

Our motorcycle bike ride across the provinces of Alberta and BC in late July started off as most of our trips do, but this trip to Vancouver would be different. We travelled from home in rural Alberta, through the Columbia Ice Fields where cold blasts from a strong wind hit my face. The beauty of the mountains and glaciers brought a sense of awe as we sped along the highway toward Jasper National Park, through Mount Robson Provincial Park and up Highway 16, through more mountains and forest to Prince George B.C. for a total of 790 Kilometers (490 miles) that day.

We stayed at a beautiful Hyatt Hotel and enjoyed the cool water in the tiny swimming pool. One lap was about four or five strokes, but I felt refreshed. I looked through the large windows of the pool area and could see young people congregating on the street. We heard from others that Covid had caused the economic conditions that turned the vibrant community of downtown Prince George into a few stores and became an encampment with tents and sleeping bags on the streets, it made my heart sink.

The next morning we climbed on our trike and were on our way after a satisfying breakfast. We drove south through the ranch and rodeo country of Williams Lake and Quesnel. I was surprised that there was a need for irrigation for the hay fields. At Quesnel, we stopped at a grocery store for apples. We leaned on the back fender of the bike in the parking lot eating our apples, the taste was sweet and gratifying.

An hour after lunch, I began to feel the heat under my jacket, I was getting groggy. It was time to take it off. I wore jeans and running shoes for a bit of protection. The wind felt good, even though the air was warm.

Vancouver traffic was "stop and go". When the bike stopped, the air stopped moving across my skin. It is stifling. The helmet felt heavy, my jeans were sticky on my legs. My son, Matt, lived in downtown Vancouver near False Creek. We came to see him and his the new condo he purchased at the outrageous prices of the Vancouver real estate market.

Matt made us pizza in his pizza oven on the balcony. After a much-needed visit, we managed to get some sleep in the overheated condo.

After visiting our friends in Surrey, BC for a couple of nights we decided to head back on a road our friend, Gilles recommended in order to avoid the morning traffic. We drove to the US Canadian Border Crossing on Highway 99, near White Rock. Just before going over the border, we turned on 0 ave. This road took us parallel to highway #1 and along the US border for miles.

On #1 Highway we rode to Lytton, a First Nations community, that was devastated by fire and floods last year. The town is still not rebuilt. We stopped at a rundown gas station for fuel and something different to drink than our water. The fresh cool Vitamin Water had plenty of sugar and some much-needed electrolytes. It was like heaven, I couldn't stop drinking. I knew I am supposed to sip, but I was thirsty. It was 42 degrees Celsius (107 Fahrenheit). We stood in the shade of the gas station watching the helicopters carry water to douse the fire that was blazing on the mountain.

At the motel back in Kamloops, I touched the metal door of our suite and winced from the burn. We cranked up the air conditioning and headed across the road to watch Tom Cruise in Top Gun- Maverick in the cool air-conditioned theatre.

We got an early start and headed up Highway #5 toward Clearwater, Blue River and back to Jasper. The ride was hot, but the scenery and places we stopped were so incredible we

forgot about the temperature. On our way up the mountain, a car stopped ahead of us to admire a Grizzly Bear who was eating berries a short distance from the road. It's one thing to watch a bear from a car, but we were sitting on a bike. My heart started racing and I could feel fear as the bear's beady eyes peered at me. Larry did not hesitate to gun his motorbike around stopped car away from the bear.

Our adventure continued as we rode home after a stay at Hinton. This trip was much hotter than any I had ever experienced, but it is one I will still treasure.