

Chapter Twenty-nine

It was hard to tell who was appreciated more on the Sparks city league basketball team. Kevin was probably the most skilled player; that fact created resentment by at least half of the players. Gus's statistic taking and player efficiency rating system helped the team the most. The facts didn't lie—players that hogged the ball the most were the ones least likely to pass the ball during critical point making opportunities. Gus was the main reason that the Sparks were on a winning streak and headed for the playoffs.

After the game, while at dinner Gus hardly ever talked basketball. He always wanted to talk Superhero's and this Sunday night was no different. Gus ordered Root beer instead of an Orange Soda. A good sign, Kevin thought. Maybe this was an indication that Gus would be up to a change of address. Kevin was sweetening up Gus by talking about the Trask corporate tickets in the third row for half of the LA Lakers home games. Most often the tickets were given to different business partners but Kevin usually made one or two games each season. Now that college was out of the way Kevin planned to attend more games. Gus took in every word...

Kevin waited until they finished dinner before he made the request. "Gus, I know how hard changing your routine is but within six months you are going to have to move from the Trask manufacturing apartment."

"I know that Mr. Kevin Trask. Now that you have the finalized Y2K counter plan. I will." Gus paused. "I will be able to move." Gus's face turned more stoic.

Kevin was presently surprised. "And Gus you don't have to worry about a thing. I will take care of everything. We will even hire a professional moving company."

"Oh, no need to hire a company Mr. Kevin Trask. I wrote down where all my stuff should go. Those instructions are in the back of the red binder too." Gus said in a monotone yet precise tone.

The red binder. Kevin's words were halted; *Gus gave me a red binder after the weekend that Nick Icorn had camped out in the parking lot. I think I put that binder in the trunk? I think I took and looked at the binder at home? I don't recall seeing it for weeks now.*

"Mr. Kevin Trask, are you okay?" Gus asked.

"Yeah Gus, I'm okay. I just have a lot on my mind at work and now looking for Tina."

"Is Ms. Tina Williams missing?" Gus asked. "She thinks that I'm a retard but I can help you look for her. I'm good at finding and organizing"

"Gus, I think she might be in Florida. But thanks for the offer." Kevin replied.

"Did they put one of those spy phones in her car?" Gus asked. "You could track her with that."

“A... I don’t think so?” Kevin replied in a guarded tone. He wanted to be careful not to get Gus off on superhero stuff. Talking into a wrist phone, x-ray vision or drilling tunnels with a Repulsar Drill was real stuff in Gus’s mind. “Gus, I need to get you back to the plant and then get home to pack.”

“Okay, Mr. Kevin Trask.” Gus replied and then slid out of the booth and headed directly for the exit.

Their conversation all the way back to the parking lot gate was muted; Kevin could tell something was really weighing on Gus. It was probably the thought of moving, but it had to happen. “Gus hop out and lift the gate. I will drive you back to the apartment.”

“Okay Mr. Kevin Trask. I have something for you on your trip to go find Ms. Tina Williams.” Gus got out of the car went into the guard shack and opened the gate. They drove across the asphalt and pulled up to the apartment. “Wait here,” Gus said before he disappeared into the apartment.

Kevin glanced out back at the piles of raw steel and rows of new trailers ready to be shipped. It felt as if Grandpa Trask was looking down with disappointment. The feeling of despair increased when Gus returned to the driver’s window and held out his hand. “Take this! Mary the Mother of Jesus knows what it is like to look for a lost child.”

Kevin held his hand out the window and Gus dropped a rosary into it. “Thanks Gus,” Kevin took the rosary and then hung it over the rear view mirror—the heavy feeling of despair slowly lifted.

Late Sunday night traffic was light on the drive back up to Pasadena. Kevin pushed the SL600 to almost a hundred miles an hour trying to recall where he had put the red binder. He took the stairs two at a time and pushed open the door and switched on a light. Two piles of neatly folded clothes were on the bed and there was a note. The note read: **I cleaned up you spike boots too. Your swimming friend, Marie.**

Kevin dropped the note and dropped to his knees. He pushed the freshly polished cork boots to the side and looked under the bed. Next he started throwing stuff out of the closet and then attacked the desk drawers—no red binder. The night stands were in sight now, just as he approached the phone rang!

“Hello,” Kevin yelled into the handset.

“Kevin, my Mom told me you were at their house looking for me.”

Kevin sat down on the bed. “Where have you been? Where are you at? I’ve been looking for you all week!”

“Kevin, like I had to get away from stuff for awhile.”

“Did you really steal twenty-two thousand dollars from Tim?” Kevin asked in hilarity, glad that someone was finally sticking it to Tim.

Kevin offered to pay back the money if it meant that Tina would come home. Tina shared some details but not her sexual tactics of how she was selling so much anti-virus protection. Tina shrewdly changed the conversation to some very personal information about Sue. The information that Sue was not pregnant any longer was a jaw dropper. The accusation that Tim had taken her to Mexico and secretly drugged her for an abortion seemed a little over the top. Tina did like drama and Kevin listened for more than an hour about Sue. The plan was for Tina to lay low in Ohio for a few months before she would come back to California. Tina left out the most important part; she had quit taking the pill. She knew that Kevin would not drive across the border—thanks to Grandpa Trask...

Monday was another late work day start for Kevin. Gus lifted the yellow security gate and hurried out the small guard shack. “Mr. Kevin Trask I thought you were leaving to go look for Tina?”

“Don’t need to now. Tina called after I dropped you off last night.” Kevin reached and then started to lift the rosary from the rear view mirror. “You can have this back, since I know where Tina is.”

“No, Mr. Kevin Trask, I made the Glory-be bead rosary for you. I can’t take it back. It is like just like the one Esmeralda in the Hunchback of Notre Dame had.”

“I don’t recall that part in the book.” Are you talking about the new animated cartoon that Disney just released?

“No, Mr. Kevin Trask. I’m talking about the superhero, Quasimodo that wanted to be turned to stone because he had no friends.”

The word superhero set off Kevin’s alarm. “We’ll talk later Gus. I got some important things to wrap up.” The tires chirped as Kevin sped away from the guard gate and another super hero fable.

Patty was used to Kevin’s late starts on Monday and gave him about ten minutes to settle in and look over the weekly planner. “Here’s your late morning coffee,” she said from the doorway.

Kevin looked up and frowned. “We don’t have any important meetings this week?”

“Not so far. All the paperwork for the helicopter logging got sent off this morning and Condi is finalizing the new dental insurance plan.” Patty said and then sat the coffee on the desk. “Probably best not to let the employees know about the dental coverage until it a done deal.”

“I hope that added benefit will increase our production numbers.” Kevin dropped the weekly planer and picked up a spreadsheet. “I might take the rest of the week off. My parents need to go back down to Mexico in a couple of weeks and I might have to be here full time for awhile.”

“Is there something wrong?” Patty asked with concern.

"I think everything is fine. Mom is going to try some new experimental immunotherapy therapy down there."

"Oh..." Patty braced herself on the front of the desk, before she asked. "Your Mom has cancer?"

"She had cancer. This is a new type of proactive treatment." Kevin replied.

"Oh..." Patty sat in the chair in front of the desk. "You know my twin Sister died from cancer..."

For over an hour Kevin caringly listened about Cecelia's battle with cancer. Patty shared how she had lost her faith in God and went through a self destruction period after Cecelia died. Some tears flowed and in that one hour Kevin learned more about how unpredictable cancer can be. Patty knew all about immunotherapy but it wasn't an option or a treatment that her parents could have afforded. Guilt, acceptance and closure were things Patty went through; she was there for the Trask family if need be.

After lunch Patty worked her magic but wasn't able to get Kevin a direct flight to Ohio before Friday. At the spur of the moment Kevin decided to drive; a two day road trip would be a good way to clear his head. Plus, Tina talked about cruising around with the top down in the SL600. The Ohio Valley during fall with all the hardwood trees was said to warm and beautiful, a great place to get away and be with Tina.

Kevin hurried up the guest room stairs; all the clothes that he had kicked on the floor were back on the bed in neat folded piles. These were his logging clothes, Kevin needed to dress sharp for his surprise visit and overnight stay with Tina. His second trip down with an armful of clothes was halted by Marie at the bottom of the stairs. She turned Kevin one hundred and eighty degrees and marched him back up the stairs.

"Don't you know what a garment bag is for?" Marie scoffed at Kevin as she went to the closet to get the Louis Vuitton luggage. She picked out a sport coat and two pair of slacks. Marie knew how much of a bitch Tina could be to Kevin if he wasn't wearing the latest style. She refolded some athletic clothes and put them in the designer sports bag.

Back outside Kevin placed the luggage in the trunk and Marie handed him a pair of tennis shoes. Kevin turned toward her. "Thanks for all the help Marie. You always have my back."

"Even after I threw the cold water on you Saturday morning?" she asked.

"Well, I haven't forgotten about that yet." Kevin put his arms around Marie hugged her for a long time and then kissed her on the forehead.

Their embrace ended. Marie looked directly into Kevin's hazel eyes and said, "Godspeed."

The plan was to be in Las Vegas by midnight get a goodnight's rest and then drive straight through to Chicago. The speed limit in Nebraska was 75 MPH and dropped back to 70 MPH in Kansas, according to the road atlas snatched out of the den. Kevin planned to cruise the wide open plains around 90MPH. On some of the straight stretches, he'd push the high performance car to its limit. Wednesday afternoon Tina would be surprised to see him and happy to go cruising around auto manufacturing country with her head held high in the prototype Mercedes.

Often, poorly laid out plans go awry. Kevin got pulled over twice and Bull Elk had yet to call with the address of Sue's parent's home in Cleveland Ohio. The drive across Nebraska and Iowa was long straight and boring. The mobile phone indicator had showed no signal for the past ten hours and most all the radio stations played country music or talked religion. Realistically, meeting and surprising Tina on Wednesday way over in east Ohio was not going to happen. Thursday was the new planned arrival date—that was if Bull Elk called with an address.

Thirty miles east of Chicago Kevin got pulled over for the third time. This road trip had turned into more of a headache than what it was worth. The tall State Police Officer walked up and then around the concept car twice. "How fast will this import go?"

"I don't know a... Ms. police officer." Kevin cautiously answered as he handed over his driver's license and registration. "I thought I was driving the speed limit."

"What is the speed here in Illinois?" She asked

"Seventy miles an hour, Madam."

"Don't call me Madam. I'm no whore, call me Officer Pierce," The tall, ponytailed woman said as she took Kevin's driver's license and registration and went back to the patrol car.

Kevin checked the signal indicator on the mobile phone; there were three bars. He dialed the private line for Trask Inc. "Patty, I'm pulled to the side of the road just outside of Chicago. Do I have any messages?"

"You do! I have been calling you for almost two days. Those car phones are worthless!" Patty replied.

"No kidding I think this phone, GPS unit was made in China. There was zero coverage across Nebraska and Kansas." Kevin answered in agreement.

"Anyway, Tina called yesterday and left a motel phone and room number."

"What? I didn't tell Tina I was going to pull a surprise visit on her." Kevin replied.

"I don't know anything about that Kevin," Patty replied. "Are you ready for the phone number?"

"A... I'll have to call you back. Officer Pierce is coming back with a ticket!" Kevin

tossed the mobile handset onto the passenger seat.

"I thought I recognized you," Officer Pierce said as she handed a yellow warning to Kevin. "You played point guard for the Duke Blue Devils. Coach Mike McCall respects your style of playing but he always referred to you as a rat."

"What?" Kevin looked up from the driver's seat and took the yellow piece of paper.

I was on the Notre Dame Women's basketball team when he got fired from Gonzaga. Not sure what got between the two of you but he mentioned you many times during practice."

"Coach McCall is coaching basketball at Notre Dame?"

"Yeah, the women's team. I played for him my senior year."

"Oh... I haven't heard that name for over four years."

"Mr. Trask, I'm just giving you a warning. You might want to check your insurance policy. The electronic DMV title of this concept car shows a Chinese Import company as the lien holder. If you got into an accident they would get paid for the car. Something is not right with the title and registration."

"The car was a graduation gift," Kevin replied

"Whatever," Officer Pierce replied. "Slow down! The speed limit in Illinois is fifty five miles per hour."

The patrol car pulled out onto Interstate 80 and Kevin called Patty back. "I'm ready for that phone number." Kevin wrote down the motel and room number. "One more thing, Patty. Could you check with DMV and see who the lien holder on my car is?"

"No problem, can you give me the car registration number?"

Kevin took the car registration back out of the glove box and read off the number.

"No hurry, I just have a hunch that Mr. Meng pulling a fast one on Trask Inc."

As Kevin dialed the number off of the paper he thought. *This will probably work out better than showing up at Susan's parent house. Especially if we go out to dinner and dancing and then we won't need to get a room...*

"Hampton Inn, Key West Florida," came through the headset.

The word *Florida* caused Kevin's mind to go vacant. "A... I'm looking for a Tina Williams is she staying there?"

"One moment sir." There was a click when the receptionist put Kevin on hold; there was a second click before the receptionist came back on the line. "I rang Ms. Williams. There is no answer would you like to leave a message?"

"No, I'll call back," Kevin answered in a flustered voice. "Which Hampton Inn am I calling?" Kevin asked.

“You are calling the Hampton Inn at Key West Florida just north of the airport.” There was a *click* over the mobile phone.

“Okay thanks.” Kevin replied. There was another *click*. Kevin threw the handset on to the passenger seat and slammed both hands on the steering wheel. *What a waste of time, plus two speeding tickets. I’ll get a room in Chicago. I’m beat from all this driving. I’m such an idiot...*

The handset still on the passenger seat rang again. “Hello,” Kevin said into handset in a dazed, self-guilt tone.

“Mr. Trask, I’ve been trying to reach you for two days. I see you got a speeding ticket in Kansas and in Nebraska. Where are you headed?”

“Oh, it’s you, Officer Bull,” Kevin replied. “I decided to do a road trip to clear up my mind and meet up Tina.

“So you know that your girlfriend is in Ohio?” I wish you would have let me know. I spent a lot of time trying to track her down.” There was a *click* in the handset.

“I’m sorry Bull. It completely slipped my mind to call you. Is there anything I can do to make up for your lost time?” Kevin replied with more guilt and stupidity being added to the road trip gone bad.

“No you have already done enough for me.” Office Bull replied in a relaxed tone.

“They got the helicopter logging operation already underway. I plan to head up to the Biddle Pass loading/landing site Friday to check things out.”

“Patty told me everything was up and operating.” Kevin replied. “She and CP put that whole helicopter operation together.”

“They done good,” Bull answered. “This is going to be a big plus for my people on the Rez. The Elders want to thank you with a tribal ceremony.”

“I don’t need any thanks. All I did was float the insurance bond.” Kevin replied.

“So, I’ll see you next week?” Bull asked.

“Not for a couple of weeks,” Kevin answered. “CP is the helicopter, go-to-guy so he wants to stay up there for a month to make sure the operation is safe.”

“Oh...” Bull hesitated and then went on. “You also asked me to run a background check on a Kang Chan and a Mr. Hung Meng. Well, Kang Chan is back in North Korea per a passport stamp. But Interpol came back with some real interesting stuff on Mr. Hung Meng. I put a folder together on Mr. Meng. He has an international import business and he just enrolled seven men into a commercial jet flight program. When you come up to Oregon I’ll show you what I found.”

“That sounds good Bull. It might be a month or so before I’m back in Oregon.”

“No problem, Mr. Trask. That will give me more time to double check on an

underwater welding school that Hung Meng imports wants to open at Long Beach. Godspeed on your road trip” *Click*, Bull Elk hung up. *Click*, Kevin hung up. *Click...*

Flight training? I know China is shipping tons of stuff to the United States but is flying product even feasible? Underwater welding is smart with all the deep well oil rigs that are being used all around the world. Kevin put the handset back into the canvas bag, started the SL 600 looked over his shoulder and merged onto the interstate. I need to get some rest... This last minute road trip to surprise Tina turned into a big cluster fuck.

After Kevin checked into a Marriott Hotel near Chicago O’Hare airport he called Tina’s room direct at the Hampton Inn. No one answered! Kevin tried again at 9:30pm and this time left a message. “Tina, I tried to call you three times. I’m starting to get worried. I’m in Chicago. Will you call this number as soon as you get this message?” Kevin left the number and hung up.

It was 1:30am when the motel room rang. “Kevin we just got back to our room. Like why are you in Chicago?”

“A... Like, I wanted to see you?” Kevin fumbled around for the switch on the nightstand lamp. “Tina, I was driving to Ohio to surprise you. You said you wanted to cruise around with the top down under all the falling autumn leaves in Ohio.”

“Like, yeah that would be cool. But like, Sue and I decided to take a trip down here to Florida to work on our tans.”

“You’re out tanning at one thirty in the morning?” Kevin asked rubbing at his eyes.

“A... Like, Sue was bored and so we went out to have a drink at a dance club. You know how I’m helping Sue get through what happened to her in Mexico.” Tina lied; she was the one that wanted to party with some of the twenty thousand dollars that she had stolen.

“Tina, it’s late... Can I call you in the morning?” Kevin groggily asked.

“Like, yeah that would be cool. Like get a good night’s sleep so that way you can drive down here to Florida. Like, I’ll see about renting the honeymoon suite.”

“Okay, I’ll call you in the morning.” *Click*, Kevin hung up and plopped his head back into the pillow.

Click, Tina hung up and passed out.

Thursday morning Kevin knew not to call Tina before nine. After breakfast he called from the parking lot; Sue asked him to call back later, Tina was still sleeping. He fiddled around with the GPS and it showed that Key West, Florida was a twenty three hour drive. The GPS unit had shown that the drive from Pasadena to Chicago should have been thirty hours but turned out to be more like a two day drive. *This GPS unit is a piece of crap with all the wrong turns it spits out. The way it calculate travel time is off by at least thirty percent. I need to be back in LA Sunday afternoon.*

If Kevin would have had the headset to his ear he would have heard a *click* when his current location was recorded and then transmitted. When he crossed the border into Indiana Kevin pulled over at a rest stop and called the Key West motel in Florida again. Kevin thought the clicking was inherent with all mobile phones. To eavesdrop was possible on any device that transmitted analog radio waves; police can scanner do it. But to pinpoint a location and send out the waypoint was state of the art technology.

“Kevin thanks for calling back. Like, I really have a headache this morning.” Tina wearily said.

“Tina, I won’t make it down to Key West until late Friday night or Saturday morning and then I’ll need to catch a plane to be back in LA by Sunday afternoon.”

“Catch a plane! Like, why the rush to get back home?”

“Gus and I have a basketball game to go to.” Kevin replied.

Tina took a big drink of diet coke hoping to quench her dry mouth. She rubbed her aching forehead. “Can’t you miss the basketball game and come lie around and relax with me?”

“I could miss the game but it would really upset Gus.” Kevin replied.

“Like, who is Gus?” Tina asked.

“Gus is the security guard at the plant.” Kevin answered.

“Isn’t he a retard or slow. Like you would rather spend time with him than me?”

A spike of anger was about to explode out from Kevin’s mouth, but when he looked at Gus’s glory-be rosary swinging from the rear view mirror explaining about Gus would fall on deaf ears. “Gus isn’t slow! He gets fixated on order!”

“Like he creeps me out. He used a mirror on a stick to check me out last time I came to see you at work.”

“Tina I’ll call you. I need to call Patty and see if she can get a flight for me into LA.”

“Okay Kevin. Like, could you call back at noon? I need to go back to bed. My head really aches.” *Click, click* and then a final *click*.

Kevin sat for the longest time staring at the crucifix at the end of the rosary swing in the light breeze. It was hypnotic and only helped to trance out Kevin even more. This road trip was to be about just driving and clearing his mind but it was turning into commitments with time constraints.

Kevin dialed the Trask private number, Patty answered. “Hello.”

“Patty, could you check on getting me a flight from Lansing, Michigan back into LA this Saturday of first thing Sunday morning.”

“Sure Kevin,” Patty answered in high spirits. “Are you going to see the Shultz’s family?”

“Yeah, I’m out this way, so I thought I would stop by and see them.”

“I’m sure they would appreciate that.” Patty said as a tear formed. “I’ll call you back after I get some flight schedules.”

Kevin was half way to South Bend, Indiana when Patty called back. He had her confirm a flight back into Los Angeles Saturday evening. He let the next call from Florida go to voicemail. Two days to just roam around the Great Lakes was better than a full day of driving south on Interstate 75. *Maybe I’ll go find Coach Mike McCall and find out why he was fired from Gonzaga.*

The hierarchy at Gonzaga was more concerned about image control than exposing a pedophile. After Kevin found out about the cover up of John P. Leary; the past president of Gonzaga College he transferred to Duke as a walk on. At that time coach McCall was working himself up the NCAA basketball pole of legends—now he was coaching girls.

The rest of the day Kevin kept ignoring the calls from Florida; he did take one call from Officer Bull Elk and two from Patty. The east side of Lake Michigan was more rural and had more farms than Kevin expected. The hardwood trees were starting to change color and there was a brisk tinge of fall in the air. Oddly, it felt refreshing meandering north toward Canada instead of South toward Florida. The signal indicator on the mobile phone showed no signal. Kevin thought that he could vanish if he wanted— but the GPS was still sending out a signal.

In a small rural town called Muskegon, Kevin found a phone booth and called the Hampton Inn in Florida. Tina didn’t answer. Playing hard to get game, was one of Tina’s oldest tricks. She learned it in middle school and was still using it to sell antivirus software. Kevin needed to be put under her spell and reeled in.

Kevin left a message, “Tina I decided to head back to LA and go play basketball with Gus. Have fun in Florida.”

Friday morning Kevin had someone relatively close by to call on. Coach Mike McCall was totally stunned to see Kevin walking across the gym floor. “So the rat has come to South Bend to alter my career path again!” Coach Mike bounced passed a basketball to Kevin. Kevin shot and the ball swished through the hoop.

It didn’t take but five minutes before Kevin was playing a pickup game with a few of the players from the women’s Notre Dame Team. The diversion came to an end when the tallest player elbowed Kevin hard enough to cause a nosebleed. Her response to Kevin was, “You showed have played for us not Duke. You’re not only a rat you don’t have the balls to get by some of the shit in life that just happens!”

Coach Mike took Kevin to his office for an ice pack and they spent the next two hours talking about all the cover up’s surfacing about catholic priests all over the

country. From a weak protective position Coach Mike rebutted that is not only clergy, but scout leaders, coaches youth councilors and others molesting children. Kevin still stood his ground with the fact the cover up at Gonzaga was probably the most egregious. Coach McCall agreed. Taking Kevin's position at Gonzaga ended any hope of him becoming a head coach in the men's NCAA program anywhere. Kevin was unaware of Mike's termination and offered an apology but Mike told Kevin to forget about it. Coaching women wasn't what he had hoped for but it felt good to lay his head on a pillow each night knowing that he had done the right thing. **Do and Die** bounced around Kevin's head.

Their locker room chat turned into dinner and beers at a local sports bar. Coach Mike was impressed with the SL600 and was pleased to see a rosary hanging from the rear view mirror. Coach, also understood Kevin's distrust of the Church yet thankful that Kevin had not lost his faith in God. One passion that got fulfilled for Coach Mike was that he was working in medical research on a combined Notre Dame and Indiana University School project. The annual Fund raising for the Harper Research Project had just started and Coach now had one of the black business cards with the private Trask Inc. phone number in his pocket. He planned to play the guilt trip on Kevin for a donation—after all Kevin kept saying he wanted to make things right.

Saturday Morning Kevin showed up unannounced on the Shultz's front porch. He didn't even need to ring the doorbell. Ann Marie opened the door about six inches; it banged against her walker. She moved the walker over and opened the door all the way. Kevin looked down at the frail six year old child and couldn't control himself—tears flowed. The weight of the guilt made it feel as though his legs were ready to buckle.

"Daddy, he's here," Ann Marie yelled back into the house.

It took all of Kevin's emotional and physical strength to go inside and take a place at the small white topped Formica dining table. Kevin found the strength to let the Shultz family know why he was not worthy of being a Godparent to their newborn. All of his excuses fell on deaf ears. Lawrence forced Kevin to understand that Trask Inc. didn't build trailers intentionally with faulty brake lights. He finished up with an analogy that companies that make cribs and child seats have accidentally hurt and even killed young children with their products... But that wasn't the intent! Another analogy was made about motorcycle manufactures and all the accidents and deaths.

Lawrence's meek tone and wise words resonated with Kevin. Even when Lawrence told Kevin he had to grow some ball and get by some of the shit in life that just happens didn't feel offensive. Maybe Kevin was feeling sorry for himself and or the Trask name. Dwelling in the past wasn't going to help either family.

This one hundred twenty mile side trip to Lansing Michigan turned from morning coffee and kid feeding in a tiny kitchen to a fresh air picnic and lunch at a nearby

park. To see and hear that Ann Marie was improving and how appreciative the Shultz family was to have the ongoing physical therapy was all good. The long boring tedious twenty three hundred mile drive now felt as though it was worth it—but no way was Kevin going to do it all again in three weeks for a Baptism.