

In the Mirror

May 17, 2022

Fort Benton, Montana

I need to explain; most people read these blogs in *most recently published* order, which is *reverse chronological order*. So, if this blog post makes no sense to you, you might want to try reading the prequels first. If it does make sense, just ignore me.

We meandered homeward from our *American Mid-West Tour* through states where the deer and the antelope roam (but wi-fi doesn't). There were so many fascinating sights and wondrous landscapes along the way, the miles rolled by like tumbleweeds. Tomorrow, we will follow the Whoop-Up Trail back home.

I felt a deep connection to the American mid-west. We travelled 6500 km in two weeks, and I would turn around and do it again tomorrow, just to see the things we missed.

There are more Trump supporters in the Mid-West than gophers, and I wonder about some of the gophers.



We spent the last night in Fort Benton, in a grand hotel called *The Grand Hotel*, situated on the west bank of the Missouri River. We followed the Missouri most of the way to Kansas City and back. It will be sad to leave it behind, as we turn north and follow the wagon tracks.

I wandered down to the IG Baker store before we left Fort Benton. Your Winchester hasn't arrived yet.

The main purpose of the trip to middle-America was to trace family roots. Standing where our ancestors once stood, and seeing the world from their perspective, was like looking into a sepia-toned mirror. We caught reflections of those who came before us, and a little of ourselves.

The stories that follow are an attempt to describe what we witnessed while looking ...

...in the mirror.