

Date: 3/22/2009 7:51:36 PM

Subject: Postcard

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Southeast of Amarillo is Palo Duro State Park. The place is advertised as the second biggest canyon in the country and we had high (or deep) expectations. Getting there, it really sneaks up on you because for a million miles in every direction, the Texas Panhandle is as flat and level as a Texas pancake.

We got to the visitor's center and found out it wasn't going to open until church let out. So we winged it. The guidebook we got at the gate, well the guide flyer, really the guide sheet, said that the CCC trail was the only one that went to the bottom of the canyon. Cool. It started right there at the visitor's center (did we mention it was closed?) and off we went along the CCC trail.

Looking up we saw impressive vistas.



Looking down we saw the little gifts that reward us for leaving our car.



The trail was quiet except for the sounds of rock wrens and cardinals.



We had to climb down to the next ridge and then over it to the floor of the canyon. We were congratulating ourselves on discovering the next great place to hike. In about an hour we were cresting the ridge for the final descent. We anticipated losing our breath at the sight.

Yes! A parking lot!

Yes! RV hookups!

Yes! A wild west town!

Yes! A stadium!



Went back to Holiday Inn Express and watched the basketball tournament.

D&S