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Sent: Sunday, October 11, 2020 7:48 PM
To: vaca.dieck.2000@swbell.net
Subject: Postcard

Soybeans were ripening, corn stubble was ready for a burn off. Cattle were ruminating on makeshift beds of grass while hay bales were scattered through mown fields waiting to be gathered. And we rolled across Kansas beneath a clear azure sky.



Nothing could diminish our eagerness for another trip west, not the sobriety checkpoint (Sunday morning? Wut?), not the meth head at You Pump 'Em, not the 15 dead raccoons that smeared the roads along our route.

We'll be in Utah tomorrow.

Puzzled by all those raccoons, though.

D&S