

**Sent:**  
**Subject:**

Wednesday, September 17, 2008 3:18 AM  
Postcard

Daybreak at Natural Bridges National Park. Today is our hike across the bottom of White Canyon to see the park's three stone bridges.



Owachomo Bridge. We are alone.



Cairns mark the trail. Better stated, cairns are supposed to mark the trail. The ranger's last words as we left the visitor center were "and the trail's well marked". Um, well marked. That apparently means that when the path is obvious there are many cairns; when the path is ambiguous there are none.



When we couldn't find cairns we looked for footprints. Fortunately Sheila is  $\frac{1}{4}$  Cherokee and can track like an Indian. A Cleveland Indian. She observed that the footprints went in every direction because no one else can find the cairns either. Thank you Pocahontas.



Just to show off, she said this footprint belongs to a European.

Sheila looked like this before she slipped in the mud. That happened around the time she said "where are you?" and I said "down here with this snake..." She cleaned up pretty good with half a water bottle and a paper towel.



There was lots of rabbit brush to look at. And you could hear it, too. Rabbit brush has a sound like a million bees. That's probably because there were a million bees on it and they buzzed and hovered when you bumped it which you did constantly because it overhung the trail. One of us doesn't like bees. Must be an Indian thing.



We thought the trail was supposed to stay in the canyon. Instead it went up and down at every bridge view point.



We ate lunch under Kachina Bridge and stretched. When I looked down I saw a little smiley face peeking up at us, a quarter-size rock with two eyes and a mouth. Not kidding. If I can convince someone it looks like the blessed virgin we can sell it on eBay.



Sodium, potassium, glucose, aka Gatorade. We carry three quarts of it and one of water. When it's gone we chemically purify available sources. Trail hint: make sure it's never gone.



Sheila finds these things. This is what happens when you can't read the "watch for falling rocks" signs. Little fella looks French, no?



Sipapu Bridge – only 2 miles back to Murray. A couple we met on the trail told us that just being under Sipapu would give us a special feeling. Well, we did feel specially tired. Those two were so inspired by their

journey on the trail, the guy said he felt like Magellan. I told him I felt like Garmin. He said he meant the explorer. Duh. I shut up.



Garmin said we added over a mile looking for cairns.

Met 9 people, none with a nametag.

D&S