

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

Saturday, March 20, 2010 9:17 PM  
Postcard

The Holiday Inn Express at Santa Rosa is full. All night, travelers have been bailing out of I-40 and loading the local hotels. Big rigs line the main street waiting for the Interstate to reopen. Another storm is coming and we map out a new route to miss it. All is ice. I-40 is ice. The trees are ice. Murray is ice.



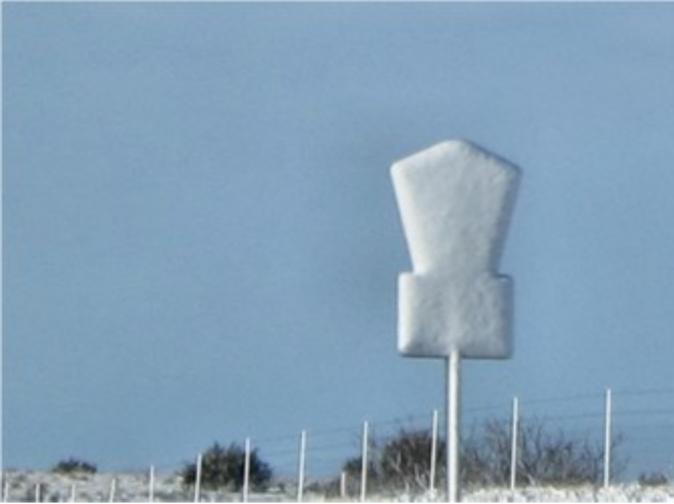
Murray gets scraped. Murray doesn't like being scraped. Murray acts out and breaks the driver's side wiper. We are up way before the parts store opens – we go to Joseph's Diner on old route 66 to drink coffee, eat French toast and listen to truckers on their cell phones.

We wait for CarQuest to open. Mr. Personality shows up late and grumpy. Two Mexican truck drivers come in right behind him and asked if they can get some alcohol for their brake lines. Mr. P. told them to go to a bar. He was only slightly nicer to me.

So we replace the wiper and get on our way. The road is ice.



The signs are ice. (Hmm, is this the way?)



The grass is ice.



The cows are cold and hungry. It is 18 degrees. They look at us like Russian peasants watching the Czars pass in their carriages. We were warm and full of coffee and French toast.

Murray's AWD shifted us perceptibly left and right and back again as we white-knuckled along the slick roads. We made it to Roswell as the sun came out and the roads dried off.



Finally pulled in to Ruidoso. Bought coats and gloves.



D&S