

Sent:

Wednesday, March 24, 2010 8:30 PM

Subject:

Postcard

Woke up at Elaine's to discover it had snowed again. Her B&B co-managers, Zeus and Apollo, were cavorting in the fresh white stuff, growling at our door and barking at things unknown in the woods. Zeus walks softly and carries a big stick. When he runs past you it knocks you in the back of the legs. Aren't they cute?



We cleaned off Murray and got hugged by Elaine, which was slightly better than being licked by her co-managers. We drove into more snow.



We had planned to hike at Bandelier National Monument. When we got there, much to our astonishment, it snowed.



We talked to the Ranger – he said the forecast was clear. Maybe he simply meant it was comprehensible. At any rate, we killed some time in the gift shop. It snowed. I ate a hard chocolate chip cookie that I'm sure had once been chewy. It snowed. Sheila talked with the clerk who asked why, if we were from Kansas, we weren't wearing red shoes. She clicked her heels. We gave her two very condescending smiles. And it snowed.

Then almost incredibly the planets must have realigned. The snow, which hadn't been sticking, went from pellets to flakes to gone. The sun came out, the sky turned southwest blue and Bandelier beckoned.



Past the tuff rock, past the Anasazi ruins, and as fast as possible past the Baptist Youth Ministries field trip, we took the trail to Ceremonial Cave.



By the way, Ceremonial cave has been renamed. Much like the way the Anasazi are now Ancestral Puebloans, the politically correct new name for the cave is Alcove House. I won't bore you with the reasons. I will just bore you with other things.

Such as: It is 140 feet up four ladders to get to the alcove.



When you get there, the kiva is splendid and the view is worth the effort. The Anasazi (golly, there I go again) had some good real estate.





Then we went to Starbucks in Los Alamos and had a Café Mocha and a Caramel Macchiato. Two Grandes. The sun was still shining.

D&S