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Subject: Postcard

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We pretty much travel in the spring and fall. Temperatures are lower, crowds are smaller (oh there still are crowds, just smaller) and some kids are actually in school. We've wanted to drive up Old Fall River Road in Rocky Mountain National Park but it's only open to autos for about three months a year, starting in July. Ergo this trip, this place, this month.

These same months are the Colorado monsoon time – rainy season in the Rockies – and the weather is iffy for our whole stay. We had a shot at the drive this morning and took it.



We quickly drove into haze, mist, squalls, floating fog banks, wet roads and drippy windshields. But you could inhale the scenery. It alternated between an alpine Eden and just starkly gothic. It was so rewarding that, like a favorite ride at the amusement park, we wanted to run back to the start and do it again.







Old Fall River Road ends at the Alpine Visitor Center. And for us it also ended in a cloud. Pretty much had the place to ourselves. Maybe that was because the Visitor Center didn't open for another hour or so.

So we drove west on Trail Ridge Road, down beneath the murky mist, and beheld a herd of elk.







We tried to fill up the SD cards on our cameras but our fingers got tired of pressing the shutter button. And by then the Visitor Center (read: gift shop) was open.

We looked at everything but only bought some of it.

Then we ran back down the east side of the mountain – with half a mind to repeat the ride.



Or not.

D&S

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