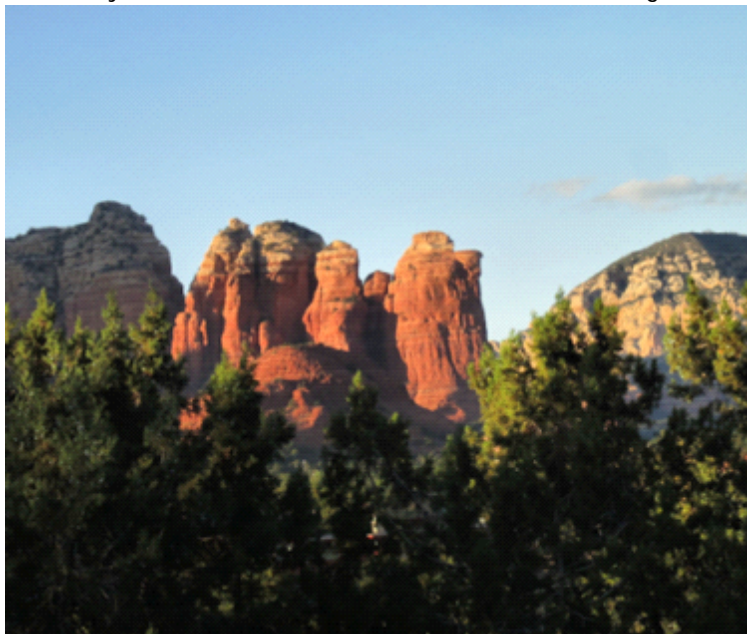


Date: 10/16/2013 10:38:03 PM

Subject: Postcard

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The day started with Coffee Pot Rock basking in the early rays, framed in our window. We had eaten at the Coffee Pot Restaurant for lunch yesterday, which is adjacent to Coffee Pot road and we had bought a pound of their coffee, creatively named Coffee Pot Coffee. We were drinking it.



Our plan was to hike to Vultee Arch which is accessible from road 152C which turned out to be posted for 4-wheel drive only. The ladies demurred so we pulled into a nearby parking lot that was the hub for several trailheads. A map next to the closed, locked and placarded restroom showed the nearby trails, including an interesting route to Devil's Bridge. We knew all about Vultee Arch but Devil's Bridge? Who knew? Who cared? We're suckers for stuff called "Devil's". Gonna do it.

In order to get to the Devil's Bridge trailhead we were supposed to take the Chuck Wagon trail. I pulled out my refoldable, waterproof Sedona trail map. No Chuck Wagon trail. What the heck, we have GPS and I'll remember what the trail looks like from the parking lot map anyway. Off we go.



At exactly this spot, the trail split three ways. No cairns. No signage. Footprints went in each direction. Looked at the GPS – uh oh, no trail on this map either and whoops the battery's at one bar and gosh the backlighting went off. The tools of civilization having shamefully failed us, we hazarded a guess and kept going.

In short order, whoa, we were standing on 152C. I remembered the ultimate trailhead to Devil's Bridge is just off 152C. We were either past it or not yet to it. Executive conference. "Which way do you think we should go?" "I don't know, which way do *you* think we should go?" Repeat.

Saved by a pink jeep. (Pink Jeep is a tour company with pink jeeps. Go figure.) The driver told us to turn left, go a half mile and we'll pick up the Devil's Bridge trail. OK.



Then the jerk family roared past on a huge four-wheeler. We were crowded to the side of the road and they went by in a cloud of dust that then settled on us. Thanks very much.

Up we go, seems like straight up, and we arrive at a plateau with a marvelous view.



Devil's Bridge is up further still. The trail is rocky and quite steep. A woman about our age climbs down and plods across the plateau then turns around to holler "you're on your own now, pal" at a guy who is wobbling down, looking



like he's about to spill at every step. The woman by way of explanation says "I'm a bitch". While we're waiting she graciously takes our trophy photo. Well, maybe gracious overstates it. She was helpful.

The guy finally makes it down and totters over. He's at least 10 years older than the self-proclaimed bitch and looks for all the world to be Grandpa Munster. He says "Hi" and "Would you take our photo" in pure Bronx! It's him! It has to be him! It's Grandpa Munster! Man, hiking is life.

We take their picture and climb the last ascent to see... the jerk family. None of them is smiling. They have just absorbed way too much nature. An urge to nudge the father toward the edge is suppressed.



A tree grows on Devil's Bridge.



A moron sits on Devil's Bridge.



We hiked down and then managed to follow the Chuck Wagon trail all the way back. The rest of the hike was anticlimactic excepting vast hordes of hikers, mountain bikers and escapees from spa resorts coming up the trail. We made it to Vici, had our roadside lunch with red rock views and headed for the showers.

Tomorrow – TBD.

D&S