Home for the Holidays



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For travelers returning to California from the north, Mount Shasta's perpetually snow-capped peak is the sign that they have returned home.

Visible across much of southern Oregon, the 14,179-foot peak of California's tallest volcano and fifth-highest mountain stands as a welcoming white gatepost to the Golden State. Returning from my snow trip to Crater Lake National Park, Shasta was visible in my windshield for an hour and in my rearview mirror for two more – nearly half the drive.

At its base is an eclectic collection of towns including the City of Mount Shasta, location of a Zen Buddhist monastery, the railroad town of Dunsmuir, the former gold-mining settlement of Yreka, and Weed, where every store has its own design for the ubiquitous "I Love Weed" T-shirt.

The lore of the original Klamath tribes is that the explosion of Mount Mazama, now Crater Lake, was actually the Spirit of the Below-World hurling rocks and lava at the Spirit of the Above-World, who lived atop Shasta. On local radio you can hear a Christian debate between a rapture theorist and a postmillennialist followed by a program on Shasta's significance as a center of the Harmonic Convergence.

So even if you can't see the mountain, you know you're back in California.





