

# **Escape To Port Isabel**

*Journal of Winter Texans*

*By Keith Thorn*



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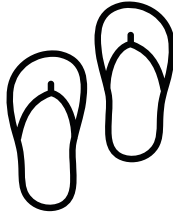
This book is a personal travel journal documenting real experiences, places, and events from our journey to Port Isabel and South Padre Island. While the accounts are true to our adventure, some names and details may have been altered for privacy, clarity, or storytelling purposes. Any resemblance to individuals beyond those expressly identified is purely coincidental.

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*To Melody,  
I dedicate this book to us;  
we are just livin' the dream one day at a time.  
And to our dear friend Joe, who plays pickleball  
every day in heaven now.*

## ***Foreword***

I love to write—poetry, prose, and short stories. I have been writing poetry for at least 60 years and short stories and prose for the past 50. Words don't only convey images; they describe and bring to life emotions and sentiments that might otherwise never come into existence. The written word is a testimonial of what was, what is, or what might be imagined to be.

Because of my love affair with the magic of words, I read as much as I can, particularly when it can be done in short spurts. This is how I was introduced to the writings that Keith produces. Once I became aware of his literary skills, I followed his collection of works as he progressed and grew—not only as a writer but as a human being. Keith is a man in evolution, journeying forth to become more than he was—to become all that he could possibly be. His is a passage from pain and bondage in his life trials to a new existence, embracing a fresh perspective of joy and enlightenment as he proceeds in his innovative regime of daily living.

*Escape to Port Isabel* is Keith's newest effort at bringing forth his insights, feelings, adjustments, and conclusions as he embarks on his latest adventure. Tag along with Keith and his wife, Melody, as they head south to Port Isabel, Texas. Keith is always taking notes—on what he sees, what he feels, and how it all affects him—on his journey to becoming a peaceful man, appreciative of the new experiences he and Melody share. Connect with him as he reflects on each day, often linking his experiences to a song and offering his take on spirituality, forgiveness, and rebirth.

Live through Keith's eyes as he discovers how a man can attach new value to old sights, gain fresh insights from new experiences, and apply life's many lessons to the new standard of living he is establishing for himself. Here, you will meet the martial artist who is finally opening his eyes to see the world anew—relying on past lessons to reshape his way of seeing, creating a new reality through his ventures.

Here is a man, in the middle of his life, who is finally connecting the dots. At last, he understands that the purpose of life is not suffering. Come travel with Keith, and he will show you a different way to perceive even the darkness that might surround you. Watch as he transforms hardships and negative experiences into moments of joy and growth simply by altering his attitude and approach.

This author invites us on his journey of renewal and restoration. Be amazed at how he embraces leisure, play, and meaningful experiences to remold himself into a better man—a more spiritual individual. I see great value in Keith's simple yet practical approach to reinventing himself, recreating the man he always intended to be—the man he should have been had life not thrown him curves.

But life does throw curves. How we adapt to them is the true measure of who we are. Keith has forged a life philosophy, a boldness of style and methodology that allows him to grow within and without, meeting each day with renewed purpose. I am always eager to turn the page and see where his next adventure takes him. Even more so, I am excited to witness his reflections on the life he is now shaping for himself.

*Daniel D Johnston*

## **We Ride at Dawn**

On Monday morning at -2 degrees, our grand adventure to Port Isabel began with a predawn departure. The morning air was crisp, and as we journeyed onwards, the roads remained clear until we crossed into Arkansas and encountered an unexpected blizzard. With visibility reduced, we navigated the wintry roads at a cautious 30-40 miles per hour for approximately 100 miles.

A heart-pounding moment occurred when we found ourselves face-to-face with a semi-trailer in our lane, but quick reflexes saved the day, and we safely came to a halt. It appeared the passing cars hadn't given the truck enough space to merge back. Melody snapped a few timely photos, yet we were in shock. We continued, resuming our journey at a more typical 55-60 miles per hour. By 5:30 pm, we reached 18-degree Texarkana, where we activated the propane heater, fired up the electric heater, and settled in for the night. Exhausted from the long day, we easily drifted off to sleep, dogs cared for, and dreams of the road ahead.

## Let It Ride

Another early morning start greeted us with a chilly 18-degree dawn in Texarkana, but armed with a positive attitude and, of course, coffee, we embraced the day with a “*Let It Ride*” spirit of *Bachman Turner Overdrive*.

Our journey through North Texas unveiled yet another winter wonderland, complete with a white-knuckle experience for Melody as we encountered icy roads and a brief fishtailing episode while ascending a hill. Thankfully, no oncoming traffic and a swift recovery ensured our safety, even though Melody missed the chance for a perfectly timed photo once again.

After traveling several hundred miles, we finally bid farewell to the last remnants of the snowline as we ventured further into Texas, leaving the blizzard behind us—a welcome sight indeed.

Navigating Houston was a breeze, thanks to a trusty co-pilot and an in-car photographer. Although we passed through Houston, we decided to call it a night at an RV campground initially named El Campo. However, after circling the highway underpass a couple of times without success, we continued onto Ganado, TX, where we found a

cozy, albeit small, RV park—a perfect spot to spend the night.

Given the frigid temperatures, we opted not to hook up to water or de-winterize just yet, as another chilly night with lows around 20 degrees awaited us.

*‘Would you let it ride?’*

*Would you let it ride?*

*Would you let it ride?*

*Yeah-yeah, would you let it ride?’*



