

**NORTHERN SIERRA SUMMER HOME
ASSOCIATION
NEWSLETTER - SPRING 2017**



President's message

With the bumper crop water year we've had, we won't have to worry about water rationing this summer. Although, it may be as late as July before some folks can get into their cabins in the upper elevations. And with the increased water table, hopefully that will slow down the incredibly high tree die-off and start rejuvenating the aquifers throughout the state. Along with the record busting snow fall, there have been many reports of trees falling through cabins and porches. It will be vital to get approval from the forest service for any repairs needed and contact cabin maintenance companies early for work that needs to be done.

I have asked a spokesperson from the forest service to attend to address these issues that concern us all.

I will also be inviting representatives from PG&E, Cal Fire, Cal Trans and the Governor's Tree Mortality Task Force to

attend and provide input on steps being taken to address the mammoth amount of dead fuel in our area.

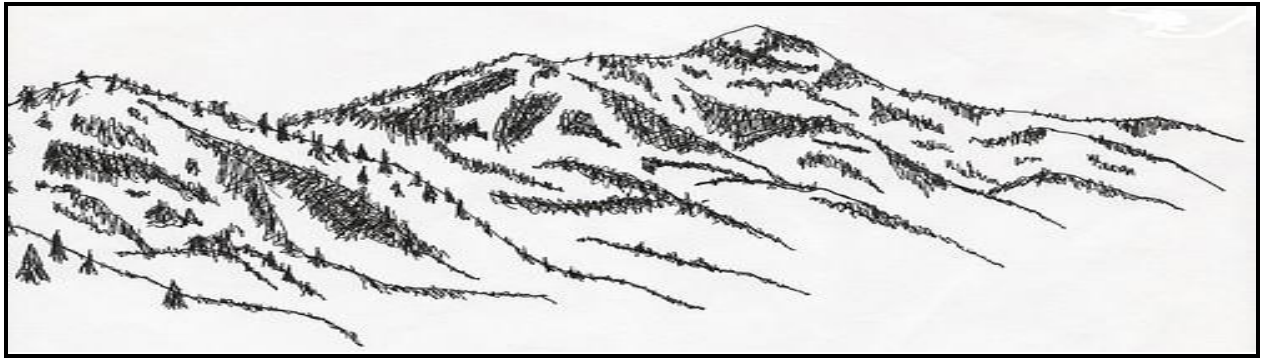


At this year's annual meeting I would encourage feedback from all the members regarding their insurance carriers. I have been asked many times who covers cabins.

We will provide a flip chart to list the companies.



There is a vacancy for an Area 4 Super Tract Rep. This covers Strawberry, Pyramid, Twin Bridges and Sayles Canyon Tracts. If you have a cabin in one of those areas and are interested in being a rep, please contact me at: kslewin@sbcglobal.net or (916) 481-6527. This will be brought up at the meeting.



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A Hike for the Ages
By Gary Oakes

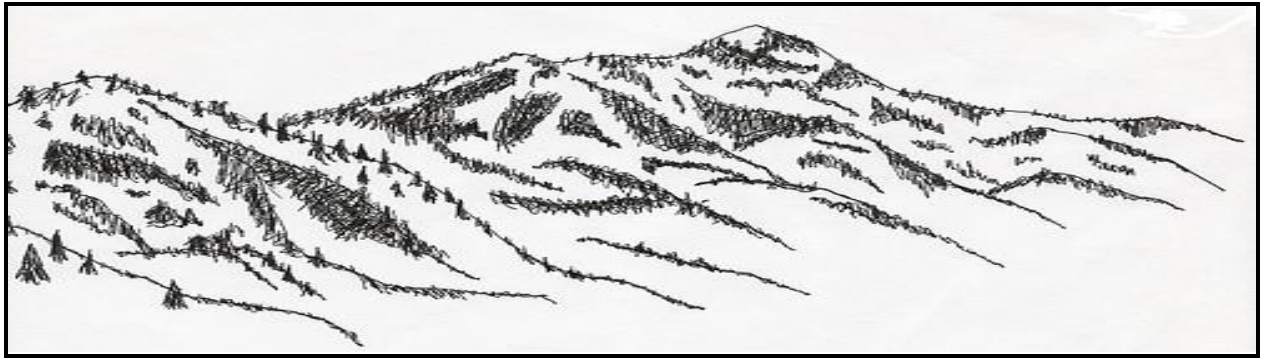
"Wake up," my father would say at about 5:30 on those special mornings, "it's time to go fishing!" Oh I loved those words. But I would lay there for a few minutes more, cozy in my down bag, and listen to the sounds of my father working in the kitchen. This was the cabin where he, too, had spent the summers of his youth, the cabin his parents had built on the western edge of Wrights Lake in 1922.

The sounds I listened to those early mornings painted a picture as clear to me as I imagined they were to my father when he was my age: the clanking of the old cast iron stove, the rustling of newspaper, the creak of the wood box, the distinctive strike of a wooden match. Each sound was a prelude to the next. A fierce crackling of the lodge pole pine meant the fire was assured, and soon that

old stove would radiate the most wonderful of warmth.

Snacks were made and wrapped in foil. Mugs were set on the stove to warm for the cocoa. My signal to get moving was the porch door, and when I heard that, it meant he was grabbing the fishing creels. The day had begun, this day to fish with my dad, and there wasn't a thing I'd rather do than that. The three-mile hike up to Twin Lakes was stunning that time of day. Hiking toward the light of morning, it always seemed as though it was a race between us and the rising sun. But my father knew the drill; the outcome of this race was determined a generation before, when his father taught him that to leave late for the hike was to sacrifice fish. So we'd leave early, pretend we were behind schedule, and race up the trail.

As we got closer to the lake, the pace increased. We couldn't help that; the anticipation was too great. We were two men now, and we would be fishing



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for our family back at the cabin, for people that were counting on us. This was important; a Brook Trout breakfast is a very special thing at Lot 10.

It was a wonderful thing to watch, my dad fly fishing, and he made it look easy.

The fish were cleaned and placed in our creels in a bed of wet ferns that we had stopped to gather on the hike up. With our bounty secured, we hiked on, toward our cabin to the west.

At the far end of the Twin Lake valley, with the last view of the lake at hand, my dad would stop and look back. After a few seconds of silence, my dad would do the most curious thing: he would narrow his focus, purse his lips, and subtly nod as if he was reluctantly agreeing with someone unseen. His gaze for the moment, although not a look of sadness, seemed equally devoid of joy. He was reflecting on something, but what it was I didn't understand at the time.

Much later in life, when my own hikes became a bit more difficult and less frequent, did I come to understand that curious thing he did. There were to be only so many of these hikes in a lifetime, and each trip meant he was that much closer to the last one.

Beauty and sadness in the same view. Years later, I would take my father on that last hike to Twin Lakes. We both knew it at the time, but said nothing of it. This was my hike now; he had passed that to me long before. The pace was slower and he did not own the lead up the trail even once. The breaks to rest were longer, and I would look for places that had a spot for my dad to sit. He was not conquering the trail anymore; he had been given passage to this place for only the time that his body was capable, and nothing would change that fact.

We made it to the lake that day, although long after the sun had risen. Twin was more beautiful than ever,



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possibly because the higher sun made the granite appear whiter and the lake darker blue, or perhaps, because it just was more beautiful that day. The fishing was slow, but that mattered little to my father and me.

On the way back from that hike, when we reached the end of the valley with the last view of the lake, my father this time did not pause to look back. We hiked on, back to the cabin with no urgency and few words spoken. Later that day we sat on the porch and stared back into Desolation Wilderness. "Thank you for the hike, Son," my father said to me. No Dad, I told him, thank you.



What would you like to see on the website? Bring your ideas to the meeting!



The General Meeting will be held at the Sciots Tract Clubhouse on June 24th at 10 a.m. The Troop One Cody Boy Scout color guard will open the meeting.

We will continue the tradition of our yearly Phil Oakes Memorial Scholarship for boy scouts to be able to attend the summer camp up at Cody Lake.



Dues are still \$20.00 per year. Please send your check to: Tony Planchon, 1768 11th Avenue, Sacramento, CA 95818 or bring your dues to the meeting.