

Sent:
Subject:

Sunday, September 13, 2026 8:17 PM
Postcard

No internet in our cabin. It's available in the main lobby only, and it's real slow. And no phone so no hotspot. But we'll still try to get this out tonight because we know you can't wait.

Left Boulder this morning under white puffy clouds, down UT-12, across Hell's Backbone, on our way to Bryce Canyon.



Bryce canyon was supposedly named for a rancher named Bryce who lost a cow in among the hoodoos and searched for weeks to find it. He didn't own any land in the canyon but somehow his name stuck.



An alternate theory holds that Bryce was the name of an extraterrestrial who carved the weird rock shapes with a powerful laser beamed from his UFO. Because we have no internet in our cabin I am unable to verify either story.



Family came here for Facebook posts. Hope they looked at the rocks.



This guy came here to show everyone he finally got his Jeep Wrangler dirty. Well, in a couple of spots, anyway. Look – he has bald street tires – probably drove around all day looking for a mud puddle. We don't care if he looked at the rocks.



Some, such as ourselves, do come here to look at rocks. Oh, and eat indigestible faux hamburgers. But Sheila and I both agreed they were made from something that looked like meat.

Oh man, we've been to Bryce way too many times.

And the real fun was yet to come as we splashed into the vicinity of the North Rim.



Don't be fooled by that light area in the sky, it soon disappeared.

Whatever will tomorrow bring?

D&S

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