

De'ja' Vu

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I had finagled an extra day off in July right after “the fourth”, and believing hordes of campers would be long gone I packed enough hot dogs for an army troop and was happily plodding my way up a rocky trail from the upper campground to my favorite fishing hole on Trappers Lake, near Kremmling, Colorado. It was really hot that day, and I was sweating huge drops of salty water that somehow found a way through my hat band and gouged streaming marks down my dusty face. I needed cool alpine mountain lake water, but I still had a little ways to go.

A few hundred yards from the lake I crossed a rickety old bridge; I rested there for a minute to look around. I was admiring God’s amazing handy work when I caught a glimpse of a broken down log cabin hidden in the forest by the lake. I was instantly intrigued and strangely attracted to go take a closer look. Close by was a hint of a trail so I fought my way through ancient vines until I found a way to the cabin.

The strangest thing happened along the way, an insuppressible feeling that I had been there before began to overwhelm me. Not far from the cabin I somehow knew I had been at this very spot before! I could almost “see” the simple two room floor plan and rustic furniture of the cabin; even where the trail continued on the other side! Anxiously making my way into the cabin, the hair on my back and forearms stood straight up, like I was standing in a magnetic field or something, and giant goose bumps rippled up and down my entire body! I suddenly realized all my premonitions were freakishly accurate! To top it all off, I found the trail on the other side of the cabin led

straight to my favorite fishing spot! This was a new and strange feeling. I didn't know what to do with a déjà vu experience, I felt like I was thrust head-long into the Twilight Zone!

But several years later I was going thru a family photo album with my Aunt, when we found some grainy black and white's of my Great-Grandfather. He looked to be in his thirties and was proudly displaying an impressive stringer of good sized Trout. We joked about Great Grand Dad and his fishing trips; how he'd be gone for days and everybody worried he'd gotten lost or something. There were several pictures of what looked like the same fishing trip, hard to see them clearly, but there was something that kept drawing me back to the one with all the fish! Then I saw it in the background; the bridge on the trail, the same trail, and on a hillside by the lake was the log cabin! Wow! I had to ask, "Is this Trapper's Lake do you think?" She just laughed. "He always went to Trapper's Lake," she said, "stayed at a cabin and wore a trail to his glory hole, which no one ever found by the way."

Then, I unloaded my story on her! I was shaking in my boots.....and shaken to my roots! I couldn't stop thinking about it! I had lots of questions, like what had I stumble into? What if my Great Grandfather's favorite memories transferred thru his DNA....to me? And, what if I was experiencing the things he loved to do? When I had my déjà vu at Trapper's Lake that day, was that a moment in time when the "black and white" of reality turned to grey? Could the "Twilight Zone" somehow be memories, which are triggered by a gentle breeze in the pines...or by stumbling onto a long forgotten trail to a peaceful place in a long-departed relative's memory? We rifled thru pictures for hours, drank

wine, got drunk on memories, and deduced; it's a mind boggling mystery that we didn't have the answer to! We parted, condemned to wonder.....