



## **"The Luxuries of Camping" Part one of Two**

Living among the woods, in my cabin, in the North Georgia Mountains, is to a certain level similar to that of camping year round. I am surrounded by woods, solitude, and wildlife. There, of course, are the exceptions. You don't have to brave the elements such as heavy rain, high winds, snow, and sleet while inside a tent. But, as I have discovered there are enough campsites in this area that you could travel from one to another all year long.

Prices vary from one campsite to another, ranging from \$8.00 to \$14.00 per night, depending on the location and the amenities available. Which means on the average you could spend

your year camping and spend about \$300.00 per month for your rent. Plus not having to pay for utilities makes this adventure more attractive.

Since I have always loved the taste of anything cooked outside on my BBQ, the cooking on my propane cook stove, or a campfire, suits me just fine. Also, when you camp in a campground there is usually a small town or convenience store within an hours drive to stock up on your necessities when the need arises. Ice is usually the biggest commodity you would need to pick up every couple days to keep the perishable items from spoiling. Of course you could tether your drinks in the nearest creek because the cold, cold water acts like a refrigerator. Re-stocking on my food items and going to the laundry to wash my clothes once every couple of weeks would be the only errands that I would need to make.

After a week in one campsite and having explored all the hiking trails that the park had to offer, it would be easy to pack up and move onto

another. The majority of the parks would have showering facilities for campers so taking a semi-warm shower is always a nice treat. It is amazing that when at home I would utilize the luxuries of satellite television, the internet, and a nice hot shower, and when living the rustic life without these, it is easy to forget about them.

I have just returned from a camping trip to Desoto Falls, about twenty miles south of Blairsville, where I spent my birthday week. I had been to the falls several times in the past when friends or family were in town visiting, but this was the first time camping there. Actually during my daytime visits, I had not realized there was a campground attached to it. The camping park is absolutely beautiful, with a large creek running throughout to add to the ambiance. Large pines, maples, and oaks fill the area with the campsites sculpted out from within and among the trees.

Spending the week prior to my birthday meant that I spent Halloween night

there. That night, it was amazing to see a family with young children come to the park, build a large fire, toast marshmallows, and spend quality family time together rather than being involved with the commercialism that usually takes over holidays.



Freshwater fishing, photographing the beauty around you, and breathing in the fresh mountain air are a few of the pleasures to share with others after the journey has ended. It is easy to understand how some people cannot "rough-it" with a camping adventure because of health related problems, or physical limitations. And then there are those, like a friend of mine that say, "roughing-it to me is staying at a Motel-6! " But, to me, they have missed a wonderful experience with Mother Nature.