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Subject:

Monday, September 13, 2010 10:49 PM
Postcard

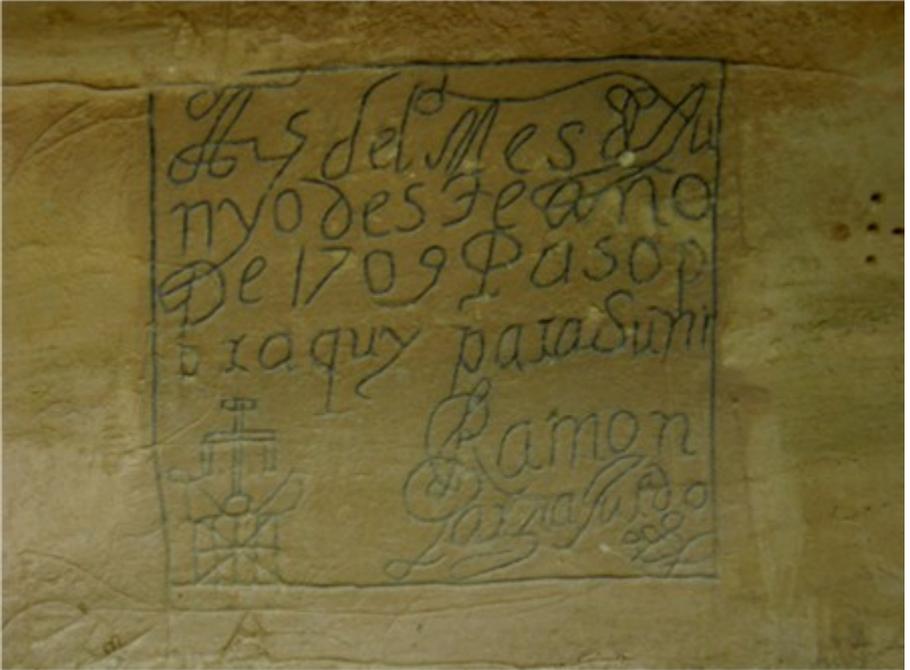
This morning we left Grants and went to El Morro National Monument.



Morro rhymes with Zorro. However, Morro is neither fox (Spanish) nor black-caped hero (Disney). Morro means “bluff”, the noun not the verb, and is a big rock by a stagnant water hole. Everyone seems to like water. While I like mine with lemon, our ancestors were apparently not so picky. The Anasazi stopped here and the Spanish stopped here and the Americans stopped here at different times. They left inscriptions in the soft sandstone of El Morro.



This is the Anasazi leave behind. It means DD, snake, hand, hand, Greek letter.



Ramon wrote this in 1709 and it means roughly "Ramon was here".



Much later, the U.S. army explored the area carrying calligraphy kits.

While some are interested in this history, we like the great little hike to the top of the rock. The meadows below were yellow and purple with rabbit brush and sunflowers and blue asters. The rain had just stopped, leaving the air cool and droplets hanging on the flowers' petals. Birds sang, caterpillars crawled, all was well.



We were the only hikers.









Then lunch in the Painted Desert



On to Sedona and our room with a view.

D&S