

Sent:

2007-09-18 - 19:17

Subject:

Postcard

Goodbye Tucson...



...Hello Sedona.



Up 2000 feet, down twenty degrees, swapped saguaro for juniper. We're sitting on our patio with a cup of coffee and a bottle of O'Doul's, watching a lizard eat ants as the shadows move along the rocks. A light breeze is riffling Sheila's National Forest Service newspaper that lists the hikes we'll choose from tomorrow.

Of course getting here wasn't as easy as following our GPS - that shot craps yesterday. It wasn't as easy as following our map - the

little insets for Tucson and Phoenix were, well, worse than Avis maps if you can imagine. And it was oversized load day. Here's the rolling house.



And there were three rolling lavatories. Each one backed traffic up into a convoy. Or a wagon train. Where's Ward Bond?

Then we hit the control freaks as we came up 179 into town.



### Historical Correction

The Pima are still the Pima. The Tohono O'odham used to be the Papago. They didn't like being called Papago because that means "teparty-bean eater". Their new name means "people of the desert". The tepary bean (*phasolus acutifolius*, *fabaceae*) is grown in desert and semi-desert conditions from Arizona to Costa Rica.

The water requirements are low and the crop will grow in areas where annual rainfall is less than 400 mm.

My brother sent me a picture from Organ Pipe and said to print it small and tell everyone it's me. The larceny in some hearts!



This is me at Organ Pipe National Monument.

D&S