

# Father's Day from the Camper

*Father's Day. My wife took the kids to the lake. I'm sitting here, alone, in a rig that has cost me eight years of my life. Here's the truth.*

The rig is broken. The lifestyle isn't. My kids will not remember the defects. They'll remember the morning they saw an elk for the first time. The night the milky way was so bright they thought a plane was crashing.

If you're a dad who's frustrated with the industry — same. If you're a dad who's still doing it anyway because your kids deserve the freedom — same.

I won't post pictures of my kids on this channel. They didn't sign up for me to be the watchdog. But they're the reason I do this. So the dad scrolling at midnight, worried he's gonna get burned on a hundred-thousand-dollar rig, gets a fair shake.

## THE BOTTOM LINE

**Happy Father's Day. Pour one. Find your people. See you tomorrow.**