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Whenever I see the movie, "Stand By Me," I think of Steve and our trip to Lost Cove. There were about 10 of us, and it was in the spring. We began our journey in some sort of beat-up clunker (one of Steve's cars which he was fixing up). He said we needed to start "at the break of dawn," which was disheartening to me since I adore sleeping, especially on the weekends. I drove to Sherry's house where we all met. She didn't even have coffee made! This was going to be really fun. We squeezed into 2 cars and took the back roads into the mountains. Steve stopped at a convenience store and bought doughnuts and coffee. Maybe this was worth waking up so early.

We drove for what seemed to be hours until we stopped at a clearing by a river. The morning sun was just peeking through the trees, and our trek up the mountain began. Steve pointed out a beautiful spider web wet with dew. It felt good to walk and stretch our legs. Steve warned us not to say anything when we arrived at Lost Cove. He said the caretaker would sooner shoot us than speak to us. Evidently the caretaker guarded the settlement of Lost Cove. People had left their homes with food still on their plates, clothes still in closets, and valuables lying in dust. I can't remember if there ever was an explanation as to why they left. It was all part of the allure of Lost Cove. We had to follow railroad tracks part of the way. One part went over a river just as it did in the movie. I remember feeling the tracks to see if a train was coming. I woke up really quick - better than a caffeine jolt. After crossing Ted said there were times when the train comes and you had to hug the rocks or the wind from the train would suck you in. Oh, boy, I was glad I had come on this little expedition!

We left the tracks after Steve saw some hidden trail and climbed up the mountain. Near the top was Lost Cove. There were about 20 homes scattered around the glen, and the sun was high in the sky. We heard the cock of the gun, and I nearly peed in my pants. Steve told us to remain where we were, and he went to speak to the caretaker. We received permission to walk around the homes, but not to enter any buildings. It was an eerie feeling up there - total silence. I was glad to leave. On our trek back home a train did indeed come while we were on the tracks. We had to lean far back against the rocks as the train rushed past us. It was scary and exhilarating.

I thank you, Steve, for sharing Lost Cove with us.