

Date: 6/22/2015 8:40:19 PM

Subject: Postcard

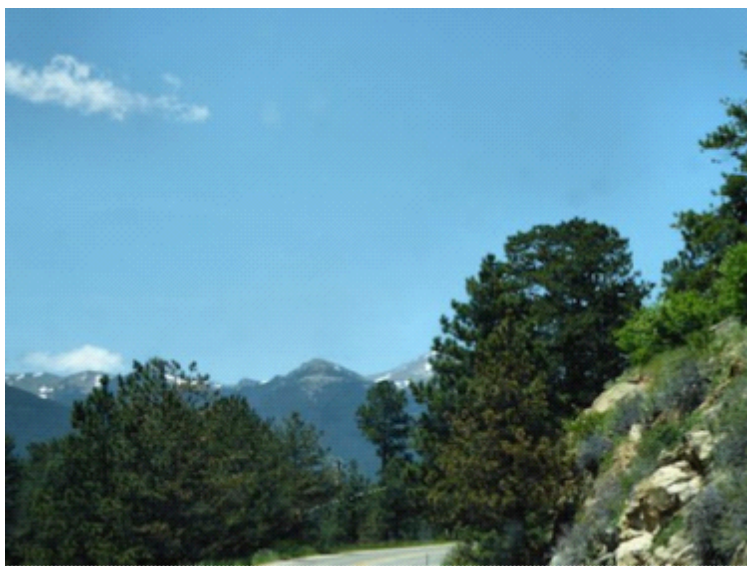
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Someone discovered wind on their ranch! Eureka!



We hope it makes them wealthy. But probably not. Probably just makes it really hard to sell that house.

Left Limon (Ly-muhn? lee-Moan?) this morning and drove up CO-71 past a million windmills, give or take. Some were turning hypnotically while others sat motionless. A few of those still ones had little tiny people and little tiny trucks at their bases doing things. Like fixing them. Or so we suppose.



Windmills and beef cattle yielded to Greeley and Loveland which ultimately led us to RMNP. Another tedious Kansas-crossing has been rewarded.

Lunch at the Wild Rose, reacquainted ourselves with Estes Park gift shops...



...listened to local merchants beef about CDOT planning a 4-lane road through Estes Park, visited with a Park Ranger to find out which trails are: a) snow covered, b) still damaged from the 2013 flood, or c) closed to protect baby falcons /eagles/elk/sheep/owls/minnows/pine-bore larvae, and we were ready to sit on the balcony and listen to the music of Fall River.

The Woodlands, from room 15.







Marmot as seen from room 15.



Still there.



Wouldn't leave.

Don't forget Sinatra, the magpie in the parking lot.



Tomorrow – hit the trails.

D&S