

**Sent:**

Sunday, September 14, 2008 9:46 AM

**Subject:**

Postcard

We sat on the balcony yesterday morning and watched sunrise over Lake Powell. They grow grass and we counted 20 rabbits on the lawn. They kept hopping out of the brush, across the walk and into their breakfast buffet. No xerescape here. Apparently no coyotes either.



But to understand the essence of Lake Powell you're looking on the wrong side of the building. The key to this place is:



BUS TOURS!! "Martha – Iowa" (you wear this tag, see) "You can pick one entrée, one beverage and soup or salad" (they tell you this at dinner, see) and you mill around the lobby and gift shop waiting for someone to say "The boat will leave at 1:30". The busses are everywhere – loading, unloading rows of tagged, hard-sided luggage and rows of tagged, milling tourists wearing hats that say Bermuda.

Somewhere in a corporate office, on the wall, is the Lake Powell Resort mission statement:

Bus 'em

Boat 'em

Bilk 'em

Bed 'em

Banish 'em

Begin again

Walking almost normally again, we continued on vacation. We went to Pipe Springs National Monument on the Paiute reservation in Arizona, near Fredonia. The only reason for going there was to say we'd been there. We've been there.



Here is the spring, it's that wet spot at the bottom.



There was a short hiking trail which was better than the vegetable garden or the barn or the blacksmith.

We drove through Jacob Lake back to Lake Powell (lovely) and did the laundry. Doing laundry was somewhat more rewarding than Pipe Springs.

Note on Murray: He's not having a good vacation. He didn't hit any birds yet or even come close, and he got 3 nicks in his windshield from flying gravel. He tried to get credit for getting 35 mpg between Payson and Cottonwood, but we explained that going downhill does not count as getting good mileage.

D&S

