

Date: 6/4/2018 5:16:20 AM

Subject: Postcard



We hiked through a ponderosa forest to Widforss Point today. The ponderosas were interspersed with aspens and ferns wherever fire had cleared space. Certain parts were tree graveyards, with limbs and timber tumbled together like pick-up-sticks.

The trail went in and out of the trees and occasionally touched the rim of Grand Canyon, giving us tantalizing glimpses before sending us back into the forest.



The only sounds were the birds and our own footfalls.



We nearly smothered in the aroma of pine.

After an hour or so we were overtaken from behind (that happens more often now) by a lone park ranger. We wondered what he was doing in the woods. (Shouldn't he be behind a counter in the Visitors Center?) We had an amiable chat. We think. Or we had just been interrogated. He did that cop thing with his eyes, checking our clothes, our gear and our overall appearances. Apparently satisfied, he moved on.

Widforss Point, the end of the trail, provided wonderful views of GC. There were also wonderful views of someone's little tent and sleeping bag. But there was no someone. And no ranger. Beamed up, we presume.





Five stars.

Tonight we went to the Grand Canyon Lodge dining room, which is right on the rim. This was our fourth dinner. Each night we have watched a diners' competition for the scarce "tables with a view" turn into a war between customers (often well lubricated) and the wait staff. There is yelling and posturing and it's bizarre theater. Last night, Sheila snarkily (is a word, no?) told the guy who was seating us that we would sit anywhere because we had actually seen the canyon already. He smirked. He said, "Come with me". He put us at a window table.

D&S

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