

## REFLECTIONS ON THE PACIFIC CREST TRAIL ADVENTURE

*by David Horton*

It is 7:15 p.m. on August 11, 2005 as I sit here on MY couch at MY house after having eaten my first meal with my wife, Nancy; son, Brandon; daughter, Allison and my precious grandson, L.J., in over 2 ½ months. I can't explain what a joy that was. I had dreamed about this for weeks. How often I have taken these things for granted. Never underestimate the value and importance of family and a loving and caring relationship.

This past couple months now seems like a dream. It wasn't really that bad... or was it? I have already forgotten many of the tough things, and remember the good moments. As humans, I think we have to do this to survive.

I have done two other very long runs, the Appalachian Trail and the Trans-America Footrace. I can say with all honesty ... the PCT was, by far, the most difficult challenge for me. I am not quite sure why.

This successful adventure would not have happened without the help of so many kind and generous people. For fear of leaving someone out, I am not going to name them individually. I developed some VERY special friendships this summer, and each of you know who I am talking about. I had some GREAT talks (one-on-one) with many of my friends and even some new friends ... some deep subject areas.

I am not ashamed to say that I cried more this summer than I ever have in my life. My emotions were running high. The High Sierras and the snow wore me raw and down to the bone. In all my life, I have never depended on the Lord and my friends as much as I did this summer. This was not an individual effort ... this was a team and collective effort! I couldn't have made it without all of you!

The things that I appreciated most about my summer adventure are how it inspired, motivated, touched and affected so many lives. I received lots of cards, letter and special treats from friends and total strangers. Many told me how this had motivated them to do other things. Many said that they would pray for me on a daily basis and that truly humbled me.

I said I wasn't going to thank any specific individuals, but I've changed my mind. I can't write this and not thank and praise my lovely wife of 34 years, Nancy. She was my rock. She totally supported me in this effort, although I know it was tremendously hard for her as well. She always told me she believed in me and was always there on the other end of the phone to listen when I called her at the end of the day ... emotionally spent and needing a shoulder to cry on. Thank you baby ... I love you very much!

The other person I would like to thank is the Lord Jesus Christ. I have no doubt whatsoever that the Lord was with me all the way. I had no doubt, at any time, that He would give me the strength and patience and endurance to complete this adventure. There were SO VERY MANY times when things just worked out, without any explanation ... things that couldn't be explained through earthly means. He promises to be with his children ... and He definitely kept His promise to me. Thank you Lord for loving me, saving me, and taking care of me and my family!

I have a tiredness and peace that is so sweet right now. I am a very rich man in family, friends, and experiences. I hope all of you can be as blessed as I am.

Soon I will crash physically, but I will have memories and new friendships that will last for a lifetime.