

Date: 6/27/2015 8:54:57 PM

Subject: Postcard

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All roads lead to shopping. Even this one:



Trail Ridge Road, our westward route out of the park, cruises along above the timberline and crests at 12,183 feet. Today's target, Trail Ridge Gift Shop, sits at 11,796 feet at the Alpine Visitor Center. We leave no merchandise unseen.

But distractions, distractions, distractions.

Above the tree line to the east, a panorama of RMNP opened behind us, a view of lakes and roads and mountains and meadows.



Above the tree line to the west, a vista of peaks and tundra and tops of trees. And the haze was gone (uh huh, we could see clearly now).



Not so much that it had dissipated, rather we were so darned close it didn't matter.

And we drove on.



Elk to the right of us.

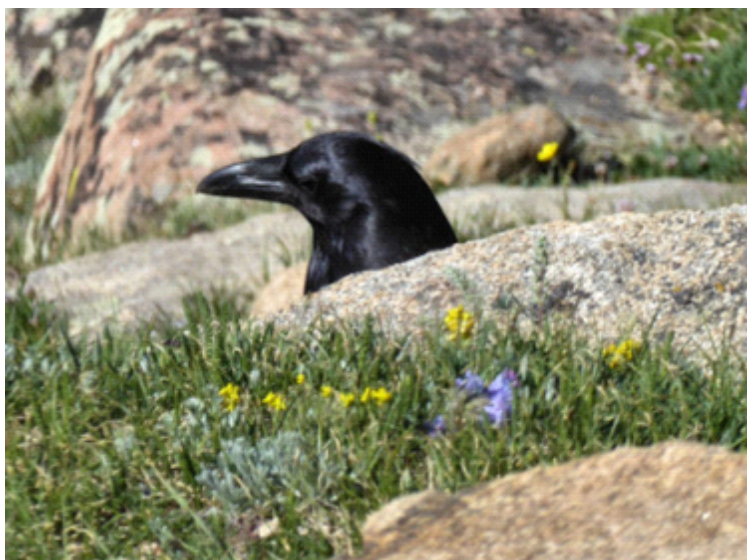
Elk to the left of us.



Cue the music (attached).

Seriously. Do it.

OK, scroll on.



A raven tried to sidetrack us as we arrived at Alpine Visitor Center. But we were undeterred.



And there it was. The object of our quest.

Success comes in many forms. Today it was overcoming all the natural beauty the park could throw at us and remaining unrepentant consumers. High five.



On to central Colorado. Tomorrow something different.

D&S