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Subject: Postcard

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This morning we drove into the desert looking for the pedestal rocks at Stud Horse Point. A vision quest? A dare? A desperate alternative to Lake Powell? Nope. Sheila's weekly calendar has a picture of them. We wanted to see them.

Not a lot of guidance to the pedestal rocks at Stud Horse Point. For starters there are many pedestal rocks and, incredibly, there is more than one Stud Horse Point. So there we were, following arcane Internet directions from some artsy photographer. They included instructions like "follow the small power line" and "bear right at the inconspicuous sandy spur" and please close the cattle gate". Well, you get the idea.



So we were out there in this honeycomb of desert tracks. We eventually abandoned the car (no we weren't delirious from thirst, there was this big slickrock drop-off we wouldn't drive over). We walked two miles. We found some flowers. We watched a beetle. Pedestal rocks? Not a trace.

Went back to Page. Had burgers at the Dam Grill. They were dam good. (Yes, that was pathetic).

We returned to the desert.



This is White Rock. We found it right away. It helped that we had directions from a live, left brain person. It also helped that we could see it from the highway.

We climbed it, explored its alcoves, and hiked a little canyon that runs along its edge. It was hot on the rock, hot in the sand but cool in the nooks and crannies.









Sheila did an exquisite four-point climb up the slanted slab.  
I fumbled the camera or you all could have seen it.

Tomorrow – a Secret.

D&S