

The weather was a challenge in the 2001 MD2020 and again in the 2003 MD2020. Instead of thunderstorms from PA to NC, there was 20 miles of fog near Cumberland, MD. 15 minutes sooner, and I would have been in the middle of the 85 car/truck pileup on I-68. Instead, I blew my two hour rest bonus at the LaVale Mobil. When it became clear that I-68 would be closed overnight, I detoured on Rt 220 to Rt 50 and headed for I-79 south, I encountered very heavy fog in the WV mountains. I had to ride with the face shield up and my eyes got really irritated.

Rode past the road to Seneca Rocks, but it was already dark. Saw Charlie Huber at a rest stop on I-64. Arrived at Lexington, KY about 3AM. Charlie must have passed me when I stopped for gas and a map. He was already at the end of the long twisting road to Shakertown when I arrived. We tramped around and talked to the night watchman and discovered that there were no signs left in the parking lot so we settled for some substitute photos. Charlie headed for gas and I headed for NC via Knoxville. Got the High Point bonus, but overlooked the fact that the town name itself was good for points.

My original route included Ocracoke and Virginia Beach, but I was too far behind schedule to make that work. I was familiar with riding the NC ferries from the Tobacco Road rally. I had amassed a respectable number of points on that rally but was time barred by one hour. Herbie Saint's fiendish foible of moving the rally finish to an unfamiliar spot makes it fun. I was determined not to DNF in this MD2020 even if it meant giving up points, so I headed north on RT 220 aiming at Roanoke. Somehow, I wound up in Danville but my tired brain thought I was in Roanoke. The locals looked pretty mystified when I asked them where I-81 was. I headed for Rt 29 which is very familiar ground and it occurred to me that I could do a pit stop at home in Northern Virginia. I called my wife and said I would be there around midnight.

I rested for a couple of hours but highly recommend against pit stops at home. The warm, comfortable surroundings will grab you like a giant snake that won't let go. I set the alarm right next to my head and hit the road intending to pick up some minor boni on the way back to York. I was second to check in among the 48 hour riders, after Vicki Johnston. I knew my point total was modest but resolved to become better at changing routes on the fly in future rallies. Enjoyed talking with Vicki and her husband and watching the other riders come in. Learned a lot chatting with some big dogs before dinner.

My sincere appreciation to the MD2020 organizers and volunteers. A lot of hard work and energy was apparent in the event. The rally shirt was so nice I wore it to work on Tuesday. This was my big ride so far this year. Getting time off is becoming a problem. My 2002 R1150RS has been to all 48 states, BC and Hyder, AK and it performed flawlessly.