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Like a building full of caged animals, the lodge at Zion emits scattered and frequent shrieks and roars. It goes on day and night. You can't sleep. In its never ending quest to save rare substances, like water, the park installed a flushing mechanism designed in a jet propulsion lab in every toilet in the building. Ours clanks in addition to shrieking and roaring because the porcelain lid lifts up and drops back on the tank from the force of each event. Help us, Obi-Wan.



We saw this guy this morning on our way to Kolob Canyon. He may be the inventor of the Jet-Propelled Johnny. If not, he must be related.



Kolob, home to spectacular red rocks, is part of Zion but it's not road-connected to the main part. In order to get there we drove 50 (one way) circuitous miles, all in order to hike the Taylor Creek Trail.



Park literature says Taylor Creek Trail follows Taylor creek. My butt. The trail relentlessly *crisscrosses* the creek. One hundred and eight times. Did we count 'em? Uh huh.

We got good at this. Tired of it, but good at it.





There are two historic cabins to see along the way. First we passed the Larson cabin. We have no idea who Larson was. We later passed the Fife cabin. At least we recognized that one, it's where Don Knotts was born.



Fun thing along the trail:



Unknown Red flower.

Another fun thing along the trail:



Unknown Green bug.

Ultimately we found Double Arch Alcove which signified the end of the trail. That was better than the Murphy's Point Trail we did in Canyonlands. The end of that trail was described as "stop just before you step off the cliff and die".

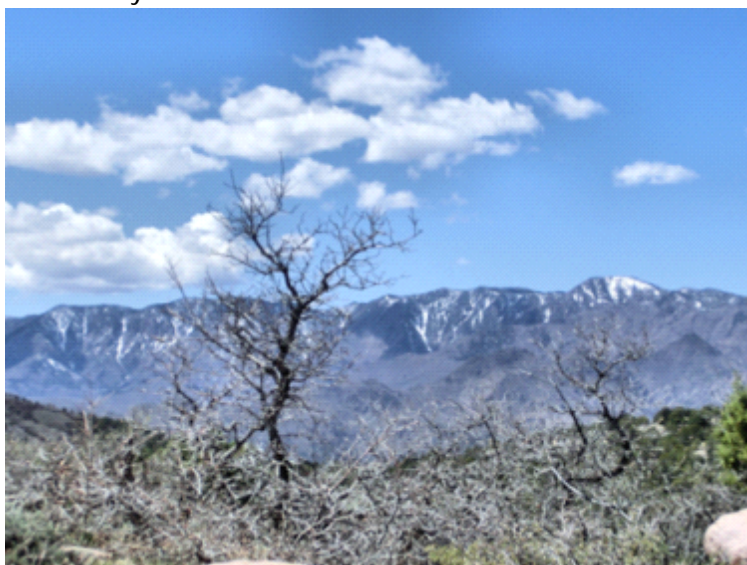


Alcove? OK. Double Arch? We were there. They weren't.

Finished hiking, sort of, and ate lunch. Our 10 minute roadside lunch: Oroweat whole grain buns, canned chicken white meat, Miracle Whip and Inglehoffer creamy horseradish; Del Monte fruit cocktail – the kind with cherries and added sugar. We carry a box with 4 lunches of stuff. We can prepare it, eat it and clean it up in 10 minutes. Tastes good & replenishes depleted nutrients.



After lunch we meandered down to Kolob Overlook, a half mile walk south of the picnic area. We passed a slowly proceeding couple going our direction. He asked if we were close to the overlook and why wasn't there an escalator and she asked if we could we see the Grand Canyon from there. They both needed a shave.



View from the Overlook Trail.

Supper was crap.

D&S