

Sent: Friday, September 19, 2025 5:49 PM
Subject: Postcard

I found a couple of Grand Canyon hikes online that looked interesting. One was from US-64 to Shoshone Point, the other was a continuation along the rim from Shoshone Point to Yaki Point. But we thought it was best to talk to a ranger first, so yesterday we went to the Visitor Center. Good idea. Ms. Ranger told us the first trail is popular and easy to find. The second trail she never hiked because *she* couldn't even find the trailhead for it. So hike #2 was definitely not recommended. Hey, we have trouble finding trails when we have a map and a GPS and a ranger who actually recommends the hike.

So this was our lone objective this morning, Shoshone Point.



Out of bed at 5:00. Because of course we were. And good thing because Weather Channel said 99% chance of rain by 10:00. We love Weather Channel. Drank some coffee, chomped on highly processed breakfast bars and hustled to the trailhead.



Flat and easy. Body said "Good".

The air was cool, the sun (when it peeked through the banks of clouds to the west) was warm and the ponderosas were magnificent. We were only the second car in the parking lot and far, far from the mobs who roam the rim by our hotel.



Trees. There were live ones, dead ones, standing ones, fallen ones, tall ones, short ones, straight ones, twisted ones, old ones, new ones, burnt ones, baby ones and a zillion pine cones covering the forest floor.



And, suddenly, there was The Canyon.







And, suddenly, there was Shoshone Point.



I found a little pathway out to the Point and needed badly for Sheila to take my picture there. But no Sheila. I was actually dialing her number on my phone (I'm immersed in nature. I am in a sacred place. And I'm using my phone. I'm so sorry. But I wanted my picture taken.) when she appeared across the way with her camera. I waved. She snapped. All was well.

I asked her if I could return the favor. She said "I don't want no stinkin' picture taken", or words to that effect.



We returned to the parking lot, having found our way to the Point and back before the rain.



Then Sheila spotted two elk. A mama and her baby. They were trotting along the road occasionally stopping to nibble green stuff. We followed at a safe distance taking pictures. They didn't seem to mind.



But when they double mooned us we decided it was time to go.



D&S

PS - It's now 2:30 and it hasn't rained a drop. We hate Weather Channel.