

Sent: Tuesday, August 30, 2011 9:40 PM
Subject: Postcard 2011-08-30

Greetings again from Sedona.



We went shopping this morning in Uptown Sedona. After lunch at the Euro Deli (fresh mozzarella, basil and tomato sandwiches on French rolls), we went to Honanki Ruins. Hopefully it would be just us and the native spirits.





Sheila and Murray did the ten miles of pitted washboard road while I took pictures. Erin, be proud of your mother.

And Murray too... although now he has delusions of Jeepness.



The ruins were in the usual state of disrepair. We can only trust that the archeologists are right and some people used to actually thrive here. Those people have been dubbed the "Sinagua" which means, you'll remember, "without water". Life does not exist without water but that doesn't trouble the namers of ancient peoples.



It's hot and dry out here and the lizards are withering.



However the prickly pear is thriving. Three nights ago we had a prickly pear appetizer at the Silver Saddle. It was OK. No it wasn't. It was wretched. It makes me hope the Sinaguans grew squash and beans although I don't know how because they had no water.



One of our first sights at the ruin was this graffiti. It's 86 years old and in another 14 it will probably have federal protection.



As we proceeded along the trail we heard chanting and drumming. Wow the Sinagua spirits!



No! Sedona psychic weirdoes on a field trip! Help! Help! They're taking turns kissing the rocks!



We made it safely back by taking the trail in the opposite direction and driving too fast back to town. We wound up at Piccasso's restaurant where we made our own pizza of mozzarella, French feta, spinach, roasted red and yellow peppers, Portobello mushrooms, oil and garlic. Well we didn't make it ourselves. Sheila designed it while I said "uh-huh" and the Piccazzoans made it.

D&S