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Subject: Postcard

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*With an explosive crash a chunk of ice tore off the carrier and shattered on the road behind us. Smaller pieces pinged off the roof and sailed off the wipers when those frosty riders got too big to hang on. The windshield smeared and the ruts got harder to follow...*

Shopping day in Sedona – off to Safeway to replenish consumables.



Came out into a drenching rain. Started up Oak Creek Canyon.



Rain turned to sleet turned to snow. But it was still fun.



By Flagstaff it was a near-blizzard. We found US 180 and that was good. Because stuff was hard to find.



The plows hadn't been through yet but now the ruts were easier to follow. Ice pellets belted us then stopped. The sun peeked in and out. In places, softball sized hail was strewn along the ruts. We got stuck behind a timid Kia Forte. Vici passed it. Fun again.



We made it to GC. The weather remained totally psychotic. Snow squalls blew across the park, interspersed with periods of sun, then overcast, then gale force winds.

We drove along the rim looking for pictures. Got this one.



Got this one too. Don't look, Harry.



Today was all about the journey. Literally.

Tomorrow – laundry. Monday – over the edge. Weather willing.

D&S