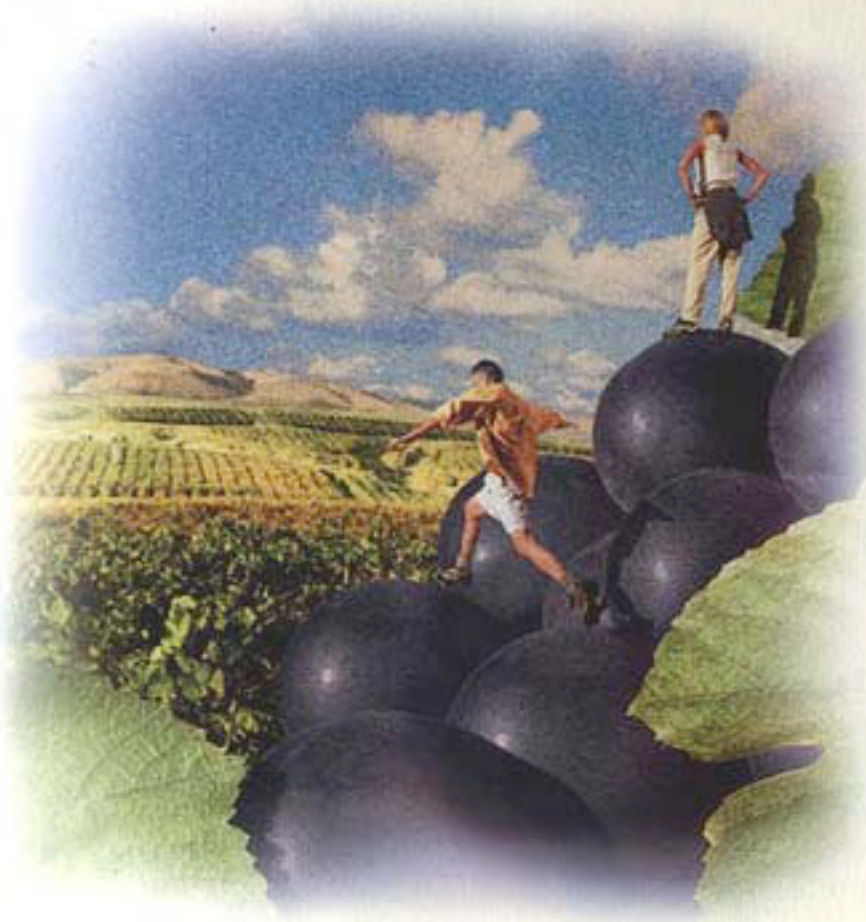


A LITTLE TRIP TO THE EXTRAORDINARY



We commandeered a sturdy watercraft, the SS Red Delicious, and rode the mighty Wenatchee current. We rode beyond orchards of apple, pear, cherry and made our way to the deep, cobalt-blue water of Lake Chelan. Its alpine ridges enclosed a natural haven for lovers of wildlife and water sport, yet we were looking forward to the comforts of our lakeside resort.

A LITTLE TRIP TO THE EXTRAORDINARY



As we continued skyward, sun-drenched vineyards speckled over the volcanic-rich soil. It was there, far below, where a friendly winemaker suggested his most cherished vintage, an international winner from '90. It was perfect. And right upon that ruby-rose crest we paused, for we arrived upon a place like no other. We arrived in wine country.

A LITTLE TRIP TO THE EXTRAORDINARY



"Nearly twenty years," mused our eagle companion, "and Mount St. Helens continues to renew." Our ascent to the crater's edge confirmed her past volcanic fury—valleys were carved by fire, forests charred to rock, and stone scorched to dust. It wasn't until we were flying away, en route to a Broadway performance in Seattle, that we spotted the pockets of grass, wildflower, and new timber, determined to replenish a barren landscape.

A LITTLE TRIP TO THE EXTRAORDINARY



It was all so lush! In the emerald sunlight, old growth snuggled with moss and fern, and dripped to the rain forest dance floor. We scurried along softened paths, spied upon noble Roosevelt Elk, and hurdled over rushing river streams. And we continued our dance to the sandy shore of the Pacific, resting our toes within a cool tide pool, next to a starfish.