

Sent:

Thursday, May 8, 2008 9:40 PM

Subject:

Postcard

The air was heavy in southwestern Colorado. Darkening clouds massed on the horizon. We pulled off the main road and into Canyon of the Ancients, searching for the Tower at Painted Hand. The rains came. The pavement ended. All roads disappeared from the GPS screen. Murray whined. Yes, we truly were in Canyon of the Ancients. The maintained dirt road turned to unimproved dirt road. We overcame our trepidation and bumped and slid toward the Tower at Painted Hand. Murray whined.



The road ended and the trail began. Following the cairns I wound into the Canyon until at last, the splendor of the ancient tower was revealed.



Are you %@#*^ kidding me? Thirty rocks in two stacks? Well, that was a morning well spent.

The sun came out, literally and figuratively at Hovenweep National Monument. Real ruins and a real hike. Some scenes:





Back through the Rez, still feeling sheepish.



Then one more afternoon watching the Animas flow.
One more Chocolate Avalanche.
Life is good.

D&S