

# Zion Lodge Stories

## A Visit from Home

I wasn't the only person who was 'out of their element' for the first time at Zion Lodge. My mother was too.

Zion Lodge was also a classy place in 1966 and also very busy. You didn't just drive up and get a room like it was a motel. But my mother didn't know that. So I was surprised when they pulled me out of bed in the early afternoon and told me my mother was waiting for me at the Lodge. She had driven the several hundred miles down to the Lodge to see how I was doing, and she fully expected to be able to just stay there that night.

Of course, Zion Lodge was totally booked. But it was getting toward the end of the summer and I had been a good employee. I was holding down the 'supervisor' job for the janitorial crew at the same wage the other guys got and I was supposed to get favors for doing it. I called one in, big time, to get my mother pushed to the front of the line in case somebody cancelled.

Our luck was good that day. They managed to get her booked into one of the small cabins high up on the mountain behind the Lodge. Those cabins aren't even there today.

The next day, I got a few hours' sleep and then got up early to hike the East Rim trail with her until after dark. We had to stumble down the last half mile almost by starlight.

I don't know what I was thinking – maybe it was because I had been up too many hours. I thought that my mother would have arranged a reservation for a room for the next night since we had such close call that first night. But when we got back to the Lodge, the room clerk informed me that my mother's stuff had been cleaned out of the room and was in the back since the room was booked to somebody else.

“You didn’t tell them you needed a room for tonight too?” I pleaded with my mom.

“Well ... Why didn’t they know? They could see that my stuff was still there!” She exclaimed. “And why did they move my stuff!”

My mother was clearly not in touch with the world outside of our rural valley.

I don’t know how I did it, but somehow I was able to talk them into letting my mother stay in the girls’ dorm that night. The next day she decided that I had all the visiting I could stand. I fully agreed. I was just about dead on my feet anyway and I was glad to get a good day’s sleep as soon as she was gone.

A few weeks after that, I got an unexpected call from my dad at the Lodge. Using the phone at the Lodge was strictly for emergencies so this had to be important. He had made some inquiries and had lined up a job for me as a laborer in construction if I was willing to come back home. Seventy-four cents an hour just wasn’t going to cut it to pay for expenses during my first year at college starting in the fall, so I was both sad and glad to hear it. When I told my boss, it was nice to see that I was actually going to be missed. I knew I was going to miss Zion Lodge.