



Rain or Shine: Bring on the Spring Season Drives



Mike Madrid – excited or surprised?

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It was an aggressively average spring morning in Beaverton, Oregon. The kind where it's just cold enough to regret leaving your second layer at home but not cold enough to justify complaining out loud. We pulled into Ava's Roasteria in Progress Ridge, the meeting spot, and immediately felt like I was stepping into a Skittles bag.

Red. Blue. Yellow. Orange.

Color, finally. The kind of color that only appears when car covers come off and garages open and people remember, "Oh yeah, I drive that thing."

We tucked our blue coupe into the lineup opposite the rainbow. Grays, silvers, whites. A clean, polished, quiet flex.

The original plan was three groups. The reality? Four groups, 40+ cars, 50+ people. The vibes? Carefree and caffeinated.

As group 2 pulled out, the sky pulled a fast one and

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Mo Selim and Anh Le



New Member Mitch Lum

dropped more than a few sprinkles. Just enough to ruin a good curly hair day and force the convertibles in attendance to admit quick defeat. I imagine that top-down regret hits hardest when you're 30 seconds into a drive and 90 minutes from your garage.

Each group rolled out in 5-10 minute intervals, both as a formality but also to avoid a traffic jam. In group 3, we spent the first stretch figuring each other out: pace, rhythm, energy. You'd think after a few drives, it'd be automatic, but there's always that one person (and hi it's me, passenger princess, on this go around) who's not sure if we're on a cruise or a time trial. (Spoiler: it's both. Kind of. Depends on who you ask.)

We drove our way through rural Washington, Yamhill, and Multnomah counties. These were the kinds of roads that make you feel like you're in a car commercial until a Multnomah County pothole reminds you otherwise. Some of us were on familiar



David Burke received the President's Award from board members Jim Goetsch and Anh Le



roads, others discovering twists, turns, and views for the first time. And that's a huge part of it. These drives aren't just for flexing your ride or pushing pace, they're little hidden discoveries. Roads you wouldn't otherwise take. Sounds your car makes that you forgot about.

Somewhere between Gales Creek and Dilley (or maybe it was just outside of both), we passed a kid on a bike. He was standing off to the side of the road, helmet on, staring like we were aliens, or celebrities, or both. His mouth literally dropped open. And I swear in that moment, I saw his whole car-loving life flash in front of him.

And that's when the iconic, vintage 911 ad line hit me:

"Honestly now, did you spend your youth dreaming about someday owning a Nissan or a Mitsubishi?"

Exactly. ■





(above) Group break from the drive. Carlos Santayana just hanging.

(left) Wendy Wells, Anh Le, Deb Pratt, Julie Madrid, and Randi Ledbetter