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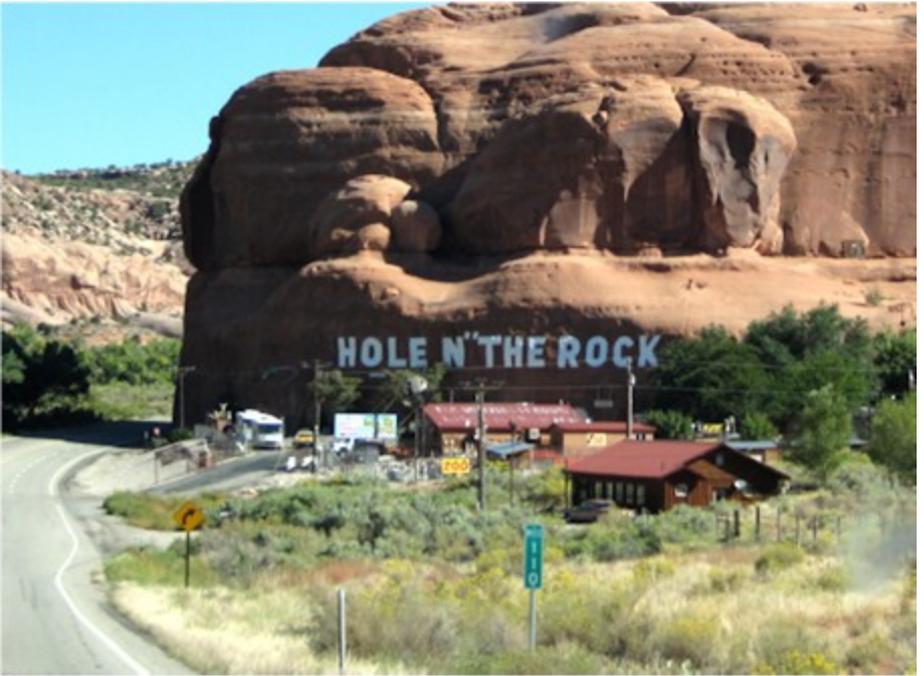
Sunday, September 19, 2010 8:48 PM
Postcard

The drumming subsided and the air cleared. We awoke to discover an eerily quiet field where just last night the Ahoohai was in full swing. As we sat on our little front porch drinking coffee and watching the sun turn the rocks red again, a white moth crawled feebly across the floor in front of us and died. Right there.



If this is truly the bogus yucca moth, *prodoxus decipiens*, and we have every reason to believe it is, ancient Navajo myth says our 401K will double within the year.

So we left Bluff in good spirits, passing the usual landmarks on US 191 along the way: Hole in the Rock, Wilson's Arch, Beehive rock...



(Albert and Gladys are buried here.)



(Sign says :no residential dumping". Presumably commercial dumping is allowed).



(There is no other reason to show you this except for many miles it's the only thing to take a picture of. Rather, it's the only thing of which to take a picture.)

Went through Moab and followed US 128 along the Colorado River.



It's one of those *must see before you die* drives.

We tunneled into Colorado National Monument.



A camera lesson in auto-focus.

A buzillaion bicyclists were in the park.



Murray says this road is not sharable. But he behaved.

Got scenery too.





The top of my head is really sunburned. Isn't there supposed to be a bunch of hair or something up there?

More tomorrow, we hope.

D&S