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Subject: Postcard

This morning we hiked along the rim. We worked our way from El Tovar to Monument Creek Vista, snapping shots every 15 seconds. Or so it seemed. The canyon filled with long shadows as the sun rose; tips of rocks lit up and the light slowly traveled to their bases. Nuthatches squawked from the trees; a flock of a hundred pinon jays flew over, talking a most peculiar jay talk. Mostly alone, we only occasionally heard murmurs of French or German, or Hindi or Spanish, or Dutch or Chinese, as we quickly passed occasional shuttle bus stops.



You're showing us a nuthatch? You never saw a nuthatch? Of course. They are all over our backyard. But this is a *Grand Canyon* nuthatch.

We hiked the rim trail up to the point where it turns into a greenway. Greenway is the park's name for a wide, asphalt-paved trail. There is surely an explanation for how turning a narrow dirt path into an asphalt road is green but it eludes the both of us.

At Monument Creek Vista, our dirt track having turned into macadam, we hopped the shuttle for Hermit's Rest along with a load of Mennonites. Or they could have been major league pitchers with funny hats.



In the shop at Hermit's Rest, Sheila wanted a bottle of water. No chance. On principle, Grand Canyon won't sell bottled water. Instead the park provides water stations for refillable containers. And refillable containers are sold at every commercial outlet in the park. Cui bono.

Three pictures is probably beyond the capacity of the Tovar WiFi but we're giving it a shot.

D&S

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