

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

Monday, September 20, 2010 10:12 PM  
Postcard

The day started as many do, full of promise, helped along by a raisin bagel and a cup of Deep Peruvian Forest Blend coffee. We headed back to Colorado National Monument for a morning hike on Serpent's Trail. Rain and lightning battled with the sun and lost.



There were already bunches of people on the trail. We were late because we showered. We were also late because it is impossible to find your way in Grand Junction. They name roads stuff like 24½<sup>th</sup> Road, then expect you to find places. One road was named B½. You can't invent this.





You probably think these pictures look a lot like other pictures we show you. You are astute. They look very much like our other pictures. We go to lots of places that have red rocks, scrubby trees and cactus because that's what we like. Sorry.



One huge big rock we passed (not this one) had a couple of hundred little rocks on top. We looked up. There was no way those little rocks fell onto that big rock from anywhere. We almost left it as an unsolved puzzle, when we thought that hikers must be tossing the little rocks up there. It followed that you could toss a rock, make a wish, and if the rock landed and stuck your wish would be granted. So we tossed a few up there and will collect our lottery winnings this weekend.



This guy wanted our granola bars. We ate two in celebration of winning the lottery next weekend.



This is a Halloween Bug. They come out earlier and earlier every year. No doubt we will soon be seeing the Christmas Bug.

We left Grand Junction (on 29 ¼<sup>th</sup> street), hit US 50 and then US 550 to take us through Ouray and Silverton and on to Durango.

We ate lunch in Ouray (say “Your-Ay”): Blue cheese and walnuts on a bed of spinach with fried calamari and raspberry vinaigrette. Bet you thought I couldn’t spell vinaigrette. You were right but Bill Gates can.



Ouray is a dinky little place that is usually half boarded up by this time of year. It has grown since the last time we were here and it was loaded with tourists. We celebrated Ouray's success by buying two dark chocolate turtles in a local shop and eating them before we left town.

Leaving town was a bit of a challenge. It rained. It lightnined, and we were hit three times by complete-stop, one-lane-only, roadwork delays. Which were nothing compared to the delays provided afterwards by the drivers ahead of us.



But life has its compensations. We went over Red Mountain pass at 11,000 feet and on both sides of the pass the aspens were turning the mountains into a golden patchwork quilt.





It's not too late. If you start driving right now you can make it while they're still bright.

We got to our hotel and were rewarded for checking in with two warm chocolate chip cookies. They contained hydrogenated fat, several forms of sugar and various chemicals. To celebrate being so knowledgeable about hotel cookies, we ate them.

When we were in Grand Junction we ate omelets at the Black Bear Diner. Tonight, to celebrate no longer being on streets that end in  $\frac{1}{2}$ , we ate sea bass and crepes in the Mahogany Grille. Oh, and triple chocolate mousse dessert.

Life is good.

D&S