

## Grateful

Written by  
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We woke up this morning with a happier cat and sunny, fogless skies so we were on the road by 9:00 AM. Just 20 minutes down the road, near Leggett, we turned onto Hwy 1 heading to the Shoreline Highway and were in for a treat! The road was narrow and winding, often with the white line at the very edge of the pavement which would then drop completely off. Fortunately I am married to an excellent driver and he handled it much better than I did. This part of the zigzagging road lasted for 22 miles, which equated to about an hour of white knuckles whilst enjoying the overhanging arbutus trees and yellow-flowering shrubs along the way.

Once we reached the coast near Westport, the view was breathtaking and the sides of the road were dotted with the [Yellow California Poppies](#), purple-blossomed underbrush and clumps of feathery red flowers. We drove through tall stands of trees, went by vertical, cedar-rail fences covered in overhanging hibiscus and saw hundreds of [wild Calla lilies](#)

growing in fields along the edges of creeks. The highway followed the rocky shoreline often rising from about sea level to 1500-2000 feet above it, along narrow, hairpin turns. This was one highway we would have enjoyed more driving a sports car or riding on a motorcycle so Rick could have seen more and for the photo opportunities. (His concentration was on driving so unless we stopped he couldn't look around and see the sights as much as I did.)

We drove through the quaint picturesque village of Elk where there was an abundance of restaurants and gift shops as well as spectacular views. We passed all kinds of terrain from sheer, rocky cliffs to rolling, sand dunes with deer grazing on them. By the time we arrived in [Bodega Bay](#), an hour and a half north of San Francisco, we were relieved to find a great RV park where we will stay for the next two nights. There are dozens of beaches near here to explore and more of the coast highway that will be better manoeuvred by car. We will both sleep well tonight, though no one deserves it more than my flawless-driving husband.