

THE DREAMER

Written by Dale Olson

I'm a dreamer. I'm not referring to the night time dreams, but rather daytime dreams. Seems I'm always thinking of some place I'd like to go or something exciting that I'd like to do. A teacher once scolded me for looking out the window, telling me "get back here, there's nothing out there for you". Oh, but she didn't know that I was a thousand miles away planning my life.

I remember back many years ago, a good friend told me, "Dale, you're just a dreamer, you're stuck here and you always will be". Now that hurt. However I did not let that squash my dreams. Too many times someone with great dreams is discouraged usually by someone that has no dreams.

I grew up on a farm in the mid-west. It was a great place for a kid that loved the outdoors. We had hills, trees and a creek that meandered through the farm making several horseshoe bends. Now Daniel Boone, Davy Crocket and other frontiersmen were my heroes, as well as Roy, Gene and the Lone Ranger. Of course we didn't have TV yet at this time so the radio was what set the stage for our imagination to travel along on the adventures every week with our heroes. I think like most kids that after the program ended, we ran outside to reenact what we had just heard.

I loved that old farm that my grandfather had homesteaded, but as I finished school it was time to move along to make my own living. For the next decade my life was pretty mundane. Full of energy and ideas yet trying to make a living, life seemed to be in a rut.

One of my dreams as a kid was to live in either Montana or Wyoming. Some of you folks my age might remember Wheaties breakfast food boxes for a time had a metal license plate for a bicycle in them. I wired a Montana plate on the front and a Wyoming plate on the back (or vise-versa). It was many years later that I realized God has a sense of humor, as for the past 35 years I have been living right on the state line enjoying the best of both states.

During my adult years I have been blessed with a great family and still I was able to fulfill many of my dreams, often with them and sometimes because of them.

Back about 30 years ago, another couple, my wife and I talked about going on the mule ride in the Grand Canyon. We could never get together on when we should do it. Time slipped by, now their health won't allow them to do it. Their dream also slipped away. A couple of years ago some friends of ours made the trip. Our dream was rekindled. We knew if we were ever going to do it, now was the time. Sometimes those spur of the moment decisions make the most lasting memories. Don't lose your dreams.

I've been across the Pond, been from Hawaii to Maine, from the Caribbean to the Arctic Ocean, from the bottom of the Grand Canyon to the peaks of tall mountains, to the depth of Carlsbad Caverns and to the most remote location in the continental U.S., but the dream that eludes me is right in my backyard.

Many people dream about either riding or hiking the Appalachian Trail, the Pacific Crest Trail or the Continental Divide Trail.





My plan is to someday ride around the outside perimeter of Yellowstone National Park. As I look at the maps I find there are trails that connect all around the outside of the park. Depending upon the route you take, I estimate the distance at 250 to 350 miles, this would include 3 states, 4 or 5 National Forests, 6 wilderness areas and up to 10 trail heads with 5 re-supply points available. This could be done in segments or as one complete trip. By taking your time and doing some sightseeing and fishing along the way, this trek could be accomplished easily in about 30 days. There are three corners of the park that you would want to cut through to save time. These would be day trips

and do not require permits.

I call this "The Greater Yellowstone Horse Trail Loop." I don't know if anyone has thought about this route or not, but what an awesome trip it would be. Wilderness almost all the way, scenery like nowhere else in this country. I have been on several legs of this route and see no reason not to connect the dots. Anyone want to join me? Several years ago I made up return address stickers that have my name and address along with "Riverbank Dreamer." So true.

Keep dreaming my friends, and remember; "Dreams are what life is made of".

