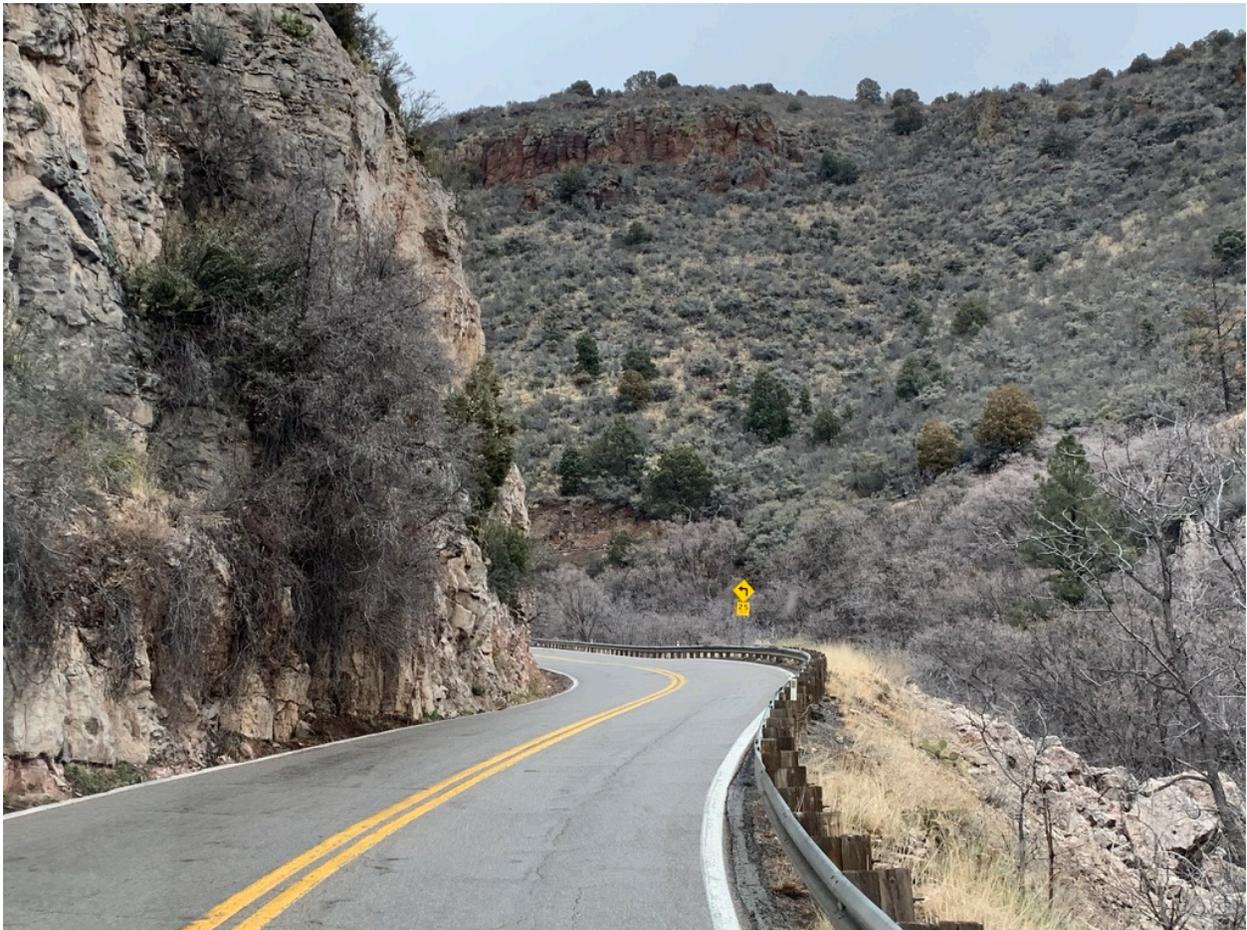
It's a sign that you'll be going through mountains. And so are these:



What we didn't expect was this:



So the drive from Lake Pleasant to Jerome was thrilling, with spectacular vistas around each curve in the road.





But then we started noticing white stuff.



And more white stuff.



And more.



To illustrate how unprepared for this we were, here's a photo that shows what Jim was wearing as we drove through snowy mountains.



And then we realized why it was snowy and cold.

But as the elevation went down, the snow disappeared and it was replaced by something else: red rock.





Which could only mean one thing: We were getting close to Sedona.



But first we had to go through ...



The photos don't do it justice. But you may get the sense that people in Jerome understand about living life on the edge. It's kind of like a mash-up of Positano, Italy and the Old West, with a little ghost town added in.









We didn't see a spot that looked like it could accommodate Charles, so we just drove through and pointed Charles toward Sedona.

Seeing more red ahead...

